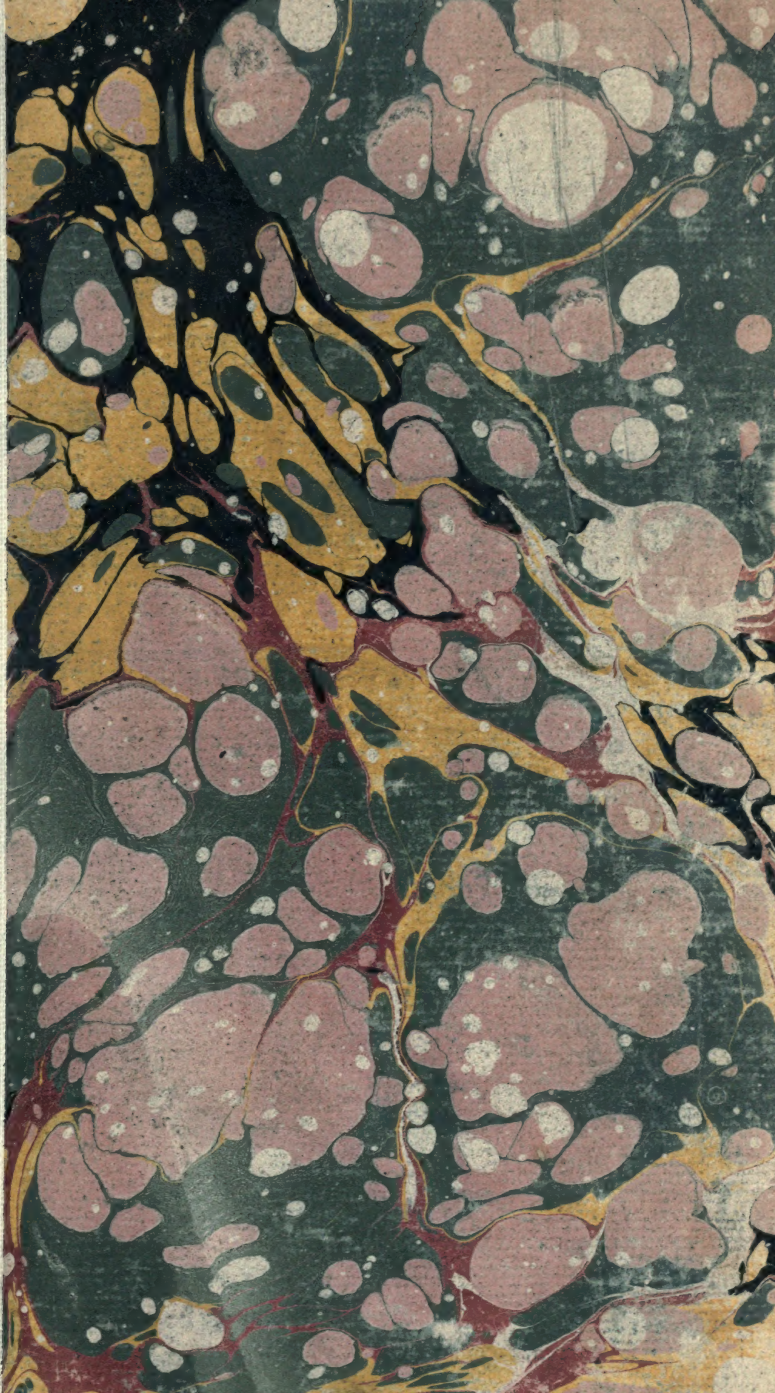

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THE

TALES OF THE GENII;

OR, THE

DELIGHTFUL LESSONS

OF

HORAM, THE SON OF ASMAR.

FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED FROM

THE PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT;

AND

COMPARED WITH THE FRENCH AND SPANISH EDITIONS

PUBLISHED AT PARIS AND MADRID.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY SIR CHARLES MORELL,

FORMERLY AMBASSADOR FROM THE BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN INDIA TO THE GREAT MOGUL.

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoſter-Row.

M DCC LXXXV.

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[illegible]

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE,

PRINCE OF WALES.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

AS this work is designed to promote the cause of morality, I have presumed to lay it at the feet of your Royal Highness; whose early entrance into the paths of virtue, under the conduct of an illustrious and Royal Mother, and the direction and auspices of the best of Fathers and of Kings, has encouraged

me

me to hope, that theſe Tales will hereafter meet with your Royal Highneſs's approbation.

I am,

Your Royal Highness's

Moſt devoted

And

Obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

THE

EDITOR

TO THE

READER.

KIND READER,

THOUGH Sir Charles Morell has been long ſince dead, yet it is not in the leaſt wonderful that this work has been kept from the public eye, as his papers were left to relations, who neither knew nor enquired into the value of his works. Nor had they now ſeen the light, unleſs they had been put up into my hands, with many other papers and parchments, to ſettle ſome differences which have ariſen in the family.

Having full liberty to uſe his literary works as I pleaſed, I have made it my buſineſs to become maſter of them by degrees; and I ſhould have publiſhed his Account of India long ago, had I not found that work already done to my hands, though not in ſo maſterly a manner, yet ſufficient to prevent the ſale of any ſecond work. But although this was a very curious performance, and I was vexed that pecuniary prudence ſhould oblige me to withold it for ſome time longer from the public, as his elegant drawings alone, relative to the ſubject he wrote upon, would coſt five hundred pounds to engrave; yet I hope to make it up to the world, by offering them a book, which, if it is leſs uſeful to commerce, yet it may be of far more entertainment and inſtruction to all degrees of men; and this is a tranſlation, in his own hand-writing, of the works, (or, as they are called in the title-page, the Delightful Leſſons) of Horam the ſon of Aſmar. Delightful indeed! whether we conſider the matter, the ſubject, the manner, or the moral of the work.

Theſe leſſons are divided into tales; wherefore, in compliment to the taſte of the age, I have called them, 'The Tales of the Genii;' and at ſeveral times I have inſerted ſome ſmall detached parts of them in the public papers, to try what ſucceſs they were likely to challenge from the

world; which was ſo juſt and ſo great, that I have now been at the expence of printing the whole together, and of employing ſeveral very able artiſts to enrich it with copper-plates.

And now, Reader, I hope that theſe tales will be as ſucceſsful in Europe, as my friend, Sir Charles Morell, teſtifies they have been in India; that they will be the means of delighting and inſtructing the noble youth of both ſexes; and that they will give that ſatisfaction to the learned, which every good work of genius, art, and morality, doth always excite.

The

The Life of Horam the Son of Aſmar.

WRITTEN BY

SIR CHARLES MORELL.

DURING my long and painful reſidence in many different parts of Aſia, both in the Mogul's dominions, and in thoſe of the Ottoman empire, it was my fortune, ſeveral times, to meet with a ſmall Perſian work, entitled, 'The Delightful Leſſons of Horam the Son of Aſmar;' a book of great note both at Iſpahan and Conſtantinople, and frequently read by the religous teachers of Mahomet to their diſciples, to excite them to works of morality and religion.

I confeſs, being chiefly converſant in trade, I had very little appetite to read the religious doctrines of Pagans; and it was not till I had met with the work in almoſt every part of Aſia, that I was tempted to examine a book recommended on the ſcore of their religion. But a few hours reading in it made me repent my former want of curioſity; as the deſcriptions were lively, the tales intereſting and delightful, and the morals aptly and beautifully couched under the moſt entertaining images of a romantick imagination.

Having got this treaſure in my poſſeſſion, it was my next ſtudy to tranſlate it into my native language, intending it, when compleated, as a preſent to my wife and family in England. But buſineſs calling me to Fort St. George, I unfortunately left a part of the manuſcript behind me at Bombay.

I was ſenſibly affected at this loſs, and the more ſo, as I found it impoſſible, through the multiplicity of my affairs, to replace my tranſlation; ſo I gave over all thoughts of my intended preſent, and contented myſelf with frequently reading the enchanting original.

But if my voyage to Fort St. George deprived my family of the tranſlation, it doubly repaid my loſs, by the addition of a very valuable friend, with whom I got acquainted at Fort St. George. This was no other than the great Horam, the author of the book in queſtion, who then reſided in the Blacks Town, and was eſteemed as a ſaint by all denominations, both Pagans and Mohammedans, and who was very intimate with the Engliſh belonging to the fort.

As I was extremely deſirous of his acquaintance, and very aſſiduous in pleaſing him, he ſoon diſtinguiſhed me from the reſt of my countrymen; and he would often, in our walks through the gardens, at the back of the fort, entertain me with his elegant and inſtructive converſation.

At theſe times I did not fail, at proper intervals, to lament his diſbelief of our holy chriſtian faith. To this, for ſome time, he made no anſwer; but whenever it was mentioned, he ſeemed more thoughtful and reſerved. But I conſidered the ſubject of too much conſequence to be laid aſide, merely on a point of punctilio, and therefore ſeldom omitted to bring it up in all our private converſations; till at length, one day, after I had been for ſome time expatiating on the bleſſings of chriſtianity, he ſtopped ſhort, and falling proſtrate on the ſandy walk, in a ſolemn and audible voice, he pronounced as follows in the Perſian language.

'O Alla! thou moſt powerful and merciful Being; who, although thou 'ſpanneſt the heavens with thy hands, doſt nevertheleſs endue the piſmire and

'the

'the bee with wiſdom and knowledge; vouchſafe alſo to enlighten the under-
'ſtanding of the reptile that adores thee, and if it be thy will, who canſt cauſe
'the light to ariſe out of darkneſs, that theſe men ſhould teach that with their
'lips for truth, which they will not acknowledge by their lives, have mercy
'both on me and them: on me, who cannot be convicted by precept without
'example; and on them, who mock and deny thee, under the ſemblance of
'faith and obedience! Are not the chriſtian vices, O Alla, more hateful in
'thy ſight, than Pagan blindneſs; and the eyes of thoſe who boaſt ſuperior
'ſight, more dim than the eyes of him who gropeth in darkneſs and error?
'Are theſe men, who are ſharp and greedy in worldly gain, laviſh and profuſe
'of heavenly riches? And would they, who covet the duſt of India, offer us
'an eternal exchange for our mouldering poſſeſſions? Surely the pureſt and
'wiſeſt religion cannot be revealed to the moſt unthankful and ignorant of
'mankind. The pearl would not be caſt to the ſwine, and the children of
'Alla be deprived of their inheritance. But the worm muſt not fly, the ig-
'norant judge, nor duſt preſume!'

After ſaying this, which, I confeſs, affected me ſtrongly, he continued ſome time in awful ſilence proſtrate on the ground; and at length aroſe with tears in his eyes, ſaying—'Be the will of Alla the law of his creature!'

It was ſome minutes before I could muſter up words and reſolution to anſwer Horam, ſo much was I awed by his juſt, though ſevere, imprecations; but obſerving him ſtill continue his meditations, I ventured to begin.

'My friend,' ſaid I, 'God is juſt, and man is ſinful. The Chriſtian re-
'ligion is profeſſed by millions, and all are not like the merchants of India.
'If theſe prefer wealth to religion, there are many who have ſuffered for the
'cauſe of Chriſt; who have preferred an ignominious death in his faith, to all
'the glories of infidelity. I, indeed, am not like one of theſe; but I truſt, O
'Horam, that my faith, though weak, is not dead; and that my obedience, though
'imperfect, will yet be accepted, through his merits whom I ſerve.'

'If all Chriſtians were like my friend,' ſaid Horam, 'Horam would em-
'brace the faith of Chriſt; but what are thoſe who mingle with infidels, whoſe
'days are the days of riot, and whoſe nights are the nights of intemperance and
'wantonneſs? who teach truth, and practiſe deceit? who, calling themſelves
'Chriſtians, do deeds unworthy of Pagans?'

'Theſe,' ſaid I, 'my friend, are moſt of them unhappy men of ſtrong paſ-
'ſions, and ſmall inſtruction, who were ſent here as forlorn hopes; but even of
'theſe many have turned out ſober and religious, and have ſpent the latter part of
'their lives in piety and devotion.'

'What!' interrupted Horam, 'they have ſerved their luſts firſt, and their
'God laſt! Alla, whom I worſhip, likes not ſuch votaries; he requires the
'earlieſt offerings of a pious heart, and prayers and thankſgivings that riſe to
'Heaven ere the dews of the night diſappear. The man who ſerves the all-
'glorious Alla, muſt proſtrate himſelf ere the watchful ſun accuſe him of ſloth
'by his reviving preſence, and continue his adorations when the lamp of day is
'no longer ſeen. He muſt enter into the ſociety of the faithful, while manhood
'delays to ſeal him for his own, and perſevere in his march, as the Rajaputas of
'the eaſt.'

'O Horam,' anſwered I, 'were the God whom we worſhip, to be worſhip-
'ped in perfectneſs, the whole length of our lives would not ſuffice to lie pro-
'ſtrate before him. But our merciful Father expects not more from us than
'we are able to pay him; true it is, that we ought to begin early and late, take
'reſt, and daily and hourly offer up our praiſes and petitions to the throne of
'his grace. But better is a late repentance than none, and the eleventh hour
'of the day for work, than perpetual idleneſs unto the end of our time; and this
'is not obtained to us, but through the mercies of our Lord and Saviour; not
'the prophet only, as Mahomet repreſents him, but the King, the Prieſt, and
'the Saviour of mankind.'

'What Saviour is this,' ſaid Horam, 'of whom you ſpeak ſo often, and in
'ſuch reputes? Can one then ſave another from the wrath of God, when you
'yourſelf acknowledge the beſt of men to be his unprofitable ſervants?'

'As

'As a man only,' answered I, 'he cannot, but as God and man he was 'able; and did offer a full atonement, not only for my sins, but yours also.'

'It is certain,' said Horam, 'that all flesh is weak and corrupted; and, as 'the creatures of God, we cannot suppose that he who is all goodness and per-'fection, should make us unable to perform what natural sense informs us is 'our duty both to Alla and his creatures; that some supernatural power was 'necessary to relieve us, I grant; but I see not why we should go so high as to 'suppose that power must be divine.'

'If the offence,' answered I, 'was against God, God could only remit the 'punishment, and no creature of God could possibly pay him more service than 'was due from an entire dependant on his Maker. Therefore, neither angel, 'nor saint, nor prophet, could redeem; for all they could do, was but the dis-'charge of their own mortal debts, and cannot be called a work of media-'tion for another, with regard to a prophet or any private man; give him 'the utmost power and favour with God; suppose him to be born perfect, to 'pay an unsinning obedience, yet he still has paid but the service of one man, 'and therefore can satisfy but for one: and with regard to angel, genius, or 'superior being, though superior to man, he is but a servant of God, and a 'debtor to his Creator, to whom he must for ever owe all possible service and 'obedience. Considering an atonement in this light, O Horam, you see no 'possible Saviour but one equal to God; and to suppose that there be many 'gods, is to derogate from his honour, and to deny his government and power. 'Therefore we Christians are taught, that the Son came from the Father, the 'Messias, whom David wished to see, and called him Lord; of whom all the 'prophets in the books of the prophecies of the Israelites did prophesy, took 'upon him our flesh, that he might be enabled to suffer for the infirmities of 'mankind; and truly, I think, O Horam, that this stupendous instance of 'mercy cannot be looked upon as absurd or unreasonable, though it be the 'most supreme declaration of God's mercy and forgiveness. For when God con-'demns, who can ransom but God himself? or to whom, think you, the glory 'of man's redemption could be, with any propriety, attributed, but to the Lord 'of all mercies?'

'Mr. Morell,' said Horam, 'there is reason and truth in the words of my 'friend; but I am persuaded few of the Christians I have seen think so seri-'ously of these things as you do: profession without practice, and faith (I 'think you call it so) without a true belief, contents your brethren. If your 'religion is true, how wicked are the greatest part of the Europeans! I can 'compare them only to silly women, who strive to shut out the glories of the me-'ridian sun, that they may poke over the dull light of an offensive lamp.'

My friend and I had many such conversations, but this in particular I took down as soon as I left him; because, I confess, I was very much shocked at his judicious remarks; and I am sure if they make as much impression on others as they did on me, they will not be unserviceable to the world, should ever these sheets see the public light.

And now I am in the vein of writing, and recollecting these passages between Horam and myself, which gave me great pleasure, I cannot omit mentioning one particular, which passed between us previous to his relation of his own adventures to me.

We were disputing, as usual, on religion, and Horam was remarkably strenuous in contending for his Prophet Mahomet, when I said to him—'Tell me, 'then, O Horam, since you are so bigotted to the Mohammedan religion, what 'invitations have you to propose, should I be willing to enter into your faith?'

'O my friend,' answered Horam, shaking his head, 'I too well understand 'the meaning of your deceitful request. Yes,' continued he, 'I know the 'professors of my religion are apt to propose a multitude of wives, and the 'pleasures of women, to those who will embrace our faith; but these, O 'Morell, I dare not promise, for I am scandalized at the Mohammedans, when 'I reflect, that worldly pleasures are all that we promise to those who will take 'the name of Mahomet for their prophet; but surely the young only can pro-'pose such pleasures, and the young can only be captivated by them. Worldly

'joys

'joys are mean incitements to the love of Alla, and impure embraces but little 'signs of pureſt faith: had I an ineſtimable gem, ſhould I honour it by placing 'it in the mire! or would any one believe that I had treaſured it up amidſt the 'filth of the earth!'

The more I converſed with Horam, the more reaſon had I to admire both his natural and acquired talents: he was a bigot to no religion, and had as few prepoſſeſſions as ever I met with in man. By his diſcourſe, I found he had travelled into many parts of the world; and, by his ſenſible reflections, perceived that he had made a noble uſe of his ſtudies and travels. This made me very deſirous of hearing an account of his life; which, after ſome length of acquaintance, he indulged me in.

'I came,' ſaid he, 'from the confines of the Caſpian Sea, and the mother 'which bore me was the widow of Adenam Aſmar, the Iman of Ferabad; 'ſhe lived on the contribution of my father's friends, who was adored, when 'living, for his piety and devotion; and thoſe who ſupported her, ſpared no 'pains or coſt in my education, that I might tread in the ſteps of Adenam my 'father.

'At twelve years of age, my friends ſent me in the caravans to Mouſul, to 'ſtudy under Acham, the moſt learned of the teachers of the law of Mahomet. 'With this ſage I continued for nine years, and officiated for him in the moſques 'of Mouſul; till Alhoun, the baſhaw of Diarbec, taking occaſion to quarrel 'with our cadie, marched towards Mouſul, and utterly deſtroyed the place, 'carrying away with him four hundred of the inhabitants, whom he ſold for 'ſlaves. Among this number was Horam, the friend of thy boſom; who, 'though an Iman, was nevertheleſs ſent to Aleppo by the avaricious baſhaw, 'and ſold to an Engliſh merchant.

'With this perſon, whoſe name was Wimbleton, I lived for ſeveral years; 'and having a ready memory, I applied myſelf to learn the Engliſh language, 'and ſerved him in the quality of an interpreter.

'My maſter finding me more faithful and uſeful, ſoon employed me to traf- 'fick for him in the inland countries, and I travelled with the caravans into 'moſt parts of Amaſia, Turcomania, Armenia, Curdiſtan, and Perſia; and 'executing my commiſſions to the ſatisfaction of my maſter, he gave me my 'liberty, upon condition that I would, during his life, ſerve him in the capa- 'city of ſteward. I accepted with thanks his bounteous offer, and Alla made 'the time of my ſervitude as the ſhadow before the ſun.

'Within two years my maſter died, and commanded me on his death-bed to 'make up his effects, and ſend or carry them to England to his brother; who, 'he ſaid, but little deſerved them, (but the grave ſhould not be entered by 'thoſe who were at enmity) allowing me a quarter part for my ſubſiſtence; "For freedom," ſaid he, "without property, is but an obligation to change, "perhaps a good maſter for a worſe."

'I was greatly affected at the death of my maſter, and reſolved to undertake 'the journey to England in perſon, reſerving only one-tenth of my maſter's 'fortune, which was ſufficient to ſatisfy the deſires of one whoſe hope was 'not fixed on the pleaſures of life.

'Having collected my maſter's effects, I paſſed through the Mediterranean 'to Leghorn, and from thence to Paris, and ſo by Calais to London. In the 'countries which I paſſed, I ſaw with ſurprize the magnificence of the Po- 'piſh religion; where, however, ceremony ſeems to poſſeſs the ſeat of moral 'duties, and ſuperſtition is clothed in the veſtments of faith. I was ſurprized 'to find ſuch abſurdities in Europe, where I was warned by my maſter to ex- 'pect the moſt rational cuſtoms, and the pureſt light of virtue and religion. 'But the female glance will not always bear to be expoſed, and the veils of 'the eaſt would well become the faces of the European ladies. I often per- 'ceived a cuſtomary monotony in the prayers of Chriſtian prieſts, and the fer- 'vour of devotion was buried in the unmeaning geſtures of it's votaries. In 'the eaſt we fall low before Alla, we are earneſt in our petitions; but in Eu- 'rope, Chriſtians ſeem as unconcerned in the temple as in their houſes of re- 'freſhment, and often as loquacious and familiar. But this I have obſerved

'more

'more frequent in England than in any other part of the world. Indeed, 'the Engliſh behave as though they were wiſer than the God they pretend to 'worſhip; they attend him with great indifference, and if the face is an in-'dex of the mind, a by-ſtander may perceive, that when they meet together 'to worſhip their Deity, they think of every thing but of religion. Perhaps 'a variety of attitudes is, among Chriſtians, a mark of the higheſt adoration; 'if ſo, the Engliſh are the moſt meritorious devotees I ever beheld. Some are 'ſitting, ſome are ſtanding, ſome are lolling, ſome are yawning, ſome are 'even ſleeping, and all theſe varieties are to be met with in the ſame part of 'their worſhip; ſo that a ſtranger would imagine, that there was a great di-'verſity of opinion among Chriſtians, even in the ſame church, which was the 'moſt decent and becoming poſture for a ſinner to uſe before a God of puri-'ty; for ſo I think the Chriſtians call their Deity. But I will not trouble you 'with my obſervations, which were chiefly religious, as my firſt ſtudies in 'life naturally led me to obſerve the different modes of religion among man-'kind.

'I waited upon the brother of my deceaſed maſter with a faithful account of 'his effects, and informed him how generous my maſter had been to me, in al-'lotting me one quarter of his effects.

'Mr. Edward Wimbleton changed colour at my relation; the death of his 'brother did not ſeem to affect him ſo much as my declaration that my maſter 'had been ſo beneficent to me.

'I was grieved to obſerve this behaviour in a Chriſtian; and to find that a 'man, in the moſt enlightened kingdom of the earth, ſhould think ſo avarici-'ouſly of riches, and ſhew ſo little reſpect to his benefactor and brother.

'But I haſtened to relieve his diſquietude, as it is my maxim to make every 'one as happy as I can, leaving juſtice and judgment to the eternal Alla.

"Though my maſter has been thus indulgent, Sir," ſaid I, "yet I did not "think it decent in me to reward myſelf ſo amply, as his partial fondneſs might "fancy I deſerved, and therefore I have only taken one-tenth part, and the reſt "I am ready to deliver up to you."

'Mr. Edward Wimbleton was pleaſed at my anſwer. "Modeſty and de-"cency," ſaid he, "are the moſt uſeful attendants on thoſe who were born to "ſerve; and I commend your fidelity to my brother, in not preſuming to take "that which ſickneſs only, and an impaired judgment, might influence him to "laviſh and ſquander away. He always was too generous, he hurt his fortune "here in England formerly by the ſame vice, and much good counſel have I "given him ere now on that topick, when he wanted to perſuade me to lend him "money, to make up his broken affairs; but I rather adviſed him to ſeek his "fortune out of the kingdom, and if I had ſupplied him here, he never had "gone to Aleppo, or been the man he was when he died."

'He then commended my fidelity to my maſter, and commanded me to wait 'upon him the next morning. This I did, and took with me the will of the 'deceaſed, wherein my legacy was ſpecified; and I found it not uſeleſs to 'me.

'Mr. Edward Wimbleton, when he ſaw me in the morning, abuſed me much; 'calling me many names, which were a reflection on my country and my reli-'gion. Theſe I ſubmitted to patiently, conſidering how often the Chriſtians are 'abuſed and ſtigmatized by the followers of Mahomet. But his threats were 'ſucceeded by more alarming ſeverities; for opening his counting-houſe door, 'he beckoned to ſome ruffians, who called themſelves officers of juſtice, and 'commanded them to ſeize me, and carry me to priſon, as a debtor to him. I 'inſiſted that I owed no man any thing. To this my maſter's brother anſwered, 'that I had cajoled him with a falſe ſtory of my honeſty and moderation, and 'under pretence of not taking a quarter of his brother's fortune which was left 'me, I had taken a tenth part, when in reality none was left me.

'To this I anſwered, that I could produce my maſter's will, which was 'properly atteſted; and that I had a friend in London, a gentleman who had 'been long reſident in Aleppo, who had cautioned me to be watchful of his

'dealings; that if the officers had the power of the law, they might uſe it; but 'if not, my friend would inform againſt Mr. Wimbleton, if he did not meet me 'on the Exchange by two o'clock.

'At this inſtant we heard a violent knocking at the door; at which Mr. 'Wimbleton turned pale, and the officers, if ſuch they were, looked aghaſt; 'I took advantage of their conſternation, and hurried out of the counting-'houſe to the ſtreet-door, and ſaw my dear friend with ſeveral gentlemen behind 'him.

"Sir," ſaid I, "you are come in time to ſave me from the deſigns of ſeveral "ill-looking men. Mr. Wimbleton charges me with impoſition; but I have "in my pocket the will of my maſter."

"Where is Mr. Wimbleton?" ſaid my friend; "is there no ſervant in the "houſe?" And he knocked again.

"This, Sir," ſaid I, "is the counting-houſe," (pointing to the door;) "I left "him in it with ſeveral men, whom he called officers of juſtice."

'My friend then rapped at the door of the counting-houſe, and was told 'from within, that Mr. Wimbleton ſaw no company, nor did any buſineſs that 'day.

"Well," anſwered my friend, "I am not much concerned about that, as I "have reſcued a poor ſtranger from deſtruction."

'We quitted the houſe of my maſter's brother, and my friend carried me to 'the 'Change, and declared to every one the uſage I had met with, and the right 'I had to inſiſt on a quarter of my maſter's effects. But how was I ſurprized 'to find, that my behaviour, ſo far from being applauded, was laughed at by 'every one! "It is a pity he ſhould have any," ſaid one, "ſince he knows no "better how to make uſe of it."—"I ſhould ſuſpect," ſaid another, "that he "really had no right to any; for what man upon earth who might have had a "quarter, would be ſatisfied with a tenth?"

'In ſhort, every one aſked to ſee the will; which, being read, cleared all doubt 'and diſpute.

'But now a different clamour aroſe; and my friend, and all that were pre-'ſent, adviſed me to proſecute Mr. Wimbleton for my whole legacy.

"Gentlemen," ſaid I, "I never wiſhed for more than I have; every man "ought to ſet bounds to his deſires; mine are, I bleſs Heaven, amply indulged: "to have more than enough is needleſs, is burdenſome; too much rain does "not nouriſh, but cauſes the fruits of the earth to rot and decay. There is a "wind which filleth the ſails of the mill, and there is a wind which deſtroyeth "by over-much power."

"The man," ſaid they all, "is beſide himſelf; he has fooled away his "wealth, he knows not the value of riches."

"Beſide," continued I, "gentlemen, I cannot accept of ſuch obligations as "are unreaſonable: the bounty of my maſter bore no proportion to my merit; "though his munificence was great, yet it ſhould not deſtroy the humility of my "own thoughts; but, excluſive of all theſe conſiderations, I have already given "up the remainder to my maſter's brother, I have reſigned all pretenſions to that "which I never thought I merited or deſerved."

"That, indeed," ſaid they, "is bad; but did you ſign any ſuch releaſe? "did you ſay it before witneſſes? has Mr. Wimbleton any proof to bring "againſt you? If it was only between yourſelves, the law will take no notice "of his evidence, and you may proceed ſafely againſt him."

"Mr. Wimbleton's proofs," ſaid I, "are of little conſequence to me; I bear "within myſelf, a witneſs and record of all my actions. One who will not ac-"quit me, though the judgment of princes ſhould pronounce me guiltleſs."

"This poor man," ſaid they, "has a comical way of talking and thinking; "but I believe we may venture to pronounce, that he will never riſe in the "world."

'After this, moſt of them left me: and one of the few that ſtaid, ſaid—

"Stranger, I admire your notions, your contentment, and your modeſty; "but give me leave to ſay, you are neglecting the publick welfare, while you

"endeavour

" endeavour to provide only for your own private advantage. To bring " an infamous man to juſtice is a debt you owe to the publick, and what " you recover from him, you may reaſonably lay out in ſome publick ſervice. " This is the great law of ſociety; and to do good to multitudes, is far " more preferable than the private ſatisfaction of eating or drinking to our- " ſelves alone."

" Sir," anſwered I, " your notions alſo are right; but, in the preſent caſe, " what opportunity have I of bringing an offender to juſtice, unleſs I demand " from him what I have already freely delivered up to him? The publick ſurely " cannot require the ſacrifice of my conſcience, nor can publick juſtice be ex- " alted through private vices."

" Sir," ſaid he, " I ſhall ſay no more than this; the law has befriended you " in your preſent caſe; Mr. Wimbleton is in your power, and you are to " blame if you let him eſcape: nay, let me tell you, the world has reaſon to " expect this from you; and he who hides an offender from juſtice is little bet- " ter than the knave who commits the offence."

' At this they all left me, and a new ſet of gazers ſucceeded, whom I avoided ' as ſoon as poſſible, by leaving the place; and having returned to my lodg- ' ings, I began to reflect on the ſcene that was paſſed.

" The refinements of Europe," ſaid I, " are too ſubtile for the groſs under- " ſtanding of an Aſiatick; and I was miſtaken when I thought that virtue had " the ſame outlines in every community.

" Traffick is the prophet of the Europeans, and wealth is their Alla. I will, " however, remain among them till I have learned their ſciences, whoſe roots " firſt grew in Aſia, but whoſe fruit is with theſe ſons of care."

' With this reſolution, I applied myſelf to the cultivation of thoſe ſciences ' which are ſo juſtly admired in the Eaſt. I ſtudied the power of figures, and ' found my mind enlightened by the application of a few magical Arabick cha- ' racters; with nine figures I was taught to meaſure the great parent of day, ' and to calculate the diſtance of the ſtars of heaven; to foretel the baneful ' eclipſes of the ſun and moon, and to propheſy unto kingdoms and nations ' the loſs of the light of heaven; by theſe taliſmans of ſcience could I meaſure ' the inacceſſible heights of the mountains, and the wide ſurface of the deep, ' and threaten the earth with the portentous appearance of terrifying comets. ' Think not, therefore, O Morell, that I ſpared either trouble or time to arrive ' at the depths of mathematical knowledge. I adored that bright conſtellation ' of the North, the Heaven-taught Newton, with whom I often held ſuch con- ' verſe, as the inhabitants of the Eaſt are ſaid to hold with the Genii of man- ' kind. I ſaw him bring down the moon from the realms of night, to influence ' and actuate the tides of the ſea, and heard him read in his books the laws of ' the tumultuous ocean; he marked the courſes of the ſtars with his wand, and ' reduced excentrick orbs to the obedience of his ſyſtem. He caught the ſwift- ' flying light, and divided it's rays; he marſhalled the emanations of the ſun ' under their different-coloured banners, and gave ſymmetry and order to the ' glare of day; he explained the dark eternal laws of nature, and ſeemed ac- ' quainted with the dictates of Heaven.

' Such a maſter over-payed all the toils I had taken in my voyage to England; ' and what I could not find in the publick reſorts of the merchants, I diſcovered ' in the cloſets of the learned.

' It was matter of great ſurprize and joy to an ignorant and bigotted Aſiatick, ' to be thus let looſe from his narrow prejudices, into an immeaſurable ſyſtem of ' planets and worlds; to look with contempt at the Caſpian Sea, delineated on ' the artificial globe, which was once like a boundleſs proſpect before my eyes; ' and diſcover, with a motion of my finger, all the kingdoms of the earth ex- ' poſed to my view. But then, when the wide extent of ſea and land had filled ' my mind, to look on all as a ſmall attendant planet on the ſun, and on the ' ſun itſelf as but one among a thouſand ſtars, of equal, if not ſuperior magni- ' tude; my whole ſoul was loſt in the long, long-extended idea, and I ſeemed ' but as an inviſible atom amidſt ten thouſand worlds!

' Nor did my reſearches end here; I attended my friend to Cambridge, and

'examined with him the ſyſtems of the natural philoſophers. I was pleaſed to 'ſee facts preferred to hypotheſes, and nature dictating her own laws. I traced 'with admiration the principles of mechaniſm, and ſaw the regular ſcale of 'multiplied power by which Archimedes would have moved the earth. The 'ſecrets, too, of chemiſtry, were laid open before me; inert matter was engaged 'in warlike commotion, and fire was brought down from Heaven to entertain 'me. But it was not amuſement without inſtruction, nor the cauſe of admira-'tion unfruitful in knowledge; I heard the reaſonings of the philoſophers on 'theſe ſubjects, and conſidered their concluſions; and I often ſmiled to ſee op-'poſite opinions ariſing from, and ſupported by, the ſame experiments. This 'taught me at once the beauty of nature, and the folly of man. I found ig-'norance growing on knowledge, and that the mazes of learning were leading 'me to their original entrance. I arrived at the ſame place of uncertainty from 'whence I ſet out; with this difference, I was aſſured of human ignorance, 'while others were preparing to be deceived by a ſhew of learning. I left this 'ſeat of knowledge purſuing their circle of ſtudies, concluding from what I had 'ſeen, that ſcience is no farther uſeful than as it conduces to the improvement 'of life; and that to know, and not to practiſe, is like him who is buſy in the 'ſeed-time, and idle in harveſt.

'Having joined a knowledge of phyſick and hiſtory to the ſciences I was before 'maſter of, I began to pant after my native land, where there was a wide field 'open to diſplay my knowledge.

'But war, which is the bane of ſcience, prevented my journey to Aleppo. 'The regions of Aſia being barred from my approach in the Mediterranean, 'were yet open in the Eaſt-Indies; a fleet being deſtined for thoſe parts, I en-'tered as a paſſenger in one of the company's ſhips, and arrived, after a tedious 'paſſage, in the Bay of Bengal.

'In the progreſs of my voyage, my intellectual knowledge was confirmed, 'and I was pleaſed to add experience to ſcience. The wonders of the deep are 'not leſs magnificent than the rude and enchanting ſcenery of the majeſtick 'mountains; and waves are hurled on waves by contending ſtorms, till mi-'mick Alps appears equal in horror to the true; but he who is certain that his 'life is never a moment in his own power, will be as calm in the tempeſt as 'when he runs before the breeze. It is of little conſequence, whether the worm 'or the loud thunder deſtroys us; whether the earth open and ſwallow up a 'nation, or whether that people go down to their graves the ſingle victims of 'death.

'I reſided ſome time in Bengal, before I could find any opportunity of pro-'ceeding to the Mogul's court, where I had reſolved to ſeek for preferment. 'The monarchs of the Eaſt are fond of the European ſciences; they in ſome 'meaſure tolerate the religion of the Jeſuits, that they may be benefited by the 'ingenious labours of that inſinuating ſociety: but they are no friends to the 'Chriſtian faith; and the miſſionary who was to depend on his religion only, 'would ſoon fall a ſacrifice to either the Mohammedan doctors, or the Indian 'bramins. But, at preſent, religion is the pretended motive of the Jeſuits travels 'into India, though perhaps they are as little zealous to propagate the true 'doctrines of Chriſtianity as thoſe they ſerve are to believe them. They are 'good mathematicians, but bad ſaints, unleſs where they expect ſome temporal 'advantage from the propagation of their faith.

'Nothing, therefore, but their uſeful knowledge, could prevail upon the 'Eaſtern monarchs to careſs a ſociety whom all Aſia deſpiſes. The machina-'tions of theſe fathers, though carried on by art, are yet betrayed by the proud 'ſpirit of thoſe who conduct them, and their fate is determined whenever the 'Aſiaticks ſhall have learned their ſciences. Theſe reflections induced me to 'ſtudy the European arts, and I made no doubt but that my preſence would be 'acceptable at the court of the great Mogul. My ſurmiſes were not unjuſt: I 'made myſelf known to the nabobs and the viziers of the court; and being pro-'vided with an entire ſet of the beſt mathematical inſtruments, and a portable 'apparatus in philoſophy. I was heard with pleaſure, and attended to with ad-'miration; my fame ſoon reached the Mogul's ears, and that mighty monarch 'ordered the wonderful philoſopher of the Eaſt into his preſence.

'My

'My knowledge and experiments raiſed the ſuſpicion of the Mogul, and he 'fancied that I was a Jeſuit diſguiſed. Ten learned Mohammedan doctors 'were ordered to examine me. I went through my ablutions and purifications, 'and the hidden ceremonies of the religion of our prophet. I explained to 'them my birth and manner of life, and told them under whoſe inſtructions I 'had imbibed the precepts of the faithful. I painted to them the days of my 'ſlavery, and my education in Britain, the land of ſcience. I declared to them, 'finally, my deſire of implanting in Aſia the ſeeds of that learning which I had 'gathered in Europe, and beſought their aſſiſtance to cultivate and ripen the great 'deſign.

'My brethren were amazed at my diſcourſe, and rejoiced at my ſucceſs; they 'haſtened to diſcover my intentions to the Mogul, and to aſſure him of my up-'rightneſs and truth. That powerful monarch was enraptured at my deſign, 'and immediately ordered me a building in his palace. He daily ſent for me to 'exhibit the amazing effects of my art, and employed me in mathematical and 'aſtronomical labours.

'Being returned to my own religion, I begged leave again to officiate as an 'Iman of our law. I preached to the people at my leiſure, and read in the 'book of our prophet before them.

'Alla proſpered my labours, and my fame was extended over Aſia. Reſpect 'and honour were on my right-hand, and my left was as the handmaid of ſci-'ence. Aurengzebe, the great conqueror of the earth, was my friend, and he 'placed the Sultan Oſmir, his ſon, under my tuition.

'Oſmir was but five years old when the Mogul intruſted him to me.

"Let virtue be the baſis of knowledge, and let knowledge be as a ſlave be-"fore her."

'Such were the words of Aurengzebe. I heard, and fell proſtrate, and applied 'myſelf to the inſtruction of my infant charge.

'And now it was, O Morrell, that I conceived the purpoſe of diſguiſing the 'true doctrines of morality, under the delightful allegories of romantick inchant-'ment. Mine eye had ſeen the great varieties of nature, and the powers of my 'fancy could recal and realize the images. I was pleaſed with mine own in-'ventions, and hoped to find that virtue would ſteal into the breaſt, amidſt the 'flowers of language and deſcription.

'My leſſons, though deſigned only for the young prince, were read and ad-'mired by the whole court. Oſmir alone was diſpleaſed at them; his mind was 'not diſpoſed to attention: he curſed the hours of his confinement; he read 'without benefit; he admired vice in all it's deformity, and deſpiſed the leſſons 'of virtue and goodneſs; or if they made a ſlight impreſſion on him, it was but 'for a moment, and vice had it's uſual aſcendency.

'In the mean time, Aſia received with pleaſure the leſſons of Horam the ſon 'of Aſmar; but yet what was Aſia, or the whole world, while one unconquer-'able mind was left, for whom alone they were firſt intended! But although 'various countries were my admirers, the maxims of Horam had no effect on 'the lives of thoſe who commended my writings. This made me pine when 'the branches of honour overſhadowed me, and ſink under fears which none but 'myſelf might have entertained.

'Oſmir grew up under my care, and I had the mortification to be called the 'preceptor of the moſt abandoned of mankind. In a few years he became a 'monſter and a man. It was then Horam was deſtined to feel the weight of 'his malice.

'Aurengzebe perceived the haughtineſs and the vicious principle of his ſon, 'and made no doubt but that he would ſoon aſpire to his throne. This made 'the prudent monarch reſolve to take all power from him. Oſmir was con-'fined by the order of the Mogul, and but a few choſen attendants ſuffered to 'ſee him.

'The malicious prince, finding himſelf curbed by the authority of his father, 'and ſuppoſing me to be the cauſe of his confinement, accuſed me to his atten-'dants of adviſing him to ſeize on the throne of India. The pretended confeſ-'ſion was carried to the Mogul, and ignominious chains thrown over me. The

'ſultan;

'sultans and the nabobs were all pleased at my fate. I wondered not at the 'fickleness of the courtiers, but was astonished at the malice of Osmir.

'In a few days I was drawn out of a dungeon, whither I had been ordered, 'and brought before Aurengzebe. That monarch had assumed the imperial 'frown, but I saw the beams of mercy in his eye. He ordered my chains to be 'taken off, and commanded the slaves and courtiers to withdraw.

'When we were alone, I prostrated myself before him, and remained on the 'earth.

"Rise, O Horam," said Aurengzebe; "rise, thou faithful servant; I do not "believe the accusation against thee. Declare thine own innocence, and I shall "be persuaded of the truth."

"Rather," said I, "O master of the world, let Horam thy slave perish, than "that the truth of Osmir, thy son, be questioned. Yes, I do confess I have of- "ten counselled the prince to aspire to the virtues of truth, wisdom, justice, and "moderation, the great ornaments of thy throne, and I think my life should "pay the forfeit of my presumption. Ill-fated Horam," continued I, bursting 'into tears, for my heart was overcharged, "how are thy endeavours frustrated, "and how is the fruit of thy labour blasted!"

"Blasted, indeed, thou good old man!" said Aurengzebe; "for I must ei- "ther accuse my first-born of the utmost meanness, or my faithful slave of re- "bellion. There is one way left to me. Depart from the court, Horam; thou "shalt have yearly a thousand sequins of gold. But on thy faith declare to me, "that thou wilt never leave my empire; I cannot myself employ thee, and yet, "O Horam, I cannot lose thee."

'I fell again prostrate at the feet of Aurengzebe; I thanked the merciful 'prince for his continued goodness, and I prayed aloud to the great Alla, to 'change the heart of the ill-fated Osmir.

'Aurengzebe gave me a ring from his finger, and bid me depart silently in 'the night to the utmost confines of his empire.

'I obeyed with chearfulness; and, by the assistance of a nabob, who was my 'friend, and whom Aurengzebe had ordered to take care of me, I travelled to 'the mouth of the Ganges, and from thence, by sea, to this settlement of your 'countrymen; where I have bought up every copy of my unavailing instructions 'that I could meet with, and have committed them to the flames, to be de- 'voured by the god of the Pagans!'

THE

Plate VI.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by Harrison, Nov.r 23.d 1780.

THE

TALES OF THE GENII,

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PATNA and Coulor, the children of Giualar, the Iman of Terki, were the pride of their parents, and the wonder of the inhabitants of Mazanderan. Their aged father took them daily into a grove of oranges and citrons, which ſurrounded a fountain in his garden; and ſeating them under the ſhadow of thoſe fragrant trees, beſide the pure baſon, after he had firſt dipped them in it's waters, to waſh away the bad impreſſions of the world, he thus began his inſtructive leſſon:

'Hearken, ye tender branches, to 'your parent ſtock; bend to the leſ-'ſons of inſtruction, and imbibe the 'maxims of age and experience! As 'the piſmire creeps not to his labour 'till led by it's elders; as the young 'eagle ſoars not to the ſun, but un-'der the ſhadow of it's mother's wing; 'ſo neither doth the child of mortality 'ſpring forth to action, unleſs the pa-'rent hand point out it's deſtined la-'bour.

'But no labour ſhall the hand of 'Giualar appoint unto Patna and Cou-'lor, except the worſhip of Alla the 'firſt of beings, and of Mahomet the 'great prophet of the faithful.

'Baſe are the deſires of the fleſh, 'and mean the purſuits of the ſons of 'the earth! they ſtretch out their ſi-'news like the patient mule, they per-'ſevere in their chace after trifles as 'the camel in the deſart. As the 'leopard ſprings on his prey, ſo doth 'man rejoice over his riches, and baſks 'in the ſun of ſlothfulneſs like the 'lion's cub.

'On the ſtream of life float the bo-'dies of the careleſs and intemperate, 'as the carcaſes of the dead on the 'waves of the Tigris.

'The vultures of the ſky deſtroy the 'carcaſe, and man is devoured by the 'ſins of his fleſh.

'Retire from men, my children, like 'the pelican in the wilderneſs; and fly 'with the wild aſs's colt into the de-'ſarts of peace.'

As Giualar uttered theſe words, he perceived an unuſual fragrance iſſue from a large citron tree, which was planted oppoſite the tender parent and his attentive children; which in a moment dropping it's leaves, the trunk ſwelled into human proportion, and diſcovered to their view a bright female form.

'Giualar,' ſaid the Genius, 'I ap-'prove your care, and am pleaſed to 'ſee your little progeny thus inſtruct-'ed from the mouth of their parent. 'A father is bleſſed in the wiſdom of 'his children, and the tongue of a 'fool ſhall pierce the heart of his mo-'ther. But why is Giualar ſo careful 'to prevent his offspring from enter-'ing into life? Alla has made them 'the children of the world, and their 'labour is a debt which they muſt not 'refuſe their fellow-citizens. To 'drive them into the deſart, would be, 'indeed, to make them the compa-'nions of ſavages and brutes; but the 'wiſe purpoſes of Alla muſt not be 'prevented. No man is maſter of 'himſelf,

'himself, but the publick is lord over 'him; and to endeavour to defeat the 'purposes of Heaven, is madness and 'folly. Rightly does Giualar caution 'his children to avoid the follies and 'vices of life, but they must be sub-'ject to temptations ere their worth 'be approved. Suffer me, therefore, 'good Iman, to carry your children 'where they shall hear the lessons of 'humanity from the lips of our im-'mortal race; and where they shall 'learn, from the failings or virtues of 'others, to guide their steps aright 'through the vallies of life.'

Giualar was transported at the offer of the Genius; and falling down before her, was about to offer her his prayers and praises; but she raising him up, 'O Iman,' said she, 'pay thy 'vows to Alla alone, and not to the 'beings which, however thy superiors, 'are yet the work of his hands. The 'moon is now between us and the eye 'of day; ere it surround the inhabi-'tants of earth, Patna and Coulor 'shall return unto their parents, re-'joice at the favour shewn unto thy 'race, and rest in peace till a new moon 'bring them back into thy arms.' So saying, she embraced the young Patna and Coulor; and leaping into the fountain, disappeared with her charge.

In a few moments the children of Giualar found themselves on a wide extended plain, which was terminated at one end by a noble palace. Moang, the Genius who led them, bid them observe that building: 'It is there,' said the kind female, 'that Patna and Cou-'lor must learn to know good from evil, 'light from darkness. But one thing 'observe, my children, that silence be 'upon your lips; hear, see, and learn, 'but offer not to mingle speech with the 'Genii of mankind.'

As soon as they arrived at the palace, Moang led her little charge into a spacious saloon, where, on twenty-eight thrones of gold, sat the good race of Genii; and beneath, on carpets covering the whole saloon, were numberless of the lower class of Genii, each with two or more of the faithful under their charge, who were permitted to hear the instructive lessons of that useful race.

Iracagem, whose throne and canopy was more exalted than the rest, first began.

'O race of immortals!' said the silver-bearded sage, 'to whose care and 'protection the offspring of clay are 'committed, say, what hath been the 'success of your labours? What vices 'have you punished? what virtues re-'warded? what false lights have you 'extinguished? Helpless race of mor-'tals! but for our protection, how 'vain would be your toils, how end-'less your researches!— Say, virtuous 'companion,' said he to the Genius that was seated nearest him, 'let us 'hear what have been the effects of thy 'tutelary care?'

At these words the Genius arose from his throne; and standing before it with a decent awe, thus began his pleasing adventure.

'At your command, O sage Iraca-'gem, my voice shall not remain in 'silence: small as my abilities are in 'the preservation of the human race, 'yet have I endeavoured to act accord-'ing to the precepts of our master Ma-'homet; and the success that has at-'tended my labours, may be, in some 'measure, known from the history of 'the merchant Abudah.'

TALE I.

THE HISTORY OF THE MERCHANT ABUDAH; OR, THE TALISMAN OF OROMANES.

IN the centre of the quay of Bagdat, where the wealth of the whole earth is poured forth for the benefit of the faithful, lived the fortunate Abudah, possessed of the merchandize and riches of many various nations, caressed by the mighty, and blessed by the indigent; daily providing for thousands by his munificence, and winning daily the hearts of thousands by his charity and generosity. But however magnificently or royally the days of Abudah might be spent, his nights were the nights of disturbance and affliction. His wife, who was fairer than the greatest beauties of Circassia; and his children, who were livelier than the offspring of the Fairies; and his riches, which were greater than the desires of man could consume, were unavailing to drive from his imagination the terrors of the night: for no sooner was the merchant retired within the walls of his chamber, than a little box, which no art might remove from it's place, advanced without help into the centre of the chamber, and

and opening, discovered to his sight the form of a diminutive old hag, who with crutches hopped forward to Abudah, and every night addressed him in the following terms: 'O Abudah! 'to whom Mahomet hath given such 'a profusion of blessings, why delayest 'thou to search out the talisman of 'Oromanes! the which, whoever pos-'sesseth, shall know neither uneasiness 'nor discontent; neither may he be 'assaulted by the tricks of fortune, or 'the power of man. Till you are 'possessed of that valuable treasure, O 'Abudah! my presence shall nightly 'remind you of your idleness, and my 'cheft remain for ever in the chambers 'of your repose.'

Having thus said, the hag retired into her box, shaking her crutches, and with an hideous yell closed herself in, and left the unfortunate merchant on a bed of doubt and anxiety for the rest of the night.

This unwelcome visitant still repeating her threats, rendered the life of Abudah most miserable and fatiguing: neither durst he tell his grievance, lest the strangeness of the adventure should rather move the laughter than the compassion of his friends. At length, however, wearied out with the strange and importunate demands of this nightly hag, he ventured to open his mind; and, in the midst of his friends, asked publickly, as he was feasting in his saloon, who could give any account of the talisman of Oromanes, or the place where it was preserved.

To this question his friends could return him no satisfactory answer: they had all indeed heard of it's virtues, but despaired of finding it. So that Abudah was forced to return again to the upbraiding of his nocturnal hag, and knew not what course to steer in pursuit of the appointed treasure.

The next day he caused it to be cried publickly in the streets of Bagdat, that Abudah the merchant would give much riches to the man who could inform him where the talisman of Oromanes was lodged. This declaration was made for many days successively, but no one appeared to satisfy the enquiries of the impatient Abudah.

After many days, a poor traveller, who had been spoiled of his goods by the Arabians, passing through Bagdat, heard the publication, and immediately offered to go before Abudah, and make known the place where the talisman of Oromanes was preserved. The friends of the wealthy merchant joyfully carried the poor traveller to the palace of Abudah, and with great tumult introduced him to the merchant, who was sitting on a low sopha, and seemed entirely indifferent to the musick which played before him, the desert of elegancies which was prepared for his food, and the caresses of his wife and children, who endeavoured by their tenderness and affection to divert the gloom that overshadowed him.

'Abudah,' cried his friends, (lifting up their voices together) 'behold 'the discoverer of the talisman of Oro-'manes!'

At their voices, the afflicted merchant looked up, like one awakened from a dream.

'This,' said his friends, presenting the poor traveller to him, 'this is the 'man who will engage to point out 'to you the talisman of Oromanes.'

The traveller was now about to begin his relation, when Abudah, having eyed him round, commanded the apartment to be cleared, that no one but himself might enjoy the discovery.

His family and friends obediently departed; and the traveller being left alone with the merchant Abudah, thus began his tale.

'Your fortune and attendance, O 'wealthy citizen of Bagdat, allow of 'your search after the talisman of Oro-'manes; but to the poor and needy, 'to the out-casts of fortune, no such 'happiness is permitted: they may, in-'deed, wander, and examine, but the 'talisman is for ever shut up from 'their search; for infinite are the ex-'pences which attend the discovery, 'and the large rewards which must be 'given to them who help the enquirer 'forward in his adventure after the 'sacred talisman. Myself, O mer-'chant! have slaved through life to 'obtain a sufficiency for that great 'end and purpose; but since the pro-'phet has repeatedly blasted my de-'signs, and reduced me to my origi-'nal state of want, I must endeavour 'to wean my affections, and rest con-'tented, though unblest.'

'But, my friend,' ſaid Abudah, 'you neglect to inform me where I 'may find or purchaſe this heavenly 'taliſman.'

'It is lodged,' replied the poor traveller, 'in the valley of Bocchim; 'princes are it's guardians, and it is 'treaſured up amidſt all the riches of 'the earth; you cannot obtain admittance there, without you go loaded 'with every variety that is coſtly and 'expenſive; which you muſt preſent 'to the Genii, who keep a watch over 'this earthly paradiſe of riches; and 'if your preſent be not ſufficiently 'coſtly, your labour is loſt.'

'I have,' cried Abudah, (rejoiced to hear the taliſman might be obtained by riches) 'nine thouſand acres of 'paſturage around the rivers of Bagdat. I have twelve thouſand eſtates 'of fruits, and oils, and corn; I have 'twenty-two mines of the fineſt diamonds, and ſix hundred veſſels which 'fiſh for and produce the moſt coſtly 'pearl; I have, moreover, eight hundred warehouſes, and four hundred 'ſtore-rooms, filled with the moſt precious bales of ſilks and brocades; 'beſides theſe, the fortunes of nine 'vizirs mortgaged for an hundred 'years, and all the beautiful ſlaves of 'Circaſſia, are at my diſpoſal.'

'O happy, happy Abudah!' interrupted the poor traveller, 'thine then, 'and only thine, is it to purchaſe a 'paſſage into the valley of Bocchim.'

'If ſo,' continued Abudah, overjoyed at the poor traveller's exclamation, 'direct me inſtantly to the entrance of the valley.'

'Alas, Sir,' anſwered the traveller, 'it is in the deſarts of Arabia, many 'days journey from hence; beſides, 'your preſents are not ready, nor your 'guard, leſt the Arabs ſpoil you of 'your riches, and prevent your application at the entrance of the valley 'of Bocchim; but if you will permit 'your ſervant to direct you in the 'choice of the preſents, ſome of which 'will take much time in preparing, by 'the next ſpring you may ſet forward, 'and ſpeedily find an iſſue to your 'journey.'

Abudah acquieſced in the arguments of the traveller; and having given orders that he ſhould uſe as he pleaſed his immenſe riches, he gave himſelf entirely up to the meditation of the intended journey,

The poor traveller having ſufficient powers, diſpoſed of the riches of Abudah to purchaſe the neceſſary preſents, and hired nine thouſand archers to accompany the wealthy caravan of the merchant into the deſarts.

The appointed time being arrived, and every thing prepared, Abudah took a tender leave of his wife and family, and began his journey with the poor traveller to the valley of Bocchim.

THE MERCHANT ABUDAH'S ADVENTURE IN THE VALLEY OF BOCCHIM.

ON the ninth day of the third month, ere the ſun was riſing on the moſques of Bagdat, was the ſumptuous caravan drawn up in long order through the ſtreets of that city, which Abudah beheld from his windows.

Five hundred archers, mounted on the fleeteſt courſers, led the van; behind whom were twelve thouſand oxen, thirty thouſand ſheep, and two hundred of the fineſt horſes of Arabia.

Next to theſe came ſix hundred armed with pole-axes and ſcymitars, with ſilken banners, diſplaying the bleſſings of paſturage, and the utility and conveniency of cattle for the ſervice of man.

After theſe were driven two hundred camels, laden with all manner of dried and preſerved fruits; a thouſand more with all ſorts of grain; a thouſand with the richeſt wines; and five hundred with the moſt pure oil; five hundred more with ſpices and perfumes; and behind theſe a thouſand armed huſbandmen, ſinging the bleſſings of the earth, burning in cenſers the moſt coſtly perfumes, and bearing flaxen and ſilken banners, repreſenting the ſeaſons and annual labours of huſbandry.

Theſe were of the firſt day's proceſſion. The ſecond began with five hundred miners armed with ſledges and hammers, whom a large car followed, drawn by twenty ſtrong oxen, having within it all the implements of iron; and above, in the upper part, an hero, who commanded the armed men in the whole cavalcade. Then came five hun-

hundred artificers; and after them a car drawn by twenty mules with the implements of lead, and a curious artizan on the top of the car, singing the uſes of metals. Behind theſe came five hundred more artificers, with their different tools, and a car drawn by twenty horſes with caſt figures, ſtatues and implements of braſs, and a cunning artificer on the top of the car. After theſe followed a thouſand artificers in ſilver, and a ſumptuous car of ſolid ſilver drawn by twelve unicorns, and laden with plate and ſilver coin; alſo an hundred camels behind, laden alſo with ſilver; and on the car ſat the ſteward of Abudah.

At a ſmall diſtance from theſe came forward a thouſand armed cap-a-pee, after the manner of Saracens; and behind theſe followed, on ſumptuous mules, five hundred of the principal foreign merchants richly habited, with the emblems of commerce curiouſly wrought in their garments, who were followed by an enormous car drawn by four elephants, laden with golden emblems and devices, with great quantities of that precious metal; the car alſo was of beaten gold. And into this, taking leave of Abudah, aſcended the poor traveller, arrayed in purple and gold, and pointing with a golden rod towards the valley of Bocchim: and theſe compleated the ſecond day's proceſſion.

On the third day iſſued forth from the gates of Bagdat the final proceſſion of the caravan of the merchant Abudah; a thouſand archers began the ceremony, preceded by a martial band of muſick, and bearing among their ranks fifty ſilken ſtreamers interwoven with gold, and having the emblems of Abudah's family wrought in their centres. Next to theſe came fifty carriages laden with the richeſt ſilks and brocades; and two hundred ſurrounded the carriages, arrayed in the different habits of two hundred nations; after whom came fifty negroes on dromedaries, bearing about their necks ſtrings of the moſt coſtly pearl. After theſe a thouſand armed ſoldiers, after the European manner, who at a ſmall diſtance were followed by an hundred mutes, behind whom came in two hundred palanquins as many beautiful ſlaves from Circaſſia, each guarded by four eunuchs, and clad in the richeſt robes.

The next in the proceſſion was the merchant Abudah, drawn in a chariot of pearl of the moſt curious workmanſhip, by ten milk-white ſteeds, whoſe trappings were of gold. As to the garments of the merchant, nothing could be conceived more magnificent; but the ſplendor of the jewels that were interwoven with the cloathing, exceeded the moſt laviſh deſcription; on each ſide the chariot a hundred muſicians attended, and fifty ſlaves, burning the choiceſt perfumes; various ſplendid banners waved around him, and two hundred friends behind, of the higheſt rank in the city of Bagdat, attended the illuſtrious and wealthy Abudah; after whom a thouſand archers, and numberleſs camels laden with all manner of proviſions, water and wine, brought up the rear of this magnificent cavalcade.

On the thirteenth day they halted in a plain, bounded on it's ſides with lofty mountains, and at the farther end with a deep foreſt of cedars and palms. Here the poor traveller deſcending with Abudah, walked forward toward the foreſt before them.

The traveller led Abudah into the foreſt through thickets almoſt impervious, ſave the blind path which guided them forward.

In this manner they paſſed till the evening; when the traveller, entering a cave, diſappeared from the wondering Abudah.

The merchant eſſayed to follow him; but looking into the cave, he found it had no bottom, therefore he was obliged to deſiſt.

The ſun was now ſinking from the mountains, and the glowing ſkies ſeemed to tip the woods with their reddening light. Abudah being fatigued, firſt ſought out a tree, and climbing into it, reſolved there to wait the dawn of the morning.

But the ſevere fatigues had ſo much exhauſted him, that although he had reſolved to watch till the morning, yet ſleep ſoon overpowered him, and made him forget either the wonders or the dangers that ſurrounded him.

Abudah, in the morning, when he awaked, was ſurprized at an unuſual glitter about him; and looking more

ſtedfaſt, he found the tree wherein he ſat to be of pure gold, and the leaves of ſilver, with fruit like rubies, hanging in cluſters on the branches. Looking around, he alſo beheld the face of the country as though it had been changed; for on every ſide appeared the moſt glorious palaces that eye could conceive, glittering with ſilver, gold, and precious ſtones; ſo that the whole appeared more like an heavenly than an earthly ſituation.

Deſcending full of wonder from the tree, he found the ground he trod on to be gold-duſt, and the ſtones pearls: theſe were covered with flowers which ſeemed formed of vegetable cryſtal, emeralds, and amethyſts. Trees and ſhrubs of ſilver and gold met his eye, growing almoſt viſibly about him. At the farther end of the proſpect he beheld a vaſt and expanded dome, which ſeemed to cover a whole plain, and roſe to the clouds. This dome ſhone ſo brightly by the reflection of the coſtly materials of which it was compoſed, that he could hardly look toward it. However, as it ſeemed moſt to take his attention, he advanced up to the dome.

The dome, which was of entire gold, ſtood upon three hundred pillars of precious ſtone; one emerald formed the ſhaft of one pillar; one diamond the capital, and one ruby the pedeſtal; the intermediate ſpaces between the pillars were of cryſtal, one piece between each pillar; ſo that the inſide of the dome was viſible from all parts. The architrave was of ſolid pearl, inlaid with curious emblems, compoſed of feſtoons of amethyſts, topazes, carbuncles, rubies, emeralds, ſapphires, and the moſt ſparkling diamonds.

Abudah, though the richeſt of mankind, was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the profuſion of riches and beauty which he beheld; and entering at one of the four portals, (for the dome had four, one to each quarter of the heavens) he beheld an ancient form, ſeated on a throne, which looked too bright to diſtinguiſh what glorious materials it was made of.

A great number of crowned heads attended him; and theſe were ſupported by inferior beings, all clad in the moſt ſuperb veſtments.

All around the dome were placed, with great beauty and ſymmetry, numberleſs heaps of wealth and riches; and the very pavement on which he trod was covered over with tapeſtry carpet, repreſenting the riches of the earth all in their natural colours.

Abudah, as abaſhed at this amazing magnificence, and beholding ſuch perſonages within the dome, was retiring, when one of the chief of the attendants, who ſtood neareſt the throne, advancing, beckoned Abudah forward.

The merchant obeyed with trembling; and as he came forward, bowed himſelf to the ground; which the royal perſonage perceiving who ſat on the throne, ſpake thus to him—

'Fear not, Abudah; thou haſt ever 'been a favourite of the Genius of 'Riches. I am thy friend; and this 'journey which thou haſt undertaken 'in honour of me, in hope here to 'find the taliſman of the great Oro'manes, ſhould not go unrewarded.— 'And firſt, lead Abudah,' ſaid he to the Genius who had preſented the merchant, 'through all my ſtores, and let 'him view the riches of the earth: a 'ſight that ſo many thouſands long ar'dently to enjoy.'

The inferior Genius obeyed; and taking Abudah by the hand, he led him toward a royal palace facing the eaſtern ſide of the dome.

Here, as Abudah entered the palace, the walls of which were of the pureſt ſilver, with windows of cryſtal, he beheld incredible heaps of that precious metal, all ſeemingly compoſed like branches of trees.

'What thou ſeeſt here,' ſaid the Genius, 'is trifling; for theſe heaps, 'which ſeem to lie on the ſurface of 'the ground, really are of the ſame 'depth with the center of the earth: 'ſo that of this metal alone there is 'laid up more in value than all the 'viſible riches of the world.'

The Genius next carried Abudah to a ſecond palace, built of pure gold, having windows like the firſt.

Here alſo Abudah beheld the like profuſion of gold; which, like the ſilver, continued down to the centre.

Next he was ſhewn, in an huge building of adamant, a ciſtern filled with the fragments of all manner of precious ſtones and diamonds.

'Theſe alſo,' ſaid the Genius, 'are 'not terminated but by the centre of 'the earth. Now,' continued he, 'as 'you obſerve in the two firſt pa-

'laces,

'laces; the silver and gold are the 'little branches which drop from the 'trees of this vegetable valley of 'riches; as all things on earth are sub-'ject to decrease, which are here care-'fully collected, (for the rich are not 'exempt from toil) and placed in 'these repositories, the bottoms of 'which, at the centre of the earth, 'are grated, and let out sparingly 'these smaller fragments; so likewise 'of the jewels, which fall like fruit 'from the trees, and break into little 'pieces, these are all thrown together 'to serve the earth, but none above 'such a size are admitted, nor indeed 'could they pass through the grating 'below.

'Thus these metals and jewels 'mixing with the earth, and being 'diffused in it's bowels, are at length 'stopped by rocks and stones, and so 'form mines in different parts of the 'world, each requiring the industry 'and labour of man, that they may 'be brought the more sparingly into 'the world.'

Abudah, having viewed these things, returned; and being presented to the Genius of Riches, 'Now,' said the Genius, 'bring forth the iron chest, 'wherein it is said the talisman of 'Oromanes is lodged.'

At the command of the Genius, ten of an inferior order brought in an huge chest with fifty locks upon it; the chest itself was of iron, and bound round with the strongest bands, which were harder than adamant. 'There,' said the Genius to Abudah, 'there is thy 'reward; return to Bagdat, and live 'in peace all the days of thy life.'

'Must I then,' replied Abudah, 'O 'beneficent Genius, carry with me the 'chest also; or is it permitted that I 'take from thence the talisman of 'Oromanes?'

'Wouldst thou, then,' replied the Genius, 'take it from it's place of se-'curity? Whilst thou dost possess the 'chest, the talisman is thine own, and 'the force of man cannot bereave thee 'of it? Why then should curiosity 'prevail over security? It is written 'in the chronicles of time, that he 'who possesseth the talisman of Oro-'manes shall be happy; seek not, 'therefore, to disentangle the talisman 'from it's present state of security, till 'it fail thee of it's promised efficacy. 'Take, however, these fifty keys, but 'beware lest thy curiosity alone tempt 'thee; for what mortal can say if it's 'refulgence be not too much for man 'to behold!'

Having thus said, the Genius commanded Abudah to lie down on the chest, and immediately his eyes closed, and not till the morning after did he awake, and find himself in a tent on the plain where he had left his immense caravan; but now he found but forty camels and forty servants to attend him.

Abudah enquired of his servants, what became of the riches and attendants that had travelled from Bagdat with him to that plain; but they could give no answer. They said, indeed, that they had heard of such a caravan, and that they had for some time missed their master from Bagdat; and that although they went over night to their rest in his house at Bagdat, they found themselves, with the tents, and forty camels laden with provision, on that plain in the morning; and that coming into his tent, they saw him sleeping on an iron chest, and had removed him to the sopha.

'And is the chest here?' cried Abudah. 'Here is, Sir,' replied the slave that spoke, 'an iron chest of prodi-'gious size, and secured with many 'locks.'

Abudah immediately arose; and though he could not unravel the mysteries of his journey, yet seeing the chest, and finding the keys which the Genius had given him, he was contented, and ordered them to strike their tents, and begin their march for the city of Bagdat.

The chest was, by long poles, made fast to four camels, which were placed in the centre of the caravan.

The mind of Abudah, though in possession of the chest, was yet not without it's apprehensions that the wild Arabs might come down upon his little party, and bereave him of his treasure.

The first day the caravan reached a pool of water, and on it's banks the careful Abudah ordered his retinue to pitch their tents, and unload the camels from their burdens; and at the same time placed four of his slaves as centinels, toward the four different quarters of his encampment; and ordered

dered the cheſt, for the greater ſecurity, to be buried in the ſand under his tent, while he endeavoured to compoſe himſelf for ſlumber. Nor were his fears unreaſonable; for, at the hour of midnight, a ſmall party of Arabs ſtole down toward them, in order to encamp there for the benefit of the water.

Abudah had notice from his ſlave who looked toward the weſt, of their approach; and was likewiſe informed that their number was ſmall; but ſuch was his anxiety and irreſolution, and fear of loſing his treaſure or his life, that he dared not order them to be attacked, or prepare for flight.

During this ineffectual altercation and ſtruggle of Abudah with his fears, one of the ſlaves, more daring than the reſt, finding his maſter fearful, encouraged his comrades, and marſhalling them in order, led them toward the robbers.

The Arabs, who were not more than twenty in number, at ſight of a force ſo much ſuperior, turned their backs, and left Abudah's ſlave in quiet poſſeſſion of the tents.

But now the ſlave ſeeing the Arabs flying from before him, and obſerving the fear of his maſter, and the great concern that he had for the iron cheſt, addreſſed himſelf to the reſt of the ſlaves; and declaring what immenſe treaſures there might lie hid in that cheſt, ſeeing their maſter had left Bagdat to ſearch for it, and had it ſecured with ſo many locks, perſuaded them to rob Abudah, and depart with the riches to ſome other country, where they might enjoy the fruits of their rapine.

This being eaſily agreed to, they all in a body advanced to the tent of Abudah, who came out to meet and thank them for their gallant behaviour.

The bold ſlave thus made anſwer to his maſter's thanks:

'The danger, O Abudah! of defending thy riches, contained in the iron cheſt with many locks, fell all upon thy ſlaves; while thou, who wert to enjoy the comfort of thoſe riches, didſt lie trembling in thy tent: wherefore, we who have borne the burden, mean alſo to ſhare the profits with thee; but that thou mayeſt ſee that we are juſt, one equal ſhare ſhall be thy portion, and the reſt belongs to thoſe who have preſerved to thee even the ſhare that will be appointed thee.'

Theſe words being ended, without any regard to either the threatenings or prayers of Abudah, they dug up the cheſt; and having cleared away the ſand, demanded of him the keys of the fifty locks.

Abudah finding them inexorable, beſought them that they would at leaſt give him a day to conſider of their propoſal. 'What,' replied the bold ſlave, 'a day? Why, merchant, long ere 'that will a thouſand Arabs be upon 'us, invited by thoſe that fled; and 'we ſhall ſuffer death, and you and 'all entirely loſe the valuable poſſeſſions which are doubtleſs contained 'in that ſtrong cheſt of iron.'

It was in vain that, in return, the merchant aſſured them, that there was nothing therein but a poor taliſman, whoſe virtues they could not know; and promiſed them all liberty and riches, if they arrived ſafe in Bagdat with the cheſt. They had gone too far to truſt his promiſes; and the ſlave who was their ringleader, ordering all to retire, left Abudah for half an hour to think of their propoſal.

Abudah, as ſoon as they had left him, threw himſelf upon the cheſt, as one who was graſping all that was dear to him, and with a loud ſigh began to lament his fate; when, as before, a deep ſleep overtaking him, he ſunk motionleſs on his treaſure.

At midnight he awaked; and turning his eyes around, perceived he was in the apartments of his ſeraglio in Bagdat, and that his wife was ſleeping near him on the ſopha.

The recollection of his happy eſcape immediately got poſſeſſion of his mind; and he doubted not but he ſhould find his cheſt as he had done before.

Wherefore, before he ſaluted, or indeed thought of his wife, taking one of the ſweet-ſcented lamps, that always were burning in the centre of his apartment, he perceived the cheſt in the very corner where before the box, which cauſed him ſo much uneaſineſs, uſed to remain fixed.

Abudah now feeling for, and taking out the fifty keys, thought himſelf the happieſt of mankind.

The danger which he conceived the taliſman might be in, from lying in a cheſt

cheſt ſo conſpicuous, and which he had already experienced, determined him, at all hazards, to unlock with his fifty keys the iron cheſt, and take the taliſman out, and always wear it concealed about him.

With this view he began to try the firſt key, which, to his amazement, would fit neither of the fifty locks.

At this he began to ſuſpect, that either the Genius of Riches had miſtaken, which he could hardly ſuppoſe, or that ſome evil Genius had changed them in his boſom. 'However,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'perhaps, as one key 'will open none, one alſo may open 'all:' ſo taking one by one, he tried them all, but neither of the fifty keys would open a ſingle lock.

Abudah, at this diſcovery, flung himſelf on the ſopha, and began to lament his miſerable fate.

But he ſoon reſolved to try the keys a ſecond time; 'for,' ſaid he, 'ſome 'key I have poſſibly miſſed, and ſuch 'a treaſure cannot be expected without 'much labour and pains.'

At this he roſe up, and was going toward the cheſt; when ſtarting at a noiſe in the centre of the room, he beheld the little box which had been the firſt cauſe of all his grief, and was ſaluted by the old hag, who hobbled out from her confinement, and began to terrify the afflicted merchant in the following terms.

'O ſenſeleſs Abudah! to hope that 'the taliſman of Oromanes might be 'bought with riches! Thou haſt, indeed, a cheſt, but thou haſt neither 'means, nor canſt thou force open this 'cheſt to ſearch for thy treaſure? What 'then art thou the better for thy poſſeſſion, or happier for thy cheſt of 'iron? It will, indeed, convey thee 'where thou deſireſt, and thou mayeſt 'reſt upon it: but waking, thou feeleſt 'the tortures of anxiety, and feeleſt 'them the ſharper, becauſe thou feareſt 'to loſe what thou canſt not enjoy. Go, 'then, and ſearch till thou findeſt the 'keys of the fifty locks; but be not ſo 'ſenſeleſs as to ſuppoſe, that the Genius would have parted with the treaſure could he have made any uſe of it. 'In a far different country muſt thou 'hope to find thoſe keys which will 'unlock that cheſt; a joyous country! where ſerenity ever dwells, and 'pleaſure reigns eternal.

'A ſhort reſpite will I give thee; 'but ere this moon be paſſed, let me 'find you active, or I ſhall invent 'double horrors to ſurround you.'

Having thus ſaid, the box cloſed, and in an inſtant Abudah beheld it mounted on the cheſt, which he vainly hoped would have drove ſuch a troubleſome gueſt from his houſe.

And now Selima, his wife, awaking, beheld with ſurprize her huſband Abudah drowned in tears by her ſide. She inſtantly preſſed him in her arms, and in tranſports enquired by what happy fate he was returned.

'Why, know you not,' replied Abudah, 'that the third morning, as I 'mounted the car which the traveller 'had prepared for me, and was arrayed 'in my beſt veſtments of gold and diamonds, having a proceſſion the length 'of two days before me, and ſuch a 'numerous retinue of all the nobles 'of Bagdat, and having archers innumerable attending my ſplendid caravan, which was moving toward the 'valley——.'

'O, my dear Abudah,' ſaid Selima, interrupting him, 'with what mad'neſs hath that wicked enchanter poſſeſſed you! What car? what veſt'ments? what proceſſion doth my 'lord talk of? There came, indeed, '(brought by thoſe who called themſelves your friends) a poor wretch 'here, who has embezzled the greater 'part of your riches, and who often 'talked in private with you; and this 'continued for ſome months, during 'which time you never attended to 'the ſpeech of your friends, but ſeemed wrapped up in that ſpecious villain, who at laſt took you to the room 'fronting the gateway of the city, and 'there for two days you continued 'looking out, and ſeemed to be in 'raptures, talking of more riches than 'the world contains: and the third 'day, though he ſtill continued by 'you, you perſiſted he was gone. Yet 'he went forth, and you followed him; 'and getting into a little vehicle, he 'placed himſelf behind you, and your 'diſtreſſed family have from that day 'lamented your abſence.'

At this recital Abudah turned his face on the ſopha, and ſpake no more for ſeveral hours.

At laſt, riſing from the ſopha, 'Fool, 'indeed, that I was!' ſaid he, 'to

'truſt

'truſt the account of a miſerable im-
'poſtor, or believe that the taliſman
'of Oromanes might be purchaſed
'with riches!'

'O rather,' replied Selima, 'may
'my lord find peace in this city,
'and comfort from his family who
'adore him!'

'It was there,' anſwered the mer-
chant, 'that I once hoped to find it;
'but ſatiety, which I will not ſuffer
'to breed diſguſt, forces me at leaſt
'to be indifferent to the pleaſures
'which ſurround me; no, Selima, I
'have a nocturnal monitor, who will
'not permit me to reſt till I have made
'myſelf maſter of the taliſman of the
'perfect Oromanes. It is ſome know-
'ledge to perceive our errors; and, at
'leaſt, I am nearer the poſſeſſion of
'the taliſman, as my laſt journey,
'though it has not given me the taliſ-
'man itſelf, has yet furniſhed me with
'the means of obtaining it.'

Having thus ſpoke, he ſeemed for a time eaſy and reſigned, and endeavoured by love and tenderneſs to ſoothe the affliction of the weeping Selima.

The moon paſſed in all thoſe endearments which holy love inſpires; when the perſecuted merchant was again awakened by his midnight hag, and commanded to purſue his journey after the taliſman of Oromanes.

Abudah was about to reply, when on a ſudden he heard the moſt raviſhing muſick, and immediately ſubtile and precious perfumes filled the chamber; and a ſmall cloud gathering from the roof, deſcended, and expanding, produced to his view a moſt exquiſite beauty, habited like the eternal Houri, bedecked with chaplets of delicate ever-living flowers, holding in one hand a cryſtal cup, and with the other preſſing out the ſparkling juice from a ſwelling cluſter of delicious grapes.

'Here, faithful Abudah,' began the lovely form, 'receive from theſe
'humble hands the cup which will
'inſpire you with the knowledge of
'the taliſman of Oromanes; quaff off
'this delicious draught, and reclining
'yourſelf on the iron cheſt, that faith-
'ful treaſure will, at a wiſh, convey
'you to thoſe happy realms, where,
'without a guard, the keys of all thy
'pleaſures are preſerved.'

At theſe words, with grace ineffable, ſhe advanced to the tranſported merchant; who, with thrilling joy, received from her ivory hands the rich ſparkling draught; and ſucked it in with mad delight.

The Houri immediately diſappeared; and Abudah falling ſenſeleſs on the cheſt, reſigned himſelf to ſleep, and to a ſecond adventure.

THE SECOND ADVENTURE OF THE MERCHANT ABUDAH, IN THE GROVES OF SHADASKI.

ABUDAH awaking at the chearful ſound of innumerable birds who ſat around him, and ſtrove for maſtery in their ſweet notes, found himſelf lying in a lovely pavilion ſtrewed with freſh lilies and roſes, and filled with the moſt raviſhing perfumes: the downy ſopha on which he reclined was of the fineſt ſilk, wrought with curious devices, and executed with ſuch life and ſpirit, that flowers ſeemed in the mimick work to ſpring forth from under him.

The riſing ſun, which appeared over the blue diſtant hills, and warmed the awaking day; the choriſters of the groves, whoſe melody was ſoftened by the gentle motion of the air; the unſpeakable elegance of the pavilion, which ſeemed formed by the powers of harmony, and the delicious fragrance of the air, tranſported the merchant with the moſt pleaſing ſenſations. He could not for ſome time believe his exiſtence, but ſuppoſed that he was ſtill under the influences of the delightful viſion which had the night before taken poſſeſſion of him. He turned his eyes on all ſides to meet with new delights; which, though ſumptuous and coſtly, owed more luſtre to their delicacy and diſpoſition than to the expenſive materials out of which they were formed.

But if ſuch were the raviſhing delights within, Abudah thought them much realized, when he was convinced he was awake, and by ſtepping forward out of the pavilion, he beheld every enchanting object that art and nature could unite.

The pavilion itſelf ſtood upon a riſing mount in the midſt of a moſt beautiful green, and was partly ſhaded by ſome upright palms, and a ſcattered grove of oranges and citrons, which

on all ſides, by beautiful brakes, gave a view of the neighbouring paradiſe.

The centre of the pavilion opened to the lawn, which was beſet with elegant tufts of the moſt delightful verdure.

Bluſhing and tranſparent fruits peeped from between the foliage; and every coloured, every ſcented flower, in agreeable variety, intermingled with the graſs, and preſented to Abudah's eyes the garden-work of luxuriant nature. Here roſes, with woodbines entwined, appeared in beauteous contention: here luſcious grapes adorned the barren branches of the ſtately elm; while beneath ſtrayed the rich flocks, or birds of various feather; ſome in numbers upon the ground, and ſome paired in trees, which added a new variety to the ſcene.

At the bottom of the lawn ran a clear and tranſparent ſtream, which gently waſhed the margin of the green, and ſeemed to feed it as it paſſed.

On the other ſide a grove of myrtles, intermixed with roſes and flowering ſhrubs, led into ſhady mazes; in the midſt of which appeared the glittering tops of other elegant pavilions, ſome of which ſtood juſt on the brink of the river, others had wide avenues leading through the groves, and others were almoſt hidden from the ſight by the intervening woods.

Abudah, directing his ſteps towards the ſtream, found there an elegant barge, manned by ten beautiful youths, whoſe garments were of azure, trimmed with gold. They beckoned the happy merchant, and received him with the utmoſt affability into their bark; then, all at once, plying their refulgent oars, they made the chryſtal flood ſparkle with their ready ſtrokes.

The boat rode lightly on the buxom ſtream; and as it paſſed through the meanders of the current, every moment preſented a new and ſtriking proſpect of beauties to the delighted Abudah. Hanging rocks of different hues; woods of ſpices, and perfumes breathing ſweetneſs over the cool ſtream; fruits reflected in double luſtre in the clear waves; ſhrubs dropping their roſes on them as they paſſed; flocks and herds ſtanding gazing at their own images in the deep; others drinking of the tranſparent waters; and ſome, more ſatisfied, triſking on the lawns, or chacing each other in ſport among the trees.

At length the ſtream growing wider, opened into a ſpacious lake, which was half ſurrounded with a riſing hill; on which might be ſeen, intermixed with groves, various gay pavilions, palaces, theatres, rotundos, obeliſks, temples, pillars, towers, and other curious marks of elegance and luxury; various pleaſure-boats were ſailing on the ſurface of the lake, ſome with gaudy banners fanning the winds, others with pleaſing ſtructures for ſhade and entertainment; in one boat gay muſick; in another banquets; in a third deſerts of the fineſt fruit, viands, cooling liquors; and gay company in all, who looked more blooming than the ſons of the Genii, or the daughters of the Fairies. At the extremities of the ſwelling hill, ran glittering caſcades; and o'er the pendant rocks dropped down the moſt luxuriant vines, whoſe modeſt leaves attempted in vain to hide their luſcious and tranſparent fruit from the curious eye of the obſerver. At the extremity of the lake, which, by it's pure waters, expoſed the yellow golden ſand on which it wantoned, two ſtreams ran toward the right and left of the hill, and loſt themſelves amidſt the groves, paſturage, lawns, hillocks, and romantick ſcenes of the adjacent country; where lofty gilded ſpires, ſwelling domes, and other curious labours, were partly concealed, and partly diſcovered by the blue expanſe of ſky, which at laſt ſeemed blended with the country, and terminated the proſpect of the groves of Shadaſki.

The beautiful watermen who, in alternate ſong, kept time with their oars, were now almoſt at the farther ſide of the lake, and in the centre of the ſhore where Abudah had beheld the mixed groves, temples, and pavilions.

A little creek, ſhaded with myrtles and cedars, was the place where Abudah was deſtined to land. Here, as he approached, ten beauteous fair-ones, dreſſed like the Genii of the woods, ſtood ready to receive him, which they did with the moſt amiable and pleaſing addreſs.

The boat having landed the merchant, ſhot again ſwiftly over the lake, and mixed with the gay pageants on the water, while the fair ſtrangers in-

vited Abudah toward the palaces which were ſcattered on the hill.

Having paſſed through ſeveral fragrant avenues of trees, laden either with ſhade, fruit, or flower, they brought him toward an elegant building, whoſe front faced the lake from whence they came: here, amidſt parterres and beds of flowers, a broad plat led them to the entrance of the palace, where all the laviſh ornaments of art and ſculpture were diſplayed in the moſt refined ſymmetry; light poliſhed ſhafts, airy devices, highly finiſhed entablatures, and other fanciful decorations, formed the building, which was more calculated to give the ideas of pleaſure than magnificence, and had more eaſe than labour conſpicuous.

Toward this manſion the ten beauties led the way, and introduced Abudah into a grand hall, adorned with lively groupes of delicate ſtatues, in all attitudes and actions: ſome repreſenting the lovely wood-nymphs; ſome the naked beauties of the flood; others purſuing lovers; others the coyly-willing virgins, who ſeemed, even in the ivory in which they were carved, to ſhew a ſoft reluctance.

Between the ſtatues were pictures of every joy the heart conceives; the luſcious banquet; the wild effects of the enlivening grape; the various pleaſures of the different ſeaſons; the country and the court; the amorous ſwains; the gentle fair; the mixed dance; the various ſeraglio; the gay-decked ſultana, and the joys of ſweet retirement with the favourite nymph. Theſe all were ſo lively in their different colours and complexions, that they ſeemed, to the eyes of Abudah, as moving pictures.

Next the ten beauties led the merchant into an inner apartment, adorned with the ſofteſt ſophas, whoſe walls were one entire mirror, which reflected the ten beauties to the amorous Abudah ten thouſand ways; while ſmiles and ſoft languiſhing looks darting from on all ſides at once upon him, raviſhed his ſenſes beyond the power of deſcription.

From this apartment a door opened into a ſpacious rotundo, lighted from the top by the ſun, and the ſides ſupported by emblematick pillars. In the middle of this rotundo Abudah beheld a bath, and round it were eleven doors, which led to as many ſophas.

Into one of theſe the ten beauties led the merchant, and prepared him for the bath; and in the others, the ten put off their own ſuperfluous garments; after which they brought the raviſhed merchant, and plunged him in the bath, which was prepared of warm and ſweet-ſcented waters.

The nature of Abudah could ſcarce reſiſt the languiſhing powers of this place, and he ſunk into the arms of his fair attendants, who now led him onward to the other ſide of the rotundo, into a wardrobe furniſhed with the moſt airy and fanciful dreſſes; here every one choſe as they liked. Abudah was preſented by the ten beauties with a pink ſuit, embroidered with myrtle twigs of ſilver, and flowers of pearl; but firſt they ſprinkled him with ſweet-ſmelling eſſences, and with a fragrant waſh renewed his complexion, and gave to him a ſecond youth.

They next arrayed themſelves in coſtly robes of divers colours; and, like Abudah, added by that fragrant waſh a new bloom to their elegant complexions.

From the wardrobe a door opened to a ſpacious ſaloon; here Abudah was invited to a ſopha, and immediately each fair beauty was loaden with diſhes; every luxury, every rarity, was there. Abudah and his fair company began the banquet, while Genii, inviſible, adminiſtered to them rich ſparkling wines, high ſauces, congealed liquors; fruits of every kind, the nectarine, the Perſian apple, the lordly pine, the luſcious grape, the cooling pomegranate, the juicy pear, were heaped before them, till nature was not only ſatisfied, but tired with profuſion. Then followed the full and racy wines, forbidden, indeed, by Mahomet, but not forbidden in the groves of Shadaſki; the ſweetmeats and preſerves, and, beſide theſe, every luxury which could ſtimulate and rouze the jaded appetite.

During this repaſt, the beautiful companions of Abudah began to challenge each other with lively ſongs and mirthful jokes; while the rapturous merchant, with ſparkling eyes, the quick effects of wine and ſong, beheld each with equal flame, and knew not, in ſuch exquiſite variety, where to fix his choice.

The banquet bringing on ſatiety, after waſhing they aroſe, and this lovely train led Abudah (the evening drawing

ing on) into the gardens of the palace.

After walking by several cooling fountains and sweet-smelling groves, they came to a magnificent terrass, crouded with gay youths and beauties, in the most fantastical masquerades. All nations might be seen upon this variegated terrass, and the beauties of every clime; all conversation was here indulged, though the pleasures of life were the universal topick.

Cooling liquors, fruits, cakes, creams and wines, were spread on the flowery banks on each side the terrass, and in arbours of oranges and myrtles, or sweet jessmines, where any company, as they pleased, retired; behind the trees and shrubs were placed large bands of musick, sometimes inspiring, and sometimes melting the hearts of their auditors.

The sun was setting just as Abudah had gained the centre of this extensive terrass (for his companions had left him to join what company he pleased.) Here he perceived on a large green planted round with lofty palms, under which grew every kind of shrub, a most extensive building, of an oblong form, and supported by seven hundred magnificent pillars, where the crowd from the terrass were retiring. Abudah entered with the rest, and advanced into the room, which was lighted up with numberless lustres, and furnished all round with silken canopies, each having under it sophas of the richest velvet. Here the gay assembly, as soon as the musick from the galleries struck up, began the dance, nor could the pleased merchant refrain from the enlivening motion. Thus passed the fleeting hours, till exercise renewed their appetites for the banquet.

On a sudden, while each fair one, and her enamoured partner, were resting on the sophas, which surrounded the room, a noble banquet was spread; to which Abudah was about to rise, when his partner pulling him by his garment, bid him wait till the queen of pleasures honoured that bright assembly with her presence.

Ere long the softest musick began to sound, an hundred choristers in masquerade habits entered the assembly, singing the pleasures of women, company and wine. These were followed by forty young maidens, scattering roses and violets around; after which came forward, under a canopy supported by twelve beautiful boys, the queen of pleasures; at her approach the company arose, and with the utmost adoration prostrated themselves before her.

When the queen was seated on a throne at the upper end of the room, and the banquet was about to begin, she ordered her maidens to find out the stranger who came yesterday to visit her dominions. Immediately Abudah was brought before her; who prostrating himself at her feet, she, with a smile, gave him her hand, and commanded him to arise.

'O, happy Abudah!' said the queen of pleasures, 'whom the fates ordained 'to bring into these delightful regi-'ons the cheft of the valley of Boc-'chim! The superior Genii envying 'the happiness which we unrestrained 'Genii enjoyed, contrived to divide 'the keys and the cheft, which, as tra-'dition declares, contains the talis-'man of Oromanes; and you, O Abu-'dah, are the man who art destined to 'unite them; worthy, Abudah, for such 'services, of the love of thy slaves. 'Come then, thou prince of my affec-'tions, and share with me the plea-'sures of these happy groves.'

She then commanded the company to pay Abudah the honours they used to pay her; and, with a pressing tenderness, obliged him to share with her the throne of pleasure.

Abudah now conceived himself the happiest of mankind; the alluring charms of the queen of pleasures, whose beauties were almost too exquisite to behold, caused his veins to boil in mad delight: but when, with all the fondness of a doating mistress, she seized him by the hand, and, with eyes brimful of love, she seemed to gaze with transports upon him, his passion knew no bounds; he commanded the entertainment to cease, and with tumultuous haste led the yielding queen to the remotest canopy.

And now the company retiring, each under their canopies, the room was all hushed and silence.

Thus passed away the night in the groves of Shadaski: the morning brought reflection and satiety; and

Abudah, with some impatience, besought the queen of pleasures to surrender him the keys of the iron chest.

'My ever-loved Abudah,' replied the queen, 'behold the chest in the centre of my temple, and here are the keys for my adventurous hero; go, happy Abudah, and purchase a perpetuity in these never-fading arms, by the possession of the talisman of the pleasure-giving Oromanes!'

Abudah having received the keys, jumped forward from the pavilion to the middle of the temple; and, like a man just entering on a new pursuit, with great impatience began to open the fifty locks.

The locks, being only touched by the keys, flew from their staples, and the merchant, in a few minutes, had conquered forty nine of the obstacles of his happiness: as he was opening the last, 'O queen,' said he, 'come forward, and see me finish this desirable adventure!'

The last lock tumbled off just as the queen arrived at the chest, and Abudah besought her to share with him the pleasures of exploring the treasures of the chest.

But no sooner did the merchant stoop to open the lid of the iron chest, than a sudden darkness ensued, and in a moment the loud thunder cracked around him, and streams of crooked lightnings, with horrid blaze, encircled the astonished Abudah.

The shrieks and cries of the once-gay set, who were indulging under the canopies, next struck his ears; some, already blasted by the lightning, withered away; others, the ruins of the temple falling in huge fragments, half buried in the earth; the rest in madness running to and fro in despair, tore each other to pieces.

The red angry lightning still continuing, Abudah, in the utmost anguish, looked toward the queen; when, O fearful sight! he saw her soft form parching and contracting by the flames, and her whole body diminishing; till by degrees, instead of eyes brimful of love, he beheld the little old hag, with fury flashing from her looks.

'Wretch, as well as fool,' said she, with a voice that pierced his inmost sense, 'how darest thou to presume to seek the talisman of Oromanes amidst the vanities and intemperance of this filthy grove!

'But I leave you to enjoy the situation you are so fond of; be this dungeon of lust your prison, here wander, and contemplate the pleasures you have chosen,'

Thus saying, she struck Abudah with her crutch, and vanished from his sight; the touch of her noxious crutch filled him with aching pains, and the dead bodies and the groans of those dying around him inspired the wretched merchant with the utmost horror and despair.

He wandered for a long time in what he now believed an endless cavern, without light; and to add to his wretchedness, every step he took he trod on some venomous creature. The serpents hissed at him as he passed, the toads spit malignant fire, and the asps twining round his legs, spewed their venom on him, and marked Abudah with a thousand blotches. Thus continued he wandering to and fro, with great caution, about the dismal cavern, not more tormented with the groans of others, than his own dismal and heart-aching thoughts, which made him weep and tremble every step he took.

After many weary searches for an end, or place to escape, he felt somewhat larger than common seize him by the leg; upon which the poor wretch supposed he was in the gripe of an enormous serpent, and began shrieking with fear and terror, when a voice, like that of despair, spoke as follows:

'What wretch art thou, who yet remainest alive in this cavern of desolation and death?'

Abudah, though still in terror, was yet somewhat comforted to find some companion in his miseries; and thus answered him—

'I am, indeed, a wretch, misled in my searches after the talisman of Oromanes!'

'What,' answered the voice, 'wast thou fool enough to suppose, that vicious pleasure was the road to that noble jewel? It were then,' continued the voice, 'an easy purchase, but rough is the path, and high the mount, on which that treasure is preserved.'

'Alas!' answered Abudah, 'it matters not to me where or how this talisman is disposed, who am thus

for

'for ever incloſed in theſe walls of 'wretchedneſs.'

'We may riſe, but cannot ſink lower,' anſwered the voice, 'when we 'are at the bottom, and perhaps the 'moſt barren ground will yield the 'richeſt mine; be thou but reſolved to 'tread the crooked and laborious path, 'and I will inſtruct thee, for within 'theſe caverns begins the winding 'aſcent.'

'O friend, or Genii, or whatſoever 'elſe thou art,' returned the merchant, 'place me but in the track, and no 'dangers ſhall deter me: for what has 'he to fear who is beyond hope?'

'Take, then,' anſwered the voice, 'thy way as the cavern deſcends, and 'fear not to ſtoop in order to riſe; for 'in the loweſt part of this cavern is 'ſituated the opening you muſt aſcend.'

As the voice ended, Abudah found his feet at liberty, and began to feel out for the cavern's deſcent.

The lower he went, the more filth and ſtench he found; to which ſubmitting with patience, he, by a long paſſage, ſometimes crawling under rugged arches, ſometimes wading in mud and dirt, and in total darkneſs, attained to the end of the cavern, where he ſtumbled on ſome narrow ſteps, but could ſee no light, and was near ſuffocated with the noiſome vapours.

The winding aſcent was ſo intricate, and clogged with dirt and rubbiſh, that the merchant worked like a mole in the dark; but by his induſtry, he gained ground conſiderably: yet what moſtly tormented him was, that as often as he endeavoured to mount, the ſteps would ſlip from under him, and he would come tumbling down with a weight of dirt upon him, and then had all his work to do over again.

Nothing but his intolerable ſituation and loſt condition could have ſupported the merchant in this odious undertaking; but meanneſs and wretchedneſs know no evils greater than themſelves.

After various labours, Abudah arrived at a little kind of reſting-place, from whence the ſteps began to enlarge, and by degrees he perceived from above a glimmering light; to which aſcending, the nearer he drew to it, the plainer he could hear a confuſed ſound of voices echoing from the top, which increaſed as he roſe, till he could plainly diſtinguiſh it muſt proceed from ſome great concourſe of people without.

When he had reached the uppermoſt ſtep, over which an hole opened ſufficient for a man to crawl through, the clamours without were ſo terrifying, that he feared to proceed; at laſt, conſidering that death muſt be the conſequence of remaining in the cavern, he boldly ventured forth.

THE MERCHANT ABUDAH'S THIRD ADVENTURE, IN THE KINGDOM OF TASGI.

NO ſooner did the merchant Abudah appear through the opening of the cavern, than ten thouſand voices cried out at once, 'Long live our 'ſultan, whom the mountains of 'Taſgi have brought forth!' And Abudah looking around, ſaw an infinite concourſe of people round the mountain, and beyond them a moſt plentiful country, with cities and towns ſcattered among the vallies which opened to his view.

A number of eunuchs and viziers ſtepped forward to diſengage Abudah from the mouth of the cavern; who was ſo ſpent with his infirmities, ſores, and fatigue, that he was obliged to be ſupported: immediately a princely robe was thrown over him, and a coſtly turban put upon his head; the concourſe ſtill crying out, with extaſy and rapture, 'Long live our ſultan, whom 'the mountains of Taſgi have brought 'forth!'

Silence being commanded, the grand vizir, with a long train, came toward Abudah; and, with all the people, proſtrating himſelf before the merchant, thus addreſſed himſelf to Abudah.

'Behold, O thou, before whoſe 'preſence even the ſun is darkneſs! 'behold, O wonder of mankind, moſt 'ſacred progeny of Taſgi! thou mi'racle of beauty! thou mirror of per'fection! thou moſt glorious ſultan 'of earthly princes! thou diamond of 'nature! thou guardian of the world! 'behold thy proſtrate ſlaves; whoſe 'wiſh is only to lay down as thy foot'ſtools, and to be trodden under thy 'feet as the duſt of the plain! Thine, 'O ſultan, is all earthly happineſs! 'thine, every perfection of body and 'mind!

'mind! thine, all power from the 'mountains of thy parent Taſgi, to 'the parching deſarts of Shezrallah, 'which forbid the approach of the 'ſtranger to the kingdoms of our in-'vincible ſultan. Rule, therefore, 'thy ſlaves, according unto thy plea-'ſure; and know but one will in the 'plains and cities, which by thy per-'miſſion and bounty thy ſlaves in-'habit.'

As the grand vizir, ſtill proſtrate with the people, uttered theſe words, they all, with one voice, repeated, 'O 'ſultan, whom the mountains of 'Taſgi have brought forth, rule thy 'ſlaves according to thy pleaſure!'

Abudah, filled with conceit, and bloated with pride, had almoſt forgot his pains and infirmities in this flat-tering applauſe; he ſet his foot on the neck of the vizir with the utmoſt haughtineſs, and commanded him to conduct him to the ſeraglios of his an-ceſtors. A number of ſlaves and eu-nuchs brought a magnificent throne of ivory, with a canopy of golden em-broidery thrown over it; into which Abudah aſcended, and was borne on the ſhoulders of the grandees and vi-zirs of his new-acquired kingdom.

The retinue winding round the hill, brought Abudah in ſight of an exten-ſive encampment, which, after the eaſt-ern manner, was of different colours; one diviſion yellow, one blue, another white, ſome red, ſome green, and all adorned with ſilver or gold.

In the centre of this ſplendid arma-ment ſtood the royal tent, which ſhone with the luſtre of the gold and lively blue velvet of which it was compoſed, and looked rather like a palace than a tent.

Here Abudah was ſeated in his throne; and the nobles having done obeiſance, Abudah commanded all but the grand vizir to depart.

The reſt being gone, the grand vizir again proſtrating himſelf before Abu-dah, cried out, 'May my lord, the 'Sultan of Taſgi, ever rule over Har-'ran his ſlave.'

'Harran,' anſwered Abudah, 'ariſe 'and declare to me the cauſe of this 'encampment, and why the armies 'of Taſgi are thus ſcattered on the 'plains.'

'Our renowned Sultan Rammaſin,' replied the vizir Harran, 'made it his 'cuſtom to take the field in ſummer, 'to terrify his foes; but in the midſt 'of this campaign, it pleaſed the pow-'ers, who preſide over the mountains 'of Taſgi, to call him from us, and 'bleſs us with the preſence of my 'lord, before whom I ſtand. For 'ſince the time that the deſcendants 'of Mahomet involved our kingdom 'in perpetual bloodſhed, we have been 'warned by the oracles of Taſgi to 'expect a king from the womb of the 'mountain, that no diviſion of fami-'lies, or contention among brethren, 'might diſturb the peace of theſe 'happy kingdoms.'

'And who,' ſaid Abudah, 'are 'the neighbours of my kingdom be-'yond theſe mountains?'

'They are,' replied the vizir, 'O 'Sultan, an harmleſs, inoffenſive race; 'which was the cauſe that the Sultan 'Rammaſin would not make war upon 'them, although their territories ex-'tend to the ſea-coaſt, and would be a 'noble addition to the kingdom of the 'Sultan of Taſgi.'

'Rammaſin, then,' anſwered Abu-dah, 'wanted a nobleneſs of ſoul, to 'ſit down contented with leſs than he 'might have enjoyed: but Abudah, 'your preſent ſultan, will give their 'lands to the ſlaves of Taſgi, and 'extend his dominions even over the 'waves and the tempeſt.'

'My royal maſter will thereby,' anſwered the vizir, 'gain the hearts 'of his ſoldiers, who have long pined 'in the inglorious lethargies of peace.'

'Go, bid the trumpets ſound, then,' ſaid Abudah, 'and let it be proclaimed 'in the camp, that your Sultan Abu-'dah will revenge the injuries which 'the inhabitants of Taſgi have re-'ceived from their perfidious neigh-'bours. Go, Harran, and denounce 'war againſt the ——.'

'Shakarahs,' ſaid Harran, bowing, 'who have inſulted the mountains of 'Taſgi.'

Abudah was going on, but his pains and weakneſs obliged him to order them to prepare an inner tent for his reception.

While the eunuchs and ſlaves were attending their new ſultan, his vizir Harran cauſed the royal mandate to be proclaimed within the encampment, and commanded the leaders of the army to be aſſembled together, to de-liver

liver to them the orders of the Sultan Abudah.

The whole kingdom of Taſgi was rejoiced at the news of their Sultan's expedition againſt the helpleſs and innocent Shakarahs; ſo little do ſubjects weigh the merits of war! and the old and decrepid parents ſtirred up their children to engage in a ſervice, where cruelty and deſtruction were honoured with the titles of virtue and the love of their country.

Ere the ſun began to ſmile upon the harveſts of the Shakarahs, the tents of Abudah were moving to deſtroy them; the loud cymbals were clanging in the air, and the brazen trumpets, with their ſhrill notes of livelineſs, ſeemed to inſpire the armies of Taſgi with a thirſt of glory, and not of blood. The order and diſcipline of the troops, the regularity of their march, and the ſprightlineſs of their looks, utterly diſguiſed the rapacious purpoſes of the royal plunderer; who, though but juſt maſter of one kingdom, was ſo eager to get poſſeſſion of a ſecond, that he deſtroyed many of his men in forcing a march over the mountains which nature had placed as the boundaries of their nation.

The Shakarahs having notice of their motions, ſent an embaſſy to meet the Sultan of Taſgi, beſeeching to know the cauſe of his coming; making the humbleſt profeſſions of peace; and offering, if any thing had offended him, to make the fulleſt ſatisfaction they were capable of; and imploring him, that he would not make war upon a nation who were ever the friends of the Taſgites, and to whom that kingdom had never declared any hoſtile intention.

To theſe humble remonſtrances Abudah replied, that he was not to be taught and directed by ſuch baſe ſlaves as the Shakarahs; and that whatever intention he might have had originally in entering their kingdom, he now declared he came to puniſh the inſolence of that people, who dared ſend ſuch dictating embaſſies to the Sultan of Taſgi.

He then commanded the ambaſſadors to be driven from the encampment, and ordered his army to begin their hoſtilities on the preſumptuous Shakarahs.

The leaders of the armies of Taſgi being ignorant and imperious, every kind of tyranny and cruelty was practiſed; till the wretched Shakarahs being made priſoners, and their wives and families raviſhed or murdered, the Sultan Abudah returned to the kingdom of Taſgi, with the ſpoils of the conquered country, amidſt the acclamations of the army and its leaders; who were ſo laviſh of their praiſes and adulations, that Abudah eſteemed himſelf at leaſt equal to the prophet of Mecca.

After Abudah arrived at the metropolis of Taſgi, his vizirs came to enquire of him, where he would beſtow the miſerable Shakarahs, moſt of whom they had led home in chains.

Abudah was for ſome time doubtful of their fate; and was at laſt going to order a general execution, when he recollected the iron cheſt which was buried in the mountains of Taſgi.

'Let the Shakarahs,' ſaid the Sultan Abudah, 'be condemned to work in 'the mountains of Taſgi, till they 'find an iron cheſt with fifty locks.'

At theſe words the Grand Vizir Harran bowed before the Sultan; and ſaid, 'Will my lord dare to ſend the 'Shakarahs into the womb of Taſgi, 'which his own ſubjects are forbid-'den to approach!'

'Take the rebel Harran,' ſaid Abudah, in indignation, 'and let his 'head be ſevered from his body, and 'his tongue let the dogs devour.'

The other Vizirs gladly ſaw this execution performed on Harran; and returned to the Sultan, and ſaid, 'Far 'be it that a monarch of the Eaſt 'ſhould be governed by his ſlaves. 'Be the will of the Sultan Abudah 'for ever obeyed, as it is in the de-'ſtruction of the traitor Harran, as it 'is in the labours of the Shakarahs in 'the mountains of Taſgi.'

Abudah hourly ſent his vizirs to inſpect the miners in the mountains, who returned with accounts of the death of thouſands, over whom the mountain crumbled, and ſmothered them in it's caverns.

The Taſgites, jealous of their mountain, which they ſuppoſed was ſomewhat divine, began to murmur at the impiety of their Sultan; which, when Abudah knew, he commanded the leaders

leaders of his army to chaſtiſe them, and to put every tenth man throughout his kingdom to the ſword.

At length the fainting Shakarahs dug out the cheſt of iron, and brought it to Abudah, who commanded every engine or force to be applied to it to break it open, but in vain; the cheſt reſiſted all their endeavours, and would not yield to the utmoſt force the art of man could bring againſt it.

Abudah then publiſhed a reward to any that ſhould make keys to fit the locks. This ſeveral undertook, and ſucceeded; but as ſoon as one lock was opened, it ſhut while the artificer was employed about the ſecond.

Abudah, puffed up with pride, was enraged at this diſappointment, and commanded fifty men to take the fifty keys, and all attempt it at once; which they did, and were all immediately ſtruck dead: he then commanded a ſecond fifty, but none but his army were near him, for the reſt were fled from the tyrant's preſence.

Abudah now ordered fifty ſoldiers to approach; when the leaders of the army, moved by his cruelties, and ſeeing he was about to ſacrifice his army as well as his ſubjects, uniting together, came towards him in a body; which Abudah perceiving, and expecting no mercy, leaped on the cheſt, and truſted himſelf to it's ſaving power.

Immediately the cheſt moved aloft in the air; and Abudah being ſtupified and giddy, fell into a deep ſleep, and was wafted far from the army and kingdom of Taſgi.

THE MERCHANT ABUDAH'S FOURTH ADVENTURE, AMONG THE SAGES OF NEMA.

ABUDAH found himſelf on the iron cheſt beneath a rock which hung over him, and was covered with a pleaſant ſhade of palms; at a little diſtance a gentle rill ran bubbling over the ſtones, and took it's courſe along a narrow valley, which on each ſide was bounded by rocks and verdant hills.

Here, as he eyed the rural ſcene, and reflected on his eſcape from Taſgi, he obſerved a venerable ſage gently moving forward along the valley, and, to appearance, directing his ſteps toward the rock under which he was ſitting. Abudah's conſcience was ſo alarmed at the ſight of an human form, which during his tyrannical reign he had ſo often defaced, that he ſtrove to hide himſelf even from the approach of a weak old man; but the ſage ſtill advancing with eaſe and compoſure, Abudah, after ſome heſitation, ſuffered him to join him.

The ſage, with great obſequiouſneſs, bowed before Abudah, (who had ſtill the royal turban upon his head, and the enſigns of the regal power about his ſhoulders) and ſaid, 'O prince, who 'deigneſt to viſit theſe retreats of learning and philoſophy; whether thou 'art he whoſe knowledge was univerſal, the glory of the eaſt, the ſageſt 'of ſages, the indefatigable Solomon; 'or whether thou art here arrived from 'any neighbouring realm in queſt of 'ſcience, and art willing to honour 'our ſchool with thy auguſt preſence; 'permit one of the loweſt of the ſons 'of knowledge to conduct you to the 'temple and ſeat of learning, which 'the great Solomon here founded in 'the deſart, for the inveſtigation of 'truth and the diſcoveries of nature. 'This vale, which is our only retreat 'from the ſultry ſun, or the widee-x-'tended deſart, winds round to the 'entrance of our ſeminary, where every 'ſcience is taught, and all the foun-'tains of knowledge are diſcloſed.'

As he ſpake theſe words, the ſage led the way; and Abudah, ſomewhat recovered from his hurry and confuſion, ſaid within himſelf, 'O pro-'phet, how blindly have I wandered! 'yet here ſurely, among theſe ſprings 'of knowledge and learning, is the 'taliſman of Oromanes to be diſco-'vered!'

Abudah arriving with the ſage at the end of the valley, beheld the manſions of philoſophy. A grand portico firſt preſented itſelf to his view, built after the model of the Grecian architecture; to this, with the ſage, he aſcended by a grand flight of ſteps, and entering the doors of the inner portico, found himſelf in a ſpacious hall. 'Here,' ſaid the ſage, 'muſt even kings 'remain, till the director of this ſeat 'of learning is acquainted with the 'arrival of a ſtranger, and his mo-'tives for ſeeking entrance into the ſa-'cred college of ſcience.'

'Give

'Give then this meſſage,' anſwered Abudah, 'to your director: that the 'Sultan of Taſgi,' (for Abudah's penitence had not entirely humbled his pride) 'ſtudious of knowledge, ſeeks, 'in this philoſophick ſeat, to find the 'taliſman of the perfect Oromanes.'

The ſage, after having made obeiſance to the ſuppoſed ſultan, went in queſt of the director, and left Abudah in the hall, where were many other candidates for admiſſion into the college of philoſophy, and each had his particular ſage or introducer.

Abudah's inſtructor ſhortly returned: 'Our director,' ſaid he, 'rejoices 'to find ſo great a monarch ſtudious 'of truth, and bids me declare (as is 'cuſtomary) that the taliſman of Oro-'manes is the ultimate end of all our 'reſearches, and therefore invites the 'Sultan of Taſgi to ſeek it, in what-'ever ſcience he thinks moſt likely to 'contain it. But,' added the ſage, 'happily for the Sultan of Taſgi, he 'has met with Abraharad, who can 'unfold to him the ſecrets of nature, 'and teach him in what receſſes the 'taliſman of Oromanes is incloſed.'

'And are you then,' anſwered Abudah, 'the renowned Abraharad, 'whom my ſubjects of Taſgi have 'often deſcribed to me as the man 'who knew the properties of all herbs 'and roots, and the minerals of all 'the earth?'

'Theſe, O prince,' replied Abraharad, 'are the plaineſt precepts of 'nature; but I will unfold to thee ſuch 'of her ſecrets, as none ſince the mag-'nificent Solomon have been allowed 'to view; for what was Oromanes, 'the founder of this taliſman, but the 'magician of fire, the great alchymiſt 'of the firſt and moſt powerful ele-'ment! However, I will not waſte 'your time in words, when I can work 'wonders to convince you.'—'Deſcend then, O prince, with me, into 'the area of this inner building, in 'which every ſcience has it's ſepa-'rate offices and apartments, and I 'will bring you to the knowledge of 'the inmoſt ſecrets of nature and art.'

Abudah, rejoicing in his new acquaintance, followed Abraharad into an extenſive court, ſurrounded by porticos, in each of which he beheld ſeveral ſages teaching their reſpective diſciples.

Abraharad led Abudah to the portico of his own ſcience, where many were buſied in the various branches of his art: 'Even in this veſtibule,' ſaid Abraharad, 'could I ſurprize the Sul-'tan of Taſgi, but I lead him at once 'to the myſteries of ſcience.' So ſaying, he opened a door that led to an inner apartment; and Abudah entering, the alchymiſt cloſed the door of his laboratory.

While Abudah's attention was diverted by the variety of inſtruments and apparatuſes which he beheld in this mimick ſhop of nature, the alchymiſt began to order his materials, and ſet them in furnaces; compounding ſalts, and earths, and ſpirits, and varying his experiments according as he ſaw occaſion.

'Patience and perſeverance, O ſul-'tan,' ſaid Abraharad, 'are the tools of 'an alchymiſt; without theſe he could 'not work, as hidden cauſes ſo often 'vary and perplex his operations. The 'ſecret which I am now preparing, is 'what gave the great Demogorgon 'power to diſſolve all nature; but as 'it is a tedious proceſs, and the fur-'nace as yet gives but the third degree 'of fire, I will ſhew you what great 'effects lie hidden in the meaneſt 'cauſes, that you may conquer the 'prejudices which cuſtom may have 'rooted in your mind againſt any par-'ticular modifications of matter; for 'the whole earth that you view, is 'one confuſion of materials, out of 'which, by ſeparation, conjunction, 'aſſimilation, unity, or diſjunction, 'may every appearance of nature, and 'many which ſhe has never diſco-'vered, be formed. You ſee the ſeed 'drawing to itſelf atoms, capable of 'forming wood and various fruits; 'from this ſeemingly taſteleſs earth, 'ariſes firſt the harſh, then the ſour, 'and, laſtly, the luſcious grape, con-'cocted, meliorated, and perfected, in 'theſe different ſtages, by the ſubtile 'alchymy of the ſun. You ſee in 'others, the bitter, the ſalt, the tart, 'and the ſweet, all drawn from the 'ſame earthly bed or well: ſo like-'wiſe, O ſultan, is the generation of 'all things; the ſemen is a kind of 'ſtandard which marſhals each under 'it's particular banner. Now as theſe 'are all, by affections and ſympathies 'of ſize or quality, naturally led by

'these causes to conjunction and unity, 'so also have they all aversions, that 'is to say, particles discordant, which 'are capable of separating them, 'whereby their cohesion, unity and 'subsistance, is destroyed, and they 'themselves are rendered discontinuous and resolvable into their first 'principles or rude atoms; thus, what 'we call corruption, is really no more 'than a new modification of matter, 'which, according as it is agreeable 'to our senses and perceptions, we 'call by names, conveying agreeable 'or disagreeable ideas; thus the ferment of the grape, we call a making, 'or creation of wine; and the ferment of vegetables, which resolve 'themselves to a kind of muck or manure, we call putrefaction, though 'they are begun by one and the same 'process in nature: so, again, the 'change of an egg into one living 'animal or bird, we call breeding; 'but the change of another, by staleness, into a thousand maggots, we 'call corruption. But yet, whatever 'may be our notions and ideas, they 'are never lost or destroyed materially, 'though they are formally; all returns to the common bed of nature, 'and there lies dormant, till called 'forth by sufficient causes into different forms.

'Hence it is, O sultan, that the alchymist, taking this universal bed as 'the ground-work of his science, and 'acting, as nature does, by the force 'of the nobler and more vivifying elements, teaches mankind the powers 'of separation and composition, and 'hence he is able to proceed or move 'backward in his work, and can either stop, reduce, or drive forward, 'the matter which he guides. Thus, 'O sultan, you perceive those two 'bottles of transparent liquors; you 'see, by mixing them, they instantly 'change and become red; so the small 'plant which you set in water, though 'fed by that element only, produces 'green leaves. Now these waters may 'again be rendered transparent by 'other mixtures, may be disunited, 'and reduced to their former state; 'or by other additions, you see, I render them blue, or black, or green, or 'yellow; yet all these beautiful colours and phenomena are caused by 'a few common and natural causes.'

Abraharad then ordered the laboratory to be darkened, and immediately the sultan beheld, among vivid flashes, this writing in fire upon the walls: 'The Sultan of Tasgi will be satisfied.' At this sight Abudah was transported; whereupon Abraharad said, 'O sultan, 'let not appearances either slacken, or 'too rashly inspire your researches; 'this luminous appearance is natural, 'drawn from the most refuse of materials, and may serve to convince 'you, that wonders lie hidden in the 'most disagreeable formations of matter. But I see the colours arising in 'the furnace, all that is bright to the 'eye! what flashes of red, blue, green, 'yellow, purple, white, arise from 'my work! brighter, O sultan, than 'the rubies or the emeralds of thine 'empire!'

Abudah looked at the furnace, and saw the most glorious colours arising from the crucibles of Abraharad.

'These,' continued the sage, 'are 'signs that my universal menstruum 'is near perfection, and now all nature will be opened before me.'

'What,' answered Abudah, 'is the 'mixture you are making in the furnace an universal dissolvent?'

'Yes,' said Abraharad, 'it is.'

'Then,' replied the merchant Abudah, 'the talisman of Oromanes will 'soon be my own.'

'It may possibly,' resumed the sage, 'require some time to seek out where 'it is deposited.'

'That,' said Abudah, 'I know, 'for it is inclosed in the iron chest 'which you saw me sitting upon under the rock, which has hitherto resisted every application of force or 'art.'

'Hast thou then, O royal sultan, cried Abraharad, 'the chest of adamant with fifty locks, said to contain that precious jewel, that philosophick talisman, which can give life, 'immortality, riches, honour, and happiness, to the possessor? But see; 'my work is finished, the bluish vapour rises, and my menstruum, the 'key of nature, is compleated. Let 'us then hasten with it to this chest, 'and release the treasure of my royal 'sultan.'

'Rather,' replied Abudah, 'will I 'go and bring it here, which by it's 'virtues I am able to perform, and

'Abra-

'Abraharad ſhall exerciſe his autho-
'rity over this ſtubborn matter, and
'reduce it to it's former atoms.'

Abudah then leaving the ſage, returned to his cheſt, and ſeating himſelf thereon, was, at a wiſh, conveyed with his treaſure into the laboratory.

The ſage Abraharad having viewed the cheſt with rapture, took out his crucible, full of the univerſal menſtruum.

'Alas,' ſaid Abudah, 'O ſage, be
'not deceived; can that which diſ-
'ſolves every thing be confined by a
'crucible?'

The ſage grew pale at the merchant's reproof, and with the utmoſt vexation threw his menſtruum on the ground, where the harmleſs liquor continued, without altering itſelf, or the earth that ſupported it.

'Alas,' ſaid Abudah, 'where now
'is alchymy!'

'I have a cold fuſion,' anſwered Abraharad, 'though an hot one is de-
'nied me, for I will ſend the light-
'ning, which melts the ſword, and
'leaves the ſcabbard unhurt, through
'that ſtubborn piece of mechaniſm.'

A new apparatus being now fixed, the ſparks and flaſhes began to iſſue through the ſides of the adamant; and Abraharad exulting, and impatient to haſten the effect of his mimick lightning, ſtepped nearer to the cheſt, when the flaſh altering it's courſe, drove violently through the temples of the ſage Abraharad, and reduced him to aſhes.

At this dreadful cataſtrophe, Abudah, whoſe hopes were raiſed to the higheſt pitch, ran out of the laboratory with frantick wildneſs, and filled the area with his groans and complaints.

Here, as he wandered about, tormented by paſſion and diſappointment, a ſage, with a ſteady and compoſed mien, advanced from one of the porticos toward him, and with great ſeeming unconcern, ſaid, 'O wretch, why
'will you neglect the poſſeſſion of the
'taliſman of Oromanes, which it is
'in your power to enjoy!'

'Canſt thou aſſure me of that?' anſwered Abudah, in tranſports.

'I can aſſure you,' replied the ſage,
'that you are, at preſent, incapable of
'making uſe of it.'

'And therefore it is, I ſuppoſe,' ſaid Abudah, 'that I am thus for ever
'deceived, when I think it within my
'graſp.'

'It is even ſo,' anſwered the ſage.

'Then teach me, O friendly ſage,' continued the merchant, 'how I may
'come to the true enjoyment of this
'valuable treaſure.'

'Muſt not happineſs,' ſaid the ſage,
'be ſeated in the mind?'

'It muſt, it muſt,' replied Abudah, 'and I have neglected my mind,
'to ſearch for it among bodily enjoy-
'ments. O what a new ſcene have
'you, O greateſt of ſages, opened to
'my view! But proceed, O heavenly
'inſtructor, and perfect the cure you
'have begun.'

'Cool and moderate your grief, this
'night,' anſwered the ſage Gherar;
'and to-morrow, if I find you diſpaſ-
'ſionate, I will unmaſk your mind,
'which at preſent is beſet by worldly
'objects.'

Thus ſaying, the ſage Gherar introduced Abudah among his ſcholars, and provided him apartments in his portico.

Early the next morning the ſage Gherar attended Abudah, and led him forth towards the valley that fronted the building dedicated to ſcience and inſtruction.

'How delightful,' ſaid Gherar, 'are
'the ſweet dews that are again riſing
'at the call of the morning ſun! The
'groves ſeem like man refreſhed by
'the ſilence of the night, and the
'graſs is capable, by this relief from
'nature, to ſtand againſt the fiery
'beams of the noon.'

'It is indeed,' anſwered Abudah, 'a glorious morning, and looks more
'like a new creation, than a ſcene
'which has already laſted ſuch num-
'berleſs ages. O how happily might
'man ſpend his days in ſuch ſweet re-
'tirements! no cares to moleſt him;
'no ſtorms to beat upon him; no hu-
'man deſolations to ſuffer from.'

'Such,' anſwered Gherar, 'are the
'dreams of folly, and the conceits of
'infirmity; conſcious of your weak-
'neſs, I led you to this ſcene, in or-
'der to convince you, how incapable
'you are of happineſs; if the bright-
'neſs of the ſun, and the vapours of
'the morning, can ſo affect you with
'pleaſure, the want of them will be
'painful unto you. In theſe gratifi-

'cations the ſoul is totally paſſive, and 'muſt be fed by the ſenſes; thus ſhe 'is taught to rejoice at the wanton 'touches of a finger; at the tickling 'of a luxurious palate: at the odours 'of a fading flower; at the ſounding 'undulations of the circumambient 'air; or at the accidental objects that 'play upon the eyes of a trifling cir-'cumſcribed animal.

'But the purity and immortality of 'the ſoul teaches the philoſopher to 'govern the corruptions of the fleſh, 'and not to ſuffer the body to be the 'maſter of the mind; the momentary 'pleaſures or evils of life are alike in-'different to him, who, conſcious of 'his perfections, and compleat in his 'own virtues and immortality, can 'ſmile amidſt the horrors of diſſolving 'nature, and preſerve a firmneſs and 'indifference, when even the whole 'earth is crumbling to it's original 'chaos; and if theſe things affect not 'his ſelf-fortified breaſt, how little 'will he regard the common accidents 'and vexations of life! If he drops a 'limb, his immortal part is neverthe-'leſs unimpaired; if he ſuffers hunger, 'ſtill his mind is fed with never-fail-'ing pleaſures; if power throw it's ar-'bitrary chains around him, his ſoul 'is ſtill free, and can mock the ty-'rant's rage, and defy his malice. In 'ſhort, O Abudah, the true philoſo-'pher is capable of every pleaſure, and 'releaſed from every ill; the beauty 'of virtue has eternal charms for his 'contemplation and poſſeſſion; the 'changes of mortality have nothing 'that can move, tranſport, or diſquiet 'him; he neither hopes nor fears; he 'neither admires nor dreads; and al-'ways wears within his breaſt a con-'tentment more invariable and un-'ſhaken than all the treaſures upon 'earth, becauſe nothing earthly can 'diſquiet him.'

As the ſage Gherar ſpoke theſe words with an heart-felt pride, Abudah, tranſported at his doctrines, was about to anſwer, when a fierce tyger burſting from the thicket, with eyes flaſhing dreadful fires, and a mouth begrimed with human gore, ſprung violently towards the ſage and his pupil. Abudah, who had not ſo entirely forgotten his worldly wiſdom, as to ſtand perfectly undaunted, leaped into the brook that divided the vale, and ſwam acroſs, as knowing the tyger would not follow him through the water.

Having reached the oppoſite bank, he looked toward the ſage Gherar, whom he ſaw running with the utmoſt precipitation before the voracious tyger; but his flight was vain, the monſter overtook him, and leaping upon the ſage, tore him limb from limb, while Gherar filled the woods and the vallies with his piteous cries and lamentations.

'Alas!' ſighed the merchant Abudah, as he beheld the wretched end of Gherar, 'how vain is it for weakneſs 'to boaſt of ſtrength; or for man, who 'is infirm, to deny the reality of what 'he muſt hourly feel! To boaſt of a 'power over nature, is, I ſee, the end 'of philoſophy, which ſhould only 'with wonder contemplate what it can-'not ſcan; much leſs ought the reptile 'man to vaunt itſelf ſuperior to the 'bleſſings or ſcourges of him who is 'the ruler of the univerſe.'

With theſe reflections Abudah aroſe, and being fearful to venture on the other ſide of the brook, he advanced up a lawn, which, winding between two mountains, brought the merchant into a ſpacious plain; where he beheld innumerable flocks feeding upon it's ſurface, and ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes tending their innocent charge.

'Here,' ſaid Abudah to himſelf, 'here is neither pomp, nor luxury, nor 'vanity; here is rural peace, and qui-'etneſs, and tranquillity, which know 'no ſorrow.'

As thus Abudah muſed within himſelf, he advanced toward the ſhepherds and their flocks; when one paſſing near him, immediately ran with the utmoſt precipitation among the reſt, crying aloud, 'Fly, fly, O my wandering and 'diſtreſſed friends, for the tyrant of 'Taſgi, not content with driving us 'out from the land of Shakarah, is 'come down to bereave us alſo of our 'flocks and herds.'

Abudah was touched to the ſoul at this ſcene of diſtreſs and confuſion, which his former paſſions had occaſioned, and called to the poor wanderers to ſtay; but they, fearful, and lamenting, drove their flocks along the plain, and with dread looked back, expecting to ſee again the cruel armies of the Taſgites.

One old venerable bramin alone, unable through age to follow the Shaka-

rah

rahs whom he had for many years inſtructed, ſate with a majeſtick compoſure on a ſquare ſtone which ſtood at the entrance of his cell; as Abudah advanced, he aroſe, and made obeiſance, ſaying, 'Know, O ſultan, I 'riſe not to the tyrant of Taſgi, but 'I bow before him whom it has 'pleaſed Alla to ſet over his people; 'but wherefore ſhouldſt thou ſeek to 'do evil, that thou mayeſt reap good; 'are then bad actions capable of ſalutary ends, and is evil predominant, 'that purity may triumph? Alas, O 'ſultan! not ſuch are the means of 'obtaining the taliſman of the great 'and perfect Oromanes; purity and 'perfection, ſuch as man may attain 'unto, true virtue and benevolence, 'and a faithful religion, are the means 'of poſſeſſing that treaſure.

'Haſten, therefore, O man, to the 'tomb of the prophet, and there confeſs the follies and iniquities of thy 'reſearches; and learn, from that 'fountain of purity and truth, the will 'of him who ordained you to this hitherto ineffectual toil.'

'Good and pious bramin,' replied Abudah, 'much have I abuſed both 'the gifts of Providence, and you, and 'your poor innocent and diſtreſſed nation; but direct me in my journey 'to Medina, for I ſeem hitherto to 'have trodden on enchanted ground.'

'The cheſt of adamant will convey 'you to Medina,' anſwered the bramin.

'I left it,' replied Abudah, 'in 'the manſions of philoſophy, which 'may not be found without croſſing 'the brook, and riſking the fury of 'the tyger.'

'There is,' anſwered the bramin, 'a path that leads from hence, round 'the brook to the back of that manſion, into which a ſmall bridge will 'carry you over the brook; and may 'Mahomet proſper your undertaking!'

Abudah then took leave of the ſage, aſſuring him, that the Taſgites knew not of his place of retreat, and that he might reſt with the Shakarahs ſafely there, for no evil was intended them.

The bramin bleſſed Abudah as he parted.

The ſultan merchant haſtened to the ſeminaries of learning, where taking poſſeſſion of his cheſt, he threw himſelf on it, in full aſſurance that he ſhould awaken in the temple of Medina.

In a ſhort time, the merchant Abudah found himſelf in an awful moſque, reclining on the cheſt of adamant; on one ſide ſtood the box which uſed to haunt his chamber with the diminutive hag; and on the other, a large ciſtern of water.

Preſently, with mildneſs in his aſpect, ſtood the Genius Barhaddan before him.

'At length,' ſaid he, 'Abudah, 'receive the true keys of the adamantine cheſt.'

At theſe words, the merchant Abudah approached the Genius; and having proſtrated himſelf before him, received the long-expected keys.

'Begin,' ſaid Barhaddan, 'O Abu'dah, and ſearch for thy treaſure.'

Abudah obeyed, and in a moment the locks of the cheſt flew open.

Abudah, with a conſciouſneſs and dread, lifted up the lid of the cheſt, when inſtantly flew out a thouſand feathers, ſo that they covered the whole pavement of the moſque.

'Now,' continued Barhaddan, 'put 'in thine hand, and draw forth the 'contents of the cheſt.'

Abudah obeyed, and firſt he took up a beautiful but bleeding hand, with a curious bracelet of diamonds.

'That hand,' ſaid Barhaddan, 'was 'ſevered from the body of a fair ſul'tana, by a ſlave who could not un'lock the bracelet. Doſt thou think, 'Abudah, the wearer was the happier 'for that ornament?'

As Abudah was going to draw again, out ſtepped a poor wretch, loaden with his bags of gold, trembling and looking behind.

Next, on a ſudden, a gay youth with a poniard, ſtabbed the miſer to the heart; upon which ſeveral women, in looſe attire, came and ſhared with him the ſpoil, and began dancing and ſinging.

Theſe were followed by a crowd, among whom was a crowned head, who ordered his ſoldiers to fall on them and deſtroy them; then came a ſuperior force, and put a bowſtring around the neck of him that was crowned, and another ſtripped the crown from his head.

After theſe came ſeveral madmen; ſome with wings on their ſhoulders, ſome with wheels, which they ſtrove always to keep in motion; ſome looking

ing unto the ſkies, ſome drawing circles in the air with ſtraws, ſome gabbering ridiculous notions, that the ſame quantity was both more and leſs than itſelf.

When theſe were paſſed, Barhaddan aſked Abudah. 'Doſt thou underſtand 'theſe things?'

'I underſtand by them,' anſwered the merchant, '(and alſo by my travels) 'that neither riches, nor gaiety, nor 'honour, nor power, nor ſcience, nor 'learning, nor obſcurity, is free from 'the common accidents of life, and 'that therefore theſe can never lead us 'to the perfect taliſman of Oromanes.'

'What didſt thou underſtand by 'the feathers?' ſaid Barhaddan.

'I knew not their meaning,' anſwered Abudah.

'They,' continued the Genius Barhaddan, 'were the thouſand light, 'airy, inconſiſtent hopes and wiſhes, 'which lie on the top of every man's 'heart, which have ſome kind of tendency to the taliſman, and ſo they 'are the firſt on the top of the cheſt.'

'And now, O merchant Abudah,' ſaid Barhaddan, 'art thou convinced 'that the taliſman of Oromanes could 'not be treaſured among ſuch refuſe 'as theſe? Shut down, therefore, the 'cheſt, and attend with ſilence to the 'ſcene which will follow.'

Abudah obeyed, ſtanding like a mute with his hands before him.

'Now, thou wicked hag,' ſaid Barhaddan, 'thou evil Genius, who loveſt 'to torment and miſlead mankind, 'come forth.'

At theſe words, the little box fell to pieces, and the hag came trembling out on her crutches before Barhaddan.

'I know,' ſaid the pure Genius, 'thy implacable nature, and that thou 'delighteſt only in miſchief and evil; 'but that you may have ſome awe for 'thoſe who regard mankind, ſtand 'here, and ſee me purge the man 'whom thou haſt enſlaved with worldly thoughts and deſires.'

Barhaddan then commanded Abudah to waſh himſelf in the ciſtern; which having performed, he ordered him a ſecond time to open the cheſt of adamant.

Abudah obeying, looked in, and ſaw only a little book, which Barhaddan bid him read, and he read theſe words aloud:

'Know, O man, that human na'ture, which is imperfect, cannot at'tain to perfection; that true happi'neſs, which is the real taliſman of 'Oromanes, being immortal, can be 'enjoyed by immortals alone. That 'man, being a creature, is ſubject to 'the commands of his Creator; and 'therefore a knowledge of his will, 'and a faithful obedience to it, ſhould 'be the firſt and laſt purſuit of mortality; till it pleaſe the Eternal Power 'to remove him from trial to perfection, from earthly miſery, to the eternal happineſs of a glorious paradiſe.'

As he ended theſe words, Abudah fell proſtrate in the moſque, and adored the Eternal Power above. Which the Genius ſeeing, commended him.

Then Barhaddan turning to the hag, 'Go,' ſaid he, 'falſe and wicked 'Genius, into that cheſt, and there, 'for fifty years, contemplate the happineſs you are ſo anxious to recommend.'

The hag trembled and obeyed; the cheſt cloſed with violence, the locks faſtened themſelves on, and the whole was taken up like a whirlwind, and vaniſhed away.

Abudah then looked round to thank the friendly Genius, but he was gone; and what ſurprized him more, he found himſelf on his bed at Bagdat, and his wife and family weeping around him.

As he moved, Selima in tranſports ran to him, and aſked him, if the life were in him.

'In me!' ſaid Abudah; 'Why, wo'man, I have been travelling theſe 'three months; I have ſeen various 'countries and kingdoms; I have (but 'would I had not) been crowned a 'ſultan!'

'O,' interrupted Selima, 'my lord 'raves again. Thy children and ſervants know, O Abudah, that for 'four days, thou haſt ſlept upon this 'ſopha, and we feared you were dead.'

'Was what I have ſeen a dream?' replied the merchant Abudah: 'then 'bleſſed be the prophet, who has added 'unto me knowledge without guilt.

'But now, my lovely Selima,' ſaid Abudah, 'I am releaſed from thoſe 'terrors and uneaſineſſes, which have 'made me a burden to thee and myſelf. 'Yes, Selima, I have learned to be 'content, the utmoſt man muſt expect 'on earth; I have learned to be obedient to Alla, to love and cheriſh 'my family, and to do good to mankind.'

At

At these words, he again embraced his wife and children, and the day was spent in decent endearments; nor lived there a happier or more resigned and chearful family in Bagdat, than in the house of the merchant Abudah.

When the Genius Barhaddan had finished his tale, Iracagem arose from his throne, and humbled himself before him; then turning to the august assembly, he thus addressed the pupils of his immortal race:

'Hear, O ye reptiles, whose life is 'a span, and whose habitation is as 'the dust in the wirlwind; who look 'toward the earth, and see not below 'the sand that covers it; and to the 'heavens, but the cloud interveneth 'and darkeneth your search; seek not 'for durable joys in a world of vicis-'situde; nor for happiness, which a 'moment shall alter, as the sea breeze 'blots out the writing of a child on 'the sand. The eye which is mortal 'cannot see that which is unchange-'able, neither can the taste of man be 'satisfied with variety, Wait, then, 'ye sons of clay, with patience, till 'ye be translated into the gardens of 'ever-living pleasures, into palaces 'which moulder not with the storm, 'into mansions which time must for 'ever admire. And know that hap-'piness is with Mahomet and Alla, 'and that the talisman of Oromanes, 'is to obey God, and to love his com-'mandments.

'Thanks, gentle Barhaddan,' continued Iracagem, 'thanks be to thy in-'dustry and care, well hast thou in-'culcated the lessons of morality, and 'the doctrines of truth.—Say, then, 'my noble brother,' said Iracagem to Mamlouk, 'where has Mamlouk been 'employed in the service of mankind?'

'To teach the doctrines of truth,' replied Mamlouk, 'has been the en-'deavour of Mamlouk; how I have 'succeeded, learn from the tale of the 'Dervise Alfouran.'

TALE II.

THE DERVISE ALFOURAN.

ALFOURAN, by the sanctity of his manners, and the abstemious-ness of his diet, had gained the hearts of the whole province of Eyraca; but none was more captivated with the holy dervise, than Sanballad, the son of Semi, a merchant in Bassora, whose father intended to bring him up in the mercantile business, which he himself professed.

The hermitage of Alfouran was situated in a wood, near the suburbs of the city. It was formed out of a stupendous rock in the side of a mountain, and contained two cells, the outermost of which served for the common purposes of life, and the innermost was set apart for the private devotions and religious ceremonies of the sanctified dervise.

A small spring, which ran trickling down the rock, supplied him with the purest water, and fell into a bason, which the industrious Alfouran had scooped out of the bottom of the rock, from which the water overflowing, descended in a gentle rill to the wood, and ran purling among the trees; sometimes discovering itself by it's glittering surface, and sometimes gliding imperceptibly through the thickset bushes which grew upon it's banks.

A little plain opened before the door of the cell, which by the shade of the lofty trees that surrounded it, and the constant attention of the sage to sprinkle it's surface, ever preserved a most beautiful verdure.

The tall and straight cedars and palms which overshadowed this delightful retreat, at once secured it from the scorching sun, and afforded a most beautiful and majestick appearance, mixt with an awful solemnity, which struck the heart and demanded the reverence of every beholder.

To this habitation of Alfouran did thousands resort, at the rising of the sun, to hear the instructions of his mouth, and dwell upon the sweet accents of his persuasive tongue: even the labours of the day were forgotten, while he charmed their ears; and the poorest subjects of Bassora refused not to follow the sage Alfouran, though the work of their hands was neglected and undone.

The pious Sanballad was ever a constant attendant at these captivating lectures, and drank deep of the instructions of the dervise of Bassora.

His soul was animated by the example of the self-denying sage: he scorned the mean employments of a dirty

dirty world, and ſought earneſtly to bury himſelf in the glorious ſolitude of Alfouran.

One day, after the derviſe had been exhorting his hearers to trouble themſelves no longer with the concerns of life, nor the tranſactions of mortality, Sanballad preſented himſelf before him, and having done obeiſance to the holy man, he intreated Alfouran to initiate him into the myſteries of his happy life.

Alfouran looked earneſtly at the youth; he beheld his complexion, his modeſt beauties, his eyes ſtreaming with penitential tears, and his heart heaving with the full ſighs of ſorrow and contrition.

'And canſt thou, O young man,' ſaid the derviſe, 'leave the vanities of 'this life, to ſpend in ſolitude and 'abſtemiouſneſs the ſprightly hours of 'youth? Canſt thou quit all worldly 'connections, thy friends, thy rela'tions, thy engagements, thy buſi'neſs, and thy pleaſure, and prefer 'before them the conſtant company of 'an aged derviſe? If thou art ſo re'ſolved, let me firſt have a trial of thy 'faith and ſubmiſſion. Aſcend this 'craggy rock by the ſteps which I 'have hewn in it's ſide, and ſit on a 'ſtone which is dedicated on it's ſur'face to the pure ſolar fire. There 'remain while the ſun melts thee by 'day, and the moiſt unwholeſome dew 'falls on thee by night, till three days 'are accompliſhed, and I will bring 'thee of the choiceſt viands which the 'rich men of Baſſora ſend daily to 'tempt my appetite; of which if thou 'taſteſt, or to which if thou doſt in'cline thy mind, the curſe of the god 'of fire be upon thee!'

At this command Sanballad aroſe with joyful looks, and began to aſcend the holy mountain.

He ſpent the firſt day in a ſolemn ſilence, not daring even to look up or move from his poſture, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and in ſecret implored the ſtrengthening aſſiſtance of the founder of his faith.

The ſecond day Alfouran ſet before him a ſumptuous banquet, which his diſciples, at his command, had brought from the city; for it was daily the cuſtom of Alfouran to receive ſuch preſents at their hands; not, as he ſaid, for his own uſe, but to fix him ſtedfaſtly in his forbearance from thoſe pampering repaſts. They ſtood every day expoſed on a table formed out of the living rock in his cell, and at noon the derviſe aſcended the hill to burn them at the holy fire, which he kindled from the ſun.

Sanballad looked not at the tempting viands till Alfouran commanded him, and then perſiſted religiouſly in his reſolutions; which, when the derviſe perceived, he extolled his faith, and exhorted him to continue obedient to the inſtructions he had received.

The third day the poor youth was nearly exhauſted with watching and fatigue; nevertheleſs, Alfouran endeavoured, by the moſt artful temptations, to draw him from his purpoſe, but in vain; the pious Sanballad triumphed over his temptations, and at length fulfilled his commands.

But now partly initiated, the derviſe, after having fed him, conducted him down from the mountain to the cell beneath; and leaving him for ſome time to reſt and refreſhment, he alone aſcended with his daily offerings to the altar of fire.

In this act of devotion Alfouran continued the remainder of the day; during which time Sanballad heard the moſt raviſhing muſick, which ſeemed to deſcend through the mountain, and filled the cells with it's enchanting harmony.

And thus was the derviſe's time divided; in the morning he preached to the multitude, whilſt the careful Sanballad received their offerings, and laid them on the ſtone table in the cell.

At noon the derviſe aſcended with the offerings, and the young man was ordered to purſue his private devotions in the innermoſt cell, and was taught to expect thoſe heavenly ſounds, if his prayers were accepted. When the ſun left the horizon, Alfouran deſcended to the place where Sanballad ſpread ſome roots on the turf by the ſpring, and the derviſe and his ſcholar made their ſingle and abſtemious meal.

The young derviſe was enraptured at the precepts and ſanctity of his maſter, and the inhabitants of Baſſora brought daily their riches, and fine veſtments and delicacies, that Alfouran might ſacrifice thoſe unworthy objects of their affection on the altar of the ſun.

Nor

Nor were the prayers of Sanballad rejected, for he daily obtained a grateful token from the powers he worſhipped, and was charmed with the heavenly muſick which ſounded through the rock.

In this manner did Alfouran and his pupil dedicate their time to the invincible powers of fire, till the whole city of Baſſora was converted to the religion of the derviſe; and, neglecting their trade, all flocked regularly to imbibe the inſtructions of his lips.

But what, even in the midſt of his ſanctity, preyed upon the heart of Sanballad, was, that his maſter Alfouran did not ſuffer him to aſcend the mountain. When he aſked the derviſe the reaſon why he was denied that holy office, Alfouran would anſwer—

'Know, O young man, that he only 'is fit to make ſuch a ſacrifice, who 'by long and patient abſtemiouſneſs 'has ſanctified his mind, and purged 'it from the deſires of mortality. No, 'Sanballad, you muſt ſerve a longer 'term of years, and perſiſt in your 'religion for many ſuns, ere you be 'admitted to that, the greateſt and 'nobleſt work of man; wait, therefore, with ſubmiſſion, and doubt not 'but, when thou art accepted, the Deity 'of Fire will call thee to his ſervice.'

If Sanballad's impetuous deſires to ſerve, like Alfouran, in the cell of the worſhipper of fire, could drive him, againſt the inclinations and commands of his parents, to act under the banners of Alfouran, it is not to be wondered, that he was now as eager in deſiring to be jointly admitted into all the ſervices of his maſter.

The bed or reſting-place of Sanballad was on the ſtone table in the outward cell; Alfouran ſlept on a floor of flints within.

It was the hour of midnight, when Sanballad, ſtill revolving his favourite deſires in his mind, heard the wind ruſtle through the grove; the moon played on the ſurface of the water, in the baſon which ſtood without; when, on a ſudden, Sanballad diſcerned at the door of the cell the figure of a little old man; he immediately endeavoured to cry out to Alfouran, but he found his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. The little figure advanced, and ſtood before the aſtoniſhed and motionleſs Sanballad.

'I am,' ſaid the ſpectre, 'the good 'Genius which preſides over thy way-'ward fate. Alfouran this very night 'did meditate thy death, and intended 'to ſacrifice thee to his barbarous god. 'You are, young man, too inquiſitive 'for this myſterious religion, which 'requires a blind and unſuſpicious 'faith: but in compaſſion to thy youth, 'and being willing to vindicate the 'truth of thy much-injured prophet, 'I have taken this opportunity, while 'he is in his firſt ſleep, to warn thee 'of thy danger. I muſt not aſſiſt thee 'farther, for Alfouran poſſeſſes the 'ſignet of the Genius Nadoc, which he 'ſtole from a bramin of the moſt ex-'alted piety. But if thou art reſo-'lute, go fearleſs into this cell, and 'boldly thruſt thy hand into his bo-'ſom, where it ever lies concealed. 'If thou canſt but for a moment ſnatch 'it from him, thou art ſafe; for when 'it is in thy hand, it's virtues will be 'obedient to you it's poſſeſſor: be con-'fident, therefore, and forget not, when 'thou haſt it in thy hand, to make a 'proper uſe of it.'

'And how is it to be uſed?' replied the aſtoniſhed Sanballad.

'Wiſh,' ſaid the Genius, 'for what-'ever you deſire, and it will not be 'denied you. But haſten, O young 'man, for I foreſee Alfouran will in a 'few minutes awake.'

At this exhortation Sanballad aroſe from his bed, and entered into the cell of the treacherous Alfouran.

He felt gently for his maſter, who was ſtretched upon the flints.

Sanballad having found his boſom, boldly put his hand therein, and felt the ſignet of the Genius Nadoc; which he immediately pulled out, and by the force of his arm awakened the affrighted derviſe.

Sanballad ſeeing Alfouran awake, wiſhed that he had compleated his purpoſe, that he might have eſcaped out of the cell while the derviſe had ſlept.

No ſooner had Sanballad formed his wiſh, than Alfouran ſunk again into a deep ſleep; and the young man perceiving the power which the ſignet of the Genius Nadoc had given him, bleſſed Mahomet his prophet, and haſtened out of the cell.

On the plain before the door, he met his faithful Genius Mamlouk.

'I ſee,' ſaid his inſtructor, 'thou

'haſt wiſely prevailed; and now, O 'Sanballad, we will together aſcend 'this mountain, and I will convince 'thee of the folly of thy worſhip.'

Having thus ſaid, Mamlouk led the way; and having climbed to the altar, on the ſurface of the mountain, the Genius deſired Sanballad to move the altar from it's place.

'O Mamlouk,' ſaid Sanballad, 'that is far beyond my ſtrength; for 'when I ſat on this ſtone, as a proba-'tioner before the ſun, I aſſayed with 'all my ſtrength to move it, and could 'not.'

'That was,' replied Mamlouk, 'be-'cauſe Alfouran commanded it to con-'tinue firm and fixed, but now his 'power is no more.'

Sanballad then ſet his ſhoulder againſt the ſtone, and moved it from it's place.

The ſtone being removed, diſcovered a dark winding ſtair-caſe cut out of the rock, which deſcended into the body of the mountain.

Mamlouk commanded Sanballad to deſcend, and fear not: 'For,' ſaid the Genius, 'I will attend you, though 'inviſible, and inſtruct you in what 'manner you are to behave; but be re-'ſolute in preſerving the ſignet of the 'Genius Nadoc.'

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF THE DERVISE ALFOURAN.

THE aſtoniſhed ſon of Sami, emboldened by the preſence and ſpeech of the Genius Mamlouk, began to deſcend into the entrails of the mountain, by circular ſteps, which wound about a ſolid pillar of ſtone.

After he had paſſed three hundred ſtairs, he met with a ſtrong wicket, which he commanded to open, and then continued to purſue his way through a dark and cloſe paſſage, cut out of the living rock.

At the end of this paſſage he found a door of ſolid iron, which at his command creaked on it's hinges, and opening, preſented to his view a large cavern, illuminated in the centre with an enormous glowing carbuncle. Around this ſpacious vault hung all the rich and valuable garments which the deceitful Alfouran had begged from the deluded inhabitants of Baſſora, as offerings to his god.

'And what,' ſaid Sanballad to his inviſible guide, 'was the deſign of Al-'fouran in collecting theſe riches, ſince 'he never makes any uſe of them?'

'Proceed,' ſaid Mamlouk, 'and ob-'ſerve.' In one corner of this cavern, Sanballad perceived a chaſm in the rock, which he immediately commanded to open, and which let him through it's ſides into another paſſage wider than the firſt, ſupported by two rows of pillars, and enlightened with a variety of carbuncles.

As ſoon as Sanballad entered this paſſage, he heard the ſound of many inſtruments, playing the moſt plaintive notes; and preſently, at the lower end, he ſaw a number of cloſe-veiled matrons, marching with ſolemn ſteps along the avenues of the paſſage.

'May I, O Mamlouk!' ſaid Sanballad, 'wiſh that theſe may receive 'me as they uſed to receive Alfouran?'

'Yes,' replied Mamlouk, 'I find 'thou haſt wiſhed it in thine heart, for 'they already begin to acknowledge 'thee.'

As Mamlouk ſaid this, the matrons all came round Sanballad, ſome kiſſing his hands, ſome his feet, and others kneeling, and in the higheſt act of devotion touching the ſkirts of his cloathing.

Thus ſurrounded, the fictitious derviſe paſſed to the farther end of the paſſage, where a ſpacious portal opened into a gloomy temple, hewn out of a ſolid rock of adamant: in the centre of this temple was an altar, or hearth, raiſed from the ground, on which a large fire, fed with oils and aromatick woods, burnt inceſſantly day and night; and was renewed with all the incenſe and perfumes which Alfouran had obtained from the deluded inhabitants of Baſſora.

As ſoon as Sanballad advanced to the fire, the orgies began; the female votaries working themſelves up into the moſt frantick fits of enthuſiaſtick madneſs, groaning, weeping, laſhing themſelves, falling into trances and fits; till at length, tired and fatigued with their wild religion, they ſunk into ſlumbers round the flame which they had adored.

'Now, Sanballad,' ſaid Mamlouk, 'now muſt thou be reſolute and brave: 'canſt thou reſiſt temptation?'

'Alas!' replied Sanballad, 'I 'thought

'thought ſo once, but it was a vain 'opinion, ariſing from the pride of a 'falſe religion.'

'Your diffidence,' anſwered the Genius, 'is prudent, and manifeſts an 'humble mind; but as the temptation may be too ſevere for your 'new-born faith in the prophet, he 'has permitted me to perſonate Alfouran, and carry you inviſible 'through theſe mazes of bewitching 'error.'

Thus ſaying, Mamlouk put on the appearance of Alfouran; and Sanballad having wiſhed himſelf inviſible, ſtood beſide the metamorphoſed Genius.

Mamlouk then waved his hands on high, and clapped them together in the air; at the ſound of his clapping the matrons awoke, and the fictitious Alfouran commanded the cup of love to be produced.

Four ancient matrons immediately brought forward a large bowl from the innermoſt parts of the temple, of which the transformed Genius and his females partook.

No ſooner were they replete with this liquor, than they began to ſing the moſt prophane ſongs, and by every geſture manifeſted the deſires of their hearts; till at length being worked into a paſſionate madneſs, they threw off their cloathing, and diſcovered, under the formal appearances of ſanctified matrons, the moſt abandoned ſigns of youthful proſtitution.

The Genius having revealed thus much of the myſteries of Alfouran, took Sanballad by the hand, and led him out of that ſcene of horror to the top of the mountain. As they aroſe from the cavern, the beams of the ſun began to play upon the eaſt, and tinge the duſky clouds with it's early light.

'And who,' ſaid Sanballad to his guide, as they aroſe, 'who are theſe 'abominable wretches?'

'They are,' replied Mamlouk, 'weak and deluded women, who have 'at different times ſtolen in the dead 'of night from Baſſora, to hear the 'doctrines of the ſanctified Alfouran. 'But be ſilent, for I ſee on the plains, 'before the city of Baſſora, the multitudes approaching, to hear and 'adore the hypocritical derviſe.'

'And will Alfouran awake and 'inſtruct them?' ſaid Sanballad to the Genius.

'No,' anſwered Mamlouk, 'the 'prophet will no longer permit his vil'lainies to remain unexpoſed: but let 'us haſten to meet the credulous fol'lowers of Alfouran.'

Having thus ſaid, Mamlouk deſcended from the hill, and ſtood before the cell of the derviſe. The crowds gathered around him, for he ſtill perſonated the form of Alfouran; ſome bleſſed him with tears in their eyes, others nearly worſhipped the fictitious idol of their affections.

In the midſt of this ill-placed adoration, Mamlouk lifted up his voice, as though it had been the voice of a whirlwind, and ſaid, in the ears of all the inhabitants of Baſſora,

'O deluded idolaters, why have ye 'left the worſhip of your prophet, to 'follow the lyes and fables of the en'chanter Alfouran?'

As he ſpoke theſe words, the Genius ſhook off the appearance of the derviſe, and ſhone far before them in all the native beauty of his heavenly race.

The multitude were aſtoniſhed at the change, and the Genius proceeded:

'I am Mamlouk, the guardian Ge'nius of your city, which I have with 'ſorrow of late beheld ſtrangely de'viating from the worſhip of the pro'phet.

'The fates decreed that you ſhould 'be tempted by Alfouran: he came 'therefore into this grove, and, under 'the ſpecious maſk of ſanctity, gained 'the hearts of your people; inſomuch 'that you neglected the publick works 'of the city, and the ſocial duties which 'ye owed one to another, and all herded to hear and offer to Alfouran 'yourſelves and your ſubſtance.

'Alfouran was poſſeſſed of the ſig'net of the Genius Nadoc, by means 'of which he has commanded the ſlaves 'of that ſignet to form, in the ſpacious 'womb of this mountain, the ſecret 'haunts of his wickedneſs and luſt, 'which I will now diſcloſe unto you.'

Having ſo ſpoken, the Genius commanded Sanballad to go into the cell, and awaken Alfouran; which he did, the derviſe trembling as he came forth from a conſciouſneſs of his guilt.

As ſoon as the multitude beheld Alfouran, they were ſo infatuated at his

presence, that the luminous appearance of the Genius scarce witheld them from worshipping and adoring the dervise; which when Mamlouk perceived, he said unto them—

'O inhabitants of Bassora, how vain 'are my labours to bring you to Ma-'homet! But ere you too foolishly re-'fuse to hear the directions of your 'prophet, let me expose to your view 'the entrails of this mountain.'

As he spake these words, the people all looked towards the mountain, which began to crack and open it's sides, till by degrees the temple and caverns within were made manifest to the wondering populace.

Out of this nest of lust and intemperance came the wild females who had so miserably degraded themselves by their lascivious deeds; but how was the misery of their condition heightened, when they beheld such crowds of their neighbours and kinsmen standing as witnesses of their indecent appearance!

Nor were the men of Bassora less disgusted, to find among the private hoards of the lustful dervise their wives and their daughters, who had been thus polluted by his secret iniquities.

They were now all resolute in destroying the monster Alfouran from the face of the earth: and so incensed were they against him, that they tore the saint into ten thousand reliques; and he was most happy who could shew most marks of his vengeance on the fallacious dervise.

Mamlouk having suffered them to execute their vengeance on the hypocritical Alfouran, exhorted them to follow obediently the law of their prophet, and ever to despise such teachers as should preach up a mysterious, unintelligible, and hidden religion; or expect that they should blindly give up their substance and social duties, to follow the direction of a sanctified and lustful drone.

'Thanks, heavenly Mamlouk,' said the prophet of the faithful, 'thanks 'do I give thee, in the name of my 'flock of Bassora, whom thou hast re-'cued: O, may they never again stray 'from the light vouchsafed them, but 'may reason and revelation alike di-'rect them to seek the realms of peace, 'and fly from the delusions of error 'and enthusiasm—and do ye, favoured 'flock of Heaven, listen, and imbibe 'the instructions of my servants, and 'obey the voice of their divine mora-'lity.'

As he thus spake, the royal company all arose; and prostrating themselves on earth, thus began their hymn of praise.

'Glories surround the defender of 'the faithful! Alla, Alla, Alla!

'Praise, and honour, and worship, 'be unto him who giveth sight to the 'blind, and peace to the sons of care. 'Alla!

'Be thy reign immortal, prophet of 'the just! Be thy power, as is thy 'mercy, vicegerent of Alla! Alla, 'Alla, Alla!

'Happy are thy servants who do the 'will of their master. Alla!

'Happy are thy servants who hear 'the voice of their prophet. Alla!

'Happy are they who walk not in 'error, but are instructed in thy law. 'Alla, Alla, Alla!'

As the Genii pronounced these words in songs of melody, the prophet arose, and ascended from their sight, while the whole assembly lay entranced with delightful visions.

After some time, the company being reinstated, Iracagem thus addressed himself to the Genius Omphram.

'Omphram, let the praises of Ma-'homet inspire thee in declaring the 'labours of thy tutelage.'

'Happy shall I esteem myself,' answered Omphram, 'if Iracagem ap-'proves of my behaviour in directing 'the Sultan Hassan Assar.'

As Mamlouk finished his tale, bright flashes of light streamed through the lattice-work of the saloon; and presently, with smiles of mildness on his face, came the illustrious prophet Mahomet, and hovered over the august assembly.

TALE III.

HASSAN ASSAR; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE CALIPH OF BAGDAT.

THE royal court of the Caliph Hassan Assar beheld with discontent a long series of gloomy moons. The voice of joy and the smiles of festivity

tivity were baniſhed the palace by the ſevere frowns which ſat uninterrupted on the brow of the caliph.

The barrenneſs of his ſpacious ſeraglio was the cauſe of his melancholy; neither the youthful beauties of Circaſſia, nor the more ripened fruit which his own warmer ſun produced, were capable of continuing the race of the Caliphs of Bagdat.

Omphram, the tutelary Genius of his kingdom, ſaw the perverſe will of fate, and could not withſtand it's decrees; ſhe read in the permanent leaves of that everlaſting book, that Haſſan Aſſar would vainly ſolicit a progeny from Heaven, while he ſought after that bleſſing in the embraces of beauty. Though the day, which as yet had not ariſen, was enveloped in the clouds of obſcurity, ſhe could ſtill diſcern the poſſibility of the continuance of the race of Haſſan, but not the particular manner in which it was to come to paſs.

As Haſſan was adminiſtering juſtice in the divan, the throne whereon he ſat was violently ſhaken with the trembling of the earth, the doors of the divan creaked, the lightning poured down through the windows in ſheets of fire; and in the midſt of the confuſion, both of the earth and air, came Omphram riding in the tempeſt which her power had raiſed.

Haſſan bowed at her approach; and as his heart was unconſcious of evil, he regarded not the terrors which ſurrounded her.

'Haſſan,' ſaid the Genius, 'I perceive you are not to be biaſſed by the outward appearance of things, knowing that you are only accountable for the actions of your ſubjects; you look with ſerenity on this confuſion of elements, which it was not in your power to prevent. The ſame truſt which enables you to be thankful in the ſun-ſhine of affluence, gives you alſo confidence in the dangerous tempeſt. Look but as indifferently on all things, and your prayers ſhall be no longer offered to the unconſenting prophet. He has heard your petition, he believes you are ſolely deſirous of perpetuating his ſeed, and therefore he commands you to diſmiſs the beauties of your ſeraglio, and to give up your whole life and pleaſure to the Houri he has provided for your embrace.'

As ſhe finiſhed this declaration, the walls of the palace crumbled into their original clay, the crowds that were gathered in the divan vaniſhed from the ſight of the caliph, and he ſaw no longer the flouriſhing city of Bagdat, but the wild and fanciful productions of unaſſiſted nature.

The lions in the chariot of Omphram roared to the repeated echoes of the foreſt; and the fairy ſtill obſerving the courageous Haſſan unchanged at his fate, ſmiled on the caliph, and bid him perſevere in his unſhaken truſt, and no dangers or misfortunes ſhould prevent the bleſſings which the prophet had engaged to ſhower upon his race.

Although the proſpects around him were wild, yet were they beautiful and enchanting. Lofty trees at a diſtance on one ſide, formed natural temples to the deities of the place; on the other, the adjacent mountains were partly covered with ever-green and flowering ſhrubs, which grew irregularly, as a covering above the craggy ſides of the rocks, except where a torrent from the ſummit had worn out a hollow bed for it's rapid paſſage and deſcent. In the vale beneath, a ſpacious lake divided the ancient groves from the mountainous ſide of the proſpect. And on the intermediate banks flouriſhed whatever might invite the eye, or pleaſe the wandering palate; fruits unnumbered of every kind, too heavy for the parent ſtock whereon they grew; flowers in every varied hue, and every varied tint which the ſun could form by the many-coloured beams of it's all-diffuſive light.

While Haſſan was admiring theſe luxurious productions of the uncultivated place, he perceived a moſt beauteous female advancing through the irregular avenues of the ſpacious grove. 'O, bleſſed prophet,' cried the enamoured ſultan, as ſoon as he beheld her, 'what delights haſt thou prepared for me in this vale of plenteouſneſs! Surely I am already in thy bliſsful paradiſe; and behold the Houri, whom thou haſt conſigned to my arms, is now approaching to meet my embrace!'

As he ſaid this, he ſprung forward

to

to join the blooming fair-one, whose delicate limbs stood all-confessed to view; and displayed, in their ineffable symmetry and delicate purity, the utmost harmony of a beauteous creation.

She also, as animated by the same inclination and desires, hastened toward the embrace of the all-admiring Hassan; but, alas! ere the happy couple could meet, the envious earth gave a hideous groan, and the ground parting under their feet, divided them from each other by a dismal chasm.

While the astonished pair stood on different sides of the gulph, viewing the horrid fissure and the dark abyss, wild notes of strange, uncouth, warlike musick, were heard from the bottom of the pit; and immediately a flash or vapour of blue flame arose from the cavern, in the midst of which the Caliph discovered an enormous elephant with a turret on his back.

When the elephant was level with the surface, the earth closed again; and a black, which sat on the elephant's neck, advanced upon his body to the turret, which he touched with a wand in his hand, and immediately the turret flew into a thousand pieces, and discovered a little hut, out of which came a negro woman, properly accoutred with the implements of war.

The beauteous lady screamed at the sight; and as Hassan was hastening to her assistance, the black, who held the wand in his hand, cried out with a voice like thunder—

'Hassan Assar, forbear! But it matters not, for Omphram has deceived me, and thou art unworthy of the favour of Mahomet: Omphram assured me, that the Caliph of Bagdat was unbiassed by the outward appearance of things; and yet methinks I see you pay a preference to beauty, and neglect to attend on the vigorous Nakin Palata, who is destined for your spouse.'

'What,' cried Hassan, in amaze, 'must I leave this perfect original, to 'take up with that unnatural lump of 'blackness!'

At these words, Nakin Palata, with great wrath, drew forth an arrow from her quiver; and fixing it in her bow, aimed the fatal shaft at the body of the beautiful nymph.

Hassan saw the malice, but could not prevent the blow. The arrow pierced through the snowy heart of the lovely female, and the warm tide of blood and life issued forth at the unfriendly wound.

As the distressed caliph drew the arrow forth, and applied his lips to the place, the black jumping from the beast, ran to him, and commanded him to discontinue his care, or he would for ever lose the protection of Mahomet.

The caliph looked up in astonishment at hearing the command, and was more than ever surprized to behold the skin falling from the body of the black, under which he discovered the features of Omphram, his Genius.

'O, Hassan Assar,' said Omphram, 'hast thou not yet learnt, that the delights of this world are not to biass 'your affection and obedience from 'the will of Heaven?

'When you prayed to the prophet 'to continue your race on the throne 'of your forefathers, did you not 'promise to give up all other blessings, 'if you might possess that only desire 'of your heart?

'Now, then, what is beauty, when 'put in competition with her who is 'to perpetuate the descendants of the 'Caliph of Bagdat? Wast thou not unhappy when thou hadst every beauty 'at command? Didst thou not then 'despise such faint allurements, and 'beg from Heaven a more substantial 'blessing? Behold her, then, who is 'appointed to bless thee, and yet thou 'flieſt from her, and art now returning to those pleasures which thou 'hast solemnly renounced; but think 'not the prophet will suffer such ingratitude! No—enjoy the company 'of thy beauteous Houri; for no doubt 'your love is so excessive, that you will 'willingly follow her to the grave.'

Having thus said, she struck the ground with her wand, and immediately a number of slaves arose with stones, and all the materials for building. 'There,' said the fairy to the workmen, 'inclose that dying corse 'with a substantial monument, and 'let us see how long this worldly caliph's love will fix him on the body 'of his mistress.'

The slaves obeyed; and being Genii of an inferior order, executed their business in less time than a mortal workman could have laid the foundation.

Hassan

Haſſan neither obſerved their work, nor was ſolicitous to eſcape; but ſtill preſſing with his lips the fatal wound, ſuffered himſelf to be incloſed in thoſe walls of death.

Before the roof (which was formed of maſſive ſtone) was entirely covered, Omphram called out, and commanded Haſſan to withdraw; but the caliph was deaf, and regardleſs of every thing but the condition of his dear nymph.

Wherefore the Genii compleated the work; and Omphram finding him deaf to her commands, left him immured in the mauſoleum, with the dead body of the ſtrangely murdered fair-one.

Although the workmen of Omphram had totally immured the Caliph Haſſan Aſſar, yet was there left a grate-work of iron in the middle of the tomb by the Genius's command, through which the light might reflect on the deceaſed body, and give the caliph a full view of the dead beauties which he had preferred to the will of his prophet.

For ſeveral days the love-ſick Haſſan perſiſted in his attention to the corpſe of his beautiful favourite: but contagious mortality now began to ſteal away the delicate complexion and grateful hue which formerly adorned the living Houri's limbs; a noiſome ſtench ſucceeded, and yellow putrid foulneſs over-ſpread the whole body; her cheeks ſunk, her fleſh grew moiſt with rottenneſs, and all her frame ſent forth the ſtrongeſt effluvias of corruption and death.

Haſſan, whoſe love and affection were ſolely ſupported by luſt and paſſion, having loſt the only objects of his deſires, began to loath the wretched ſituation which he had choſen in preference to ſubmiſſion and obedience.

'And is this,' cried the dejected caliph, looking on the corrupted maſs, 'is this the natural effect of 'death on beauty? Is it then only 'owing to the different modifications 'of matter, that one maſs gives us the 'higheſt enjoyment, and another the 'greateſt diſguſt? Nay, more; are the 'joys of this world ſo fleeting and un-'ſubſtantial, that the object of our 'pleaſure to-day may to-morrow be-'come the object of our averſion? O 'prophet! holy prophet!' continued he, 'I now ſee and acknowledge the 'juſtice of thy puniſhment; I now can 'diſcern between the good that thou 'didſt intend me, and the evil which 'I have choſen.' At theſe words he ſunk on the ground, overcome with watching, loathing, hunger, and fatigue.

As he laid ſtretched on the ground, the female negro appeared above at the grate.

'O blind, ill-fated Caliph,' ſaid ſhe, 'how long will it be ere thou ſeeſt the 'follies of thy choice! Wert thou not 'born to do the will of Heaven? Wert 'thou not, by thine own deſire, con-'ſigned over by that will to fly from 'the pleaſures of life, and give thy-'ſelf up to the intereſt of thy race? 'The prophet doubted the ſincerity 'of thy heart, he therefore placed thee 'amidſt all the natural luxuries which 'this world affords; luxuries far 'more irreſiſtible than thoſe which art 'hath made in imitation of them.

'The love which you profeſſed for 'that noiſome body, ſay, O Caliph, 'did it ariſe from virtue or luſt? You 'ſaw and loved, but you heard not, 'neither had you knowledge of the 'perfections or imperfections of her 'mind. She came only recommend-'ed to you by paſſion and deſire: I 'came recommended by the will of 'your prophet; but you fooliſhly con-'ceived his commands grievous, and 'your deſires natural and reaſonable; 'therefore you were left in poſſeſſion 'of your wiſhes, to convince you, 'that from diſobedience and unlawful 'pleaſure no other fruits can ſprout 'forth, but thoſe of corruption and 'abhorrence.

'You are ſenſible this life is ſhort, 'precarious and uncertain; it is a life 'of trial, and not of enjoyment; it is 'a life in which we muſt refuſe, and 'not covet the pleaſures of the world. 'Where then is the hardſhip of obe-'dience, when we are commanded to 'abſtain, in order hereafter to poſſeſs?

'Think not, O Caliph! I ſpeak 'this of myſelf; it is your prophet di-'rects me; he ſought me out among 'many in mine own nation; he ſnatched 'me from the arms of one whom I had 'formerly eſteemed for his activity 'and manly ſtrength.

"Nakin Palata," ſaid a voice unto 'me, as I was with the utmoſt plea-'ſure obſerving the exerciſes of my

'lovely

' lovely youth, " attend to the com-
" mands of Heaven, and know thou
" wert born to fulfil it's will."

' At the ſame time an inviſible power
' plunged me into the earth, and placed
' me in the hut and turret which you
' beheld on the back of the elephant.

' A black who guided the beaſt in-
' formed me of the cauſe of my ſitua-
' tion. " You are," ſaid the guide,
" ſelected out of thouſands for your
" modeſty, your humility and obedi-
" ence to the Power above, to be mo-
" ther of a royal race. A great and
" mighty king ſhall fill your arms;
" but then you muſt never more re-
" flect upon the youth you have left,
" nor ſigh for the enjoyment of your
" native country."

' At theſe words, O caliph, I ſunk
' with ſorrow and diſguſt; no joys of
' fortune or riches were in my eſteem
' equivalent to the jetty blackneſs of
' my beloved Kafrac.

" What, then," ſaid I, " muſt I be
" condemned for ever to loſe the ſight
" of Kafrac, the idol of my ſoul?"

" No," replied my guide, " you
" ſhall ſee him yet once again, to
" convince you how blind that choice
" is, which has only outward come-
" lineſs and natural abilities for it's
" object."

' At theſe words, he took me by the
' ſhoulders, and we mounted through
' the caverns of the earth. The ground
' opened as we aſcended; and preſently
' I was conveyed into the centre of a
' wood, which I remembered was near
' the habitation of my jetty Kafrac.

' The black having taken his hand
' from my ſhoulder, bid me walk for-
' ward to a gloomy part of the wood.
' I obeyed; but, O caliph, judge the
' emotions of my ſoul, when I beheld
' the traiterous Kafrac locked in the
' arms of my brother's wife! my blood
' curdled with horror at the ſight, and
' I ſtood motionleſs before the adul-
' terous Kafrac.

' My guardian black perceiving my
' condition, ran toward me; and again
' touching my ſhoulder, the earth
' opened a ſecond time, and we ſunk
' together on the back of the elephant.

" Well," cried my guide, when he
' had ſeated me in the turret, " are
" you now better diſpoſed to obey the
" will of the prophet of Mecca?"

" I am," ſaid I, (ſtill terrified with
' the dreadful viſion) " at the diſpoſal
" of your prophet, and entirely con-
" vinced of my own incapacity to
" diſtinguiſh between real and fictiti-
" ous goodneſs."

" Then," replied the guide, " you
" are capable of executing the will of
" your prophet.

" Here, take theſe your national ac-
" coutrements," (giving me the bow
' and arrows;) " and when you ſee the
" Caliph Haſſan Aſſar purſuing ſen-
" ſual pleaſure, and preferring the
" ſpecious appearance of beauty to
" the command of Mahomet, direct
" your ſhaft at the breaſt of his miſ-
" treſs, and fear not to deſtroy her;
" for ſhe is only beautiful in appear-
" ance, but is really no more than an
" earthly phantom, ſent to convince
" Haſſan Aſſar of the weakneſs of his
" heart, and the folly of his ſenſual
" luſts."

' Having thus ſaid, we aſcended
' again into the realms of light, and
' aroſe juſt between you and the phan-
' tom, which you blindly eſteemed be-
' yond the great bleſſings that are de-
' ſigned for you.'

When Nakin Palata had ended her relation, the caliph proſtrated himſelf on the ground; and thrice adoring Alla and his illuſtrious prophet, he cried out, in the words of Nakin Palata, ' I am at thy diſpoſal, O prophet!' As he ſaid this, the ſkies loured with thunder, and Omphram his Genius deſcended.

At her approach, the tomb cracked and divided, and Haſſan Aſſar again proſtrated himſelf on the earth before the Genius of his kingdom.

' Happy, happy, happy caliph!
' happy art thou, O Haſſan Aſſar!'
cried out Omphram, ' who canſt ſub-
' mit to the will of thy prophet; happy
' art thou in thy choice, and happy is
' Nakin Palata in exchanging a bar-
' barous ſavage, for a wiſe, prudent,
' and religious monarch.

' Nor ſhall you find, O Haſſan Aſſar,'
continued the Genius Omphram, ' that
' the commands of Mahomet are griev-
' ous or heavy to be borne; for now
' look at her whom you deſpiſed, and
' examine the features of the once de-
' teſtable Nakin Palata.'

At her command the caliph aroſe from the ground; but O, how was his ſoul tranſported, when he beheld the coun-

countenance of his bride changed, and Nakin Palata glowing with every charm with which nature could inveſt her.

'Ah, caliph!' continued Omphram, 'be not too much tranſported by the 'outward appearance of things; it is 'becauſe you love each other, that you 'ſeem thus beautifully changed; nor 'are you leſs amiable in the eyes of 'Nakin Palata, than ſhe is in your 'ſight, O caliph! this ſhall continue, 'while your love continues; but when 'you by caprice, by a reſolute ſuperi-'ority, or by a vexatious ill-nature, 'put on the frown of diſapprobation, 'then ſhall you be diveſted of this 'amiable comelineſs, and ſtand like a 'cruel and inſulting tyrant before your 'trembling bride; and when either her 'love or her obedience fails, then ſhall 'ſhe be again transformed, and wear 'the diſguſting complexion of a tawny 'negro.'

Having thus ſaid, ſhe took Haſſan Aſſar and his bride into her chariot, which was drawn by two majeſtick lions, and wafted them in the air to the caliph's palace at Bagdat.

His ſubjects, when they heard of his arrival, all flocked to the preſence of their royal maſter, and welcomed with the warmeſt affection his long-wiſhed return. Haſſan Aſſar preſented to them his beauteous bride, and declared her the only ſultana of his realms.

The court rang with joyous acclamations, and all hailed the amiable Nakin Palata. Omphram declared to them the reaſons of the caliph's choice, and promiſed in the name of the prophet, a royal ſucceſſor.

At this aſſurance, the palace again re-echoed with the voices of his ſubjects, and nothing was heard in his kingdom but the praiſes of Haſſan Aſſar, the loving, obedient, and religious caliph, and Nakin Palata, the joy and conſort of the beſt of princes.

Omphram having ended her tale, the ſage Iracagem waved his wand, and commanding the race of the faithful to ſit down on the carpets ſpread under their feet, he ordered a collation worthy of his race to be produced.

A number of inferior Genii immediately brought in a ſervice of milk and rice.

'Plain, like their inſtruction,' ſaid he, 'is the diet of the faithful; their 'deſires are not after the fleſh, but af-'ter the immortal food of the mind. 'As the courſer deſpiſeth the paſtures 'over which he engageth in the race, 'ſo doth the child of Heaven paſs by 'the pleaſures of the ſons of earth.

'To ſatisfy the mind is the buſi-'neſs of our race, and to liken it to the 'image of it's original fountain: feed 'then, my children,' continued Iracagem, 'the neceſſary cravings of your 'earthly frames, but ſuffer not the 'clay-moulded caſe to weigh down the 'precious jewel it contains.'

The diſciples of the Genii having finiſhed their abſtemious repaſt, Haſſarack was ordered to recite the tale of Kelaun and Guzzarat.

TALE IV.

KELAUN AND GUZZARAT.

BENEATH the foot of a lofty rock, in the mountains of Gabel-el-ared, lived a homely peaſant, whoſe buſineſs it was to lead a few ſheep through the hollow paſſages of the mountains, from one fruitful valley to another, that they might feed on the herbs, which grew plentifully near the rills and caſcades, on every ſide deſcending from the craggy precipices.

Canfu had followed this paſtoral life from a child, and his ſtock conſiſted of twelve ſheep, which he attended, and four goats which his wife daily milked for the ſupport of Canfu and her ſon.

If Canfu had harboured a wiſh beyond the preſent ſcene, it was, that Kelaun, his ſon, might hereafter become the huſband of his neighbour Raaſk's daughter.

With this intent, the two children were made acquainted with each other from their infancy, and brought daily into the ſame ſpot of ground to play and gambol together.

But the haughty diſpoſition of his comrade Guzzarat, ſoon grew offenſive to the fiery temper of the impetuous Kelaun; and the young couple, inſtead of imbibing a love and friendſhip for each other in their infancy, broke out into mutual hatred and animoſity.

Canfu ſaw their growing diſlike with the utmoſt grief and ſorrow; he had aſked of his prophet but one requeſt, and that he perceived would be denied him.

The angry father could not conceal his vexation, but daily poured out his discontent against the gracious purposes of Heaven, which he imagined were for ever contrived to thwart and disappoint him.

As he was one day sitting on a stone, and watching his flock by the side of a cascade, which ran foaming from the rocks above, he perceived a naked body come tumbling down the torrent, and which having passed the fall, swam on the surface of the waters, and seemed to all appearance dead.

He could not behold such a sight, without endeavouring to rescue the body from the current, which he effected with his crook, as the stream, though rapid, was very narrow.

Having pulled it on the bank, he perceived it was the body of a beautiful woman, which, as soon as the water dried from it, gave signs of life, and by degrees recovered it's powers of action.

The modest Canfu had pulled from his shoulders the vest which he wore, and spread it on the stranger, when he drew her to the land, but he was greatly surprized to find that she was so soon recovered; nor was his amazement lessened, when he perceived a web like a wing expand from each shoulder, and saw the fair stranger mount into air, like an eagle soaring to the sun.

Canfu watched her with his eyes; she flew toward the rock, from whence she was carried down by the torrent, and several times encircled the range of mountains in her flight, and seemed to be in quest of some prey.

On a sudden he perceived a second figure in the air; the winged female attacked it, and was repulsed, and fell again into the lake; and the shepherd again saw her carried down the cliff by the rapid stream.

Canfu in amaze drew the body out again, which being dried, revived as before, and presented to his view a beautiful female.

'It is in vain, O Canfu, to strive 'against a race who are my superiors. 'But for your kindness I must have 'perished; for such is my nature, that 'the water, in the time that the sun 'runs his course round the earth, 'would dissolve my being. I am of 'the race of Genii, of those bold and 'free Genii, who dared disobey the 'seal of Solyman, and the commands 'of Mahomet.

'It is my delight to thwart the will 'of that prophet; you saw me this 'moment engaging with the Genius 'Nadoc, who was bearing a message 'from Mahomet. Nadoc knowing the 'imperfection of my nature, would 'not attack me till I flew directly 'over the lake; he then maliciously 'plunged me into the water, hoping 'to destroy me; but I knew one was 'near to help me, who was offended 'at the prophet, because he disregarded 'thy prayer. What Mahomet, therefore, denied thee, O Canfu, I will 'grant, provided thou consentest, for 'my power is limited; neither may I 'help or distress mankind, without 'their own approbation or concurrence.'

'O beautiful Genius,' answered Canfu, 'thou hast my consent; unite 'but my son Kelaun in the bonds of 'marriage with Guzzarat, and I will 'ever be obedient to thy commands.'

'Return then with joy to thine hut,' said Giuaraha, 'for already a part of 'thy wish is granted.'

As she spake these words, she spread her airy pinions, and mounted from his sight.

Canfu was at a great distance from his hut, and did not arrive under his native rock, till the sun was hidden behind the mountains of Gabel-el-ared.

The twelve sheep and the four goats preceded him. His wife knew the bleat of the sheep, and ran out to meet her returning husband.

'Thy sheep,' said she, 'O Canfu, 'are compleat in number, thy goats 'also are four, even as they went out 'with thee so are they returned; but 'where is Kelaun, thy son?'

'Kelaun,' answered the astonished father, 'went not out with me; the 'way was tiresome and dangerous, 'and I would not suffer him to accompany me.'

'I know it well, O Canfu,' replied his wife, 'Kelaun went out, while the 'sun was yet in the vallies, to seek 'thee——'

At these words the countenance of Canfu fell, for he remembered at that time it was, that he had given Giuaraha his consent.

'Is

'Is he not,' replied the anxious father, 'with Guzzarat, the daughter of 'Raask?'

Their huts were not a furlong apart, Canfu haſtened toward the dwelling of Raask, but Kelaun was not there.

Tired as the ſhepherd was with the heat and labour of the preceding day, yet leaving his ſheep to the care of his wife, he ſet out to ſeek among the mountains his wandering ſon.

He laboured the whole night in a fruitleſs ſearch, and returned to his hut in the morning, ſpent and overcome with grief, care, and remorſe.

'Alas,' ſaid the unhappy father, 'I 'have conſented to my own miſery, 'and Giuaraha has ſtolen from me the 'only joy of my heart! O prophet— 'but,' ſaid the wretched Canfu, 'I dare 'not call upon thee, for I have joined 'with thine enemies, and thou haſt 'juſtly deſerted me!'

We muſt, however, leave the ſorrowful hut of Canfu, and follow the ſteps of the little Kelaun among the mountains.

Kelaun was well acquainted with the vallies and rocks which ſtood near the habitation of his father; he knew the notches which Canfu had cut as directions, and followed them faithfully till the day-light decreaſed, every moment expecting to meet his father, and the ſheep, and the goats, whoſe company he preferred to the imperious Guzzarat.

But when night overtook him, his little knees knocked together with fear, and becauſe his parent had forgotten to teach him to addreſs any other power, he prayed to Canfu, and cried aloud that he would come and deliver him.

He was then on a barren ſpot, ſurrounded on all ſides with rocks, except a ſmall aperture through which he had crept.

As he gained the middle of this vale, a ſmall blue flame burſt forth out of the ground, which increaſed in a pyramidical form, till it ſeemed like a hillock of fire.

The wind immediately aroſe, and bellowed on the cliffs and ragged tops of the ſurrounding mountains, but no ſtorm could reach the bottom of the vale, where the infant Kelaun ſtood gazing at the riſing flame which burned in the middle of the heath.

Preſently the air was filled with ſhrieks, and in a moment the blue fire was ſurrounded with the Genii of the place.

The firſt in dignity ſtood the bold Giuaraha, ſhe commanded ſilence among them, and ere they began their midnight rites, harangued them to the following effect.

'O ye invincible but by water! ſee 'among your ranks an infant devoted 'to the power of our art. His pa- 'rent has conſented to our dominion, 'and Kelaun, the ſon of Canfu, is 'committed into the care of the de- 'ſpiſers of Mahomet. Let us ſee, 'therefore, O royal race, how far the 'human heart is capable of being tu- 'tored in the licentious maxims of our 'undaunted eſtabliſhment: let us car- 'ry him to our palace, in the centre 'of the earth, and inſtruct him in ſuch 'artifices and wiles, as may make him 'a ſcourge to the humble dependants 'on the prophet of Mecca.'

To this exhortation the whole aſſembly muttered applauſe, and the valley ſinking by degrees, deſcended with the Genii and their prize, and left the black heavy mountains above tottering with their powerful enchantments.

Kelaun, amazed and confounded at the ſight, filled the air with his cries, but his fears were vain; Canfu had reſigned his ſon, and Mahomet would not reſcue thoſe who miſtruſted and hated his government.

The valley having deſcended for ſome time, at length ſtopped, and with a ſhake like that of an earthquake, ſettled itſelf in the bowels of the globe.

No ſooner was the valley fixed, than the ſolid rocks which ſurrounded it, opened on every ſide, and formed rough and irregular arches and avenues leading from it's centre.

Immediately an innumerable hoſt of evil Genii iſſued from the rocks, and the place was filled with the reſtleſs ſpirits of thoſe diſturbers of mankind.

But far above the reſt was ſeen the proud Allahoara, the leader and encourager of that rebellious crew of Genii, whoſe voice was as the echoes of thunder on the mountains, and whoſe reſtleſs eye-balls ſhot flaſhes of lightning like the vengeful clouds.

The little Kelaun ſtood aſtoniſhed at his preſence, and Giuaraha led him

trembling like the pendant aſpen-leaf that over-ſhadows the flood.

Allahoara, who knew the prize that his ſiſter Giuaraha had brought, commended her care and fidelity to the cauſe of the reſtleſs Genii, and gave orders that the infant ſhould be immediately put under proper tutors to educate him, and make him capable of the work they propoſed to employ him in.

Giuaraha was appointed his nurſe, and ſhe it was whom Allahoara commanded to lead Kelaun through the ſchools of that abandoned race.

Theſe ordeſs being iſſued, the tumultuous band diſperſed through the caverns and the arched rocks, and left Giuaraha with her little prize.

At firſt the Genius led him through a range of vaulted rocks, into a long room of ſplendid garments, and endeavoured to fix his attention upon them; ſhe made him try on ſeveral; and told him he looked like a little god: Kelaun was pleaſed with the finery of the place, and began to give credit to the words of Giuaraha.

His little head was ſoon filled with vanity, and his thoughts centered in himſelf.

Next ſhe placed him on a ſoft ſopha, at the extremity of the room, and while he lay entranced in ſleep, ſhe preſented before his imagination a viſion of the night.

Kelaun, as he ſlept, thought that he ſaw his father Canfu on the rocks of Gabel-el-ared; the form of his viſage was as the dark black precipice, and he ſpake as the angry waves when they ruſh into the hollow caverns; he chid the little Kelaun becauſe he appeared ſo gay, and commanded him to put on his ſhepherd's coat, and follow the twelve ſheep to the brook.

Kelaun awaked with the terrors of the viſion, and told his tale to the artful Giuaraha.

'Silly father!' ſaid the Genius; 'ſilly Canfu, the ſhepherd! ſhall Kelaun, the favourite of the Genii, regard the dreams of a father, or think again of the poor ſhepherd Canfu! no, my ſon, deſpiſe the leſſons which the baſe goat-herd has taught you, and think no more of the tales of thy unworthy parents. Kelaun, my ſon, was born to rule; how then ſhall he which is a king, regard the leſſons of poverty and ignorance!'

She then took the vain ſon of Canfu by the hand, and led him, accoutred in tawdry robes, to a ſmall field where a thouſand little imps were playing together; at the ſight of Kelaun they all bowed, and began to praiſe the plumes which adorned his head, and the robe which flowed from his ſhoulders. They entered into conteſts to divert him, and filled the place with tumult and diſorder.

Some brought before him divers little animals, which they contrived to torture by a variety of puniſhments. Others taught him to confound and deſtroy whatever he met with; while a little imp put in his hand ſeveral implements of cruelty, and encouraged him to exerciſe them on his comrades.

Kelaun entered with a ſavage joy into the ſpirit of his inſtructor, and firſt began to wreak his wanton cruelty on the adviſer of the ſport; nor would aught but magick art have prevented him from goading the perſon of the Genius Giuaraha.

Having a ſhort time uſed him to theſe ſports, ſhe took him to a ſmall hut, where dwelt an old hag accoutred in rags and filth.

'Morad,' ſaid the Genius, 'I will leave this pupil with you for a time, inſtruct him in your arts, and make him a fit ſcourge for mankind.'

Morad immediately ſtruck the little Kelaun to the ground with her crutch; after a time he aroſe with tears in his eyes, and found the Genius had left him.

'Strip, urchin,' ſaid Morad, 'ſtrip off theſe fools feathers, and take that veſſel to the brook for water.'

Kelaun recovering from the blow, refuſed to obey Morad, and enquired for his former inſtructor; but the old hag with curſes drove him out of the houſe to a muddy ditch, where ſhe commanded him to draw water for their ſupport.

Kelaun ſaw it was in vain to diſobey, he brought the wretched produce of the ditch to the hut, and Morad ſet before him ſome carrion for his ſupport.

'The leſſon of poverty and neceſſity,' ſaid the hag, 'is various; it

'makes

'makes men merciful, or it makes 'them cruel. It teacheth the mean 'ſpaniel to crouch, but it ſmeareth 'the mouth of the tyger with carnage 'and blood.'

'Be mine the tyger's lot,' ſaid Kelaun, 'though Morad be the ſubject 'of my wrath.'

'The bleſſings of Morad, which are 'curſes, attend thee,' replied the hag.

Morad then led the little urchin into a dark cave, filled with the bodies of the dead.

'There,' ſaid ſhe, 'learn to glut 'thyſelf with human gore; this is thy 'reſting-place. Early in the morn-'ing muſt thou riſe to ſome new work 'of miſery.'

Kelaun, though hardened in malice and ſtubbornneſs, yet ſhuddered at the thoughts of ſuch a lodging, and followed Morad as ſhe went forth from the cavern; but the hag ſeized him by the hair, and dragging him back ſhe muttered ſome enchantment over him, and left him without motion on the bodies of the ſlain.

Cuſtom ſoon reconciled the little imp to this ſcene of horrors, and Morad perceiving him ſufficiently inured to the ſight of wretchedneſs and poverty, carried him again to the Genius Giuaraha.

'Is Kelaun,' ſaid the Genius, 'the 'favourite of Morad?'

'Yes,' anſwered the hag, 'Kelaun 'is now fit for the leſſons of fraud 'and hypocriſy.'

Giuaraha then led him toward a dark gloomy wood, in the centre of which lived the old and decrepit Nervan.

'Nervan, the friend of our race,' ſaid Giuaraha, 'receive this pupil into 'thy arms, and teach him the leſſons 'of fraud and hypocriſy.'

Nervan bowed humbly to the Genius, and taking Kelaun by the hand, he led him into a cell formed of bones and ſkulls.

'What doth the little imp of mor-'tality,' ſaid Nervan, 'think of my 'dwelling?'

'I think,' ſaid Kelaun, 'that Mo-'rad has devoured the carcaſe, and 'left Nervan the bones.'

'So,' continued Nervan, 'think the 'ſons of folly; as the eye believes, 'do they believe, and their minds are 'guided by the ſenſes of their bodies. 'Such intellects will make thee infe-'rior, and not above mankind; take 'then this ſponge, and draw it over 'thine eyes.'

Kelaun took the ſponge which Nervan drew forth from under his garments, and having applied it to his eyes, beheld not a cell of bones, but a noble moſque, adorned with the tombs of ſultans and prophets.

Nervan immediately proſtrated himſelf before one of the tombs, and bid Kelaun do ſo likewiſe.

The ſon of the ſhepherd knew not what worſhip he was to pay, but imitated the devout motions of Nervan.

As the old man aroſe, Kelaun enquired, why he, the ſervant of the race of Genii who deſpiſe Mahomet, ſhould worſhip in his temple.

'So,' ſaid Nervan, 'think the ſons 'of folly; as the eye believes do they 'believe, and their minds are guided 'by the ſenſes of their bodies.

'Know then, thou feather, who 'ſwimmeſt upon the ſurface of the 'lake, but ſeeſt not what rocks it con-'ceals, that the greateſt irreligion is a 'mockery of Alla and his prophets, 'and that hypocriſy is the moſt dan-'gerous vice of the evil-minded. Let 'the credulous followers of Mahomet 'believe thee devout, and let them ſee 'thee proſtrate before this tomb, ſo 'ſhall thy vices be coloured by enthu-'ſiaſm like unto virtues, and thy ſins 'ſhall appear as the fulfilling of the 'dictates of religion.

'Weak minds are overpowered by 'ſuperſtitious fears; and he who be-'lieves without foundation, is as the 'quickſand in the ſea.'

At theſe words Giuaraha appeared *: 'Enough,' ſaid the evil Genius, 'enough is done: ſtrong paſſions and

* In the original, Kelaun is led from one ſcene of villainy to another, which he learns from the ſeveral tutors Giuaraha appoints over him. But the deſcriptions are very horrid, and ſo full of the moſt abominable devices, that I thought it proper to ſuppreſs the account of theſe ſchools of vice, as bad hearts might be too far inſtructed by them, and good hearts could not read them without ſome uneaſineſs. I have therefore omitted theſe, and brought Kelaun out of the regions of darkneſs as ſoon as I could, though I am ſenſible the beauty of the tale will be leſſened.

The EDITOR.

'deſires

'desires thou hast by nature, O Kelaun! thy parents have suffered them 'to increase, and I have taught thee 'to indulge them. Thou art now a 'fit scourge for the faithful, and shall 'this day see with me the realms of 'the Caliph of Bagdat.'

As she spake, she seized the youth by the arm, and in a moment they were in the royal palace of Bagdat.

Kelaun found himself in a large apartment, a noble youth on a sopha was sleeping before him.

'Kelaun,' said the Genius, 'thou 'beholdest the heir of the Caliph of 'Bagdat.'

'But I have no weapon,' answered he, 'to eternize the sleep of this delicate heir.'

'That,' replied Giuaraha, 'is not 'permitted us. Could we carry our 'agents at pleasure to perpetrate what 'mischief we have conceived against 'the sons of the faithful, Kelaun 'should have a thousand darts, all 'charged with the poison of the scorpion; but, alas! our power is curbed 'by that Mahomet whom we detest! 'neither could I have brought Kelaun to this place, had not Raalcour, 'the heir of the Caliph of Bagdat, 'neglected to make his pilgrimage to 'the tomb of the prophet. But your 'hand must not be upon his life; 'therefore, I will secure Raalcour, 'and give to Kelaun the form of his 'person.'

So saying, Giuaraha breathed on the son of the shepherd, and touching the sleeping Raalcour with her finger, he became a bird.

Kelaun seeing the metamorphosis, ran eagerly to seize the bird, and Raalcour had died under his hands, but for the interposition of Giuaraha.

'What, wretch!' said the Genius, 'art thou so abandoned in malice, that 'the commands of thy protectress can 'have no influence over thee! the 'curse then of blindness fall upon thee, 'and lest you should betray by your 'malicious follies the secrets of our 'race, I will take from you the remembrance of the past.'

'And cursed,' returned Kelaun, 'cursed by the prophet whom thou 'hatest be thy detested race; may your 'toils and labours be ever attended 'with the execrations of those whom 'you pretend to serve. There is neither peace nor friendship, there is neither gratitude nor love in the workers of evil, and they shall be first to 'curse you, whom ye most seek to 'bless.'

At these words, the Genius answered not, but fled howling away, for she perceived the spirit of the prophet of Mecca spake in Kelaun, and she sought with remorse the caverns of the earth, the vallies of death.

And now the mutes and eunuchs opened the doors of the apartment, and prostrated themselves before the fictitious Raalcour.

'Death,' said they, 'hath closed 'the eyes of Zimprah, and the Caliph 'of Bagdat, thy father, is ascended 'into the ninth heaven! the Houri's 'bathe his precious body in rivers of 'milk, and everlasting virgins new 'weave, at his approach, the bowers 'of Paradise; he is gone unhurt over 'the burning grate, he is chief in honour among the race of the faithful!'

Kelaun heard the voices of the eunuchs, but saw them not, and they were amazed to find their supposed caliph, groping like unto one who searcheth for light.

'O,' said the chief of the eunuchs, 'what evil hath befallen my royal lord? 'Why doth he refuse to look upon his 'prostrate slaves? The whole city wait 'with longing eyes to behold their 'new caliph, and Raalcour seeth not 'the slaves, which acknowledge him 'for their lord.'

'Proclaim then,' said Kelaun, 'the 'mightiest rewards for him who shall 'restore to the powers of sight the Caliph of Bagdat.'

Seven days went the heralds forth with trumpets and hautboys, and proclaimed the mightiest rewards for him who should restore to the powers of sight the Caliph of Bagdat.

The tribe who gave ease to the sick, came to the palace in throngs, all promising sight to the blind caliph, but their applications had no effect on the representative of Raalcour.

The caliph, enraged by disappointment, commanded all those that failed to sudden execution.

Every day was the ax of the executioner fed with blood, the city mourned the loss of it's sages, but the eyes of the caliph were still strangers to light.

After a time, came a young man in the

the habit of a phyſician, and required to be brought before the caliph, that he might try his ſkill.

The attendants in the ſeraglio were ſorry to ſee any more pretenders arrived; they cautioned the young phyſician not to undertake a cure which was ſo likely to end in his own deſtruction; nor add by his intrepidity to the blood which had been already ſpilled in the city.

To theſe remonſtrances he anſwered nothing; but, with a ſmile, bid them not diſtruſt his ſkill, but immediately admit him to the preſence of the caliph.

The ſlaves and eunuchs of Kelaun, obeyed with reluctance, and led the young man into the chamber of the fictitious caliph, with the like ſilence and ſorrow that they would have carried out a friend to the incloſures of the dead.

The young phyſician made his obeiſance before Kelaun; but the ſurly monarch bid him proceed to his work without delay, as the hand of the executioner waited for his head.

The young man ſeemed not the leaſt diſmayed by his threats, but taking a quantity of powder from a bag which he held under his veſt, he blew it in the face of the caliph, and the ſcales fell from his eyes, and Kelaun beheld the light.

The attendants in the ſeraglio, beheld with joy the happy transformation, and the caliph ſurveyed with eyes of pleaſure, the man who had bleſſed him with ſight.

'Let this phyſician,' ſaid he, 'be 'exalted in the land, let him be above 'every vizir and every noble in our 'realms; let honour attend him, and 'every new ſun behold him more and 'more reſpected and beloved. Demand of me,' continued Kelaun, 'demand what reward your ſoul 'would wiſh to be poſſeſſed of, even 'to the half of my kingdom, and thou 'ſhalt enjoy it.'

'O caliph,' anſwered the young phyſician, far be it from me to ſeek honour 'or riches; far be it from an humble 'cottager to mix in the tumults of the 'great; forgive me but one deceit, 'and the heart of thy ſervant ſhall reſt 'ſatisfied for ever.'

As ſhe ſpake theſe words, the young phyſician laid bare her boſom, and Kelaun beheld that he was talking to a beauteous female.

'Happy am I,' ſaid the Caliph Kelaun, 'that nature has pointed out a 'proper reward for my lovely phyſi-'cian: yes, fair ſtranger,' continued he, 'thou art the ſultana of my 'heart, and ſhall divide with me the 'pleaſures and the empire which I en-'joy.'

The fair ſtranger fell at the caliph's feet, and after a ſmall ſilence, thus addreſſed the fictitious Raalcour.

'To be the meaneſt of thy ſlaves, is 'the wiſh of Guzzarat, the daughter 'of the peaſant Raaſk, a baſe inhabi-'tant of the mountains of Gabel-el-'ared.'

'I know not,' anſwered Kelaun, 'the mountains you ſpeak of, but Pa-'radiſe itſelf would not be degraded 'by the birth of my lovely ſultana. 'But why do I ſuffer ſuch perfection 'to lie on the earth, like a jewel that 'is unfound, when it will add ſuch 'luſtre to my crown! Yes, lovely 'ſtranger, this day ſhall make thee 'miſtreſs of the Caliph Raalcour.'

'Strange it is, my lord,' ſaid Guzzarat riſing, 'that the Prince Raal-'cour ſhould be ignorant of the moun-'tains of Gabel-el-ared, where you 'have ſo often chaſed the foaming ty-'ger on the rocks that hung over the 'cottage of my father, and where I 'have with wiſhful eyes traced your 'divine ſteps; nay, doth not my lord 'remember, that once, when tired and 'fatigued with the chace, he prayed 'my mother to bring him a cup of wa-'ter; and ſhe ſent your ſlave Guzza-'rat to you with the milk of her goats. 'Yes, my lord, you ſmiled when I 'approached, and you bid me obey 'with chearfulneſs the command of 'my parent.'

The ſon of Canſu underſtood not this converſation, his memory of the paſt was taken from him; neither otherwiſe could he have known what the true Raalcour had done before his tranſformation.

'Alas, my princeſs!' anſwered Kelaun, 'I loſt with my ſight all the 'memory of the paſt; neither knew I 'my ſtate, when my ſlaves came a-'round me, till my faithful eunuch 'declared to me my titles; but whe-'ther thou art deſcended from a throne 'or a cottage, whether thou cameſt

'like

'like the ſapphire, from the entrails of 'the earth, or like the morning-ſtar 'from the chambers of the ſun, thy 'worth is in thyſelf, and can receive 'no additional luſtre from that which 'ſurrounds it. But by what art, my 'fair ſtranger, did you work this mi-'racle in my behalf? Who did open 'the treaſures of phyſic before thee, 'and where did the young virgin of 'the mountains obtain a knowledge, 'ſurpaſſing the ſages who have long 'ſtudied in the city.'

'My lord,' anſwered Guzzarat, 'ſhall 'hear his ſlave unfold all her know-'ledge before him.

'Several moons had paſſed, ſince I 'had ſeen my prince Raalcour hunt-'ing in the mountains, when I heard 'from the caravans which travelled 'over our rocks, that the Caliph Zimp-'rah was no more, and that Raalcour, 'his ſon, was proclaimed Caliph of 'Bagdat; the travellers alſo informed 'me, that the caliph's ſight was de-'parted from him, and that high re-'wards were publiſhed for thoſe who 'ſhould reſtore him to his ſight.

'Hearing theſe things, my mind was 'with my lord the caliph, and I wiſhed 'for the power of giving light to the 'eyes of my prince; and I ſaid to my 'mother, "O that Guzzarat was ca-"pable of reſtoring ſight to the blind!"

"Wherefore," ſaid the wife of Ra-'aſk, "doth Guzzarat long to occupy "the buſineſs of the ſages?"

'Then made I anſwer, "Knoweth "not my mother, that the caliph lan-"guiſheth in darkneſs, and the ſight "of his eyes are paſſed from him?"

'And ſhe anſwered, "Vain Guz-"zarat! how doth the pomp of great-"neſs bewilder the thoughts and wiſhes "of the poor! Alas, my daughter "hath forgotten contentment, ſince "ſhe ſaw the richneſs of the garments "of the prince Raalcour. Vain Guz-"zarat, return to thy charge, and feed "the goats in the paſtures of Gabel-"el ared."

'So ſaying, my angry parent drove 'me before her, and ordered me to 'keep my father's goats from ſtraying 'on the mountains.

'My feet obeyed the voice of my 'mother, but my heart fled like a 'leopard over the rocks, and was fixed 'on my lord the caliph.

'I went diſcontented with my goats 'to the mountains, and ridiculed the 'poverty and humility of my parents.

"Why," ſaid I ſighing, "hath na-"ture put aſpiring minds under the "fetters of age and authority! why "muſt the quick pulſe of gaiety and "youth be deadened by the torturing "precepts of infirmity! doth not the "young lion ruſh more furiouſly on "it's prey, than the aged ſovereign of "the woods? doth not the colt our-"ſtrip it's mother in the chace? Why "then ſhould the bloom of Guzzarat "be hidden and buried with the wrin-"kles of the wife of Raaſk?"

'As I ſpake thus to the rocks and 'caverns, I beheld a young ſhepherdeſs 'entering the paſtures; her hair was 'interwoven with the pride of the fields, 'and chaplets of flowers hung around 'her garments; ſhe lightly tripped with 'her feet to the muſic of a flute which 'ſhe breathed upon, and her voice, like 'the voice of melody, was intermin-'gled with the wild notes of her in-'ſtrument.

'As ſhe advanced with her flocks, 'I aroſe to meet her in the dance. She 'ſmiled at my approach, and thus ſhe 'began her pleaſant raillery.

"O elegant companion of the goats "and ſheep, how doſt thou love to "revel here in the luxurious boſom "of thy parent mountain!

"Happy Guzzarat, whoſe pleaſure "is obedience; and happier wife of "Raaſk, who is bleſſed with the eld-"eſt daughter of duty and ſubmiſſion!"

'As ſhe thus ſpake, ſhe caſt a ſmile 'of ridicule upon me, and turning, 'cried out, "Follow, dear Guzzarat, "you adventurous goat, behold thy "companion is clambering among "the precipices!"

'I looked, indeed, and ſaw the goat "was ſtraying, but ſtung with her 'ſeverities, I cried out, "O fair "ſtranger, rather leſſen my misfor-"tunes by your pity and advice, than "increaſe them by your cruel reflec-"tions!"

"Is Guzzarat, then," ſaid the ſhep-'herdeſs, "willing to follow the ad-"vice of her friend?"

"Yes," anſwered I, "deliver me "but from this diſtreſſed ſituation, "and I will for ever acknowledge your "kindneſs."

"Then," anſwered the ſhepherdeſs, "return to your cottage, and whatever

"you

" you are ordered to perform, be dif-
" obedient; and if I find you faithful,
" meet me here in three days."

' As she said thus, she again began
' her song, and winding with her flock
' among the rocks, soon stole from my
' sight.

' At night I returned to the cottage,
' and the wife of Raask ordered me to
' prepare a kid for our suppers; but
' her commands were to me of less
' consequence, than the promise which
' I had made the shepherdess of the
' mountains.

' The wife of Raask was enraged at
' my disobedience; and my father be-
' ing absent, she called her neighbour
' Canfu, to help in subduing her re-
' fractory daughter.

' The monster Canfu was rejoiced
' to torment me; he dragged me by
' the hair to the cottage, and tied me to
' a post that is fixed before the door.'

' Who,' said the caliph enraged,
and interrupting Guzzarat's tale,
" who is this wretch Canfu, who dared
' violate the beauties of my lovely
' Guzzarat?'

' Prince of my life,' answered
Guzzarat, ' you have not yet heard
' the cruelties of this base shepherd;
' my ignominious situation did not sa-
' tisfy the malice that he had con-
' ceived against me.

' My father returned home at night,
' and hearing my obstinacy, commend-
' ed his wife for calling in the assis-
' tance of Canfu to subdue me. But
' I told him, I was tired of a pea-
' sant's life, and would not be con-
' trouled.

' Raask put on frowns as I spoke,
' and his countenance was turned
' against me; " What!" said he, with
' fury and rage, " dost thou despise
" the parents that have nourished thee,
" and thy friends that would reclaim
" thee! Then let the blessings of them
" that would bless thee, turn into
" curses on thy disobedient head, and
" let the friendship of Canfu be fury
" and controul over thee."

" Yes," answered the cruel Canfu,
" I, my friend, will subdue this wicked
" Guzzarat for thee. The heart of
" the parent bleedeth for the tears of
" it's offspring, but correction cometh
" best from a friend."

' My father then delivered me into
' the hands of the monster Canfu, who
' forced me from the sight of my pa-
' rents to his odious cottage.

' As soon as we arrived there, I was
' given over to the correction of his
' wife.

" There," said the wretch Canfu,
" revenge the loss of thy son on this
" proud disobedient female."

' The eyes of the wife of Canfu
' glistened as she beheld me, and her
' rage and revenge broke out in blows
' and imprecations; nor did the mer-
' cileſs woman forbear, till overcome
' with her cruelty, I sunk to the
' ground.'

' By the powers of desolation,' said
the fictitious Caliph Kelaun, ' the
' wretch Canfu, and his cursed wife,
' shall experience the most exquisite
' tortures!

' Let them,' continued he, turning
to his eunuchs, ' let the wretches
' be brought ere the morning to the
' divan, and let a scaffold be erected,
' so that the whole city may be wit-
' ness to their punishment.'

' Yea,' answered Guzzarat, pro-
strating herself before the caliph: ' so
' let the enemies of the righteous pe-
' rish!'

' Proceed,' said the caliph, raising
her up, ' proceed, lovely Guzzarat,
' in your tale; I am in terrors to think
' how you escaped the malice of your
' accursed enemies.'

' For two days,' answered Guzzarat,
' I was confined and tortured by Canfu
' and his wife; and the third day, as
' she dragged me forth to inflict her
' daily stripes upon me, (her husband
' being with his flock) I rose up against
' her, and contended with her. She
' called for help, but no one was near;
' at length I prevailed, and leaving her
' stretched on the ground in a swoon,
' I hastened to the rocks, where I had
' before seen the shepherdess of the
' mountains, still in terrors lest Canfu
' should stray in the same paths.

' At the decline of the sun, my fair
' instructress appeared, but her flock
' followed her not; she held in one hand
' a bag, and in the other a bundle of
' raiment.

' As she advanced forward, she held
' forth the bag to me, saying, " My
" spirited pupil, take this powder, and
" put on this raiment, the garb of a
" sage of Bagdat, and I will convey
" you to that city, where you must

" demand admittance to the caliph, " and throwing some of this powder " in his eyes, he shall receive his sight."

'She then arrayed me in the vestments she had brought, and giving me the bag, she blew upon me, and in a moment I found myself in the streets of Bagdat, before the royal palace.

'A crowd soon gathered around me.

" What!" said they, " art thou " alone left of our sages, or art thou a " stranger? which if thou art, and " cannot give sight to the blind, de- " part this city."

" Yes," answered I, " I am come " to restore Raalcour to his slaves."

" Then may the prophet bless thy " work," answered they.

'Immediately I entered the palace, and thy eunuchs brought me before my lord the caliph.'

'This day,' said the fictitious Raalcour, 'shall be for ever remembered with joy, for I have not only received the sight of my eyes, but also an object worthy of their utmost contemplation.'

The caliph then took the ambitious fair-one by the hand, and that day she was proclaimed sultaness of Bagdat.

In the mean time the messengers of the caliph ordered the scaffold to be prepared, and sent out an armed body to apprehend Canfu and his wife.

The soldiers arrived at the cottage in the night, and beat against the door, demanding Canfu to come forth.

Canfu looked through the lattice, and saw the soldiers of the caliph; and being terrified at the sight, he cried out, 'O Genii of the air, where is Kelaun, my son? where are the promises which you made to the wretched Canfu? now, if ever, O help my distress.'

As he spoke, the evil Genius Giuaraha appeared.

'What,' said she, 'does my subject Canfu require?'

'O,' answered Canfu, 'the soldiers of the caliph beset me; thou knowest, good Genius, that they are the instruments of death.'

'Fear not, shepherd,' answered Giuaraha; 'have not I said it, and who shall make vain my words? Even yet shalt thou see Kelaun thy son, in the arms of the imperious Guzzarat. Nay,' continued she, 'ask me no more, thy wish alone was to see thy son Kelaun the husband of thy neighbour Raask's daughter; the Genii of the air are contented to fulfil their promises. If we grant your wish, what more have you to require? Whether the blind wish of mortality proceedeth from wisdom or folly, concerneth but little our immortal race.'

Thus saying, Giuaraha turned from Canfu with a smile of contempt, and spreading her airy pinions, disappeared from his sight, and the soldiers rushing into the cottage, bound the wretched parents of Kelaun, and led them away to the city of Bagdat.

Before the sun was awakened from the dream of night, Canfu and his wife were led in chains to the outer court of the palace, and the first salutation which the eunuchs gave the fictitious Raalcour and his new sultana, was, that Canfu and his wife were confined in chains in the outer court of the seraglio.

The eyes of Guzzarat swam in malice at the eunuchs report, and the metamorphosed caliph arose with indignation to see the enemies of his sultaness tortured before his face.

A throne was prepared at a distance from the scaffold, whither the pretended Raalcour and Guzzarat ascended, with all the nobles of the court of Bagdat.

The streets were filled with expecting eyes, and the whole city with eagerness strove which should be the nearest spectators of the bloody tragedy.

The caliph had commanded that no terrifying ceremony should be omitted. His short reign had already been a reign of cruelty, and in this execution he was willing greatly to exceed the former measures of his tyrannick disposition.

Twenty officers in black, their heads bald, and their legs and feet naked, preceded to the scaffold, bearing a skull in their right hands, and a torch burning with fœtid odours in their left.

These were followed by six dressed in white, on whose close garments bones were painted, in imitation of skeletons and other fearful ghastly forms.

These spectres had each a raw piece of flesh in their mouths, dropping with gore and clotted blood.

Next twelve of a gigantic stature came stalking forward; their faces were painted of a fiery red, a fictitious smoke seemed

ſeemed to iſſue from their noſtrils, and each bore in his arms a naked infant, on whom they inflicted real torments; for ſuch was the cruelty of the Caliph Kelaun, that rather than loſe that addition to the fatal tragedy he meant to repreſent, he had commanded twelve infants to be furniſhed out of the city for that inhuman ſcenery.

The cries of theſe poor infants ſtruck the hearts of the populace with the moſt lively terrors, and multiplied, beyond thought, the diſtreſs of Canfu and his wife, who followed the twelve of gigantic ſtature.

Firſt came the wife of Canfu. Two naked figures, ſmeared with blood and carnage, drew her along with red hot pincers. Her cries pierced every heart but thoſe of the curſed Kelaun, and his imperious ſultaneſs. The malice of Guzzarat was unſatisfied with the performance of the tormentors, and ſhe called out from the throne, and commanded them to ſtrike their inſtruments ſtill deeper into the fleſh of her enemy.

The laſt in this melancholy ſcene was the ſhepherd Canfu; he was borne by eight ſlaves, arrayed in the bloody ſkins of as many tygers. Each ſlave held a jagged hook in his hand, which being plunged into the fleſh of the wretched ſhepherd, ſerved as handles to ſuſpend him in torment.

The cries, the groans, and lamentations of this miſerable couple, were ſuch as the enemies of Mahomet only could utter, and the hearts of the evil Genii hear, without remorſe and horror; the whole city groaned to ſee the tyranny of the caliph, and the ſavage joy of his haughty ſultaneſs.

As this hated proceſſion was moving from the ſeraglio to the ſcaffold, the ſhouts of a multitude, and the inſtruments of war, were heard at a diſtant part of the city. The fictitious caliph, in terrors, commanded the bloody tragedy to ſtop, and enquired what noiſe in the city diſturbed his ears.

The whole populace were amazed, no one knew the cauſe, nor could imagine whence the diſtant tumult could proceed.

The caliph's uncertainty was ſhort, for in a moment the Genius Haſſarack appeared. She was clad in a refulgent armour of gold, a thouſand feathers nodded on her creſt, on her left hand ſat perched a little bird, and in her right hand ſhe held a wand of adamant.

An hundred thouſand armed troops followed behind; the guards of Kelaun were confounded at the ſight, and the tyrant was ſo univerſally hated, that no one ſtrove to arm in his behalf.

As the Genius came forward, ſhe waved her adamantine wand, and the fictitious caliph and his cruel ſultaneſs, became fixed on their thrones.

She then turned to the wretched ſhepherd Canfu, who was ſtill upheld by the jagged hooks of the cruel tormentors.

'Curſed alike,' ſaid ſhe, 'are the 'agents and the inſtruments of cruel-'ty.'

As ſhe ſpake, the whole proceſſion ſeemed in flames, and in a moment all but Canfu and his wife were reduced to aſhes.

The ſinews of Canfu were almoſt benumbed with death, and the viſion of day was fading from his eyes; when Haſſarack appeared, ſufficient life only remained, for him to ſee and underſtand the ſcene before him.

'The law of his prophet was griev-'ous unto Canfu,' ſaid the Genius Haſſarack, 'and the unſearchable ways 'of the great Alla ſeemed unto him 'crooked and unjuſt. Shall then the 'thoughts of the righteous Alla be 'likened unto his thoughts? Or ſhall 'the hand of him who made the ſtars 'and ſun, be guided by the vain de-'crees of a reptile's heart?

'O Canfu! thou ſhort-ſighted un-'believing wretch. What haſt thou 'gained by leaving the worſhip of 'Mahomet, to follow the wicked ſteps 'of the apoſtate Genii. It was be-'cauſe the prophet of the faithful 'knew, that only evil could ariſe 'from the loves of Guzzarat and Ke-'laun, that he had intended ever to 'ſeparate them, thereby to bleſs and 'prolong the life of Canfu his vo-'tary; but ſince you have denied Ma-'homet your guardian, and ſought 'fellowſhip with his enemies, there-'fore he hath ſuffered them to repay 'your impious ſervices with ſuch ex-'quiſite miſeries, by granting you the 'fooliſh wiſhes of you heart. Be-'hold then, thou worſhipper of the 'evil Genii, thou infamous renegade, 'thou blaſphemer of our holy prophet, 'the deſires of thy heart compleated.'

As Haſſarack ſpake thus, ſhe again waved her wand, and the robes of the caliph fell from the fictitious Raalcour, and the form of his face was as the form of Kelaun, the ſon of the ſhepherd Canfu.

The tortured Canfu looked with amaze on his metamorphoſed ſon; nor was Kelaun leſs aſtoniſhed, when recovering his former ſhape and memory, he perceived that his cruelties had been directed againſt his father and mother.

'O curſed Giuaraha,' ſaid the faultering Canfu, 'thou haſt indeed joined 'Kelaun with the haughty Guzzarat. 'Thy promiſe is fulfilled, and Canfu 'falls a prey to the follies of his own 'ſhort-ſighted deſires.'

As he thus ſpake, the wretched ſhepherd expired with his eyes fixed on Kelaun and his imperious miſtreſs; nor did the ſpirit of his wife ſurvive her huſband's melancholy fate.

Guzzarat beheld theſe ſtrange interviews with diſpleaſure; inſtead of the Caliph Raalcour, ſhe found herſelf tied to her neighbour Kelaun, and herſelf no longer Sultaneſs of Bagdat, but again a mean ſhepherdeſs of Gabel-elared.

Her tongue was charged with malice, and her eyes with reſentment, but Haſſarack had by her magic power ſtopped all further utterance of her paſſions.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF KELAUN AND GUZZARAT.

THE multitude of Bagdat, who were gathered around the ſcaffold, which the fictitious caliph had erected for the execution of Canfu and his wife, were hardly leſs aſtoniſhed at the amazing changes which the Genius Haſſarack had cauſed, than the principal actors themſelves. They ſaw with pleaſure one tyrant depoſed, but they knew not how the ſhepherd Kelaun could perſonate their caliph.

Haſſarack knew their thoughts, and turning to the populace, 'Where,' ſaid ſhe, O inhabitants of Bagdat, 'where is your Caliph Raalcour? 'Behold him,' proceeded ſhe, 'here 'in the form of this bird, ſuffering 'the malice of the evil Genii. But 'do not think, O inhabitants of Bag-'dat,' continued ſhe, 'that Mahomet 'had permitted this transformation, 'unleſs Raalcour, by neglecting to 'attend the moſques of the prophet, 'had ſubjected himſelf to the diſplea-'ſure of Alla. But his ſufferings are 'at an end, and to me it is given to 'reſtore your loſt caliph to his ſub-'jects.'

Thus ſaying, ſhe gently ſtroked the bird with her wand, and by degrees Raalcour was reſtored to his former ſhape.

The inhabitants of Bagdat ſaw with the utmoſt joy the pleaſing transformation, and ſent up their public thankſgivings to Mahomet and Haſſarack, who had delivered them from the bondage of the tyrant Kelaun, and reſtored to them their lawful Caliph Raalcour.

Raalcour was no ſooner ſenſible of his transformation, than he aſcended the ſcaffold, and kneeling in the ſight of all his ſubjects, 'Thus,' ſaid he, 'O my people, do I petition our pro-'phet for pardon and peace. To Al-'la, the all-powerful, belongeth glory 'and worſhip; and baſe are we his 'creatures, if we neglect to pay our 'religious ſervices unto him. For 'what is the moſt perfect mode of life, 'or uprightneſs, free from guile, if 'we neglect to praiſe and bleſs the Au-'thor of our exiſtence.'

'Well pleaſed am I,' ſaid Haſſarack, 'to ſee theſe early acknowledg-'ments of your gratitude, O caliph; 'and now having humbled yourſelf 'before Alla, aſcend your throne, and 'begin your reign of juſtice upon 'theſe offenders againſt Alla and his 'people.'

'Let then,' ſaid Raalcour, 'let the 'wretches Kelaun and Guzzarat aſ-'cend the ſcaffold which themſelves 'have prepared for a different execu-'tion. But let their deaths ſhew the 'humanity of their judge, though not 'the heinouſneſs of their own offences.'

'May the reſt of your judgments, 'O righteous caliph,' returned Haſſarack, 'be ever like the firſt; then 'will your ſubjects obey you with joy, 'and Mahomet, the rewarder of the 'faithful, will hereafter receive you 'into the bliſsful ſeats of ever-living 'paradiſe.'

At theſe words, the Genius Haſſarack diſappeared, and the executioners led the haughty Guzzarat, and Kelaun the ſon of the ſhepherd Canfu, to the ſcaffold.

Kelaun aſcended with a ſullen reluctance,

luctance, and Guzzarat seemed more wishful to avoid her companion than the fate which she met.

Ere the ax had severed the head of the malicious shepherd, Kelaun turned his eyes toward the earth, and stamping with his feet, thus uttered his last rageful imprecations.

'Slave have I been to evil all the 'days of my life! I have toiled and 'earned nothing; I have sown in care, 'and reaped not in merriment; I have 'poisoned the comfort of others, but 'no blessing hath fallen into mine 'own lap; hated am I among the sons 'of men, blasted are the paths whereon 'I tread; my past actions are ravenous vultures gnawing on my 'bowels, and the sharpened claws of 'malicious spirits await my arrival 'among the regions of the cursed. 'Strike then, O ax, since the lightning of Alla delays to blast me; 'and let my baneful body be trampled under the feet of the faithful, as 'the traveller crusheth with his heel 'the venomous adder!'

'The words of Hassarack,' said the sage Iracagem, arising, 'are laden with 'the dew of instruction; nor are our 'labours needless for the benefit of 'the children of men, since those accursed Genii, the rebellious mockers 'of our holy prophet, are incessantly 'beguiling the footsteps of the reptiles of earth; but praised be the 'prophet whom we serve, that impious race have no power over the 'faithful and obedient disciples of 'Mahomet. Such as have refused his 'sacred laws, or what is more dreadful, such as have known, and yet disregarded his commandments, are left 'a prey to those disobedient spirits.'

'But, O my sister!' continued the sage chief to the Genius next to speak, 'the eye of day grows dim, and these 'tabernacles of earth, whom we are 'instructing, will shortly sink with 'nature into the sleep of night; nor 'shall we break through the laws of 'the creation, or detain them from the 'blessings of rest. Alla hath made 'the day for labour and care, and the 'night for peace; and the works of 'Alla are wonderful and good.'

At these words the bright assembly arose, and left the children of earth to their attendant Genii, who were led into apartments, and refreshed with plain and simple diet: and early the next morning, after their ablutions and attendance in the mosque, where the race of immortals do frequent homage to their prophet, they returned with their guardian Genii to the magnificent saloon; where, after the assembly were seated, the sage Iracagem arose and said—

'The lessons of my brethren yes'terday were first designed to inculcate a regular search after happiness, 'which religion alone can teach us, 'as the merchant Abudah experienced 'in his various researches.

'Our first and greatest duty is to 'obey the all-powerful Alla, and to 'serve him in truth and humility; not 'to mistake, like Alfouran, the creature for the Creator; nor, like Sanballad, to leave the duties of our 'respective stations unfulfilled, to follow after an idle phantom in cells 'and caverns of the earth; much less 'to mix hypocrisy with devotion, and 'to offend Alla, in order to deceive 'mankind. But to love and prefer his 'will and his law above all things, 'even above the pleasure and temptations of the world; lest, like the 'Sultan Hassan Assar, we add presumption to our crimes, and having 'been instructed in our duty, refuse 'to practise it.

'Obedience to Alla will make all 'things easy to us, it will give bloom 'to Nakin Palata, and joy and comfort to the sons of the faithful, 'while we readily submit to our allotted task, and call not in question, 'like Canfu, either the wisdom or 'mercy of Alla, who doth often 'withold what might be esteemed blessings from us, in order to prevent 'us from the storm which we neither 'can foresee nor dissipate. To trust 'therefore in him, to love him, to exalt 'him, to obey, and to give him praise, 'is the chief end and creation of man.

'But as mutual weakness requires 'mutual support, so the great Alla 'has given to his children, the laws 'and the duties of social morality, 'which will be explained to their tender minds by example, fraught with 'the blessings of instruction.—Therefore, O sister,' said the sage Iracagem, to her whose throne was placed by

by Haffarack's, 'let this favoured af-'fembly partake of your entertaining 'advice.'

The Genius immediately aroſe, and began the adventures of Urad, or the Fair Wanderer.

TALE V.

THE ADVENTURES OF URAD; OR, THE FAIR WANDERER.

ON the banks of the river Tigris, far above where it waſhes the lofty city of the faithful, lived Nouri in poverty and widowhood, whoſe employment it was to tend the worm who clothes the richeſt and the faireſt with it's beautiful web. Her huſband, who was a guard to the caravans of the merchants, loſt his life in an engagement with the wild Arabs, and left the poor woman no other means of ſubſiſting herſelf, or her infant daughter Urad, but by her labours among the ſilk-worms, which were little more than ſufficient to ſupport nature, although her labours began ere the ſunbeams played on the waters of the Tigris, and ended not till the ſtars were reflected from it's ſurface.

Such was the buſineſs of the diſconſolate Nouri, when the voluptuous Almurah was proclaimed ſultan throughout his extenſive dominions; nor was it long before his ſubjects felt the power of their ſultan; for Almurah reſolving to incloſe a large tract of land for hunting and ſporting, commanded the inhabitants of fourteen hundred villages to be expelled from the limits of his intended incloſure.

A piteous train of helpleſs and ruined families were in one day driven from their country and livelihood, and obliged to ſeek for ſhelter amidſt the foreſts, the caves, and deſarts, which ſurround the more uncultivated banks of the Tigris.

Many paſſed by the cottage of Nouri, the widow, among whom ſhe diſtributed what little remains of proviſion ſhe had ſaved from the earnings of her labours the day before; and her little ſtock being exhauſted, ſhe had nothing but wiſhes and prayers left for the reſt.

It happened, among the numerous throngs that travelled by her cottage, that a young man came with wearied ſteps, bearing on his ſhoulders an old and feeble woman, whom ſetting down on the ground before the door of Nouri, he beſought her to give him a drop of water to waſh the ſand and the duſt from his parched mouth.

Nouri having already diſtributed the contents of her pitcher, haſtened to the river to fill it for the wearied young man; and as ſhe went, ſhe begged a morſel of proviſions from a neighbour, whoſe cottage ſtood on a rock which overlooked the flood.

With this, and her pitcher filled with water, ſhe returned, and found the feeble old woman on the ground, but the young man was not with her.

'Where,' ſaid Nouri, 'O afflicted 'ſtranger, is the pious young man 'that dutifully bore the burden of age 'on his ſhoulders?'

'Alas!' anſwered the ſtranger, 'my 'ſon has brought me hither from the 'tyranny of Almurah, and leaves me 'to periſh in the deſarts of the Tigris: 'no ſooner were you gone for the 'water, than a crowd of young dam-'ſels came this way, and led my cruel 'ſon from his periſhing mother: but, 'courteous ſtranger,' ſaid ſhe to Nouri, 'give me of that water to drink, that 'my life fail not within me; for thirſt, 'and hunger, and trouble, are haſten-'ing to put an end to the unhappy 'Houadir.'

The tender and benevolent Nouri invited Houadir into the cottage, and there placed her on a ſtraw-bed, and gave her the proviſions and a cup of water to drink.

Houadir being ſomewhat refreſhed by the care of Nouri, acquainted her with the cruel decree of Almurah, who had turned her ſon out of his little patrimony, where, by the labour of his hands, he had for many years ſupported her, and that till that day ſhe had ever found him a moſt dutiful and obedient ſon; and concluded with a wiſh, that he would ſhortly return to his poor helpleſs parent.

Nouri did all ſhe could to comfort the wretched Houadir, and having perſuaded her to reſt a while on the bed, returned to the labours of the day.

When her work was finiſhed, Nouri with the wages of the day purchaſed ſome proviſions, and brought them home to feed herſelf and the little Urad,

Urad, whose portion of food, as well as her own, had been distributed to the unhappy wanderers.

As Nouri was giving a small morsel to Urad, Houadir awaked, and begged that Nouri would be so kind as to spare her a bit of provisions.

Immediately, before Nouri could rise, the little Urad ran nimbly to the bed, and offered her supper to the afflicted Houadir, who received it with great pleasure from her hands, being assured her mother would not let Urad be a loser by her benevolence.

Houadir continued several days with the widow Nouri, expecting the return of her son, till giving over all hopes of seeing him, and observing that she was burdensome to the charitable widow, she one evening, after the labours of the day, thus addressed her hospitable friend.

'I perceive, benevolent Nouri, that 'my son has forsaken me, and that I 'do but rob you and your poor in-'fant of the scanty provision which 'you by your hourly toil are earn-'ing: wherefore, listen to my pro-'posal, and judge whether I offer you 'a suitable return; there are many 'parts of your business, that, old as 'I am, I can help you in, as the wind-'ing your silk, and feeding your 'worms. Employ me, therefore, in 'such business in the day as you think 'me capable of performing; and at 'night, while your necessary cares bu-'sy you about the house, give me 'leave (as I see your labour allows 'you no spare time) to instruct the 'innocent Urad how to behave her-'self, when your death shall leave her 'unsheltered from the storms and de-'ceits of a troublesome world.'

Nouri listened with pleasure to the words of Houadir.

'Yes,' said she, 'benevolent stran-'ger, you well advise me how to por-'tion my poor infant Urad, whom I 'could neither provide for by my in-'dustry, nor instruct, without losing 'the daily bread I earn for her: I per-'ceive a little is sufficient for your 'support; nay, I know not how, I 'seem to have greater plenty since you 'have been with me than before; whe-'ther it be owing to the blessing of 'Heaven on you, I know not.'

'Far be it from me,' said Houadir, 'to see my generous benefactor de-'ceived; but the thinness of inhabi-'tants, occasioned by the tyranny of 'Almurah, is the cause that your 'provisions are more plentiful; but 'yet I insist upon bearing my part in 'the burden of the day, and Urad 'shall share my evening's labour.'

From this time Houadir commenced an useful member in the family of Nouri, and Urad was daily instructed by the good old stranger in the pleasures and benefits of a virtuous, and the horrors and curses of an evil life.

Little Urad was greatly rejoiced at the lessons of Houadir, and was never better pleased than when she was listening to the mild and pleasing instructions of her affable mistress.

It was the custom of Houadir, whenever she taught Urad any new rule or caution, to give her a pepper-corn; requiring of her, as often as she looked at them, to remember the lessons which she learnt at the time she received them.

In this manner Urad continued to be instructed, greatly improving, as well in virtue and religion, as in comeliness and beauty, till she was near woman's estate, so that Nouri could scarce believe she was the mother of a daughter so amiable and graceful in person and manners. Neither was Urad unskilled in the labours of the family, or the silk-worm; for Nouri growing old and sickly, she almost constantly by her industry supported the whole cottage.

One evening as Houadir was lecturing her attentive pupil, Nouri, who lay sick on the straw-bed, called Urad to her.

'My dear daughter,' said Nouri, 'I feel, alas! more for you than my-'self; while Houadir lives, you will 'have indeed a better instructor than 'your poor mother was capable of 'being unto you; but what will my 'innocent lamb, my lovely Urad do, 'when she is left alone, the helpless 'prey of craft, or lust, or power? 'Consider, my dear child, that Alla 'would not send you into the world 'to be necessarily and unavoidably 'wicked: therefore always depend up-'on the assistance of our holy prophet 'when you do right, and let no cir-'cumstance of life, nor any persua-'sion, ever biass you to live otherwise, 'than according to the chaste and vir-

'tuous

'tuous precepts of the religious Houadir. May Alla and the prophet 'of the faithful ever bless and preserve 'the innocence and chastity of my dutiful and affectionate Urad!'

The widow Nouri spoke not again, her breath for ever fled from it's confinement, and her body was delivered to the waters of the Tigris.

The inconsolable Urad had now her most difficult lesson to learn from the patient Houadir, nor did she think it scarcely dutiful to moderate the violence of her grief.

'Sorrows,' said Houadir, 'O duteous Urad, which arise from sin, or 'evil actions, cannot be assuaged without contrition or amendment of life; 'there the soul is deservedly afflicted, 'and must feel before it can be cured; 'such sorrows may my amiable pupil 'never experience; but the afflictions 'of mortality, are like the portions of 'piety or iniquity; it is necessary 'that we should be taught to part with 'the desirable things of this life by degrees, and that by the frequency of 'such losses, our affections should be 'loosened from their earthly attachments. While you continue good, 'be not dejected, O my obedient Urad; 'and remember, it is one part of virtue, to bear with patience and resignation, the unalterable decrees of 'Heaven; not but what I esteem 'your sorrow, which arises from gratitude, duty, and affection.' I do 'not teach my pupil to part with her dearest friends without reluctance, or 'wish her to be unconcerned at the 'loss of those, who, by a marvellous 'love, have sheltered her from all 'those storms which must have in a 'moment overwhelmed helpless innocence. Only remember that your 'tears be the tears of resignation, and 'that your sighs confess an heart humbly yielding to his will, who ordereth all things according to his infinite knowledge and goodness.'

'O pious Houadir,' replied Urad, 'just are thy precepts; it was Alla 'that created my best of parents, and 'Alla is pleased to take her from me; 'far be it from me, though an infinite 'sufferer, to dispute his will; the loss 'indeed wounds me sorely, yet will 'I endeavour to bear the blow with 'patience and resignation!'

Houadir still continued her kind lessons and instructions, and Urad with a decent solemnity attended both her labours and her teacher, who was so pleased with the fruits which she saw springing forth from the seeds of virtue that she had sown in the breast of her pupil, that she now began to leave her more to herself, and exhorted her to set apart some portion of each day to pray to her prophet, and frequent meditation and recollection of the rules she had given her, that so her mind might never be suffered to grow forgetful of the truths she had treasured up: 'For,' said the provident Houadir, 'when it shall please the prophet to 'snatch me also from you, my dear 'Urad will then have only the peppercorns to assist her.'

'And how, my kind governess,' said Urad, 'will these corns assist 'me?'

'They will,' answered Houadir, 'each of them, if you remember the 'precepts I gave you with them, but 'not otherwise, be serviceable in the 'times of your necessities.'

Urad, with great reluctance, from that time, was obliged to go without her evening lectures, which lost affected her much; for she knew no greater pleasure in life, than hanging over Houadir's persuasive tongue, and hearing, with fixed attention, the sweet doctrines of prudence, chastity, and virtue.

As Urad, according to her usual custom (after having spent some few early hours at her employment) advanced toward the bed to call her kind instructor, whose infirmities would not admit her to rise betimes, she perceived that Houadir was risen from her bed.

The young virgin was amazed at the novelty of her instructor's behaviour, especially as she seldom moved without assistance, and hastened into a little inclosure to look after her; but not finding Houadir there, she went to the neighbouring cottages, none of whom could give any account of the good old matron; nevertheless the anxious Urad continued her search, looking all around the woods and forest, and often peeping over the rocks of the Tigris, as fearful that some accident might have befallen her. In this fruitless labour the poor virgin fatigued herself, till the sun, as tired of her toils, refused any longer to assist her

her ſearch, when returning to her lonely cot, ſhe ſpent the night in tears and lamentations.

The helpleſs Urad gave herſelf up entirely to grief; and the remembrance of her affectionate mother, added a double portion of ſorrows to her heart; ſhe neglected to open her lonely cottage, and went not forth to the labours of the ſilk-worm; but day after day, with little or no nouriſhment, ſhe continued weeping the loſs of Houadir, her mild inſtructor, and Nouri, her affectionate mother.

The neighbouring cottagers obſerving that Urad came no longer to the ſilk-works, and that her dwelling was daily ſhut up, after ſome time knocked at her cottage, and demanded if Urad the daughter of Nouri was living.

Urad ſeeing the concourſe of people, came weeping and trembling toward the door, and aſked them the cauſe of their coming.

'O Urad,' ſaid her neighbours, 'we ſaw you, not long ago, ſeeking 'your friend Houadir, and we feared 'that you alſo were miſſing, as you 'have neither appeared among us, nor 'attended your daily labours among 'the worms, who feed and provide for 'us by their ſubtle ſpinning.'

'O, my friends,' anſwered Urad, 'ſuffer a wretched maid to deplore the 'loſs of her deareſt friends! Nouri, 'from whoſe breaſts I ſucked my natural life, is now a prey to the vultures 'on the banks of the Tigris; and 'Houadir, from whom I derive my 'better life, is paſſed away from me 'like a viſion in the night.'

Her ruſtick acquaintance laughed at theſe ſorrows of the virgin Urad.

'Alas,' ſaid one, 'is Urad grieved, that now ſhe has to work for 'one, inſtead of three!'

'Nay,' cried another, 'I wiſh my 'old folks were as well beſtowed.'

'And I,' ſaid a third, 'were our 'houſe rid of the old-faſhioned lumber that fills it at preſent, my ſuperannuated father and mother, would 'ſoon bring an healthy young ſwain 'to ſupply their places with love and 'affection.'

'Aye, true,' anſwered two or three more, 'we muſt look out a clever young 'fellow for Urad: who ſhall ſhe have?'

'O, if that be all,' ſaid a crooked old maid, who was famous for match-making, 'I will ſend Darandu to 'comfort her, before night; and, if I 'miſtake not, he very well knows his 'buſineſs.'

'Well, pretty Urad,' cried they all, 'Darandu will ſoon be here; he is fiſhing on the Tigris; and it is but juſt, 'that the river which has robbed you 'of one comfort, ſhould give you a 'better.'

At this ſpeech, the reſt laughed very heartily, and they all ran away, crying out, 'O, ſhe will do very well when 'Darandu approaches.'

Urad, though ſhe could deſpiſe the trifling of her country neighbours, yet felt an oppreſſion on her heart at the name of Darandu, who was a youth of incomparable beauty, and added to the charms of his perſon an engaging air, which was far above the reach of the reſt of the country ſwains, who lived on thoſe remote banks of the Tigris. 'But, O Houadir, O Nouri,' ſaid the afflicted virgin to herſelf, 'never ſhall Urad ſeek in the arms of a 'lover, to forget the bounties and precepts of ſo kind a miſtreſs, and ſo 'indulgent a parent.'

Theſe reflections hurried the wretched Urad into her uſual ſorrowful train of thoughts, and ſhe ſpent the reſt of the day in tears and weeping, calling for ever on Nouri and Houadir, and wiſhing that the prophet would permit her to follow them out of a world, where ſhe foreſaw neither comfort nor peace.

In the midſt of theſe melancholy meditations, ſhe was diſturbed by a knocking at the door; Urad aroſe with trembling, and aſked who was there.

'It is one,' anſwered a voice, in the ſofteſt tone, 'who ſeeketh comfort and 'cannot find it; who deſires peace, 'and it is far from him.'

'Alas!' anſwered Urad, 'few are the 'comforts of this cottage, and peace 'is a ſtranger to this mournful roof; 'depart, O traveller, whoſoever thou 'art, and ſuffer the diſconſolate Urad 'to indulge in ſorrows greater than 'thoſe from which you wiſh to be relieved.'

'Alas!' anſwered the voice without, 'the griefs of the beautiful Urad are 'my griefs; and the ſorrows which 'afflict her, rend the ſoul of the 'wretched Darandu!'

'Whatever may be the motive for

'this charitable visit, Darandu,' answered Urad, 'let me beseech you to 'depart; for ill does it become a forlorn virgin, to admit the conversation of the youths that surround her: 'leave me, therefore, O swain, ere 'want of decency make you appear 'odious in the sight of the virgins who 'inhabit the rocky banks of the rapid 'Tigris.'

'To convince the lovely Urad,' answered Darandu, 'that I came to sooth 'her cares, and condole with her in 'her losses, (which I heard but this 'evening) I now will quit this dear 'spot, which contains the treasure of 'my heart, as however terrible the 'parting is to me, I rest satisfied that 'it pleases the fair conqueror of my 'heart, whose peace to Darandu is 'more precious than the pomegranate 'in the sultry noon, or the silver scales 'of ten thousand fishes inclosed in 'the nets of my skilful comrades.'

Darandu then left the door of the cottage, and Urad reclined on the bed, till sleep finished her toils, and for a time released her from the severe afflictions of her unguarded situation.

Early in the morning the fair Urad arose, and directed her steps to the rocks of the Tigris, either invited thither by the melancholy reflections which her departed mother occasioned, or willing to take a nearer and more unobserved view of the gentle Darandu.

Darandu, who was just about to launch his vessel into the river, perceived the beauteous mourner on the rocks; but he was too well versed in love affairs to take any notice of her; he rather turned from Urad, and endeavoured, by his behaviour, to persuade her that he had not observed her, for it was enough for him to know that he was not indifferent to her.

Urad, though she hardly knew the cause of her morning walk, yet continued on the rocks till Darandu had taken in his nets, and with his companions was floating up the stream, in quest of the fishes of the Tigris.

She then returned to her cottage more irresolute in her thoughts, but less than ever inclined to the labours of her profession.

At the return of the evening, she was anxious lest Darandu should renew his visit; an anxiety, which though it arose from fear, was yet near allied to hope; nor was she less solicitous about provision, as all her little stock was entirely exhausted, and she had no other prospect before her than to return to her labours, which her sorrows had rendered irksome and disagreeable to her.

While she was meditating on these things, she heard a knocking at the door, which fluttered her little less than the fears of hunger, or the sorrows of her lonely life.

For some time she had not courage to answer, till the knocking being repeated, she faintly asked who was at the door.

'It is Lahnar,' answered a female; 'Lahnar, your neighbour, seeks to give 'Urad comfort, and to condole with 'the distressed mourner of a mother 'and a friend.'

'Lahnar,' answered Urad, 'is then 'a friend to the afflicted, and kindly 'seeks to alleviate the sorrows of the 'wretched Urad.'

She then opened the door, and Lahnar entered with a basket on her head.

'Kind Lahnar,' said the fair mourner, 'leave your burden at the door, 'and enter in this cottage of affliction. 'Alas! alas! there once sat Nouri, my 'ever-affectionate mother, and there 'Houadir, my kind counsellor and director; but now are their seats vacant, and sorrow and grief are the 'only companions of the miserable 'Urad!'

'Your losses are certainly great,' answered Lahnar, 'but you must endeavour to bear them with patience, 'especially as they are the common 'changes and alterations of life; your 'good mother Nouri, lived to a great 'age; and Houadir, though a kind 'friend, may yet be succeeded by one 'as amiable; but what I am most 'alarmed at, O Urad, is your manner 'of life; we no longer see you busied 'among the leaves of the mulberries, 'or gathering the bags of silk, or preparing them for the wheels; you purchase no provision among us, you 'seek no comfort in society, you live 'like the mole, buried under the earth, 'who neither sees nor is seen.'

'My sorrows indeed hitherto,' replied Urad, 'have prevented my labour, but to-morrow I shall again 'rise to my wonted employment.'

'But even to-night,' said Lahnar,

'let my friend take some little nou-
'rishment, that she may rise refreshed,
'for fasting will deject you as well as
'grief, and suffer me to partake with
'you; and see, in this basket I have
'brought my provisions, some boiled
'rice, and a few fish, which my kind
'brother Darandu brought me this
'evening from the River Tigris.'

'Excuse me, kind Lahnar,' answered Urad, 'but I must refuse your offer; 'grief has driven away appetite, to 'aught but itself, far from me, and I 'am not solicitous to take provisions 'which I cannot use.'

'At least,' replied Lahnar, 'permit 'me to sit beside you, and eat of what 'is here before us.'

Upon which, without other excuses, Lahnar emptied her basket, and set a bowl of rice and fish before Urad, and began to feed heartily on that which she brought for herself.

Urad was tempted by hunger, and the example of Lahnar, to begin; but she was anxious about tasting the fish of Darandu, wherefore she first attempted the boiled rice; but her appetite was most inclined to the fish, of which she at last eat very heartily, when she recollected, that as she had partaken with Lahnar, it was equal whatever part she accepted.

Lahnar having finished her meal, and advised Urad to think of some methods of social life, took her leave, and left the unsettled virgin to meditate on her strange visitor.

Urad, though confused, could not help expressing some pleasure at this visit; for such is the blessing of society, that it will always give comfort to those who have been disused to it's sweet effects.

But Urad, though pleased with the friendship of Lahnar, yet was confounded, when some few minutes after she perceived her again returning.

'What,' said Urad, 'brings back 'Lahnar to the sorrows of this cot-'tage?'

'Urad,' said Lahnar, 'I will rest 'with my friend to-night, for the shades 'of night cast horrors around, and I 'dare not disturb my father's cottage 'by my late approach.'

As they prepared for their homely bed, Urad turning round, beheld Lahnar's breast uncovered, and saw, by the appearance, it was no female she was preparing to receive into her bed. She immediately shrieked out, and Darandu, the fictitious Lahnar, leaped eagerly forward, and caught her in his arms.

'O, delicious Urad,' said he, 'I 'die, I die without you; your tears, 'your calls are vain, the cottage is 'lonely, and no traveller walks by 'night to meet the wild beasts of the 'forest; therefore let us take our fill of 'love, for Darandu will not otherwise 'be satisfied.'

Urad, full of trembling, confusion, horror, and despair, raved in his arms, but could not get free. He still pressed her close, and endeavoured to pull her toward the bed; when she recollecting her lost friend Houadir, felt for a pepper-corn, and let it fall to the ground.

A violent rapping was in a moment heard at the cottage, at which Urad redoubled her outcries, and Darandu, with shame and confusion, quitted his mistress, and looked trembling toward the door.

Urad ran forward, and opened the door, when the son of Houadir entered, and asked Urad the reason of her cries.

'O, thou blessed angel," said Urad, 'but for you, that wicked wretch, dis-'guised in his sister's clothes, had ru-'ined the too credulous Urad.'

But Darandu was fled; as guilt is ever fearful, mean, and base.

'Now, Urad,' said the son of Houadir, 'before you close your doors 'upon another man, let me resume 'my former features.'

Upon which Urad looked, and beheld her old friend Houadir.

At the sight of Houadir, Urad was equally astonished and abashed.

'Why blushes Urad?' said Houadir; 'and her blushes are the blushes of 'guilt.'

'How, O Genius,' said Urad, 'for 'such I perceive thou art, how is Urad 'guilty? I invited not Darandu hi-'ther, I wished not for him.'

'Take care,' answered Houadir, 'what you say: if you wished not for 'him, you hardly wished him away; 'and but for your imprudence he had 'not attacked you.

'Consider, how have your days been 'employed since I left you? Have you 'continued to watch the labours of the 'silk-worm? Have you repeated the 'lessons I gave you? Or has the time

'of Urad been consumed in idleness and disobedience? Has she shaken off her dependance on Mahomet, and indulged the unavailing sorrows of her heart?'

'Alas!' answered the fair Urad, 'repeat no more, my ever-honoured Houadir; I have indeed been guilty, under the mask of love and affection, and I now plainly see the force of your first rule, that idleness is the beginning of all evil and vice. Yes, my dearest Houadir, had I attended to your instructions, I had given no handle to Darandu's wicked intentions; but yet methinks some sorrows were allowable for the loss of such a mother and such a friend.'

'Sorrows,' answered Houadir, 'proceed from the heart, and totally indulged, soon require a change and vicissitude in our minds; wherefore, in the midst of your griefs, your feet involuntarily wandered after Darandu, and your soul softened by idle sighs was the more easily impressed by the deceits of his tongue.

'But this remember, O Urad; for I must, I find, repeat an old instruction to you, that of all things in the world nothing should so much engage a woman's attention as the avenues which lead to her heart. Such are the wiles, the deceits of men, that they are rarely to be trusted with the most advanced post; give them but footing, though that footing be innocent, and they will work night and day till their wishes are accomplished.

'Trust not, therefore, to yourself alone, nor suffer your heart to plead in their favour, lest it become as much your enemy as the tempter, man.

'Place your security in flight, and avoid every evil, every gay desire, lest it lead you into danger; for hard is it to turn the head and look backward, when a beautiful or agreeable object is before you. Remember my instructions, O Urad, make a prudent use of your peppercorns, and leave this place, which holds a man sensible of your softness, and resolute in his own dark and subtle intention.'

Urad was about to thank Houadir, but the Genius was fled, and the eyelids of the morning were opening in the east.

Urad, in a little wallet packed up her small stock of necessaries, and full of terror and full of uncertainty, struck into the forest, and without reflection took the widest path that offered.

And first it was her care to repeat over deliberately the lessons of Houadir. She then travelled slowly forward, often looking, and fearing to behold the wicked Darandu at her heels.

After walking through the forest for the greater part of the day, she came to a steep descent, on each side overshadowed with lofty trees; this she walked down, and came to a small spot of ground, surrounded by hills, woods, and rocks. Here she found a spring of water, and sat down on the grass to refresh herself after the travels of the day.

As her meal was almost at an end, she heard various voices issuing from the woods, on the hills opposite to that which she came down.

Her little heart beat quick at this alarm, and Urad recollecting the advice of Houadir, began to repeat the lessons of her instructor, and ere long she perceived through the trees, several men coming down the hill, who at the sight of Urad gave a loud halloo, and ran forward, each being eager which should first seize the prize.

Urad trembling and sighing at her danger, forgot not to drop one of her pepper-corns, and immediately she found herself changed into a pismire, and with great pleasure she looked for a hole in the ground, and crept into it.

The robbers coming down to the bottom of the vale, were surprized to find their prize eloped, but they divided into separate bodies, resolved to hunt till night, and then appointed that little vale as the place of rendezvous.

Urad perceiving that they were gone, wished herself into her original form; but, alas! her wish was not granted, and the once beautiful Urad still continued an ugly pismire.

Late at night the robbers returned, and the moon shining bright, reflected a gloomy horror upon their despairing faces; Urad shuddered at the sight of them, though so well concealed, and dared hardly peep out of her hole, so difficult is it to forget our former fears.

The gang resolved to spend the rest of the night in that place, and therefore unloaded their wallets, and spread their

wine

wine and provisions on the banks of the spring, grumbling and cursing each other all the time for their unfortunate search.

'I would to Alla,' says one, 'I 'had taken hold of her, and I would 'soon have kissed her into a good-'humour.'

'You ugly wretch,' said another, 'she would have died at the thoughts 'of you: but if I had caught her—'

'Yes,' said a third, 'with those 'bloody hands, that have butchered 'two maidens already to-day.'

'Aye,' returned he, 'and she should 'have suffered the same sauce.'

'Well,' answered the captain of the gang, 'if I had first secured her, she 'should have gone fairly round among 'you all.'

Urad heard this with the utmost horror and indignation; and praised continually the gracious Alla, who had rescued her from such inhuman wretches.

While they with singing and drinking spent the greatest part of the night, and wishing that their comrades in the other part of the forest had been with them; at length falling into drunkenness and sleep, they left the world to silence and peace.

Urad finding them fast asleep, crawled out of her hole, and going to the first, she stung him in each eye: and thus she went round to them all.

The poison of the little pismire working in their eyes, in a short time occasioned them to awake in the utmost tortures; and perceiving they were blind, and feeling the pain, they each supposed his neighbour had blinded him in order to get away with the booty; this so enraged them, that feeling about, they fell upon one another, and in a short time almost the whole gang was demolished.

Urad beheld with astonishment the effect of her stings, and at a wish resumed her pristine form, saying at the same time to herself, 'I now perceive, that 'Providence is able, by the most in-'significant means, to work the great-'est purposes.'

Continuing her journey through the forest, she was terribly afraid of meeting with the second band of robbers, and therefore she directed her steps with the greatest caution and circumspection.

As she walked forward, and cast her eyes all around, and stopped at every motion of the wind, she saw the son of Houadir coming to meet her in the path in which she was travelling.

At this sight Urad ran toward him, and with joy begged her old governess would unmask herself, and entertain her with instruction and persuasion.

'No, my dear child,' answered the son of Houadir, 'that I cannot do at 'present, the time is not as yet come. 'I will first, as you have been tried, 'lead you to the palace of the Genii 'of the forest, and present your un-'spotted innocence before them; for, 'O my sweet Urad, my heavenly pu-'pil,' said he, kissing and taking her in his arms, 'your virtue is tried, I 'have found you worthy of the lessons 'which I gave you. I foresaw evils 'might befal you, and therefore I 'took pity on your innocence, and 'lived with Nouri your mother, that 'I might train up my beloved Urad in 'the paths of virtue; and now your 'trial is passed, Urad shall enjoy the 'happiness of a Genii.'

Urad, though somewhat confounded at Houadir's embrace under the appearance of a man, yet with great humility thanked her benefactor. And the son of Houadir turning to the left, led Urad into a little bye path, so concealed, that few, if any, might ever find it's beginning.

After a long walk through various turnings and intricate windings, they came to a small mean cottage, where the son of Houadir leading the way, Urad followed.

The son of Houadir striking fire with his stick, a bright flame arose from the centre of the floor, in which he cast divers herbs, and repeating some inchantments, the back side of the cottage opened, and presented to the view of Urad a beautiful dome, where she saw sitting round a table a numerous assembly of gay persons of both sexes.

The son of Houadir leading in Urad, said, 'This, my dear pupil, is the 'assembly of the Genii of the forest:' and presenting her to the company, 'Behold,' said he, 'the beautiful and 'well-tried Urad—but here you may 'cast off your reserve, fair maid, and 'indulge in the innocent pleasures of 'the Genii of the forest.'

The

The son of Houadir then led her to the table, and seated her on the same sopha with himself.

The remainder of the day was spent in mirth and pleasure, nor did the female Genii refuse the gay advances of their partners.

Urad having never beheld any thing splendid or magnificent, was greatly delighted at the gay company and beautiful saloon, nor did she seem to receive the caresses of the son of Houadir so reluctantly as before.

At night Urad was shewn a glorious apartment to rest in, and the son of Houadir attended her.

'My dear Houadir,' said Urad, 'when shall I behold your proper 'shape, when shall I see you as my 'tutelary Genius?'

'That,' answered the son of Houadir, 'I shall be in every shape, but 'call neither one nor the other my '*proper* shape, for to a Genius all 'shapes are assumed; neither is this 'my proper shape, nor the wrinkles 'of an old woman; but to confess 'the truth, O beautiful Urad, from 'the first moment of your birth, I 'resolved to make you my bride, and 'therefore did I so patiently watch 'your growing years, and instructed 'you in the fear of vice and the love 'of virtue. Come therefore, O beautiful virgin, and let me, in those precious arms, reap the fruit of my long 'labour and toil.'

Urad, astonished at the words of the son of Houadir, knew not what answer to make; but the natural timidity of her sex, and the strangeness of the proposal, filled her with strange apprehensions; however, she begged at least that the Genius would for a time leave her to herself, that the blushes of her cheeks might be covered in solitude.

'No, my lovely Urad,' answered the son of Houadir, 'never, never, 'will thy faithful Genius leave thee, 'till thou hast blessed me with the 'possession of what I hold dearer than 'even my spiritual nature.'

'Why, then,' said Urad, 'didst 'thou bestow so many pepper-corns 'upon me, as they now will become 'useless?'

'Not useless,' said the son of Houadir, 'they are indeed little preserva-'tives against danger; but I have the 'seeds of some melons which will not 'only rescue you, but always preserve 'you from harm. Here, faithful Urad,' continued he, 'take these seeds, and 'whenever you are fearful, swallow 'one of these, and no dangers shall 'surround you.'

Urad thankfully received the seeds: 'And what,' said she, 'must I do 'with the pepper?'

'Give them,' said the son of Houadir, 'to me, and I will endue them 'with stronger virtues, and thou shalt 'by them have power also over others, 'as well as to defend thyself.'

Urad pulled the pepper-corns out of her bag, and presented them to the son of Houadir, whose eyes flashed with joy at the sight, and he immediately thrust them into the folds of his garments.

'O son of Houadir, what hast thou 'done?' said Urad.

'I have,' answered the false son of Houadir, 'gained the full possession 'of my lovely Urad, and now may 'address her in my proper shape;' so saying, he resumed his natural figure, and became like a satyr of the wood.

'I am,' said he, 'O beautiful Urad, 'the enchanter Repah, who range in 'the solitude of the forest of the 'Tigris, and live and solace myself 'upon the beauties who venture into 'my haunts. You I saw surrounded 'by the influence of the Genius Hou-'adir, and therefore was obliged to 'use artifice to gain my dear, dear 'charmer. But why waste I time in 'words, when the fulness of thy ripe 'beauties tempt my closest embrace!' so saying, he rushed on Urad, and stifled her with his nauseous salutes.

The poor deluded victim, with tears in her eyes, implored his mercy and forbearance; but he laughed at her tears, and told her, her eyes glittered the brighter for them.

'What,' cried the enchanter, 'shall 'I wish your sorrows at an end, which 'so tumultuously heave those worlds 'of bliss, or stop by kindness those 'sighs which send forth more than 'Arabian perfumes! No, no, I love 'to enjoy nature in her fullest work-'ings, and think it an higher bliss 'to ride on the stormy tempest than 'through the gentle breeze.'

As he spoke this, he again clasped the wretched Urad in his arms, and mad

mad with furious luſt, forced her to the ſopha; while ſhe, ſhrieking and crying, filled the apartment with vain lamentations.

As the enchanter was dragging the diſconſolate virgin Urad to the ſopha, ſhe, in a fit of deſpair, again put her hands into the bag, from whence ſhe had fatally reſigned the pepper-corns, and felt about in agonies for her loſt treaſure. And now finding none, and perceiving that the Genius Houadir attended not to her cries, ſhe was drawing out her hand, when in a corner of the bag ſhe felt one pepper-corn, which had before eſcaped her ſearch.

She inſtantly drew it out, and throwing it on the ground, the enchanter quitted his hold, and ſtood motionleſs before her; the apartments vaniſhed, and ſhe found herſelf with him in a dark hut, with various kinds of necromantick inſtruments about her.

Urad, though fearful, yet was ſo much overcome with fatigue and ſtruggling, that ſhe ſunk on the ground, and happily for her the enchanter was no longer in a condition to perſecute her.

'Curſe on my folly,' ſaid he, as he ſtood fixed to the ground, 'that I 'neglected to aſk for the bag itſelf, 'which held the gifts of the Genius 'Houadir; her pretty pupil had then 'been ſacrificed to my deſires, in ſpite 'of the many fine leſſons ſhe had been 'taught by that pitiful and enthuſi'aſtick Genius! but now by chance, 'and not by the merit of thy virtues 'or thy education, art thou delivered 'from my ſeraglio, where vice reigns 'triumphant, cold modeſty and colder 'chaſtity are excluded, to make room 'for the mixed revels of what pious 'cheats call luſtful rioters. But this 'grieves me not ſo much, to loſe a 'ſickly girl, as that I find a ſuperior 'power condemns me to declare to you 'the cauſes of your error.

'Know then, Urad, (I ſpeak not 'from myſelf, but he ſpeaks, who from 'caſual evil, can work out certain 'good) he forces me to declare, that 'no ſpecious appearance, no falſe co'lours, ſhould incline the virtuous 'heart to liſten to the wiles of deceit; 'for evil then comes moſt terrible, 'when it is cloaked under friendſhip. 'Why then had Urad ſo great an opi'nion of her own judgment, as to con'fide in the falſe appearance of the ſon 'of Houadir, when ſhe might have 'conſulted her faithful monitors! The 'falling of a pepper-corn would have 'taught her to truſt to no appearances, 'nor would ſhe have parted with her 'pepper-corns, which were to refreſh 'in her memory the ſentiments of vir'tue, chaſtity, and honour, no, not to 'Houadir herſelf. No adviſer can be 'good, who would deſtroy what he 'himſelf has firſt inculcated, and no 'appearance ought to bias us to receive 'as truths, thoſe things which are con'trary to virtue and religion. How 'then did Urad keep to the inſtructions 'of Houadir? But if Houadir really 'had bred her up for the purpoſes of 'luſt, and taught her only the paths of 'virtue to keep her from others; of all 'perſons they are moſt to be guarded 'againſt, who having the power of 'educating the female mind, too often 'preſume upon the influence which 'ſuch intimate connexions give them; 'they, therefore, as the moſt baſe and 'ungrateful, ſhould be moſt cautiouſly 'watched and reſolutely repulſed.'

Thus ſpake the enchanter, and no more; his mouth cloſed up, and he ſtood fixed and motionleſs; and Urad finding her ſpirits ſomewhat recovered, haſtened out of the hut, and perceived that it was morning.

She had now no more pepper-corns to depend upon, wherefore ſhe cried to Houadir to ſuccour her, but the Genius was deaf to her intreaties.

'Poor miſerable wretch,' ſaid Urad to herſelf, 'what will become of thee, 'incloſed in a foreſt through which 'thou knoweſt no path! But,' continued ſhe, 'why ſhould I not examine 'the enchanter, who perhaps is yet 'immoveable in the cottage: I ſaw him 'fold them in the plaits of his gar'ments, and they may yet become 'mine.'

So ſaying, ſhe returned to the hut, where entering, the very ſight of the dumb enchanter affrightened her ſo much, that it was a long time before ſhe could venture near him. At length ſhe put forth her hand, and pulled forth her beloved pepper-corns, the enchanter ſtill ſtanding motionleſs.

Away flew Urad like lightning from the hut, and ran till ſhe had again reached the road from which ſhe had been decoyed.

She continued her journeying for ſe-

ven days, feeding on the fruits of the foreſt, and ſleeping in the moſt covert thickets.

The eighth day, as ſhe was endeavouring to paſs a ford, where a ſmall rivulet had been ſwelled by the rains, ſhe perceived a large body of horſemen riding through the woods, and doubted not but it was the remainder of the gang of robbers whom ſhe had before met with.

Urad now was in ſome meaſure reconciled to danger, and therefore, without much fear, dropped a pepper-corn, and expected relief.

The pepper-corn had been dropped ſome time, the horſemen advanced, and no one appear to ſuccour her.

'Alas!' ſaid Urad, 'why has Houadir deceived me; neither her advice, 'nor her magical pepper-corns, can 'relieve me from theſe luſtful and cruel 'robbers. Better had I fallen a prey 'to Darandu, better had I fated the 'luſt of one enchanter, than undergo 'the various curſes of ſo many monſters. O Genius, Genius, why haſt 'thou forſaken me in my ſevereſt 'trials!'

By this time the robbers were come up, and were highly rejoiced to find ſuch a beautiful prize.

'This only,' ſaid the leader, 'was 'what we wanted, a fair one to regale 'with, and this dainty morſel will 'ſerve us all. Here is luxury, my 'friends, ſuch as Almurah cannot find 'in his whole ſeraglio; let him be diſſatisfied with an hundred females, 'while we, my friends, will be ſatisfied with one! She ſhall ſerve us all, 'and me firſt.'

'But firſt,' ſaid one, 'let us all 'embrace her, for I never yet had the 'pleaſure to embrace a virgin, except 'one that I ſtabbed firſt.'

At this he leaped from his horſe, and the trembling Urad gave a loud ſhriek, which was anſwered from the woods by the roarings of an hundred lions.

'O Alla!' ſaid the chief, 'the lions are upon us.'

'That may be,' ſaid he who was diſmounted, 'but were the whole world 'ſet againſt me, I would ſecure my 'prize;' ſo ſaying, he took Urad in his arms to place her on his horſe.

The roaring of the lions continued, and many of them came howling out of the woods; the robbers fled in diſmay, all but the ruffian who had ſeized on the fair Urad, who was ſtriving in vain to fix her on his horſe.

A lion furiouſly made at him, and tore him limb from limb, while Urad expected the ſame fate from ſeveral others, who came roaring around. 'But,' ſaid ſhe, 'better is death than 'infamy; and the paw of the hungry 'lion, than the rude hands of the luſtful robber.'

The noble beaſt having devoured his prey, came fawning at the feet of Urad, who was ſurprized at his behaviour and gentleneſs, but much more was her aſtoniſhment increaſed when ſhe heard him ſpeak.

'O virgin, for none other can ex-'perience the aſſiſtance of our race, or 'ſtand unhurt before us, I am the king 'and ſovereign of theſe mighty foreſts, 'and am ſent by the Genius Houadir 'to thy protection; but why did the 'diſtruſtful Urad deſpair, or why did 'ſhe accuſe Providence of deſerting 'her? Should not the relieved wait 'with patience on the hand that ſupports him, and not cry out with im-'patience, and charge it's benefactor 'with neglect.'

'True, O royal lion,' anſwered the fair Urad, 'but fear is irreſiſtible, and 'the children of men are but weakneſs 'and ingratitude; but bleſſed be Alla, 'who, though juſtly provoked at my 'diſcontent, yet ſent to my aſſiſtance 'the guardian of the fair: yet how com-'eth it to paſs, O royal protector, that 'you who are ſo bold, and ſo fierce in 'your nature, ſhould yet behave with 'ſuch tenderneſs and kindneſs to an 'helpleſs virgin, whom you might with 'pleaſure to yourſelf in a moment de-'vour?'

'The truly great and noble ſpirit,' anſwered the lion, 'takes a pride in 'protecting innocence, neither can he 'wiſh to oppreſs it. From hence learn, 'fair virgin, that of all mankind, he 'only is noble, generous, and truly 'virtuous, who can withold his de-'ſires from oppreſſing or ruining the 'virgin that is in his power. What 'then muſt you think of thoſe mean 'wretches, who endeavour to under-'mine your virtues and pious diſpoſi-'tions, who cajole you under the ap-'pearance of affection, and yet tell 'you, if they ſucceed not, that it was 'only to try you. He that is ſuſpicious,

'is

Plate II.

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'mean; he that is mean, is unworthy 'of the chaſte affections of the virtu-'ous maid. Wherefore, O Urad, 'ſhun him, however honoured by 'mankind, or covered by the ſpecious 'characters of virtue, whoever at-'tempts the honour of your chaſtity, 'for he cannot be juſt; to deceive you 'he muſt himſelf ſwear falſely, and 'therefore cannot be good; or if he 'tell the truth, he muſt be weak and 'ungenerous, and unworthy of you, 'as he invites you to ſin.'

In ſuch converſation, they paſſed along the foreſt, till after a few days they were alarmed at the noiſe of the hunters, and the muſick of the chace.

'Alas,' ſaid the beautiful Urad, 'what is this that I hear?'

'It is,' anſwered the royal beaſt, 'the noiſe of the hunters, and thou 'ſhalt eſcape, but me will they in ſport 'deſtroy. The lion you call cruel, 'who kills to devour. What then is 'he, who wantons in the deaths of thoſe 'who advantage him not? But man 'is lord of all; let him look to it how 'he governs!'

'Nay, but,' anſwered Urad, 'leave 'me, gentle protector, and provide for 'your ſafety; nor fear but Houadir 'will prevent the ſtorms that hover 'over, from breaking upon me.'

'No,' anſwered the royal beaſt, 'ſhe has commanded me to follow you 'till I ſee her preſence; and where 'can I better ſacrifice my life, than 'in the ſervice of chaſtity and virtue!'

The hunters were now in ſight, but advanced not toward the lion; they turned their courſers aſide, and only one, of ſuperior mien, with ſeveral attendants, rode toward Urad.

The lion erecting his mane, his eyes glowing with vivid lightnings, drew up the wide ſinews of his broad back, and with wrathful front leaped toward him who ſeemed to have the command.

The horſeman perceiving his intention, poiſed his ſpear in his right-hand, and ſpurred his courſer to meet him.

Ere the royal beaſt had reached the horſeman, the rider threw his ſpear, which entering between the fore-paws of the lion, nailed him to the ground.

The enraged animal tore his paw from the ground, but the ſpear ſtill remained in his foot, and the anguiſh of the wound made him ſhake the foreſt with his lordly roarings.

The ſtranger then rode up to the fair Urad, whom viewing, he cried out, 'By Alla, thou art worthy of the em-'braces of the Vizir Muſſapulta; take 'her, my eunuchs, behind you, and 'bear her through the foreſt of Bag-'dat, to the ſeraglio of my anceſtors.'

The eunuchs obeyed, and bore her away, though Urad dropped her corn upon the ground; but ſtill ſhe truſted in the help of Houadir.

The Vizir Muſſapulta then ordered that one of his ſlaves ſhould ſtay behind and deſtroy and bury the lion, which he commanded to be done with the utmoſt caution, as Almurah had made a decree, that if any ſubject ſhould wound, maim, or deſtroy any lion, in his foreſts, the ſame ſhould be put to death.

The eunuchs bore away Urad to the ſeraglio, taking her through bye ways to the palace of the vizir, leſt her ſhrieks ſhoulds be heard. Muſſapulta followed at a diſtance, and the ſlave was left with the tortured and faithful lion.

In a few hours they reached the palace, and Urad being conducted to the ſeraglio, was ordered to be dreſſed, as the vizir intended viſiting her that night.

Urad was thunderſtruck at the news, and now began to fear Houadir had forgotten her, and reſolved, as ſoon as the eunuchs had left her, to drop a ſecond pepper-corn. But poor Urad had forgotten to take her bag from her old garments, which the eunuch who dreſſed her, had carried away.

Urad diſſolved in freſh tears at this piece of careleſſneſs; 'Well,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſurely Houadir will neglect me, if I 'ſo eaſily neglect myſelf.'

She waited that night with fear and trembling, but no vizir appeared.

This eaſed her greatly, and the next day, when the eunuchs came, they informed her, that Muſſapulta had that evening been ſent by the ſultan to quell an inſurrection, and that they did not expect him home under twenty days.

During this time, no pains were ſpared with Urad to teach her the accompliſhments of the country; all which, in ſpite of her unwillingneſs to learn in ſuch a deteſtable place, ſhe nevertheleſs acquired with the utmoſt eaſe and facility.

The inſurrection being quelled, the vizir returned, and not unmindful of

his fair captive, ordered that she might be prepared for his reception in the evening.

Accordingly, Urad was sumptuously adorned with jewels and brocades, and looked more beautifully than the fairest Circassian; and the dignity of her virtue added such a grace to her charms, that even her keepers, the eunuchs, dared not look upon her.

Mussapulta, in the evening, came to the seraglio, where he found his beauteous captive in tears.

'What,' said he, 'cannot a fortnight's pleasure in this palace efface 'the remembrance of your sorrows! 'But be gay and chearful, for know, 'that the Vizir Mussapulta esteems 'you even beyond his wives.'

'The esteem of a robber, the esteem 'of a lawless ranger,' answered Urad, 'charms not the ears of virtue. Heaven, I trust, will not suffer you to 'plunder my body; but no power can 'make me look with pleasure on the 'murderer of my friend, or on the lustful wretch.'

'What,' said Mussapulta sternly, 'do you refuse my proffered love! 'Then will I, having first deflowered 'thee, cast thee forth among my slaves, 'and them shalt thou lie down before; 'thy body I have, and I will make 'such full use of it, as shall sting thy squeamish virtue to the soul; I will 'also have witnesses of my triumph, my 'whole seraglio shall be present, and 'my female slaves shall be ordered to 'laugh at thy cries, as thou liest on 'the bed of my desires; and I too will 'enjoy thy screams, and take a pride 'in the sorrows and throbs of thy departing chastity; nor shalt thou rise 'till many have followed the example 'of their master.

'Here, eunuchs,' continued he, 'bind that stubborn piece of virtue, 'and stretch her on the bed; call all 'my females here, and bid my slaves 'attend. Take off those trappings 'from her, and let us see the whole 'of her virtuous composition.'

The eunuchs advanced to Urad, and began their master's commands, while she, with the most fearful outcries, pierced the air, calling on Alla, on Mahomet, and on Houadir, to relieve her.

The females arriving, Mussapulta gave them their lesson, who going to the beauteous victim, began laughing at her sorrow; and talking to her in the most ungrateful terms.

The slaves also attended, and beheld the lovely Urad now almost exposed in all her uncovered charms to the eyes of the brutal company.

'Why,' said the proud vizir, 'do 'ye delay my wishes? Haste, slaves, 'and lay bare this delicate piece of 'virtue to public view.'

As he said this, an eunuch came running in haste, crying, 'The sultan, 'the Sultan Almurah approaches!'

All was instant confusion, Mussapulta turned pale and trembled; he ordered the eunuch to release and cover the fair Urad, and ere she was well adorned again, the faithful lion entered with the Sultan Almurah.

The lion instantly seized on the Vizir Mussapulta, and tore him limb from limb, in the sight of those very servants whom he called together to behold his cruelty and lust. Yet the generous animal would not defile himself with the carcase, but with great wrath tossed the bloody remains among the females of the seraglio.

Almurah commanded Urad to advance; and at the sight of her, 'O royal beast,' said he to the lion, 'I wonder not that thou wert unable to describe the beauties of this lovely maid, 'since they are almost too dazzling to 'behold.

'O virtuous maid,' continued Almurah, 'whose excellencies I have 'heard from this faithful animal, if 'thou canst deign to accept of the 'heart of Almurah, thy sultan will 'be the happiest of mankind; but I 'swear, by my unalterable will, that 'no power on earth shall force or distress you.'

'O,' sighed Urad, 'royal sultan, you 'honour your poor slave too much; 'yet happy should I be were Houadir 'here!'

As she spoke, the Genius Houadir entered the room; the face of the sage instructor still remained, but a glowing splendour surrounded her, and her walk was majestick and commanding.

Almurah bowed to the ground, Urad made obeisance, and the rest fell prostrate before her.

'My advice,' said Houadir, 'is 'necessary now, O Urad, nor ought 'young virgins to enter into such

'engagements

'engagements without counsel, and 'the approbation of those above them, 'how splendid and lucrative soever 'the union may appear. I who know 'the heart of Almurah, the servant 'of Mahomet, know him to be vir-'tuous; some excesses he has been 'guilty of, but they were chiefly ow-'ing to his villainous Vizir Mussapul-'ta.' Here the lion gave a dreadful roar. 'Against your command, Al-'murah, did he wound this animal, 'which I endued with speech for the 'service of Urad, to teach her that 'strength and nobleness of soul would 'always support the innocent.

'Mussapulta having wounded him, 'commanded his slave to put the royal 'beast to death; but I gave the slave 'bowels of mercy, and he carried him 'home to his cottage, till the wound 'was healed. When the lion, faith-'ful to his trust, came toward you as 'you were hunting, and being endued 'with speech, declared the iniquity of 'Mussapulta. But he is no more.

'Now, Urad, if thy mind incline to 'Almurah, receive his vows; but 'give not thine hand where thy heart 'is estranged, for no splendour can 'compensate the want of affection.'

'If Almurah, my gracious lord,' answered Urad, 'will swear in three 'things to do my desire, his hand-'maid will be happy to serve him.'

'I swear,' answered the fond Almu-rah, 'hadst thou three thousand desires, 'Almurah would satisfy them or die.'

'What strange things,' said Hou-adir, 'has Urad to ask of the Sultan 'Almurah?'

'Whatever they are, gracious Ge-'nius,' said Almurah, 'Urad, the 'lovely Urad, may command me.'

'Then,' said Urad, 'first I require 'that the poor inhabitants of the forest 'be restored to their native lands from 'whence thou hast driven them.'

'By the great Alla, and Mahomet 'the prophet of the just,' answered Almurah, 'the deed was proposed and 'executed by the villain Mussapulta! 'yes, my lovely Urad shall be obeyed.

'But now, Urad,' continued the sultan, 'ere you proceed in your re-'quests, let me make one sacrifice to 'chastity and justice, by vowing in 'the presence of the good Genius Hou-adir, to dismiss my seraglio, and 'take thee only to my arms.'

'So noble a sacrifice,' answered Urad, 'demands my utmost returns; 'wherefore, beneficent sultan, I re-'release thee from any further com-'pliance with my requests.'

'Lovely Urad,' said Almurah, 'permit me then to dive into your 'thoughts: yes, by your kind glances 'on that noble beast, I perceive you 'meditated to ask some bounty for 'your deliverer. He shall, fair vir-'gin, be honoured as Urad's guar-'dian, and the friend of Almurah; 'he shall live in my royal palace with 'slaves to attend him; and that his 'rest may not be inglorious, or his 'life useless, once every year shall 'those who have ravished or deflowered 'the innocent, be delivered up to his 'honest rage.'

The lovely Urad fell at the feet of her sultan, and blessed him for his fa-vours; and the sage Houadir approved of Urad's request and the promises of Almurah. The lion came and licked the feet of his benefactors, and the Genius Houadir, at parting, poured her blessings on the royal pair.

'To guard the soft female heart 'from the delusions of a faithless sex,' said Iracagem, 'is worthy of our race, 'and the sage Houadir has wisely 'blended chastity and prudence in her 'delightful instructions; but female 'delicacy makes an unequal opposi-'tion to brutal cunning, unless the 'protection of the Just One overshadow 'the footsteps of the virtuous maid; 'wherefore, Alla is the first and chief 'supporter of the female sex, who will 'assuredly, when requested, confound 'the vain artifices of man, and exalt 'the prudent counsels of the modest 'fair.

'But, most illustrious,' said the sage Iracagem, to one of the Genii of a su-perior mien, 'let me not any longer 'delay the noble lessons of thy tongue; 'from thee we expect to hear the ad-'ventures of Misnar, the beloved of 'Alla and Mahomet his prophet.'

'Chief of our race,' answered the Genius, 'whose praises rise earliest and 'most frequent in the presence of Al-'la, I am ready to obey thee.'

So saying, the Genius thus began her much instructive tale.

TALE VI.

THE ENCHANTERS; OR, MISNAR THE SULTAN OF INDIA.

AT the death of the mighty Dabulcombar, the lord of the eaſt, Miſnar, the firſt-born of the ſultan, aſcended the throne of India; but though the hand of time had ſcarcely ſpread the fruits of manhood on his cheeks, yet neither the ſplendour of his court, nor the flatteries of the eaſt, could ſteal from the youthful ſultan the knowledge of himſelf.

His firſt royal command was, to aſſemble together the wiſe men throughout his extenſive dominions, from Cabul and Attok, which are the evening boundaries of the ſun, to Kehoa and Thoanoa, the heads of whoſe moſques are tipt with his earlieſt beams.

Then came the Faquir Ciumpſo, from Banſac; and Balihu, the hermit of the faithful, from Queda; the ſage Bouta haſtened from Biſnagar; and Canduſa, the Iman of Lahor, was not inobedient to the royal decree. Sallaſalſor alſo, from Necbal, was there; and Carnakan, a faithful worſhipper from the banks of Ava; the prophet Mangelo, from the hollow rocks of Caxol; and Garab, a ſilver-bearded ſage, from the mountains Coharſi; from Azo came a wiſe interpreter of dreams; and from Narvan, the ſtar-read philoſopher Nezraked. Zeuramaund, the father of the prophets of Naugracut, led his viſionary tribe from their native mountains, and the wiſeſt of their community were deputed to repreſent the bramins of Lactora *.

The Sultan Miſnar ordered the illuſtrious aſſembly to meet in the divan, where, being placed on the throne of his forefathers, he thus opened unto them the deſires of his heart.

'O ye ſources of light, and fountains of knowledge,' ſaid Miſnar, 'more precious are your counſels to me than the mines of Raalconda, or the big emerald from Gani: wiſdom is the true ſupport of honour, and the ſultan is eſtabliſhed by the counſel of his ſages. Say then, ye treaſures of experience, what ſhall Miſnar deviſe, that may ſecure him in the throne of the mighty Dabulcombar?'

The ſages in the divan were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the condeſcenſion of their young ſultan, and one and all fell proſtrate before his throne.

'May wiſdom,' ſaid they, 'guide the footſteps of the illuſtrious Miſnar; may the mind of our ſultan be as the eye of day!'

Then aroſe the prophet Zeuramaund, and ſaid,

'I perceive, O mighty ſultan, the dark clouds of evil are gathering to diſturb the hours of futurity; the ſpirits of the wicked are preparing the ſtorm and the tempeſt againſt thee; but—the volumes of fate are torn from my ſight, and the end of thy troubles are unknown!'

The venerable ſages looked aghaſt as Zeuramaund uttered theſe ominous predictions in the ſpirit of prophecy; for they perceived he ſpake as he was moved; the whole council were diſmayed at his words, and all fell again proſtrate on the earth.

Miſnar alone appeared unconcerned at his fate.

'O, my friends,' ſaid the youthful ſultan, 'the roſe cannot bloſſom without the thorn, nor life be unchequered by the frowns of fate; the clouds of the air muſt lour before the rice ſprings forth, and the mother feel the pangs of child-birth, ere ſhe knows the pleaſure of a parent. Grieve not, my friends, that trials attend me, ſince the ſpirit of prudence and virtue bloſſom faireſt in a rugged ſoil.'

The ſages aroſe as their royal maſter ſpake, and beheld with wonder the youthful countenance of their prudent ſultan.

Silence and amazement for a time prevailed, till one of the ſages, advancing before the reſt, thus counſelled the intrepid prince.

* Note, in the original there is a deſcription of theſe ſages, which contains more than twelve pages; but we thought it too prolix to tranſlate the whole, and have only preſerved theſe few, to give the reader a taſte of this oriental way of writing; for it is moſt probable, that the author (who ſeems to have a very extenſive knowledge of men and manners) added theſe names as a compliment to ſome of the wiſe men of the eaſtern nations, with whom he might have been acquainted.

'O light

'O light of the earth,' said the trembling sage, 'whose virtue and innocence hath not been vexed by frauds and deceit, whose pure mind seeth not the foul devices of man's heart, trust not to the fickle interpositions of chance, where thine own arm can work security, and establish a permanent foundation to thy father's throne. Thou hast a brother, O my sultan, whose veins are filled with royal blood, and whose heart is by descent above controul. Ahubal, therefore, ere the bud of his youth unfolds into the fulness of manhood, should be cut off, as the husbandman destroyeth the deadly lacar * in the field.'

'What,' said the young sultan Misnar, 'what do thy base suspicious fears advise? Is there no way to build up the seat of justice and mercy but in murder and fratricide? Caution, when besmeared in blood, is no longer virtue, or wisdom, but wretched and degenerate cowardice: no, never let him that was born to execute judgment, secure his honours by cruelty and oppression; the righteous Alla planted me not here, to spread a poisonous shade over the offspring of his prophet Mahomet; though fear and submission is a subject's tribute, yet is mercy the attribute of Alla, and the most pleasing endowment of the vicegerents of earth. But as thou, weak man, hast dared to advise the extirpation of one of the race of the mighty Dabulcombar, the vengeance of my injured brother's blood fasten upon thy life.'

The guards of the divan hearing the sentence of the sultan, approached with their drawn sabres toward the decrepit sage, but Misnar arising, cried out—

'Who of my subjects shall dare to violate with blood the sanctity of this refuge for the oppressed; let the divan of justice be sacred: nevertheless, lead that author of malice from my sight, and let his own blood make satisfaction for the cruelty of his desires.'

As he spake thus, the guards attempted to seize the sage; but as they advanced toward him, flames of fire burst from his mouth, and his whole form appeared as the form of a fiery dragon.

The rest of the sages fled from the dreadful monster, but Misnar, with an intrepid countenance stood before his throne, with his drawn sabre, pointing toward the dragon; when through the flames he perceived an hoary magician on the back of the monster.

'Vain, O silly child of Mahomet,' said the enchanter, 'was thy sabre against the power of my art, did not a superior force uphold thee; but tremble at thy doom, twice four of my race are determined against thee, and the throne of Dabulcombar noddeth over thy head; fear hath now preserved thee, and the weakness of thy heart, which the credulous believers of Mahomet will call prudence and moderation; but the fiend of darkness is let loose, and the powers of enchantment shall prevail!'

As the hoary magician spake thus, his fiery dragon with tremendous hissings arose, and cleaving the dome of the divan, disappeared from their sight.

'Thus,' said the illustrious Misnar, 'let the enemies of Mahomet be dismayed! but inform me, O ye sages, under the semblance of which of your brethren, did that foul enchanter gain admittance here?'

'May the lord of my heart,' answered Balihu, the hermit of the faithful from Queda, 'triumph over all his foes. As I travelled on the mountains from Queda, and saw neither the foot-steps of beasts, nor the flights of birds, behold I chanced to pass through a cavern, in whose hollow sides I found this accursed sage, to whom I unfolded the invitation of the Sultan of India, and we joining, journeyed toward the divan; but ere we entered, he said unto me, put thy hand forth, and pull me toward thee into the divan, calling on the name of Mahomet, for the evil spirits are on me and vex me.'

* Lacar is a kind of poisonous weed, found in great plenty in the inland parts of India, but little, if at all known to the Europeans.

THE

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF THE ENCHANTERS; OR, MISNAR, THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

AFTER the hermit Balihu had ſpoken, Mangelo aroſe.

'May the power of the ſultan of 'the eaſt be multiplied!' ſaid he; 'but know, O ſultan, that neither 'evil Genius, nor enchanter, can enter this ſeat of juſtice, unleſs he be 'invited in the name of Mahomet.'

'If it be ſo,' anſwered the Sultan Miſnar, 'then neither can they be 'maſqued againſt the voice of juſtice; 'for thou, O righteous Alla, wilt uphold the tribunal which thou haſt 'founded upon earth, and make the 'viſions of fraud to depart from him 'who ſeeketh truth.

'Therefore,' continued the ſultan, 'leſt this aſſembly be ſtill tainted with 'malice and infidelity, as the poiſonous herb groweth moſt luxuriantly 'beſide the plants of health, I command the evil ſpirits to ſtand confeſſed before me.'

At his word, ſulphureous ſmokes aroſe, and from the thronged aſſembly, ſeven hideous forms broke forth.

Firſt, on a vulture's pinions the fell enchanter Taſnar ſoared aloft, whoſe ſkin was as the parched Indian's when he writhes impaled upon the bloody ſtake.

Next, on the back of an enormous ſcorpion, whoſe tail dropped deadly poiſon, Ahabuck appeared, and with his eyes darted malignant flaſhes on the youthful ſultan.

Him followed Happuck, a ſubtle magician, on the ſhoulders of a tyger, whoſe mane was thagged with ſnakes, and whoſe tail was covered with twining adders.

Hupacuſan alſo, that decrepit hag, who perſonated the righteous Sallaſalſor, from Neebal, now ſtripped of the garments of hypocriſy, filled the eyes of the ſages with terror and amazement. Her lean bones wrapped round with yellow ſkin, appeared like the ſuperſtitious mummies of the weſtern Egypt. She was mounted on a monſter more dreadful and uncouth than the fever-parched wretch beſields, when in reſtleſs ſlumbers he ſinks from woe to woe upon his bed of ſickneſs. It's form was like the deadly ſpider, but in bulk like the elephant of the woods; hairs like cobwebs covered it's long bony legs, and from behind, a bag of venom of a whitiſh hue, ſpurted forth it's malignant influence.

Here followed her malicious ſiſter Ulin, ſquatting on the back of a broad-bellied toad, whoſe mouth opened like the peſtilence that ſwalloweth up the fainting inhabitants of Delly.

Then, with a loud hiſs, ſtarted forth in many a fold a black ſerpent, in length and bulk like the cedars of the foreſt, bearing the powerful inchantreſs Deſera, whoſe wide-extended ears covered an head of iniquity, and whoſe long ſhrivelled dugs weakly panted over an heart of adamant.

Laſt, with majeſtick horror, the giant Kifri ſwelled into his full proportion; and, like a tottering mountain, reared himſelf aloft; the long immeaſurable alligator that bore him, groaned with his load, and opening all his mouths, for every ſcale appeared a mouth, vomited forth ſtreams of grumous blood. In his hand the giant brandiſhed a ſtately pine blaſted with lightning, which ſhaking at the dauntleſs Miſnar—

'Tremble, vile reptile,' ſaid he, in a thundering voice; 'tremble, vile 'reptile, at a giant's wrath! tremble 'at the magick powers of all my bre-'thren; if ſuch a name becomes our 'race, unbound, unfettered by the 'ties of nature: tremble, vile rep-'tile, for thy doom is fixed.'

At theſe words the infernal brood joined their voices with Kifri's, and all at once pronounced in harſh diſcordant ſounds, 'Tremble, vile rep-'tile, for thy doom is fixed!'

The enchanters were then involved in a thick cloud of ſmoke, from which iſſued broad flaſhes of red lightning, which aſcending to the roof of the divan, in a moment diſappeared.

'There is neither wiſdom nor pru-'dence,' ſaid Miſnar, as he proſtrated himſelf on the ground, after the enchantments were at an end, 'but what 'are derived from Alla, and are the 'gift of the prophet of the faithful! 'If thou doſt vouchſafe to direct my 'ſteps, O protector of muſſulmen, the 'fear of evil ſhall not come upon me.'

'Happy,' ſaid Candeia, the iman of Lahor, with his breaſt on the earth, 'happy is the prince whoſe truſt is in 'Alla, and whoſe wiſdom cometh 'from the thirteenth heaven.'

'Happy,'

'Happy,' said all the sages, humbling themselves before the Sultan Misnar, 'happy is our sultan, the favourite of Alla!'

'That,' replied Misnar, 'O sages, is too much even for the sultan of the east to hear. But may the all-righteous Alla approve of my thoughts and actions! so shall the infernal powers destroy the wretches that employ them, and the dark poisoned arrow recoil upon him that blew it forth *. But, O sages, though your numbers are reduced, your integrity is more tried and approved: therefore let Misnar, your sultan, partake of the sweetness of your counsels, and learn from aged experience, the wisdom of the sons of earth. Say then, what doth the peace and sincerity of my throne require from me concerning my brother Ahubal, the issue of the mighty Dabulcombar?'

'Far be it from me,' said the sage Carnakan, 'to presume to utter my words as oracles before the prince; but may not the security of the east require, that the prince, thy brother, be not enlarged as my sultan is, to do whatsoever seemeth good in his heart: should not the younger be as servant to the first-born of his father, and are not all the princes the vassals of the sultan of the east. Let, therefore, the prince Ahubal enjoy the pleasures of life, but let him be removed from giving pain and uneasiness to my royal Sultan Misnar. At the resources of the springs of Ava, on the craggy rocks of Aboulfakem, is a royal castle built by the sage Ilfakircki, to which there is no passage but through a narrow vale, which may be ever guarded by the slaves of Misnar. Hither let the prince be sent, and let him live there, and enjoy life, without having any power to molest the glories of thy reign.'

The counsel of Carnakan seemed agreeable unto the sultan and his sages, and Misnar gave immediate orders, that the mutes of his seraglio should attend the prince to the royal castle at Aboulfakem; and then dismissing for the present the assembled sages, he commanded them every week to attend the divan.

In a few days the mutes and guards who were sent with the prince Ahubal, and being admitted into the presence of their sultan, they fell on their faces, and cried out,

'O let not the displeasure of the sultan fall upon his slaves; thy slaves, in obedience to thy royal word, journeyed toward the castle of Aboulfakem, and as they passed along through the deserts, a party of five thousand horse appeared, who setting upon us, ordered us either to deliver up the prince Ahubal, or defend him with our lives.

'Thy slaves would willingly have chosen the latter fate. Yet, alas! what were four hundred guards and twenty mutes to the army that opposed us. But our consultation was vain; for while we debated how to defend ourselves, the prince drew his sabre, and killing three of our number, cut his way through the guards to his friends.

'The horsemen then would have set upon us, and hewed us in pieces; but their chief forbade them, saying, "No, let them live, and be the messengers of the prince's escape.—Go," continued he, "dastard slaves, and "let your sultan know, that Ahubal "has friends who will shortly punish "him for his designs on the prince."

At these words of his guards, Misnar gave a deep sigh, and said—

'Human prudence alone is far too weak to fight against the wiles of the deceitful; but Alla is more powerful than man! I will, therefore, send for the prophets, and enquire of them, where I may seek for the assistance of Mahomet.'

The sultan then commanded Zeuramaund and his tribe, and Mangelo, the prophet, from the hollow rocks of Caxol, to be brought before him; and when they were come into his presence, he demanded of them, where he might seek for the assistance of Mahomet and the countenance of Alla.

Then answered Zeuramaund, the sultan, in these words:

'In the tomb of the prophet of Mecca is the signet of Mahomet,

* *Blew it forth.* This may need explanation. In many parts of Asia, the inhabitants use small poisoned arrows, which they blow from an hollow cane upon their adversaries.

'which

'which no human power may remove; 'but if the prophet will hear the prayer 'of the sultan, it may easily be taken 'from thence.'

'Yes,' replied Mangelo, the prophet, 'from the hollow rocks of Caxol, 'the seal of Mahomet will indeed preserve the prince from enchantment; 'but it is also necessary that he put 'on the girdle of Opakka, which is 'worn by the Giant Kifri, the sworn 'enemy of the eastern throne. For 'although the signet of Mahomet will 'preserve the sultan from evil, yet will 'the girdle of Opakka only save him 'from deceit.'

The Sultan Misnar was moved at the discourse of his prophets, and spent the night in thought and perplexity. He had little hope that the signet of Mahomet, which had for ages remained immoveable, should yield to him; or that with all his numerous armies, he should be able to force the girdle of Opakka from the loins of an enchanter, who could in a moment overwhelm his troops by the power of his art. However, he determined the next morning to go with his court a public pilgrimage to Mecca, and to offer up the most solemn petitions to the prophet of his faith.

Early in the morning the sultan arose from his seraglio, and commanded his courtiers to prepare the procession, as he intended immediately to make a public pilgrimage to Mecca.

But as Misnar was making known his intentions, a messenger arrived in haste at the entrance of the seraglio, who brought advice, that one of the southern kingdoms had revolted, and was led on by a sage heroine, who declared her intentions of placing Ahubal, the brother of the sultan, on the throne of India.

Misnar was conscious that this revolt was brought about through the contrivances of the enchanters, and therefore despaired of conquering them by means of his armies; but lest the other kingdoms, seeing no troops were sent to repel the rebels, should also join the adverse party, the sultan commanded the rough musick of war to sound; and sending for his grand Vizir Horam in private, he ordered him to lead out the armies of Delly against the rebels, and to dispatch daily messengers to the capital to bring advice of his success.

The Vizir Horam received the sultan's commission with reverence, and said—

'Let not my sultan be angry at his 'slave. If my lord should require ten 'thousand messengers, his slave Horam 'would dispatch them. But if my 'lord will accept of this tablet, he 'shall know in a moment the success 'of his servant, though numberless 'leagues were between us.'

'What,' said Misnar, taking the tablet from his vizir, 'by what means 'is this tablet endued with these rare 'virtues?'

'My lord,' answered Horam, 'when 'my father, through the malice of his 'enemies, was banished from the presence of the mighty Dabulcombar, '(whom the Houri's of Paradise do 'serve) he called me to him, and said, "O Horam, the evil-minded have "prevailed, and thy father is fallen "a sacrifice to the enemies of truth: "no more, my son, shall I behold "the children of my strength, nor the "splendour of my sultan's court; "whither I go, I know not! but do "you, my son, take this tablet, and "whatever befalleth thy parent, shall "at times be made known to you in "the leaves of this book; and to "whomsoever thou givest it, that "friend shall, after my death, read "therein whatever Horam my son "shall wish to make known unto "him."

'Faithful Horam,' answered the sultan, 'thy present is of such exqui'site value, that thy prince shall, in 'confidence, honour thee with the 'first place in his esteem. Know 'then, my faithful vizir, that the 'powers of enchantment are let loose 'against my throne, and the prophets 'have said, "Thou shalt not prevail "but with the signet of Mahomet, "and the girdle of Opakka;" therefore it is expedient that I first go to 'Mecca to obtain by prayer this valuable gift of the prophet: my pur'pose but this morning was to go sur'rounded by the nobles of my court; 'but while rebellion stalketh abroad, 'pageants are idle, and the parade of 'a sultan's pilgrimage will give my 'enemies time to increase in their 'numbers and strength. No, Horam, 'I myself will in secret approach the 'tomb of my prophet, for Alla re-

'quireth

'quireth the ſervice of the heart, and 'ſearcheth out the purity of his ſer-'vants intentions; ſhall go with greater 'humility as a peaſant than as a prince. 'In the mean time, my royal tent ſhall 'be pitched, and Horam only ſhall be 'ſuffered to approach it. So ſhall my 'ſlaves imagine their ſultan goeth forth 'w th them to the field, and the hearts 'of my ſubjects ſhall be ſtrengthened.'

'Be the deſires of the ſultan ful-'filled,' ſaid Horam, with reverence: 'but will not my lord take with him 'a guard in his pilgrimage; for the 'dangers of the journey are great over 'the mountains and deſarts, and the 'voyage by the ſeas is perilous?'

'No,' anſwered the ſultan, 'thoſe 'who are my ſlaves here, may at a 'diſtance become my maſters, and ſell 'me to my foes: where the truſt is 'great, great is the danger alſo. Shall 'I ſet guards over my perſon in the 'heart of my kingdom, amidſt my 'faithful ſubjects, and truſt my life in 'a ſlave's hand, where I am neither 'known nor reſpected? When the di-'amond lieth concealed in the mine, 'it is free and unmoleſted, but when 'it ſhineth abroad on the earth all co-'vet it's poſſeſſion.'

The Vizir Horam was ſtruck with the prudence of his youthful ſultan, and bowed in aſſent to the words of his lord.

In a few days the armies of India aſſembled; the royal tent was pitched, and the vizir was declared the leader of his ſultan's forces. Miſnar entered his tent in great ſtate, and Horam alone followed the ſultan into the retirements of the moveable pavilion.

The vizir had, according to the ſultan's inſtructions, prepared a diſ-guiſe for his maſter; and at midnight led him, like a peaſant, through the encampment into a wood; where fall-ing at his feet, he beſought him to conſider well the dangers he was about to encounter.

'Horam,' anſwered the ſultan, 'I 'well know the goodneſs of thy heart, 'and that thy fears are the daughters 'of thy love. Senſible am I that the 'dangers of my pilgrimage are great, 'but what reſource have I left? More 'than man is riſen up againſt me, and 'more than man muſt aſſiſt me, or I 'periſh. To whom then can I fly, 'but to the prophet of the faithful? 'For I am well aſſured that no en-'chantment ſhall prevail againſt me, 'while I journey toward Mecca; for 'ſuch is the faith of all true believers, 'though they may oppreſs and fatigue 'me, yet in the end ſhall I triumph. 'Beſide, Horam, there is no other 'reſource.'

'True, my ſultan,' anſwered the vizir, 'without Alla, vain is the coun-'ſel of man; but is not Alla every 'where preſent to aid and defend the 'ſons of the faithful?'

'Though Alla be all-powerful,' an-ſwered Miſnar, 'yet is not the ſlave of 'his hand to direct the lord of all 'things. If we would gain the help 'and aſſiſtance of Alla, we muſt obey 'his commands; and well are we aſ-'ſured in the law of our prophet, that 'at Mecca ſhall the prayer of the 'faithful be heard. Wherefore, O 'Horam, no longer my ſlave, but my 'friend, lead forth my armies with 'confidence and truſt, and doubt not 'but that he, who daily refreſheth the 'ſun with light, will ſhortly reſtore 'Miſnar to the throne of his forefa-'thers.'

As he ſpake thus, the ſultan broke from his Vizir Horam, who was fallen upon his maſter's feet, and weeping at his fixed reſolves, and penetrated into the gloomy receſſes of the foreſt.

All was ſilence and darkneſs, ſave where through broken fragments of fleeting clouds, the fulfaneſs of night ſometimes threw a feeble light on the horrors of the foreſt.

'This gloomy receſs,' ſaid Miſnar, 'as he paſſed on, which hides me from 'the world, makes me better known 'to myſelf. In the court of my fore-'fathers, I am called the light of the 'world, the glory of the eaſt, and the 'eye of day; but in the wild foreſts of 'Tarapajan, I am a poor helpleſs rep-'tile, on whom the cedars drop un-'wholeſome dews, and whoſe ſteps are 'hidden from the light of the moon 'by the branches of the palm. What 'then is the pride of man, but deceit! 'and the glories of the earth, but the 'ſhadows of illuſion! ſurely more had 'I to fear from enchantment on the 'throne of Dabulcombar, than in the 'boſom of this foreſt. Here the wild 'beaſts will not flatter me, nor will the 'lordly lion acknowledge me the ſul-'tan of his wild domains.

'On what prop then must that weak 'tendril, man, entwine himself; on 'what rock must the son of earth build 'his security! Thanks be to the faith 'delivered unto me from Mahomet, 'the holy prophet of Arabia. In Alla 'shall be my trust, who ruleth over all 'the children of his hand, and is lord 'over the haunts of beasts, as well as 'the dwellings of mankind.'

With such thoughts, Misnar passed along for many days, till one night at a distance he perceived the skies looked red with light, and various fires; and by the noise, which increased in his ears, found that some Indians were carousing in the woods before him.

The disguised sultan endeavoured to avoid them, striking into a path which led round their fires; but some of the Indians observing him by the light of their fires, called to their brother peasant, and desired him to partake of their mirth.

Misnar thought it would be in vain to refuse their request, as they all seemed disposed to insist on their demands, and therefore hastened to the scene of their festivity.

Here he found ten or twelve fires, with a mixed number of males and females, some sitting and some dancing around them; the uncouth rustick musick enlivened their dance, and the mask of care was not on their faces.

Misnar enquired the cause of their mirth.

'What!' said an ancient female, 'though you are a stranger in Tarapajan, and know not that the feast of 'Tigris is celebrated by these nightly 'fires, yet must you now learn, that 'no stranger comes but to partake of 'our joy, nor departs till the fires are 'extinct.'

'And how long,' said Misnar, 'doth 'this feast last?'

'This,' answered the old woman, 'is the third night, and these fires must 'blaze yet eleven nights and days more, 'during which time the ax is not seen 'in the hand of the forester, nor doth 'the bow twang in the woods of Tarapajan; neither may he which seeth 'these rites, depart till they be fulfilled.'

Misnar was thunderstruck at this relation; and ere he could answer, the crowd gathered around him.

'Come,' said he that appeared to be chief, 'let us initiate this stranger in 'our rites; bring hither the skin of the 'tyger, and the paw of the lion, and 'the lance, and the bow that twangs 'not in the woods of Tarapajan during 'these nightly festivals.'

Then did one bring the skin of a tyger, and threw it over the shoulders of Misnar; and another came with the paw of a lion, and hung it before him; and a third brought a lance, and put it in Misnar's right-hand; and a fourth slung a bow on his breast. Then did all the crowd make a loud howling, and danced around the astonished sultan.

'Now,' said the chief, when the dance was finished, 'sound the hollow 'instruments of brass, which give notice to the moon and to the stars, that 'this stranger is about to swear not to 'reveal our rites. Lay thine hand on 'thy head,' said the chief to the disguised sultan, 'and put thy finger on 'thy mouth, and say—

'As the starless night is dark, as the 'cave of death is dark, so shall my 'thoughts and words continue in darkness concerning the festival of tygers.'

'And wherefore,' said Misnar, 'is 'this silence imposed? and what shall befal him that sweareth not unto you? 'Is not the mind of man free; and 'who shall offend him who seeketh 'not to offend others?'

'Whosoever,' answered the chief, 'travelleth, should become obedient to 'the customs of those people among 'whom he sojourneth.'

'Right,' continued Misnar, 'and 'I am willing upon two conditions to 'fulfil your will: first, you shall all 'swear, that I be at liberty to pursue 'my journey on the eleventh day; and 'next, that I shall not be bound to 'perform aught contrary to the law of 'Mahomet.'

'Stranger,' replied the chief, 'when 'we are at liberty to depart, thou shalt 'depart likewise; but during this festival, which is held in honour of our 'noble ancestor, who remained fourteen days in this forest, till he had 'subdued a ravenous race of tygers, 'no man that is entered here, may stir 'from hence till the fires be extinguished; for by fire did our ancestor 'drive away and destroy the tygers and 'beasts of the forests, and by fire do 'we commemorate his mighty deeds.

'Neither,' continued the chief, 'may 'we

'we reveal these rites to any one but 'those who by accident espy them; for 'such as are present with us, we are 'bound to receive into our society; 'wherefore we compel those who come 'among us, to keep in silence the know-'ledge of our rites.'

'If such is your custom,' answered Misnar, 'I shall willingly comply; and 'swear to you, that as the starless night 'is dark, as the cave of death is dark, 'so shall my thoughts and words con-'tinue in darkness concerning the fes-'tival of tygers.'

As he uttered these words, the whole assembly again danced around him, till the hollow brazen instruments were ordered to sound, and all the inhabitants of the forest were commanded to receive the disguised sultan as their brother.

Then the men one by one passed by Misnar, each as he passed laying the hand of the sultan on his breast. After they were passed by, came the females also, and embraced their new-made brother. These Misnar suffered to pass on without much reflection, till among the youngest, who last approached, he beheld a beauteous virgin with downcast looks drawing near him, who seemed ashamed of that freedom the custom of the place obliged her to use.

At sight of this amiable figure, Misnar at once forgot his purpose and his crown, and was impatient till the ceremony brought her into his arms, where he would willingly have held her for ever. The rest of the females perceived his emotion; and the chief of the festival approaching, asked Noradin, the beauteous fair-one, 'Whe-'ther she would at length fix her 'choice—for in this place,' continued the chief, addressing himself to Misnar, 'every sex hath freedom, and 'none are compelled to take the hand 'they do not love: Noradin hath for 'these three days been courted by all 'our tribe, but the coy maid hath re-'fused every advance; if she refuse 'not you, our joy will be the more 'compleat, as then none of our com-'pany will be without his mate.'

Misnar forgetting the great designs of his heart, waited for the fair-one's answer, and felt more fear at her silence, than at the dreadful enchantments of his monstrous enemies.

At length with blushes, and half-smothered words, Noradin answered, 'May the joy of my comrades be com-'pleat!'

Misnar, in rapture's at the fair Noradin's preference, took her by the hand and led up the dance, while the hollow instruments of brass a third time sounded, to proclaim the choice of Noradin, the beauteous fair-one.

At the appearance of day, each repaired to the cottages around, and Misnar and Noradin were led by the chief to a spot, where shortly the whole assembly built them a cottage of bamboo and the leaves of the plantain.

As soon as they were retired, Noradin taking Misnar in her hand, asked him, whether she deserved his constant love, for the choice she had made.

Misnar, somewhat startled at her question, asked what were the customs of her tribe.

'For ten days,' answered the amiable Noradin, 'I shall be with thee, 'and on the eleventh, if our choice 'be fixed, the chief will lead us to 'him, who readeth the Koran, that 'our vows may be pledged in his pre-'sence; during this interval, my fa-'ther's friends will attend us, that in 'case you refuse me, I may return a 'virgin to their arms; nay, even now 'are they building their huts around 'us.'

Misnar was much chagrined at these words, as in his heart he expected the full enjoyment of his beautiful mistress, and his mind now turned upon the great business, he had to perform; 'But,' said he to himself, to what pur-'pose is it to think of my kingdom 'or my pilgrimage, since I am here 'detained and watched by a set of sa-'vage foresters, who acknowledge no 'law but their own will: it is the 'part of prudence, then, to bear with 'patience and ease the misfortunes of 'life. I will indulge myself with this 'amiable female, till the days of my 'confinement are at an end.' Then turning to the fair Noradin, the sultan said, 'O thou joy of life, I will 'wait with patience; nevertheless, I 'would that the hours of anxiety were 'shorter, and that the dawn of my 'happiness would this moment arise.'

'Say, then,' answered Noradin, 'thou on whom my thoughts hang,

'shall the compliance of thy beloved, 'fix my lovely wanderer for ever in 'these arms?'

Misnar was confounded at the request of his fair companion, and his heart recoiled at her words.

'What,' said the sultan to himself, 'shall I, for the casual gratifications 'of my passion, give up the glories of 'my father's kingdom and the vice-'regency of Mahomet! Or shall I 'basely betray that love which is pro-'fered me, and for a few days plea-'sure, imbitter fair Noradin's future 'cup of life! No,' said he aloud, turning to his amiable mistress, 'never let the man of integrity deceive 'the soft heart that means him hap-'piness. Forgive me, all-beauteous 'Noradin! but the volumes of my 'fate are open, and the prophet of the 'faithful will not permit me to in-'dulge here the secret affections of my 'mind; though the soul of thy slave 'will be torn and divided, yet must 'he depart with the expiring fires of 'your festival.'

'Base, cold and senseless wretch,' said the false Noradin, (as the beauteous vision vanished from the eyes of the sultan, and he beheld the Inchantress Ulin before him) 'call not 'thy frozen purpose virtue, but the 'green fruits of unripened manhood; 'beauty is ever superior to prudence, 'and the extasies of love are triumphant over the powers of reason; but 'thou art susceptible of neither love 'nor beauty, and therefore not thy 'prudence but my folly hath saved 'thee, who threw a tasteless bait in 'the paths of thy pilgrimage. How-'ever, what nature would permit, I 'have obtained; and though thou art 'escaped, puny animal as thou art, 'from the power of my enchantments, 'yet shall the southern kingdoms of 'India feel my scourge. Proceed 'then, superstitious reptile, on thy 'tame pilgrimage to Mecca, while 'Horam feels the vengeance of my 'arm in the sultry deserts of Ahajah.'

As she spake thus she stretched out her wand, and the fires and the foresters, and the Inchantress Ulin, disappeared from the sight of the astonished sultan.

The sultan immediately prostrated himself on the ground, and gave glory to Mahomet for his wonderful escape; and pursuing his journey, continued his course for two moons through the wide extended forest of Tarapajan.

During this time, he daily examined the tablets which the Vizir Horam had given him, but was very uneasy at finding the leaves always fair.

'Alas,' said he to himself, 'I have 'trusted to a base man, who perhaps 'has taken this advantage of my cre-'dulity, and intends to set the crown 'of India on my brother's head! there 'needed not the powers of enchant-'ment to overthrow me, since I have 'betrayed at once my folly and my 'cause.'

Misnar, therefore, resolved to travel back to Delly, and learn the cause of Horam's silence; but, however, as he neglected not to look on the tablets every day, he at length, as he was examining them under a palm-tree, found the following inscription therein.

HORAM, THE FAITHFUL SLAVE OF THE SULTAN OF THE EAST, TO MISNAR, THE LORD OF HIS HEART.

'SOME time after I left my royal 'sultan in the forest, while my 'heart was sad within my breast, and 'my eye-lids were heavy with the tears 'of separation, came an hasty mes-'senger from the outskirts of the rebel 'army, and declared their approach, 'and that the southern provinces had 'revolted, and were added to the op-'posers of the sultan of the earth. 'When thy slave was certain of this 'intelligence from the mouths of ma-'ny, who hastened to the camp with 'these bad tidings, I commanded the 'armies of India to be increased, and 'a more exact discipline to be observed 'in my master's camp; and perceiving 'that the enemy hastened to meet my 'sultan's forces; I shortened the march 'of my slaves, that the fatigues of 'the deserts might not prevail more 'against them, than the fate and the 'sword of their enemies. Moreover, 'I led thy troops through the most 'cultivated countries, that the neces-'saries of life might be procured for 'the multitudes that followed thy 'tent with the greater ease. But, 'alas! the presence of my lord is not 'with his people, and the army mur-

'mur

'mur that they are led by a sultan, who 'cheers not their labours by the light 'of his person, so that the hearts of 'thy people are withdrawn from Ho-'ram thy slave, and the captains of 'thousands demand admittance to thy 'tent, and accuse thy vizir with evil de-'vices against thee, my lord, the sultan.'

As the sultan read this intelligence in the tablet of Horam, his heart fail-ed within him, and the sight of his eyes was as a mist before him.

'O Misnar, Misnar!' said he, 'fall-'ing to the ground, the fiend of 'darkness is let loose upon thee! and 'the powers of enchantment shall pre-'vail!'

'Yes,' said Ulin the inchantress, who immediately appeared, 'the pow-'ers of enchantment shall prevail! 'Misnar, the faithful servant of Ma-'homet, hath at length yielded to my 'power, and Alla hath given to my 'vengeance the wretch that doubts 'his protection. Crawl, therefore,' continued she, 'vile reptile, on the 'earth, and become a toad, that suck-'eth the poisonous vapour, and that 'draweth from the sun-beam a veno-'mous fire.'

At the powerful voice of her en-chantment, the sultan shrunk from his native figure, and became a reptile on the earth. He opened his pestiferous jaws, and the black venom fell from his tongue, and he trailed his broad, yellow, speckled-belly, in the dust.

His change of form did not take from Misnar his memory or recollection; he was sensible of his disgrace, and of the justness of his sentence; and though he could not fly from himself, yet he hastened into the thicket, that he might hide his filthy corse from the light of Heaven.

But the hungry calls of nature soon drove him from his recess, to seek his proper food in the desart. He crawled forth, and found himself led on by a scent that pleased him; his spirits seemed enlivened by the sweet odour, and his cold feeble limbs were endued with a brisker motion.

'Surely,' said he, in his heart, 'the bounteous Alla hath not left the 'meanest of his creatures without com-'fort and joy. The smell is as the 'smell of roses, and life and vigour 'are in these attractive paths.'

With these thoughts he crawled for-ward into the thickest covert; and though his body was drawn with a se-cret impulse, yet his mind was filled with horror, when he came in sight of a mangled and corrupted body, which lay hid among the bushes.

One of his own deformed kind sat squatting beside it; and, like himself, seemed to desire, and yet detest the loath-some feast.

Misnar, at the sight of one of his hideous kind, was filled with scorn and rage; and forgetting his present trans-formation, was about to drive him from the mangled body: when the rep-tile opening his mouth, addressed him in the language of Delly.

'Whether thou art really what thy 'form bespeaks thee,' said the reptile, 'or, like me, the victim of enchant-'ment, answer?'

The sultan, surprized at this ad-dress, and perceiving that misery was not his portion alone, desired to know by what means his fellow creatures suffered such a wretched change.

'Since I perceive by your speech,' said the reptile, 'that one event has 'happened to us both, I shall not be 'averse to declare to you the cause of 'my transformation; but I shall ex-'pect that my confidence will not 'be misplaced, and that after I have 'made you acquainted with my his-'tory, you will not refuse to reveal 'your own.'

'A similitude in our fates,' replied Misnar, 'has already made us bre-'thren; and I should be unreasonable 'to ask a favour I meant not to return.'

'Well, then,' said he, 'we will de-'part from this wretched sight, into a 'different thicket, where we may un-'molested bewail our uncommon fates; 'for although the Inchantress Ulin, to 'disgrace our former natures, and to 'make us the more sensible of our pre-'sent deformity, obliges us, by a mi-'serable attraction, to meet daily be-'fore this horrid spectacle, yet our 'food is of the fruits of the earth; for 'the wicked enchantress has not the 'power to make us, even in this de-'formed habit, do that which is con-'trary to our human nature.'

As he was speaking, came another toad to the corse.

'Here,' continued the first, 'is an-'other of our brethren, and another

'will

'will soon be here; we were three before you came among us.—Where, O princess, is the last victim of Ulin's rage?' said he to the second.

'He was basking,' answered the second, 'in the sand, but I aroused him, and he is now on his way.'

In a few minutes the third arrived, and as soon as he beheld the mangled body, the attraction ceased; when the first leading the way, they departed into another thicket.

'Here,' said the first, 'O stranger, we may rest securely, and the serpent cannot annoy us, for we are seated under the shade of the fragrant cinnamon.'

'We are obliged to you for your care of us,' said Misnar, 'but I am eager to hear the cause of your transformation.'

TALE VII.

THE HISTORY OF MAHOUD.

'I Am,' replied the toad, 'the son of a jeweller in Delly, and my name is Mahoud; my father, after a life of industry and parsimony, finding himself declining, sent for me, and on his death-bed said, "O Mahoud, my days have been the days of care, but success hath attended them; I have toiled, that thou mayest reap; sown, that thou mayest gather; and laboured, that my son may enjoy the fruits of my industry. My peace and comfort hath been sacrificed to thine, and now do I die, assured that my beloved Mahoud will not be pinched by poverty, or oppressed by penury and want. Happy are those prudent parents, who, like me, can smile at death, and leave their offspring independent of the world!"

'Thus said my aged father, and expired, and my tears accompanied his departing spirit; but these soon gave place to that ardent curiosity, which drove me to explore those riches he had left me.

'I opened box after box with a silent rapture, and was pleased to find wealth sufficient to satisfy even the appetite of youth: many diamonds appeared among my father's wealth, which never could have passed the royal sieve*, and many others of infinite value, besides large quantities of gold and silver; so that to my youthful judgment, there appeared no end to my riches.

'It was not wonderful, that being so suddenly put in possession of these riches, I should seek every pleasure and diversion which wealth could purchase. All who were the companions of my childhood, all who would court an unexperienced heart, were admitted to my table, and the strict laws of Mahomet were less regarded at my house, than the rich wines which sparkled at my feasts. Nor were the charms of the fair forgot; we endeavoured to procure Houri's, if not as pure, at least as beautiful as those of Mahomet; and while our goblets were filled with wine, we envied not the deceased their rivers of milk.

'Thus passed I my life, among those who jest with religion, and make their mock at the rules of prudence and sobriety. But the time soon came, when my hours of revelry were to be changed for those of sorrow, and when I was first to learn, that a father's prudence will not secure a wicked son from the shafts and arrows of bitterness and grief.

'My possessions, though ample, were nearly exhausted by ignorance and extortion; my jewels were gone; unacquainted with their value, I had rather flung them away than sold them; my silver and gold was become the property of my friends; who, when I applied to them in return, were much more assiduous, if possible, in preserving it from me, than I had been in squandering it on them; so that in a few days, even the merchants, who had been such gainers by me, came now to demand some little trifling sums that I had borrowed of them; and being unable to pay them, they seized my furniture, and stripped me of my clothes, to satisfy their cruel demands.

'In this situation, I was turned out of my own doors, by those whom I

* The monarch is said, by way of duty, all jewels which are found in the mines too large to pass through a sieve of a particular size.

had

'had received a thousand times in my 'arms, and spurned at, like a dog, 'by those whom I had presled to my 'bosom.

'Stung by reflections on my former 'follies, and ignorant where to fly for 'shelter, I covered myself with some 'few rags that had been cast to me, 'and sat down before the house of a 'rich young man, who, like myself, 'seemed to be squandering his wealth 'on the scum of the earth.

'Bennaskar, for that was his name, 'soon came forth, with his minstrels 'and singers at his heels, and seeing 'a miserable figure before his doors, 'he asked what I wanted.

'I told him, that once, like himself, 'I gave life to the dance, and mirth 'to my friends; but that want of cau-'tion had been the cause of my ruin, 'and too much confidence on those 'who least deserved my favour.

'Several of his friends hearing this, 'would have driven me from his pre-'sence, saying it was unfit such a 'wretch should even enjoy the bles-'sings of the air. But Bennaskar 'would not suffer it, and asked me 'whether the insincerity of my friends, 'had learned me to be sincere to others.

'I answered him, that I had ever 'been sincere, even to those who were 'undeserving, and that I had rather 'die than betray my friend.

"If what you say is true," said 'Bennaskar, "I will try you: go in, "and my servants shall clothe you, and "you shall live with me; I only ask "in return, that you never disclose to "any one what you hear or see tran-"sacted in my house."

"Sir," answered I, "your offer is "gracious, and bespeaks your gene-"rous intentions: but I do not chuse "to live on another's bounty, without "I can make myself useful."

"That," answered Bennaskar, "you "may do, if I find I can trust you. I "have long been in search of one I "could trust. I want such an one, "but cannot find him."

'The friends of Bennaskar then sur-'rounded their lord, and each con-'fusedly offered their services to him.

"No," said the young man, "though "I appear unthoughtful in your eyes, "O servile race of flatterers! yet know, "to all your confusions, that I have "tried you all, and find you trifling "and insincere: this man alone re-"fuses my proffered love, unless he "can return it; and this man alone "is worthy of my esteem."

'The friends of Bennaskar were 'thunderstruck at his words, and re-'newed their protestations; but he 'commanded his servants to drive 'them from his house, and taking 'me by the hand, he led me into an 'inner, but sumptuous apartment.

'As soon as we arrived there, I pro-'strated myself at his feet, and said, "Let not my lord be angry with his "servant! but thou hast not told me "what service thou wilt expect from "me."

"All that I require," answered 'Bennaskar, "is, that you disclose "not to any one what you hear or see "transacted in my house."

"My lord," answered I, "of what "service can I be to you by such a "compliance? If I am silent, thy slaves "may speak, and I shall be blamed "for their insincerity. I pray thee "let me return to my rags, and set "me not in a place where thy vassals "will be tempted to ruin me in thy "favour."

"Your answer," said Bennaskar, "is the answer of a prudent man: but "fear not; I cannot do without you, "and I hope you will not refuse my "proffered love. What you will see, "none will see besides you, therefore "none but yourself can be unfaithful "to me.

'On this assurance, I accepted the 'bounteous offer of Bennaskar, and the 'slaves led me to the bath, and I wash-'ed, and was perfumed and arrayed 'in a vestment of my lord's.

'Bennaskar was impatient to see me; 'and as I was led into his presence, 'the young man hastened to meet me, 'and folding me in his arms, he said, "May I at length meet a friend I "can trust!" And I answered, "May Mahoud be the friend of thy "bosom!"

'Bennaskar then led me into ano-'ther apartment, and meats were set 'before us, and he ordered the fe-'males that dance, to come and en-'tertain us.

"Women," said Bennaskar, as we 'were eating, "are the sweetners of "life:"—"Rather," answered I, "they are the curses of life. But for "these,

" theſe, Mahoud had ſtill ſlept ſecure, " and the will of his father had proſ- " pered."

" What," anſwered Bennaſkar, " is " my friend able to withſtand the " charms of beauty, and the lovely " invitations of the charmer! then," continued he, " thou mayeſt indeed " become my friend, for he who can " conquer love, is maſter of the earth."

" Not ſo," anſwered I: " I do not " ſay I have conquered; far otherwiſe, " I have been conquered; and the " wounded dread and loath the ſpear " and the ſword."

" But," ſaid Bennaſkar, " theſe are " common forms; to ſlight theſe is " eaſy, but I will lead thee where thou " muſt be ſubdued."

" Lead me not," anſwered I, " O " Bennaſkar, I ſhall receive no plea- " ſure, though thou ſet before me the " ſultanas of Delly, and the female " thou loveſt may be diſguſted at my " indifference."

" Reſt ſatisfied," ſaid Bennaſkar, with a ſmile, " I meant but to try " thee; theſe dancers ſuffice me, I co- " vet, not the trouble nor the parade of " more coſtly females. But I ſee thou " art moved, let us walk into the " orange grove, and enjoy the breeze."

' Thus, for ſome time, I ſpent my ' hours with the agreeable Bennaſkar; ' every day we varied our enjoyments, ' and were mutually ſatisfied with each ' other.

' I had now been with my friend ' eighteen days, and no interruption ' was given to our friendſhip; when, ' on the nineteenth morning, Bennaſkar ' appeared with a clouded viſage.

" What," ſaid I, " my lord, is the " cauſe of your grief? Shall not Ma- " houd ſhare alike with you the ſmiles " and the frowns of Alla?"

" Is it not," ſaid Bennaſkar, " O " Mahoud, the full of the moon?"

" It is," replied I, with a ſmile; " but doth Bennaſkar intend to change " with that fluctuating planet?"

" O Mahoud, ſaid Bennaſkar, " the " fate of thy friend is dependant on " the caprice of the ſtars, to-night muſt " I put thy utmoſt friendſhip to the " trial! if Mahoud prove inſincere, " then is Bennaſkar curſed among " men. If thy heart is not firm now, " while there is time depart. But " why ſhould I doubt thee, ſurely Ma- " houd is of the ſons of the faithful. " What muſt I ſay! leave me Ma- " houd, leave me: nay, if thou de- " parteſt where ſhall I find thy fellow! " and the preſence of a friend is ne- " ceſſary to my quiet."

' Then anſwered I, " Fear not, Ben- " naſkar, Mahoud may be unhappy, " but he cannot be unjuſt. But what " is this dreadful trial, that obliges " Bennaſkar to ſuſpect his friend?"

" True," ſaid Bennaſkar, " Ma- " houd is undeſerving of ſuſpicion; " let us wait till the ſun ſink from " the ſkies, and the ſtars return with " their glimmering light."

' Bennaſkar then proceeded to the ' bath, and arrayed himſelf in a coſt- ' ly robe, and deſired me to do the ' ſame.

' I obeyed my friend, and we met ' in the ſaloon together.

" Alas," ſaid Bennaſkar, as we met, " how can I requeſt my friend " to wear the image of deformity?"

" What image of deformity," ſaid I, " muſt Mahoud wear? All ap- " pearances are to Mahoud alike, and " the ſeverer the trial, the more ſhall " I commend thy friendſhip."

" Then," ſaid Bennaſkar, pulling out a pot of black ointment, " thou " muſt ſuffer me to diſguiſe thy face " with this ointment, Mahoud to- " night muſt perſonate a black ſlave."

" Is ſuch a trifle," ſaid I, ' the teſt " of friendſhip! give me the oint- " ment, and furniſh me with the habit " of a ſlave."

" The habit, anſwered Bennaſkar, " is ready, and all is ready; but you " muſt not as yet diſguiſe yourſelf, leſt " my ſlaves obſerve us. Come, let us " for the preſent enjoy ourſelves, and " when night approaches, Bennaſkar " will rely on the friendſhip of Ma- " houd."

' The ſlaves then brought us the ' coſtly viands of Delly, but Bennaſkar ' remained penſive, and ſeemed not to ' reliſh the dainties before him.

' I endeavoured all I could to divert ' his melancholy, I ſmiled; I ſung be- ' fore him; the dancers were intro- ' duced, and the muſick attempted to ' diſſipate his gloom; but Bennaſkar ' ſtill remained mute, and his thoughts ' could not be recalled by the enter- ' tainment of his ſlaves.

' The muſick continued till night, ' when

'when Bennaſkar commanded the 'ſlaves to withdraw, and taking a 'lamp in his hand, he led me through 'a long variety of apartments.'

"Mahoud," ſaid he, "as he went "along, has never yet ſeen the won-"ders of my palace."

"Mahoud," anſwered I, "is hap-"py, my lord, to ſee the wealth of "his friend; but he is not inquiſitive "to explore, unbidden, the ſecrets of "another."

'As I ſaid this, we arrived at a 'ſmall vaulted room, from the centre 'of which hung a lamp, which Ben-'naſkar trimmed, and put out that 'which he held in his hand.

"Now," ſaid he, "Mahoud, en-"ter that cloſet which is oppoſite us, "and put on the ſlave's dreſs which "you will find there, and anoint thy "face and thy hands with this black "ointment."

'I immediately obeyed Bennaſkar, 'and in a ſhort time I came forth ar-'rayed like a ſlave.

"Kind Mahoud," ſaid Bennaſkar, "thou art excellently diſguiſed; now "obey with ſilence, and ſtand as a "mute before his lord."

'I folded my arms, and nodded aſ-'ſent; at which Bennaſkar ſmiled.

"Take hold, Mahoud," ſaid he, "of that ring of iron, which is faſt-"ened to the middle of the floor, and "pull."

'I obeyed, and a little trap-door 'came up. I looked down and per-'ceived a woman in rich veſtments 'half buried in the earth.

'I ſhuddered at the ſight, and was 'falling backward; when Bennaſkar 'ſtruck me with a chabouc*, which 'he drew from his boſom, and ſaid, "Villain, if thou fail me, I ſhall uſe "thee as my ſlave."

'Although I was enraged at the 'blow, yet I remembered my promiſe, 'and returned to the trap-door.

"Slave!" ſaid Bennaſkar; "dig that "female out of the ground, the ſpade "and the mattock are hidden under "the floor."

'I immediately jumped down, and 'found the tools, and began to work; 'but neither my fear nor my labour 'could prevent my fixing my eyes on 'the lovely female, who ſeemed as one 'dead.

'As ſoon as I had removed the 'earth from the female, which I did 'with great care, Bennaſkar com-'manded me to lift the body into the 'apartment, and gave me a phial of 'clear blue liquor, and ordered me to 'pour it into her mouth, while he re-'tired into the cloſet.

'I willingly obeyed Bennaſkar, and 'haſtened to pour down the liquor, 'while Bennaſkar retired.

'As ſoon as the liquor was down, 'the lovely female began to move, 'and in a ſhort time ſhe opened her 'languiſhing eyes, and caſting them 'upon me, ſhe ſhrieked out, and clap-'ping her hands together, ſhe cried, "O Alla, defend me!"

'Bennaſkar at the ſame time ſpoke 'as follows, from the cloſet where he 'was concealed.

"Hemjunah," ſaid he, "are you "as yet diſpoſed to yield yourſelf to "the will of Bennaſkar, or muſt we "ſtill experience the evils of oppoſite "enchantment; for although Ma-"coma will not permit me to ſee you "without depriving you of ſenſation, "and me of deſire, yet will Ulin ſtill "ſubject you to her imperial will."

"Wretch!" anſwered the fair 'ſtranger, "I fear not the powers of "your accurſed magick, for Macoma "has aſſured me, that you ſhall not "be able to over-power me without "my own conſent; and Mahomet, "though for a time he permits this en-"chantment, will at length aſſuredly "deliver me."

"Then," anſwered Bennaſkar, "muſt the laſh of compulſion iſſue "forth.—Here," continued he, "ſlave "Mahoud, inflict fifty laſhes on that "obdurate female."

'I took the chabouc from Ben-'naſkar, and began, with trembling, 'my ill-fated taſk, curſing inwardly 'my own blind compliance, in pro-'miſing to obey a monſter and not a 'friend.

'As the laſh touched the beauteous 'Hemjunah, ſhe made the vaulted 'roof re-echo with her cries; nor did 'my heart feel leſs ſenſibly the ſtrokes 'which I gave than her own: the 'tears trickled down my cheeks, and 'I prayed inwardly to be delivered 'from the curſed taſk, and was never 'more happy than when it was com-'pleated.

"What," ſaid Bennaſkar, from the

* A chabouc is a large whip.

'closet, "what doth Hemjunah now "say to my desires?"

"The hard-hearted and the cruel," 'said Hemjunah, faintly, "are the last "to win the soft affections of a fe-"male heart; rather let me die, than "be the property of the vile Ben-"naskar."

"If so," said he, coming from the 'closet, "die; for the present I re-"sign my power; let Macoma hide "the again in the dust of the earth."

'Bennaskar did no sooner appear, 'than the beautiful Hemjunah again 'seemed to die away; and imme-'diately a hissing noise was heard, 'and an ugly dwarf arose from the 'trap-door, and took the body of 'Hemjunah, replacing it in the earth, 'and the trap-door was closed with a 'roaring noise.

'Bennaskar then beckoned me to 'follow him; and he led me to the 'bath, and bid me wash, and after 'return to the saloon in my proper 'vestments.

'I was so surprized at the wonders 'which I had seen, that I hardly 'knew what I did. However, in the 'bath I had time to recollect myself; 'but recollection was of little service, 'for reflection rather increased than 'cleared my confusion. One mo-'ment I resolved to apply to the cadi, 'and declare every circumstance of 'the horrid adventure. The next, I 'was awed by the thoughts of my 'rash and imprudent vows of secrecy. "Bennaskar," said I, "has for a "month appeared as an angel before "me; but one base action has de-"formed all his former purity. How "can I reconcile these inconsistencies! "Can he, who is the tenderest, the "best of friends, be also the vilest "and most cruel of mankind! Is "there not enchantment employed "against him, and may not this phan-"tom be employed to destroy him! "What," said I again, recollecting 'myself, "can aught excuse such hor-"rid barbarity, exercised upon the most "perfect of her sex! What cruelties "have I not seen; nay, and been "forced, through my own impru-"dence, to transact! How did my "heart bleed within me at her pierc-"ing cries! how did it curse the hands "which were the base ministers of "such unmanly cruelty! I have been "accessary to the torture of a most "beautiful female; one too, who call-"ed on the perfect Alla to deliver her, "I have been the instrument of a "mean revenge on an helpless wo-"man, and now I yet delay to in-"form the cadi of the villanies of this "house of enchantment."

'I resolved immediately to repair 'to the cadi, and give him a full in-'formation of the sorceries of Ben-'naskar.

'I hastened out of the bath, threw 'my vestments over me, and advanced 'to the door. "But," said I, as I 'went along, "what am I about to "do! I shall forfeit my faith, with-"out serving the distressed. Ben-"naskar expects me in the saloon; "and when he finds that I am gone "forth, he will, by the power of his "art, secret the beautiful female from "the eyes of the cadi. I have been "the guest of Bennaskar a month, and "never, till this day, did I perceive "the rooms through which I was led "to that detestable act of cruelty; "nay, Bennaskar himself was obliged "to wait; he was impatient till the "full of the moon, and oppressed "with sorrow and care when it arose. "I will, therefore, for the present, "return to Bennaskar, and will put "on the face of chearfulness, and "make my countenance to shine before "him."

'Bennaskar met me on my return.

"From whence cometh Mahoud?" 'said he.

"I am just," answered I, "risen "from the bath, and I come to meet "my friend Bennaskar."

"Mahoud," answered Bennaskar, "art thou faithful, and wilt thou "ever remain faithful to thy friend?"

'The words of Bennaskar embar-'rassed me, and not daring to answer 'otherwise, I said, "Why doth my "lord doubt the sincerity of my heart?"

"Mahoud then," returned he, "is "faithful?"

"He is," answered I, "but with "an unwilling heart."

"I doubt not," continued Ben-'naskar, "but my friend is amazed "at the scene he lately beheld; but "ask no explanations, let thy mouth "be ever closed to seek or reveal."

"Then," answered I, "you doubt "the faithfulness of Mahoud; else, "why may not I know the meaning "of the wonders I have seen?"

"The

"The age of thy friendſhip," ſaid Bennaſkar, "is a month, and wouldſt "thou be admitted in ſo ſhort a time "to all the ſecrets of my heart? For-"bear, raſh youth! and ſoar not at "the ſun, while thy fluttering pinions "will not lift thee over the tops of the "mountains. A well-tried friend is "Bennaſkar's joy; but woes and death "are in the paths of his enemies."

'As he ſaid this, he frowned, and 'left me; and I retired to my cham-'ber, irreſolute in my mind.

'As I entered my chamber, I per-'ceived a ſmall book open on a deſk 'before the burning lamps. I went 'up to it, and found it was the Koran 'of our holy law.

'Being little deſirous of ſleep, I ſat 'down; and as I read concerning the 'holy cow, methought I ſaw the name 'of Mahoud in the book.

'Startled at the viſion, I looked a-'gain, and read diſtinctly theſe words.

"Mahoud! Mahoud! Mahoud! "There is much good in the world, "but there is more evil; the good is "the gift of Alla, but the evil is the "choice of his creatures. Becauſe "of man's ſin, and becauſe of the "darkneſs of his heart, do the evil "Genii and the enchantments of wick-"edneſs prevail. Even now is Mahoud "in the houſe of a magician, to whom "he is imprudently bound by the ties "of honour: to draw back is mean-"neſs, but to perſiſt is ſin. When "men act wrong, they ſubject them-"ſelves to the power of a wicked "race; and we, who are the guar-"dians of mortality, cannot inter-"poſe, but in proportion to their re-"morſe. Taken by the crafty diſſi-"mulation of Bennaſkar, thy eaſy "ſoul gave into his ſnares, and thy "prudence was decoyed by the voice "of his mouth. Thou haſt promiſed, "at all events, not to reveal the ſe-"crets of his houſe, and thou haſt "unknowingly joined thyſelf in the "fellowſhip of the wicked. But can "man, who is bound to the ſervice "of Alla, by an unalterable law, "diſpoſe of himſelf againſt the will "of his Maker; or can the worm of "earth, the property of Heaven, ſet "up itſelf againſt the hand that form-"ed it? Had Mahoud engaged to con-"ceal every thing, but what the law "of Mahomet obliged him to reveal, "he had behaved wiſely; but he who "walketh in darkneſs, will undoubt-"edly fall into the pit. Paſt errors "cannot be recalled, and Mahoud "muſt learn the wiſdom of experi-"ence. Under the reſemblance of "the Koran, behold the Genius Ma-"coma inſtructs thine heart. I per-"ceive evil will attend thee, if thou "doſt attempt the enlargement of the "Princeſs of Caſſimir; and yet with-"out it, thou muſt ſtill continue the "ſervant of cruelty and oppreſſion. "Chuſe, therefore, for yourſelf: if "injured innocence can move thee, "boldly ſuffer in the cauſe of truth, "and take this book in thy boſom, "which ſhall at all times admit thee "to a ſight of the princeſs; if not, "be ſtill the ſlave of the enemy of thy "prophet."

'After this, I looked again on the 'book, but found I could read no 'more: however, I doubted not to 'engage in the ſervice of the princeſs; 'and therefore, taking the book in my 'boſom, and the lamp in my hand, I 'went toward the ſaloon, ſuppoſing 'that Bennaſkar was aſleep.

'I ſearched for the rooms through 'which I had paſſed before, and ſoon 'perceived the vaulted apartment at 'the end of them.

'I haſtened to take up the trap-door, 'and touching the Princeſs Hemjunah 'with the book, I eſſayed to deliver 'her from her miſerable confinement.

'The princeſs awaked at the touch 'of the book; but at the ſight of me 'ſhrieked aloud, and I feared leſt her 'cries ſhould awaken Bennaſkar.

'I aſſured her, that I was ſent by 'the Genius Macoma to effect her 'deliverance, and that I abhorred 'every kind of cruelty which I had 'practiſed upon her.

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, ſtill ſhrieking 'at intervals, "your ſtory betrays "your wickedneſs; I never before "ſaw you, unleſs you are, as I ſu-"ſpect, the magician Bennaſkar un-"der ſome feigned appearance: but "reſt aſſured, vile man! that no de-"ceit, or cruelty ſhall ever make me "the creature of Bennaſkar. I will "ever perſiſt in my hatred of you, "and I am aſſured that you cannot "defile or deſtroy me."

"Moſt adorable Princeſs Hemju-"nah!" ſaid I, proſtrating myſelf

'before her, "let me beſeech you to "hear me: I am not Bennaſkar, nor "a creature of Bennaſkar's, but the "ſervant of the Genius Macoma, who "has inſtructed me, by means of this "holy book," which I then pulled out, "to attempt your reſcue, and I am "willing to lay down my life for your "ſafety. You have not indeed ſeen "me in my preſent character, but this "very night was I brought hither by "Bennaſkar, under the ſimilitude of "a ſlave, and forced, through a moſt "accurſed oath, to inflict the ſevereſt "tortures on the moſt delicate of her "ſex."

"Wretch!" ſaid the princeſs, "I "am now convinced of thy perfidy, "allowing thine own account to be "true; for what promiſe could bind "thee to a cruel action, or why waſt "thou afraid to ſuffer thyſelf, rather "than make an innocent virgin the "ſubject of thy cruelties: but if thou "art truly the ſervant of Macoma, "and aſhamed of thy late inhuman "deeds, quit the houſe of the vile "Bennaſkar, and inform the cadi of "his cruelties and ſorceries."

"Rather," ſaid I, "my princeſs, let "me dig around you, and releaſe you "from this miſerable confinement."

"That," ſaid the princeſs, "you "cannot do, unleſs you are indeed, "as I ſuſpect, the wretch Bennaſkar; "for by his command alone can I be "releaſed. O fool that I was," con-'tinued ſhe, with tears, "to liſten for "a moment to the falſities of man!"

"If my information," ſaid I, "O "lovely Hemjunah, will avail, this "moment will I fly to the cadi, and "acquaint him with your diſtreſs."

'I then haſtened to go; but O judge 'my terror and amazement, when 'I ſaw Bennaſkar moving through 'the apartments which led to the 'vaulted chamber.

'As he advanced, Hemjunah ſhriek-'ed, and I was ready to ſink; though 'my intentions were juſt and good, 'yet was I terrified by his appearance; 'ſo much was I ſunk by the raſh pro-'miſe which I had made; and I every 'moment expected the dreadful effects 'of his powerful malice.

'As Bennaſkar entered the vaulted 'chamber, I ſhrunk back with fear, 'and dared not lift up my eyes; but 'my terror was ſoon quieted, when I 'ſaw him fall proſtrate at my feet. I 'then no longer doubted but that the 'Genius Macoma ſupported me, and 'attributed his behaviour to her ſuper-'natural power.

"O Mahoud," ſaid the proſtrate 'Bennaſkar, "I beſeech thee to pity "and pardon a wretch who hath in-"jured thee."

"Releaſe, then," ſaid I, "the Prin-"ceſs of Caſſimir; for while ſhe con-"tinues in this deplorable condition, "thy prayers will be ineffectual."

"O Mahoud," ſaid Bennaſkar, "the friend of my boſom, the part-"ner of my ſecrets, although the pow-"er of love has not the rule in thine "heart, yet pity thoſe who are the "ſlaves of it's dominion; if the love-"ly Princeſs of Caſſimir did but know "the purity of my heart, the———"

"Hear not the villain!" ſaid Hem-'junah. "O ſervant of Macoma, "unleſs he releaſe me from this de-"teſted place; me he hath already "deceived, and you will be ſubjected "likewiſe to his power, unleſs the "prudent ſpirit of Macoma direct "thee."

'Then ſaid Bennaſkar, riſing up, 'and laying bare his boſom, "Here, "Mahoud, ſtrike, and end my miſe-"ries, and the miſeries of Hemjunah; "but never will Bennaſkar conſent to "loſe the treaſure of his heart."

"I will not," anſwered I, "lift "up my private arm againſt thy life, "but I ſhall deliver thee to the power "of the cadi, who is the deputy of "the great Alla's vicegerent."

"Give me, then," ſaid the Princeſs 'of Caſſimir, "the book of the Ge-"nius Macoma, that I may be de-"fended from the inſults and contri-"vances of the baſe Bennaſkar."

'The requeſt of the princeſs appear-'ed ſo reaſonable, that I obeyed her, 'and put the book into her hands.

'Bennaſkar, when I was leaving the 'vaulted chamber, beſought me not to 'deſtroy the friend that had ſupported 'me; but I told him, that Alla was 'to be obeyed rather than man.

'I haſtened to the cadi; but as it 'was night, his officers told me I 'could not be heard, till I informed 'them that I had in my power a wick-'ed magician, who by his ſorceries 'had ſtolen the Princeſs Caſſimir. 'When they heard this, they ac-

'quainted

'quainted the cadi, and that vigilant 'magiſtrate aroſe, and followed me to 'the houſe of Bennaſkar with his 'guard.

'As I entered the houſe of Bennaſ-'kar, I was amazed to ſee him ſtand-'ing in the entrance with a lamp in 'his hand: but my aſtoniſhment in-'creaſed, when I ſaw him fall down 'before the cadi, and confeſs his guilt.

'The cadi commanded the guards 'to ſeize him, and then ordered him 'to lead us to the place where he had 'concealed the Princeſs of Caſſimir.

'Bennaſkar obeyed; but as we went 'through the apartments, he ſaid to 'me, "Mahoud, you are ſenſible, "that the Princeſs Hemjunah's body "is half buried in the earth, and un-"covered, therefore prevail upon the "cadi, that he ſuffer us to go before "and releaſe her; for my part, my "ſins oppreſs me, and I wiſh to re-"ſtore to her dignity a much injured "princeſs."

"If," ſaid I, "you will promiſe "to releaſe the princeſs, I will endea-"vour to prevail on the cadi to permit "what you propoſe; but otherwiſe, "let the whole world be witneſs of "your accurſed malice."

"O my friend," ſaid Bennaſkar, "accuſe me not, my own heart perſe-"cutes me ſufficiently; yes, Mahoud," 'continued he, "I will, as you re-"quire me, releaſe the princeſs, and "truſt to the mercy of the cadi; for "the ſervice of the evil Genii will nei-"ther bring me profit nor peace."

'I was pleaſed at this repentance of 'Bennaſkar, and beſought the cadi 'that he would ſuffer us to enter firſt 'the vaulted chamber, and recover the 'princeſs from her enchantment.

'The cadi acquieſced in my pro-'poſal, but ordered the guards to ſur-'round the entrance, while Bennaſkar 'and myſelf entered the chamber.

'As ſoon as we were entered, Ben-'naſkar ſeized me ſuddenly by the 'throat, and before I could ſpeak or 'recollect myſelf, he dragged me into 'the cloſet, and ſhut the door after us.

"Now," ſaid he, "villain! receive "the juſt rewards of a perjured heart."

'Saying this, he ſpit in my face, and 'threw me on the ground, and then 'flew out of the cloſet, ſhutting the 'door forcibly after him.

'I remained for ſome moments ſtu-'pified by my fall; but after a time 'aroſe, and opening the cloſet, I was 'ſurprized to ſee neither the Princeſs of 'Caſſimir, nor the magician Bennaſkar.

'While I was in this confuſion, the 'cadi and his guards being impatient 'at our ſtay, entered the chamber, 'and the cadi commanded his guards 'to ſeize me, ſaying, "Villain, where "is the Princeſs of Caſſimir, and the "man who revealed thy unrighteous "actions?"

'At this I began to anſwer; when, 'O accurſed fortune, I perceived my 'voice was as the voice of Bennaſkar. 'I immediately looked on my cloaths, 'and found them changed. In ſhort, 'I doubted not but that my malicious 'foe had transformed me into his own 'appearance.

'I fell at the feet of the cadi, and 'beſought him one moment to hear me: 'I acquainted him with every circum-'ſtance of my adventures, from my 'entrance into the houſe of Bennaſ-'kar, till that preſent moment. But 'he and his guards laughed at my 'tale; however, in a few moments he 'grew more cool, and commanded me 'to deliver up my friend and the Prin-'ceſs of Caſſimir.

'In vain did I call Alla to witneſs 'the truth of my ſtory. The cadi was 'enraged at my perſiſting in the tale, 'and ordered his guards to give me 'an hundred ſtrokes with the chabouc.

'To add to my misfortune, Ben-'naſkar appeared at one end of the 'room, and when I cried out, and 'pointed to him, the cadi, who ſaw 'him not, thinking that I meant to 'mock him, ordered me another hun-'dred laſhes with the chabouc.

'Vexed with himſelf, and ſubdued 'by the pain of my puniſhment, I 'fell on the ground, and the guards 'were ordered to carry me to the pri-'ſon, where I was thrown into a deep 'dungeon, loaded with chains.

'The next morning I was brought 'out again before the cadi, and car-'ried into the publick hall of juſtice. 'The cadi there paſſed judgment upon 'me, that I ſhould be burnt alive the 'next day, unleſs I delivered up Ma-'houd and the Princeſs of Caſſimir.

'Finding it in vain to repeat my de-'clarations, that I was the real Ma-'houd, and that I ſuffered through the 'vile enchantments of Bennaſkar, I

'remained

'remained silent; but this was construed into surliness, and I was ordered five hundred bastinadoes to make me speak. I therefore begged the cadi to conceive what I could possibly answer; supposing my tale to be true, I had, I said, suffered severely for my rash promise to Bennaskar, and I must submit to my fate.

'The cadi then commanded me to be carried back to the dungeon, and that a large pile of wood should be raised in the market-place, whereon I might be burnt the next morning, before all the people.

'I spent the night in the utmost horror, and earnestly wished that the sun might never more behold my sorrows. But yet the night passed away as usual, and the stars fled from the face of day, and I beheld the dreadful morning of my execution.

'A tumultous crowd were gathered together before the door of the dungeon, to see me pass to my execution; and as I was dragged along, the common people nearly overwhelmed me with stones.

'As I advanced to the pile, I perceived the cadi and his officers were seated before it, and that magistrate commanded me to be brought again before him ere I was bound to the pile.

"Art thou," said he, as I aproached him, "art thou, wretched magician, willing to bring forth the princess, or thy friend, who are concealed by thy wicked arts, or must the sentence of our law be executed upon thee?"

"O judge," said I, "since my tale will not gain credit with thee, at least let me know by whose accusation is it that I am brought before thee, and who is it that accuses me of magick, or of sorcery? Am not I Bennaskar, the wealthy merchant of Delly, and where are my accusers? Who dare say aught against my fame? You came into my house by night, you seized my person, you inflicted on me the punishment of a slave, you cast me into a dungeon, and condemned me to the flames, and all this without the appearance of a single witness against me: wherefore, O cadi, I appeal unto the righteous sultan of the east, and I hope my fellow citizens will not suffer me to be executed, while no proofs of guilt are brought against me."

"Young man," answered the cadi, "your appeal is unnecessary, for I am not desirous of destroying my fellow-creatures without a cause. Your plea were just and proper, did not your own confession contradict your present assertion. Yesterday you declared that you was not Bennaskar, and to-day you say you are; wherefore, out of your own lips I have convicted you of falsity; whereas, had you really been Bennaskar the merchant, and not a magician, there had been no need of two different accounts of yourself."

'The people hearing this distinction of the cadi, applauded their judge; and one and all cried out, that I was a magician, and deserved the flames.

'The guards then were ordered to bind me on the pile, and I was led up and fixed to a post by the chains which had been fastened on my body the day before; and now amidst the acclaimmation of the people was the pile kindled, and the smoke and the flame surrounded the unfortunate Mahoud.

'In a moment the crowd and the heavens disappeared from my sight, and I found myself in the body of a toad, at the bottom of the pile. I hopped forward out of the flames, and with difficulty hid myself beneath a stone in the street.

'The crowd having waited till the pile was consumed, carried the ashes out of the city, and scattered them in the air, and I remained till night beneath the stone.

'It was my intention, as soon as it was dark, to creep out of the city into the woods, but sleep overtook me at the time when animals retire to their rest; and when I awaked in the morning I found myself in this forest, where I remained, during the space of a moon alone, till these two, the miserable companions of my solitude, were joined unto me.'

'Your adventures, O Mahoud, said the Sultan of India, 'are wonderful, and an excellent lesson of caution and prudence to us who are joined in one common fate; and since I perceive both your misfortunes, and my own, have been brought about

'about by our want of truſt and pru-
'dence, I ſhall, with the utmoſt re-
'ſignation, acknowledge, that the all-
'perfect Alla is ever willing to aſſiſt
'thoſe who are not wanting to them-
'ſelves.

'But, O Mahoud, ſuffer me, ere I
'declare my own griefs, to aſk what
'is become of the lovely Hemjunah,
'the Princeſs of Caſſimir; nor won-
'der at my ſolicitude, for the mention
'of her name brings to my memory
'the ideas of the paſt. How was it
'poſſible, that lovely fair-one ſhould
'be betrayed into the powers of thoſe
'wicked enchanters! but why ſhould
'I be ſurprized at her weakneſs, who
'am myſelf the object of their malice?
'Surely,' continued the ſultan, 'this
'our companion, whom you called
'princeſs, cannot be the daughter of
'Zebenezer, the Sultan of Caſſimir?'

'You are right, indeed, in your con-
'jectures,' anſwered Mahoud, 'the
'Princeſs of Caſſimir is a fellow-ſuf-
'ferer with us; and he who is on my
'right-hand is Horam, the favourite
'of Miſnar, the Lord of Delly.'

'What,' ſaid Miſnar, tranſported,
and yet at the ſame time recoiling
with ſurprize, 'is my faithful Ho-
'ram, alſo, the unfortunate partner of
'my griefs? Then is Miſnar, indeed,
'as the leaf of autumn, as a feather
'in the winds of oppreſſion.'

Horam underſtanding that his lord was before him, made ſuch acknowledgments of his reſpect as his hideous form would permit; and Mahoud, when he perceived that he had been ſpeaking to the Sultan of India, followed the example of the Vizir Horam.

Miſnar then turning to the Princeſs of Caſſimir, ſaid—

'O princeſs, whom a ſevere en-
'chantment has deprived of the moſt
'exquiſite of all forms, to load thee
'with the moſt wretched, permit me
'to requeſt an account of your unfor-
'tunate labours, ſince you left the
'court of your father Zebenezer;
'that at leaſt I may indulge my wiſhes
'for your recovery, though my arm
'is too weak to work either my own
'or your enlargement.'

'Moſt illuſtrious ſultan,' anſwered the Princeſs Hemjunah, 'I ſhall
'obey your commands, although the
'remembrance of my misfortune is
'grievous, and the confeſſion of my
'indiſcretion muſt fill me with ſhame.'

'It is enough, O princeſs,' ſaid the ſultan, 'to confeſs our faults to
'Heaven, and he is the weakeſt of the
'ſons of earth, who takes pleaſure to
'hear the failings of others.'

'I thank Alla,' returned the princeſs, 'that my indiſcretions are not
'ſuch as my ſultan ſuſpects; they
'were indeed the cauſes of my miſ-
'fortunes, but ſuch as the youth of
'our ſex are very likely to commit.'

'The brighter the jewel,' anſwered Miſnar, 'the more conſpicuous is
'the ſpeck that deforms it; and the
'ſlenderer the twig, the more eaſily
'is it ſhaken by the motion of the air.
'There is a delicacy and a ſplendour
'in the female ſex, which makes
'every error more glaring and hurt-
'ful. But I doubt not the prudence
'of the princeſs of Caſſimir; her own
'humility may eſteem that a crime,
'which all the world beſide will rank
'among her perfections.'

'O ſultan,' replied Hemjunah, 'your politeneſs cannot extenuate,
'though it may gloſs over my impru-
'dence; and while I am delaying to
'unfold my little hiſtory to you, my
'crime may ſeem more black, while
'hidden, than when it ſhall be re-
'vealed.'

As the princeſs uttered theſe words, a derviſe, worn with age, and bowed down by the years of infirmity, appeared among the thickets of the foreſt.

Horam immediately recollected the features of the good old ſaint, and ſaid, 'My royal maſter, yonder is
'Shemſhelnar, the moſt pious wor-
'ſhipper of Alla among all the ſons
'of Aſia.'

'I do not recollect his features,' anſwered Miſnar: 'came he not to
'the council of our divan?'

'No, my royal lord,' ſaid Horam, 'the oppreſſions of age were
'upon him.'

By this time Shemſhelnar arrived at the place where the transformed company were ſeated; and falling proſtrate before Miſnar, he ſaid—

'Wonder not, O prince of India,
'that Shemſhelnar, thy ſlave, doth
'thus acknowledge his prince, though
'deformed

'deformed by the enchantments of 'the wicked. Yes, prince,' continued Shemſhelnar, 'I knew the 'evils that ſurrounded thee; and although I was unable to attend thy 'council, yet I prayed in ſecret to 'him who beſtoweth at the noon-'day, that he would avert from my 'royal maſter the misfortunes which 'threatened to over-power him. Alla 'heard my prayer, as I lay proſtrate 'in my cell, and the Genius Bahoudi 'appearing, commanded me to ſeek 'thee in the foreſt of Tarapajan, 'whither thy wayward fortune ſhould 'lead thee.'

"O Genius," replied I, "how ſhall "age and infirmity comply with thy "commands?"

"Go," ſaid Bahoudi, touching me 'with his finger, "for ſtrength is "given thee from above. The In-"chantreſs Ulin hath transformed thy "prince into the moſt hideous reptile "of the earth. But wonder not at "the deformity of his appearance, "nor at the malice of her who has "overpowered him; for ſuch is the "fate of thoſe who are moſt exalted "in their virtues, that their enemies, "whenever occaſion is given them, "will ſtrive to render them moſt odi-"ous. Thy prince will be, ere you "arrive in the foreſt, ſurrounded by "three others in equal affliction; it is "permitted thee to reſcue the Sultan "of India, but the reſt muſt wear the "chains of the inchantreſs, till Ulin "is no more."

'But ere I reſtore thee, O ſultan of 'my heart,' continued Shemſhelnar, 'ſuch are the words which the Genius 'hath commanded me to utter before 'thee.

'Religion, O Miſnar, is the firſt 'and the greateſt duty of life, and 'the ſervice of Alla and his prophet, 'the ſweeteſt offering of a grateful 'heart. But he who appointed the 'ceremonies and ſervices of piety and 'devotion, hath alſo given to all 'their reſpective ſtations in the war-'fare of life. How then ſhall we pay 'honour to Alla, if by complying 'with the fantaſtical pilgrimages of 'the devotees, we neglect and deſert 'the peculiar duties of that poſt 'wherein Alla hath placed us! The 'ſignet of Mahomet, O prince, of 'which Mangelo the prophet did 'propheſy, is it not that ſeal which 'the faithful bear on their front-'lets, when they obey the voice 'of reaſon and religion; and the 'girdle of Opakka, with which Kif-'ri the enchanter is endued, what 'is it but foreſight and prudence, the 'beſt allies of the ſultans of the earth! 'To ſave his people, my prince hath 'deſerted them, and given away what 'he ſought to keep. When Alla 'placed thee on the throne of India, 'from thence he expected to hear thy 'petitions; but as faults which pro-'ceed from goodneſs, though unin-'ſtructed, are beheld with Heaven's 'piteous eye; therefore riſe, O ſul-'tan,' ſaid Shemſhelnar, and touched him, 'riſe from the filth of the 'earth, and become again endued 'with the glories with which Alla 'hath endued thee. And know, that 'ſuch is the care of Mahomet over 'thee, that he hath curbed the hands 'of thine enemies, and bids thee go 'forth againſt them, aſſured of this, 'that they ſhall not be able by their 'enchantments to foreſee thy deſigns, 'nor to over-power thee by the help of 'their magical deceits, unleſs thou 'yield to their ſnares. Be prudent 'and vigilant, and fear them not. 'Only this is permitted againſt thee, 'if thou canſt not overpower and de-'ſtroy them unawares, they may uſe 'their art to conceal their eſcape, and 'avoid thy arm; therefore be bold and 'quick, and yet cautious and diſcern-'ing, leſt when force avail not, they 'employ fraud to deſtroy thee.'

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF THE ENCHANTERS, OR MISNAR THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

AS Shemſhelnar finiſhed theſe words, Miſnar aroſe in his juſt proportion: but ere he ſpake to the holy derviſe who had releaſed him, he fell proſtrate, and adored the goodneſs of Alla, and of Mahomet his prophet, who had thus reſcued him from the power of Ulin. Then riſing, he took Shemſhelnar by the hand, and thanked him for his releaſe and advice.

'Thou haſt done right, O Miſ-'nar,' ſaid the derviſe, 'to give the 'greateſt honour to Alla: but to him 'alone belongs all honour, and Shem-

'ſhelnar

'shelnar is the slave of Mahomet, thy 'prophet.'

'And what,' continued the sultan, 'must I not hope, that it will please 'the great prophet of the faithful to 'release also these my fellow-suf-'ferers?'

'Misnar alone can release them,' answered the dervise; 'let Ulin perish, 'and these unfortunate persons shall 'be restored to thee and themselves; 'but in the mean time they must learn 'to bear their misfortunes with pa-'tience, and offer their prayers for 'thy safety. The road to Delly is 'through this desart forest, and to 'the left is situated the palace of 'Ulin. She is already acquainted 'of thy transformation, and is study-'ing to deceive thee a second time; 'but beware, O Misnar! for if she 'prevail, death and destruction await 'thee.'

Misnar having received the instructions of the dervise, took leave of his companions, assuring them that he was desirous of meeting the crafty Ulin as soon as possible, that he might either give up all pretensions to his kingdom, or deliver his subjects and his friends from the hands of the inchantress.

The sultan of the Indies having left the dervise and his friends, advanced into the forest, chewing some leaves which Shemshelnar had given him to support him till he should arrive at his palace.

He had not advanced more than two days journey in the forest, before he heard the violent shrieks of a distressed woman, and at a distance saw four ruffians stripping a lady, and beating her inhumanly.

Misnar was enraged at what he saw, and flying to the lady's assistance, he bid the ruffians defend themselves.

The ruffians leaving the lady, chose not to encounter the arm of Misnar, but fled; and the prince stepping up to the lady, desired to know by what accident she fell thus alone into the hands of the robbers.

'O noble Sir,' said the lady in tears, 'for I perceive by your mien 'I speak to no common friend, it 'was my fate to be beloved by the 'handsomest of the sons of the faith-'ful. I lived in Delly, the daughter 'of an emir; and Hazar, the captain 'of a thousand in the armies of Mis-'nar, the sultan of the east, was my 'admirer; but, alas! his love has 'proved my destruction. The se-'cond son of the great Dabulcombar, 'being assisted by Ulin the inchantress, 'aspired to his brother's throne, and 'the soldiers, who loved the hazardous 'chance of war, deserted frequently 'from Misnar our sultan: among 'the rest, Hazar, in spite of my ut-'most endeavours, revolted with his 'thousand men.

"There is no preferment," said he, "in the peaceful reign of Misnar. I "will follow the fortunes of his bro-"ther, whose throne must be gained "and supported by arms."

'In vain I remonstrated, and urged 'both love and duty: "My love," 'said Hazar, "is still unalterable; "thou wilt soon see me return the fa-"vourite of the new monarch, and it "will then be in my power to raise "thee to higher dignities than those "which thy father now possesses."

'Hazar then left me by night, and 'soon I heard that he had joined 'the rebel army; but, O generous 'stranger! what was my grief, when 'I understood that Ulin, the detesta-'ble inchantress, was stricken with 'his appearance, and had invited him 'to her bed! I set out without de-'lay for the camp, and studying to 'avoid the army of Misnar, travelled 'through this wood with four atten-'dants. But ere the second day of 'my journey was past, I was seized 'by two satyrs of the wood, and my 'retinue were left behind me.

'The satyrs hurried me along till 'the night over-shadowed us, and then 'brought me through many dark and 'intricate windings, to a palace which 'was illuminated with ten thousand 'lamps.

"Now," said they, "aspiring mis-"tress of Hazar, enter and behold thy "paramour."

'Immediately I was led into a mag-'nificent hall, and from that into a 'second; where, on a throne of silver, 'sat Hazar, the perfidious Hazar, with 'the hideous Ulin by his side.

'My rage was so great, that I for-'got my situation; and calling aloud, 'I said, "O cursed Hazar, thou re-"bel both to love and duty, canst

" thou prefer that deteſted wretch to " theſe arms which have received thee " and thy plighted faith?"

' Ulin hearing my rage, burſt into ' a loud fit of laughing: " It is well " done, O ſweet miſtreſs of Hazar," ' ſaid ſhe; " I ſent for you to divert " me, and you well anſwer my expec- " tation; the poſſeſſion of this lovely " youth were nothing, was not I aſ- " ſured, that he preferred my ſubſtan- " tial pleaſures to your empty and " imaginary joys: yes, ſweet crea- " ture," continued ſhe, " ſatiate thine " eyes with the lovely proſpect of him " you ſo much admire."

' So ſaying, the ugly wretch threw ' her arms around Hazar; and that ' deceitful and diſhonourable rebel re- ' turned her careſſes.

' This cruel treatment made me ' ſwoon. When I recovered, I found ' myſelf alone in a filthy apartment; ' where, I ſuppoſe, I had been or- ' dered by the cruel inchantreſs.

' The next day I was dragged into ' the ſame hall to hear the taunts of ' the inchantreſs, and to ſee the moſt ' faithleſs of a faithleſs ſex.

' Being deſirous of knowing by ' what method I was conveyed away, ' I pretended again to ſwoon, and ' fell on the ground; when Ulin com- ' manded that none ſhould approach ' to recover me. " Let her continue " there," ſaid the inchantreſs, " till " my lovely Hazar and I quit the hall, " and then drag her into the mean " apartments which are beneath the " palace."

' Still feigning my ſwoon, the ſlaves, ' ſoon after Ulin and Hazar were de- ' parted, drew me forth, and caſting ' me into my hole, they left me to ' my fate.

' As ſoon as they were gone, I en- ' deavoured to find out ſome paſſage ' that might lead to day-light; and ' after much trouble and fear, and ' paſſing through ſeveral dark entries, ' I arrived at the foot of a ſtair-caſe ' which led up into a yard belonging ' to the palace. On the top of this ' ſtair-caſe I ſat till night, and then ' ventured forth, reſolving rather to ' die than continue in that deteſted ' place.

' Having croſſed the yard, I this ' morning came to a deep ditch, or ' canal, which I perceived wound ' round the palace; and I made no ' doubt but that all acceſs or receſs ' from this palace muſt be over a ' bridge which was guarded, as I per- ' ceived when I was led by the ſatyrs ' of the wood.

' As I had learned to ſwim in the ' women's baths which were in my ' father's palace, I reſolved rather to ' run the riſque of my life, than to ' be kept priſoner in Ulin's palace; ' and therefore boldly threw myſelf ' into the canal, and fear giving me ' ſtrength, I croſſed the water in a ' ſhort time.

' Being now arrived at the farther ' ſide, I ſtruck into the thickeſt part ' of the foreſt, and wandered about ' for ſome time till morning, when ' on a ſudden I heard ſeveral voices ' among the trees.

' In an inſtant four ruffians ſur- ' rounded me, and had not your pow- ' erful arm interpoſed, I had ſuffered ' the vileſt of deaths, or what is worſe ' than death itſelf.'

Miſnar endeavoured to comfort the afflicted ſtranger, and aſked her whether ſhe thought it poſſible for any man to enter the palace of Ulin undiſcovered.

' If,' anſwered ſhe, ' I was able to ' get out without moleſtation, doubt- ' leſs the ſame method will give you ' an opportunity of entering it.'

The Sultan Miſnar ſeemed in doubt as ſhe ſpoke.

' O ſultan,' ſaid ſhe, ' let me pre- ' vail upon you to follow me, and I ' will enſure your ſucceſs.'

Miſnar recovering from his muſing poſture, beſought her to walk before, and ſhew him the path which led to the palace.

' We ſhall reach it by night,' ſaid the ſtranger, ' when the darkneſs ſhall ' protect thee.'

The beautiful ſtranger then went forward, and Miſnar followed at her heels.

Ere they had proceeded twenty paces, Miſnar ſaid, ' It will be proper, O ' fair ſtranger, to draw my ſcymitar, ' leſt we be ſet upon ſuddenly by the ' robbers.'

' You are right,' anſwered the fair ſtranger; ' and your precaution is ' juſt.'

The Sultan Miſnar having drawn his ſabre, followed cloſe behind the beautiful

beautiful ſtranger, and ſuddenly with a blow ſmote her on the ſhoulders, and felled her to the ground.

The fair ſtranger was no ſooner fallen, than her countenance changed: her ſoft plump cheeks fell in two bags from the bones, the forehead and the temples were contracted with wrinkles, and the jaws, parting, as with age and infirmity, diſcovered to Miſnar the features of the malicious Inchantreſs Ulin; who, though nearly ſpent and exhauſted by the blow, yet lived to utter the following imprecations.

'May the curſe of our ſex light 'upon thee, thou traitor to man-'hood! ſince neither the charms, nor 'the afflictions of the fair, have been 'able to ſoften thine heart. Thou 'haſt indeed avoided my ſnares, by 'doing violence to the nobleſt of paſ-'ſions, and by trampling on the moſt 'ſacred laws of humanity and hoſpi-'tality. Ideot that I was, to truſt my-'ſelf to thee, though guarded by the 'ſtrongeſt appearances of innocence 'and diſtreſs! The injured and the 'helpleſs can find no protection in 'thy government, though thou boaſt-'eſt thyſelf the delegate of Alla, and 'the friend of the oppreſſed; and I, 'truſting to thy ſpecious virtues, am 'fallen a ſacrifice to thy deceitful 'heart. Since Alla is the guardian 'of ſuch hypocriſy, I now diſclaim 'his authority as much upon prin-'ciple, as heretofore I have braved 'his vengeance that I might live free 'from his laws.'

'Hold, O wretched inſtrument of 'ſin,' ſaid Miſnar; 'and ere thou 'quitteſt that mortal ſeat of wicked-'neſs, hear him juſtified whom thou 'denieſt, and underſtand how thine 'own arts were diſcovered to me.

'That four ruffians ſhould quit 'their prey at the ſight of one man, 'did firſt ſtagger my credulity, and I 'expected at leaſt to find them re-'turn, and revenge my interpoſition; 'but when no one appeared to inter-'rupt my ſecurity, I then began moſt 'to fear, and liſtened to thy tale as 'one who expected to be enſnared 'by the wiles of thy hypocriſy. Thy 'tale, though artful, did happily con-'tradict itſelf. Thy diſhevelled gar-'ments were diſpoſed in ſuch an art-'ful manner, as to excite deſire ra-'ther than ſhame; they were alſo dry 'and clean, and contradicted your 'words, when you pretended you 'had ſwam acroſs the canal. This 'ſtrengthened my doubts, which you 'at length confirmed, by calling me, 'at the latter part of your hiſtory, '*ſultan*. Then fled my doubt, and 'certainty ſucceeded; I feared to fol-'low, and yet reſolved to revenge; 'and Alla, in mercy, gave ſucceſs to 'my arm——'

Here Miſnar broke off; for her iniquitous ſpirit was fled from the body of Ulin, and the ſultan left her mangled and deformed corſe a prey to the beaſts of the foreſt.

He travelled for ſeveral days backward, hoping to find the former companions of his miſery; and at laſt came to the place which he had left, but could find no ſigns of them: wherefore, concluding that their enchantment was broken by the death of Ulin, the ſultan returned towards Delly, ſubſiſting on the leaves which the derviſe had given him, and on the fruits of the earth; and in twelve days time arrived at a ſmall town in his own dominions.

Here he lodged at a poor cottage, where he found an old woman and her ſon, and enquired whether ſhe could procure him any horſes or mules to carry him the next morning to Delly.

'Alas,' anſwered the old woman, 'we have no cattle with us, the army 'has ſtripped us of all.'

'What,' anſwered Miſnar, 'has 'the rebel army been foraging ſo near 'Delly?'

'Alack,' ſaid the old woman, 'I 'think all armies are rebels, for my 'part. Indeed, the ſoldiers told us 'that they were the ſultan's army, and 'that they were ſent to guard us 'from the rebels; but in the mean 'time they took our cattle and pro-'viſion, and paid us nothing for 'them; and ſtill, every time they 'came, they called themſelves our 'guardians and friends. If this is all 'the friendſhip great men can ſhew 'us, we poor people ſhould be beſt 'pleaſed to live as far from them as 'we can.'

Miſnar, although he ſmiled at the poor woman's manner of delivery, was yet affected at the ſubſtance of

her speech; and lifting up his eyes and hands secretly to Heaven, as she went out for sticks to kindle a fire to dress his provisions, he said—

'O just and merciful Alla, and 'thou, faithful prophet of the High-'est, I call you both to witness, with 'how much reluctance I have begun 'this war, and how greatly mine 'heart is inclined to promote the 'peace of my subjects; not out of per-'sonal fear, as ye, O powers above, 'can bear me witness! but out of 'that love and affection which I owe 'to my people, who, as my children, 'depend upon me for the blessings 'they enjoy. O Alla, preserve me 'from the avarice of ambition! that 'while the rich and the proud advise 'me to delight in blood, I may ever 'remember the severities which the 'poor must suffer; and that I may ra-'ther rejoice to relieve one oppressed 'slave, than to enrich ten thousand 'flattering emirs of my court!'

As soon as the old woman was entered again into her house, the disguised sultan advised her and her neighbours to join in a petition, and present it to the sultan in his divan.

'A petition!' answered the old woman, 'for what?'

'To relieve your distresses,' said Misnar.

'Alas, who is to relieve our dis-'tresses but Alla?' said the woman.

'Your sultan, the servant of Alla, 'will relieve them,' replied Misnar.

'What!' answered the old woman, 'can he restore to these arms 'my dutiful first-born, who has been 'so long the joy of my aged heart, 'but was lately torn from me, to fill 'up the armies of the sultan? Can 'he call back the brave men he has 'caused to be destroyed, and give life 'and spirits, and joy again, to the 'widows and orphans of India? If 'he can, O let him hasten to relieve 'the afflicted hearts of his subjects, 'and become as a god upon earth!'

The Sultan Misnar was astonished at the words and the gestures of the poor old woman, and deeply stricken by her sensible observations; for he perceived she spoke as she felt, and was animated by the tender subject.

'How seldom,' said he to himself, 'do the rich feel the distresses of the 'poor! and in the midst of conquest 'and acclamation, who regardeth the 'tears and afflictions of those who 'have lost their private friends in the 'publick service!'

The Sultan Misnar rested that night in the cottage of the old woman, and the next morning he arose and was conducted by her younger son to a town half a day's journey farther. Here he equipped himself with mules, and in one day more reached the city of Delly.

The sultan entered a caravanserah, where he found several merchants; he asked them how they dared venture to trade when the armies of the rebels were spread over the face of India.

'As to that,' answered the first merchant, 'we have lived here some 'time, in expectation that one party 'or the other would prevail. It lit-'tle matters to us which, provided 'trade was encouraged. As to the 'sultan's party, there was not, till 'within these few days, any hope of 'their success. The young man 'himself was retired from his throne, 'being fearful of encountering his 'enemies, and the captains of the 'army had destroyed his prime Vizir 'Horam.'

'And what,' interrupted Misnar, 'is the cause of this change in favour 'of the sultan?'

'Ten days since,' answered the merchant, 'contrary to every one's 'belief, as we all thought him dead, 'the Vizir Horam appeared at the head 'of the army, and assured the officers 'that his Lord Misnar was living, and 'had destroyed the Inchantress Ulin, 'who espoused the cause of his bro-'ther Ahubal; that, in consequence 'of Ulin's death, Ahubal was fled 'and his army dispersed, and he ex-'pected his royal master would shortly 'appear among them.'

The Sultan Misnar was rejoiced at this news, and without delay hastened to the palace of his vizir.

The slaves of Horam seeing the disguised sultan, asked him his business. 'I come,' replied Misnar, 'to com-'municate to thy lord tidings of our 'sultan.'

At this word, the slaves of Horam

ram conducted Misnar to their master's presence; and Horam no sooner saw his master in the disguise with which he furnished him, than he fell at the sultan's feet, and congratulated him on his safe return.

'My faithful Horam,' said Misnar, 'arise. The day is yet not so 'far spent, but that my court may be 'assembled. Give orders, O Horam, 'that the army be drawn up, and let 'thy slaves proceed to the palace, 'and bring the imperial robes: my 'people require my presence, and 'Misnar yearns to see the supporters 'of his throne.'

Horam arose, and the sultan embracing him, said—

'O Horam, I am desirous of hear-'ing the particulars of thy fate, but 'publick advantage must not yield to 'private friendship.'

The faithful Horam then hastened to call together the princes and the vizirs of the court of Delly, and gave orders that the army should be drawn up in the royal square before the divan.

The Sultan Misnar being arrayed in his imperial robes, delayed not to shew himself to his people; and no sooner did he appear, than his subjects cried out, 'Long live the sul-'tan of our hearts, who alone was 'able to conquer the powers of en-'chantment!'

The sultan was overjoyed to find his people received him with gladness, and commanded money to be thrown among the populace, and double subsistence to be issued out to his army.

The vizirs and officers of justice being assembled in the divan, waited the arrival of their sultan; and Misnar having ascended his throne, commanded Horam to deliver to him a faithful account of his enemies.

Horam the vizir then arose from his seat, and assured his sultan that the rebel army was dispersed, and that Ahubal was fled with a few friends to the shores of the Indian ocean.

The sultan, on this report, commanded his army to be stationed at just intervals, about a day's journey around the city of Delly, and their numbers to be reduced, and that peace should be proclaimed the next day in the city.

No sooner were the vizirs dismissed from the divan, than Misnar retiring into his palace, sent for his faithful Vizir Horam, and desired him to give him a true relation of what had happened to him since his departure from the army.

'Royal Sir,' answered Horam, 'you were no sooner departed, than I 'began to inspect the order and the 'discipline of your troops; to look 'into the methods of providing for 'the army, and to appoint proper officers, who should take care that the 'soldiers had sufficient and wholesome 'provision; that their tents were good, 'that the situation of the different bat-'talions were in healthy places, near 'springs and rivers, but on dry soils, 'and as far as possible removed from 'swampy fens, or the stagnated air of 'the forests.

'During this time, little occurred of 'which I could inform my lord, as I 'meant not to trouble you with my 'own concerns, lest it should seem 'that I was proud of the trifling dis-'positions which I had made in fa-'vour of the army.

'The rebels in the mean time were 'quiet, and their distance only pre-'vented me from destroying them; 'but on a sudden a messenger arrived, 'with tidings that all the southern 'provinces had revolted; that the In-'chantress Ulin was with them, and 'conducted their forces; that Ahu-'bal was declared Sultan of India by 'her, and that she was determined to 'support his cause.

'Upon this, I took such precau-'tions as doubtless my sultan must 'have read in the tablets: but my 'precautions seemed vain; for the next 'night we were on a sudden terrified 'with a second alarm, that the rebels 'were within half a day's march of 'our camp, which I thought, consi-'dering their former distance, must 'be the effect of enchantment.

'This threw our officers into the 'greatest consternation, who collect-'ing themselves in a body, came rush-'ing toward the royal tent, and de-'manded a fight of the sultan, and 'declared their resolution of revolt-'ing to the enemy, unless you headed 'the troops.

'I was

'I was writing diſpatches in the 'royal tent, when I heard their tu- 'mult, and my heart fled as they ap- 'proached; but as they ſtopped for 'ſome time to fix upon one for their 'ſpeaker, I had juſt time to ſlip on a 'ſlave's habit, and cut my way through 'the back ſide of the tent.

'I ran as ſwift as my feet could 'carry me out of the encampment; 'and being ſtopped by ſeveral centi- 'nels, I told them I was diſpatched 'by the vizir, and ſhewed them mine 'own ſignet.

'But I was no ſooner clear of the 'army, than I repented my folly. "What have I done," ſaid I to myſelf, "I have deſerted my poſt, and ruined "the intereſt of my lord; better had "I died at the head of my ſultan's "troops, or fell a ſacrifice to their "rage, than thus inglorioufly to pe- "riſh obſcurely! Beſides, I have been "terrified without juſt cauſe; the re- "bel army may not be ſo near; I "ought to have ſtaid in the tent, and "endeavoured to have pacified the of- "ficers of the army."

'And now I was in doubt whe- 'ther to return, or, as I had pene- 'trated thus far, whether it would 'not be moſt prudent to take a near 'ſurvey of the rebel army. I reſolved 'upon the laſt, and cautiouſly travel- 'led toward the place where the ſpies 'ſaid they were encamped.

'I arrived at the ſpot deſcribed, but 'ſaw neither centinels nor encamp- 'ment. Amazed at this, I proceeded 'onward during that and the next 'day, but no army was to be ſeen, 'or any thing indicating their ap- 'proach.

'This made me curſe my folly and 'my credulity. "Alas, Horam," ſaid 'I to myſelf, "how little worthy wert "thou of the confidence of thy lord! "and yet better is this miſtake, than "the certainty of the rebels approach, "which could not have been effected "without the power of enchantment."

'Ere it was too late, I reſolved to 'return, hoping that I ſhould pacify 'the troops, by aſſuring them that 'I had in perſon been a witneſs to the 'untruth of the laſt alarm.

'But, alas! when I eſſayed to re- 'turn, I found my feet fixed to the 'ground; and in a moment the earth 'trembled, and Ulin the inchantreſs 'aroſe, on the back of an enormous 'toad.

"Wiſe and ſagacious vizir," ſaid 'ſhe, in an inſulting tone, "I admire "your prudence and diſcretion! and "although Mahomet and his faithful "crew of Genii will not permit us "to overpower you, or your prudent "maſter, unleſs through your own "inadvertency you fall into our ſnares, "yet there is little to be feared from "their interpoſition, while you be- "come ſuch eaſy dupes to our artifi- "ces. The army which I lead againſt "thy wretched ſultan, is not leſs than "forty days march from hence, and "is embarraſſed by the mountains "and the foreſts, and yet the cre- "dulous vizir fled from his charge at "the moſt improbable alarm, and fled "into the arms of one who well "knows how to reward his prudence "and addreſs. Become, therefore, "O filly vizir, like the reptile that "bears me, and I ſhall in a moment "tranſport thee into the foreſt of Ta- "rapajan, where ſeveral of thy wiſe "brethren are gone before thee."

'As ſhe ſpake thus, the inchant- 'reſs breathed on me with her peſti- 'ferous breath; and I fell to the 'ground, and crawled like a toad 'before her.

'Ulin then waved her wand, and 'ſleep overpowered me; and when I 'awaked, I found myſelf between 'the Merchant of Delly and the Prin- 'ceſs of Caſſimir; who, like me, had 'felt the vengeance of Ulin the in- 'chantreſs.

'It was ſome conſolation to us, 'that our ſpeech was not taken from 'us, but that we were able to commu- 'nicate to each other our misfor- 'tunes.

'Mahoud firſt required of me the 'adventures of my life, and I had 'juſt finiſhed them the day before my 'dear transformed lord appeared a- 'mong us.

'While Mahoud related his hiſto- 'ry, your voice, O ſultan, ſtruck my 'ears, and I feared to aſk whether 'my lord was in equal affliction with 'his ſlave.'

'Did you not then,' ſaid Miſnar, 'hear the adventures of Hemjunah, 'the Princeſs of Caſſimir?'

'I did not, my ſultan,' anſwered Horam; 'Hemjunah was about to

'relate

'relate her adventures when you appeared; and after Shemſhelnar, the derviſe, had releaſed you, ſhe deſired to reſerve them till ſuch time as we ſhould meet hereafter in our natural ſhapes.

'Two days after you left us with Shemſhelnar, who endeavoured to comfort our afflictions, on a ſudden we perceived a vivid flaſh of lightning, which was ſucceeded by a violent clap of thunder; and while we were looking at each other, the wood inſtantly vaniſhed, and I found myſelf in my palace at Delly. What became of Mahoud, or the Princeſs of Caſſimir, I know not; but I was ſenſible that my prince had conquered the inchantreſs, who had laid ſuch hateful chains upon us.

'I haſtened to the divan of vizirs and emirs, who were aſtoniſhed at my preſence. They were met in order to appoint a ſultan, having juſt heard from the army, that both their ſultan and his vizir were fled from the encampments. A friend of Ahubal's had propoſed that prince to ſucceed my royal maſter, and orders were given to proclaim him when I arrived in the divan.

'Being acquainted with the reſolutions of the vizirs and emirs, I proclaimed aloud that my royal maſter Miſnar was alive, and that he had deſtroyed the Inchantreſs Ulin, who eſpouſed the cauſe of Ahubal.

'At this declaration the vizirs and emirs proſtrated themſelves, and gave thanks to Alla, and the trumpets and the cornets went through the ſtreets of Delly, and proclaimed my arrival, and the victory of Miſnar their ſultan over the Inchantreſs Ulin.

'I diſpatched orders before the divan broke up, to the army, with advice of your ſucceſs, and commanded a part to march for the city of Delly, leaving only a ſufficient number of troops to obſerve the motion of the enemy, if they ſhould again unite; for I knew that Ulin's deſtruction would cauſe a diſſipation of their army.

'Having ſettled the affairs of my maſter, to compleat my joy, tidings were brought me of his approach, and Horam is again bleſſed with the ſight of his ſultan.'

The Vizir Horam having finiſhed his relation, bowed himſelf before the ſultan, and ſaid, 'Shall thy ſlave give orders that an ambaſſador be ſent to the Sultan of Caſſimir, to enquire after the fate of the Princeſs Hemjunah?'

'Horam,' anſwered the ſultan, 'while war ſtalks thus boldly through our dominions, it were vain to aſſume a ſtate that we may in a moment be bereaved of. No, Horam, let us wait for more proſperous hours.'

Early in the morning ſeveral meſſengers arrived with the news of the death of Ulin, and the revolt of ten provinces from Ahubal; and ſoon after the provinces ſent deputies to excuſe their rebellion, and to beſeech the ſultan to pardon their offences.

Miſnar yielded to their prayers, but ordered ſome of the moſt faithful of his troops to march into their borders, and to encamp among them.

The ſultan then redreſſed the grievances which his ſoldiers had committed, as far as he was able, and by a juſt and equal law, obliged every diviſion to furniſh ſuch a number of troops; for although no clouds were then ſeen to interrupt his reign, yet Miſnar was aſſured that he ſhould ſhortly be called upon to exerciſe his prudence, through the wiles of his enemies the enchanters.

Nor were his fears unjuſt; Ahubal, though deſerted by the provinces, was yet eſpouſed by the Magician Happuck, who hearing of the defeat of his ſiſter Ulin, was reſolved to revenge the cauſe of that deteſted race.

It was not long before the ſultan heard the Magician Happuck was encouraging the provinces who had followed Ulin, again to revolt from their ſultan; but the fear of Miſnar's troops overawed them, and whatever might be their real inclinations, yet they were obliged to refuſe the offers and the intreaties of Happuck.

The ſultan, to ſecure their obedience the more effectually, increaſed the number of his forces in the provinces, and preſerved the chain of communication from them, quite through his extenſive dominions.

The magician finding the ſultan's forces ſo well diſpoſed, and that no encouragement could prevail on the ſouthern provinces to revolt, abandoned

ed his design of succeeding by the force of arms, and flew to the weapons of craft and dissimulation.

Though Happuck had now been employed near a year in raising commotions among the subjects of India, two provinces only owned the government of Ahubal, the rest continued firm in their loyalty to the Sultan Misnar.

These provinces had raised a light army of about forty thousand men, who by forced marches harrassed the neighbouring provinces around them.

Of these, three thousand horsemen parted suddenly from the rest, and by following unfrequented tracks over the mountains and through the forests, arrived at length within two days march of Delly.

Here pitching their tents, they sent several of their chief officers to Delly, to assure the sultan, that they were greatly afflicted at their crimes, and were desirous of laying down their rebellious arms at his feet.

Horam the vizir received these suppliants; and representing their contrition to the sultan, he commanded them to join the main army; at the same time sending dispatches to his general to dismount them from their horses, and to encamp them in such a situation, as they might not be able either to escape, or to annoy his army, if they should be disposed to revolt again.

The Magician Happuck, who was among the officers that appeared at Delly, and who had contrived the revolt in order to get into the presence of the sultan, was greatly chagrined to find that the Vizir Horam received him, and that he was not to be admitted into Misnar's presence. But concealing his disappointment, he with the rest joined the three thousand horsemen, and marched to the grand army of Misnar.

Once a year the whole army is reviewed by the sultan in person; and it happened that the disguised magician, and his troop of horsemen, arrived at the army three days before this general review.

The magician was rejoiced at this fortunate event.

'Ibrac,' said he to the officer who commanded his troop, 'fortune has 'now given me an opportunity of re'venging the death of my sister Ulin; 'this disguise of an officer is not sufficient; I will descend to the meanest rank, where I shall be less suspected; and as the Sultan Misnar passes between the ranks where I am situated, I will draw my bow, and pierce him to the heart: having done this, I shall render myself invisible; and do you, in the general consternation, proclaim Ahubal the Sultan of India.'

'Most powerful magician,' answered Ibrac, 'what need is there of 'this deceit? since you are able to render yourself invisible, why cannot you 'enter the sultan's palace unseen, and 'stab him to the heart?'

'Faithful Ibrac,' answered the magician, 'you know not the powers which support this boy like urchin. The Genius Balhourdi, at whose name our race trembles, is his guardian, and prevents my approach; and it is written in the volumes of fate, that no enchantment shall prevail against Misnar, unless he first allow our crafty race to deceive him. Otherwise, Ibrac, dost thou suppose, that so many of my brethren, before whom the mountains tremble and the ocean boils, should need to league against a boy: no, Ibrac, Misnar were beneath our vengeance or our art, did not Mahomet espouse him, and his mean vassals, the good Genii of mankind! The conquest of this boy, while thus supported, would add strength to our cause, and convince the powers of Heaven that the children of earth belonged to us, and not to them.'

Ibrac then furnished the magician with the cloathing of one of the common soldiers, and he was mustered with the rest of the troops.

Early in the morning, in which Misnar was to review his troops, the sultan arose, and bid his slaves, who waited in the pavilion, to call his Vizir Horam to him.

'Horam,' said the sultan, 'I suspect the crafty Magician Happuck, he is doubtless here disguised in our camp, and if I expose myself to day, it may be in his power to set the crown of India on my brother's head.'

'Let my sultan, then,' said Horam, 'proclaim a reward to him who discovers the magician, even to the holding of the second place in your empire.'

'That

'That contrivance would have little effect,' said the sultan; 'Happuck would elude our search, and transforming himself into some reptile, escape our vengeance, and then meditate some new device to deceive us. No, Horam,' continued Misnar, 'if he be really with us, it were folly to let him escape.'

'But how will my lord discover him amidst three hundred thousand troops,' answered the vizir; 'there is no officer in your army knows the fiftieth part of your soldiers, and where recruits are daily added to the army, to search for a particular person without giving the alarm, so that Happuck might escape, would be impossible.'

'In how many ranks,' said the sultan, 'is the army to be disposed?'

'The plain,' answered the vizir, 'on which they are to be reviewed, will contain three thousand in a row.'

'Bring me then two hundred of the most expert archers in my army,' said the sultan, 'and take them from those troops who are the farthest from the deserters who lately joined the army.'

The vizir did as the sultan commanded, and brought the archers before the royal pavilion.

'Go, now, Horam,' said the sultan, 'and order all the troops to be drawn out on the plain.'

'They are almost assembled,' said Horam, 'already.'

'Then,' replied the sultan, 'take these archers, and place one at each extremity of the ranks, an archer on the right of each rank; but before you station them thus, give them the following orders: be ready with your bows drawn, and your arrows fixed to the bow-string, and whenever the word of command is given for all the army to fall prostrate, let your arrows fly at the man who is last to obey the word of command.'

The troops being all drawn forth in their ranks, and the archers disposed according to the sultan's order, the sultan Misnar came forth, attended by his eunuchs, vizirs, and emirs, and guards. The loud clarions sounded, the lively notes of the trumpets were heard, and the brazen cymbals shook the trembling air.

The magician, who was impatient to perpetrate the malicious purposes of his heart, was elated at the warlike sound; and he beheld the sultan's retinue at a distance, with such joy as the eagle views the flocks of sheep on the plains of Homah.

The sultan being arrived at the front of his army, which he knew was composed of his most faithful troops, commanded silence throughout the plain.

'My brave soldiers,' said he, 'although no care nor resolution has been wanting on your parts, to extirpate the rebellion of my provinces, yet to Alla only, and to Mahomet his prophet, belong the glory and the honour of your arms; wherefore let immediate orders be issued forth among my troops, that all do together fall prostrate on the ground before the all-seeing Alla, the governor of the world, and the disposer of kingdoms and of crowns.'

As this order went forth through the ranks, the soldiers at once fell prostrate before Alla all but the Magician Happuck, who was surprized and astonished at the order, and irresolute what to do. But little time was given him to think; for no sooner were his fellow soldiers fallen prostrate on each side of him, than the arrows of the archers pierced his heart.

The magician finding himself overpowered, and that the messengers of death had seized on him, raised his voice aloud, and with what little strength was left, cursed both Alla and his prophet; but the stream of life flowed swiftly from him, and his curses grew fainter and fainter, till they were lost in death.

Those who were acquainted with the designs of Happuck, perceiving that the magician was dead, and their plot discovered, began to fly: and first, Ibrac essayed to head his discarded troops; but they not being used to march on foot, soon fell into confusion, and the forces of the sultan surrounding them, they were instantly destroyed.

The sultan Misnar saw by the confusion of his army in the centre; that the discovery was made; and sent Horam with some chosen troops, to enquire into the cause of their disorder. The vizir was no sooner arrived, than he perceived several soldiers bringing

along the body of the Magician Happuck, which appeared undiſguiſed after death.

'Bid the two archers,' ſaid the vizir, 'who deſtroyed the monſter, come 'forward.'

When the archers were come forward, Horam applauded their ſkill and their obedience, and adviſed them to take the body between them, and carry it before the ſultan.

The archers obeyed, and the ranks before opening as they paſſed, they ſoon arrived at the feet of Miſnar.

The ſultan ſeeing his enemy thus deſtroyed, ordered the two archers ten purſes, containing each one hundred pieces of gold, and to every other archer one purſe containing one hundred pieces of gold. To him who brought the head of Ibrac, alſo he gave five purſes of like value; and then again iſſued out his command, that the whole army ſhould fall proſtrate, and adore the mercy of Alla, who had ſo ſoon delivered into their hands the chief of their enemies.

In the mean time, two only of the troops of Ibrac and Happuck eſcaped; and returning to Ahubal, acquainted him with their defeat.

Ahubal fled at the news, and hid himſelf in the mountains, for he feared leſt his ſoldiers ſhould betray him, and deliver him up to his brother.

But Ollomand the enchanter, who firſt counſelled the Sultan of India to ſecure his throne, by ſpilling the innocent blood of his brother, now reſolved to revenge the common cauſe; he therefore directed the ſteps of Ahubal to a cave in the mountains, where fatigued with flight, and fearful of purſuit, the royal rebel arrived in the heat of the day.

The cave was, for the moſt part, ſurrounded with ſteep mountains, and a great diſtance from any tract or path, and was ſituated at the entrance of a long valley, which led among the mountains.

Ahubal having ſlept and refreſhed himſelf in the cave, purſued his journey through the valley, till he found his path ſtopped by inacceſſible rocks, on the top of which he perceived a magnificent caſtle, whoſe walls reflected the rays of the ſun like burniſhed gold.

The brother of Miſnar fixed his eye for ſome time on that part of the caſtle which was ſhaded by the reſt; for the front was too dazzling to behold, and in a few moments he perceived a ſmall wicket open, and a dwarf come forth.

Ahubal ſoon loſt ſight of the dwarf behind the rocks; but he reſolved to wait there, to ſee whether he would find any paſſage into the valley.

The dwarf, after being hid for ſome time, appeared again about the middle of the rocks, and by his courſe ſeemed to deſcend in a ſpiral path around the mountain.

When the dwarf had reached the bottom, he advanced to Ahubal, and preſenting him with a clue, he told him, that if he threw it before him, and followed it, the clue would unravel itſelf, and diſcover to him the path which led up the rocks to the caſtle of Ollomand his maſter.

Ahubal having heard from Ulin and Happuck, that Ollomand was his friend, took the clue out of the hand of the dwarf, and threw it before him.

As the clue rolled onward and touched the rocks, Ahubal diſcovered a regular aſcent, which winding round, brought him by degrees to the caſtle on the ſummit of the mountain.

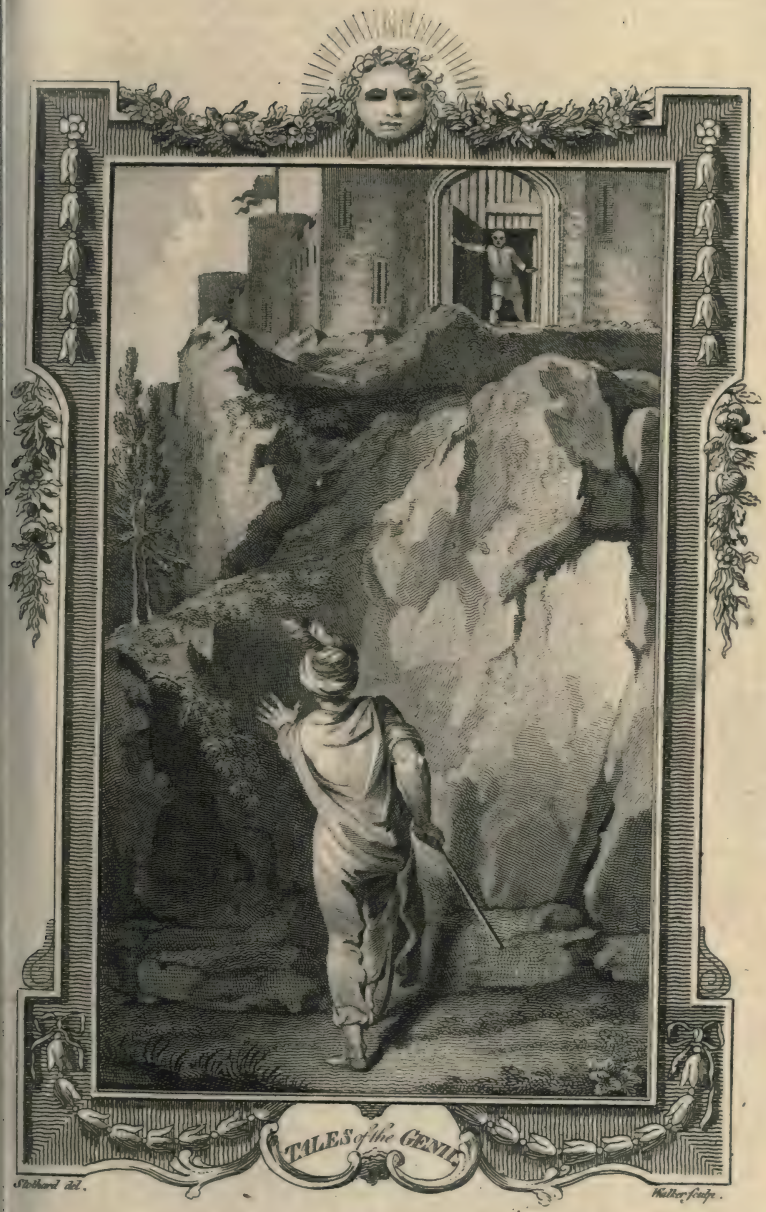
The enchanter Ollomand received Ahubal at the entrance of the caſtle, which was guarded by four dragons, and led him through a large court into a ſpacious hall, the walls of which were lined with human bones that had been whitened in the ſun.

'Favourite of the race of the power-'ful,' ſaid Ollomand, 'ſee here the 'bones of thoſe who have lifted up 'their arms againſt thee, and I will 'add to their number till this caſtle be 'filled.'

'Alas,' anſwered Ahubal, 'Ulin 'is no more, and the vultures are 'preying on the vitals of Happuck! 'Ten provinces have deſerted my 'cauſe, and the coffers of my army are 'exhauſted!'

'Happuck,' anſwered Ollomand, 'deſpiſed the aſſiſtance of riches, and 'truſted to deceit, and therefore failed. 'The provinces dared not revolt, while 'the armies of Miſnar over-awed them; 'but I will repleniſh thy coffers, and 'Ollomand will tempt the leaders of 'the ſultan's troops to join the cauſe 'of Ahubal. In this caſtle are riches 'and arms ſufficient to equip all the 'inhabitants of Aſia, and when theſe

'are



Vol. III.

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'are exhauſted, we will apply to Pha-
'reſanen, Hypacuſan, and all the chief-
'tains of our race; and fear not, Ahu-
'bal, for by my art I read that Miſ-
'nar the ſultan ſhall fly before the face
'of his enemies.'

Ahubal was encouraged by the words of Ollomand, and the enchanter having opened his deſign to the prince, invited him to behold the riches of his caſtle.

Paſſing through the hall of bones, they deſcended into a ſquare court much more ſpacious than the former, in the middle of which appeared a deep and dark pit.

This court contained four hundred gates of maſſy braſs, and each gate was ſupported by nine enormous hinges of the ſame metal.

As Ollomand the enchanter entered this court, with the prince Ahubal in his hand, he lift up his voice, which echoed like thunder amidſt the lofty turrets of the caſtle, and commanded his ſlaves to expoſe to the ſight of Ahubal the treaſures of their maſter.

The Prince Ahubal, who had ſeen no creature but the dwarf and the enchanter in the caſtle, wondered from whence the ſlaves ſhould come; but his wonder was ſhortly turned into fear, when he ſaw a gigantick black, with a club of ebony, forty feet in length, ariſe out of the pit which was in the centre of the court.

But if one was ſo terrifying, his horrors were beyond meaſure increaſed, when he perceived a long ſucceſſion of the ſame gigantick monſters, following one another out of the pit, and advancing to the four hundred brazen gates, till every gate had a ſlave ſtanding before it.

When Ollomand ſaw his ſlaves were all prepared before the gates, he bid them ſtrike with their clubs of ebony againſt them.

The black ſlaves, in obedience to the enchanter's orders, lifted up their ponderous clubs of ebony, and ſtruck againſt the four hundred gates, which jarred ſo much with the blows of the ſlaves, that Ahubal was forced to ſtop his ears, and was ready to ſink into the earth with aſtoniſhment and dread.

As ſoon as the black ſlaves of Ollomand had ſtruck the four hundred gates of braſs, the gates began to move, and the harſh creak and breaking of the hinges, ſent forth a noiſe, which alone had chilled the hearts of all the armies of Miſnar, could they have heard them.

This diſmal and diſcordant jar continued, till the gates were forced open by the hideous ſlaves. But the Prince Ahubal was ſo ſtunned and ſtupified with the piercing ſound, that he dared not look up, till Ollomand the enchanter, ſhaking him by the ſhoulders, bid him feaſt his eyes with the riches of his friend.

Ahubal then lifting up his head, looked around the court, and ſaw the four hundred gates were opened. In thoſe to the right hand were millions of wedges of gold and ſilver, piled beneath craggy arches of huge unchizzled ſtone. Oppoſite to theſe he beheld an hundred vaulted roofs, under which were ſacks and bags of the gold and ſilver coin of many nations.

Before him, another hundred gates expoſed to his view the arms and warlike accoutrements of ten thouſand nations, and all the inſtruments of death which the inventive malice of man had ever diſcovered. Firſt a rude heap of ponderous ſtones, and the fragments of rocks. Next ſticks, ſtaffs, and knotty clubs. Next to theſe ſpears, darts, launces, and javelins, armed with braſs or iron, or their points hardened by fire, and innumerable bows, with quivers and arrows. After theſe inſtruments of dubious uſe, originally deſigned for the aſſiſtance of men, but perverted, through cruelty and malice, to the ſervice of ſlaughter and death; ſuch as knives, bodkins, axes, hammers. On theſe were heaped arms, deliberately faſhioned for the offence of mankind, ſwords, daggers, poniards, ſtilettoes, hangers, ſcymitars, rapiers. In the fourth part of the court, which was behind Ahubal, were ſtored the more refined and deſtructive inſtruments of European war, the grenadoes, the firelock, the piſtol, the muſket, the blunderbuſs, the culverin, the petard, the cannon, the howitzer, the bomb, the mortar, and their accurſed food, bags of powder, balls of lead, and iron ſhells and carcaſes.

Ahubal, who underſtood but little of theſe inſtruments, was amazed at their conſtruction, and aſked for what purpoſes thoſe ghaſtly monſters of art were formed.

'These,' said Ollomand, 'are the arms of Europe, a part of the earth filled with industrious robbers, whose minds are hourly on the stretch to invent new plagues to torment each other. Of these mortals, many are settled on the sea-coasts of our southern provinces; whom I shall persuade, through the instigations of that god which they worship, to join the forces of Ahubal.'

'Hast thou, then, mighty enchanter,' answered the Prince Ahubal, 'the gods of Europe in thy power?'

'The Europeans,' said Ollomand, 'acknowledge but one god, whom they pretend doth inhabit the heavens, but whom we find buried in the entrails of the earth: gold, O prince, is their god, for whose sake they will undertake the most daring enterprizes, and forsake the best of friends. To these shalt thou send presents and future promise of wealth, and by their machinations fear not but Misnar shall yield to thy superior address.'

'What need of the arms, or the persons of Europeans,' answered the Prince Ahubal, 'while my friend has an army of such gigantick slaves, ten of whom are more than sufficient to destroy the puny armies of my brother the sultan?'

'Alas,' said Ollomand, 'the slaves of enchantment cannot fight against the sons of the faithful. Though we deny Mahomet, and will not adore him, yet we cannot controul a power that must over-rule us. Were the world at our disposal, the mean worshippers of Alla should tremble at their fate! but, alas! the curb of Mahomet galls our tongues, the flesh of our lips is filled with rawness and foam, and our evil race must tremble, though it cannot relent. But these are troublesome thoughts, and the provinces require our presence, as Misnar's troops are in possession of the country; we will transport ourselves to Orixa in the disguise of merchants, and there endeavour to forward the destruction of Misnar, the tame sultan of the east.'

As Ollomand spake these words, he stamped with his feet, and a chariot, drawn by four dragons, arose from the pit in the centre of the court, which Ahubal and the enchanter ascended, and were conveyed in a dark cloud to the woods behind the city of Orixa.

When Ollomand's chariot alighted on the ground, he touched the dragons with his wand, and they became four camels laden with merchandize, and the chariot was converted into an elephant. Ahubal became like a merchant, and the enchanter appeared as a black slave.

They entered the town in the evening, and the next morning exposed their goods in the market-place.

The bales of Ahubal, the sham merchant, being opened, were found to contain chiefly materials for cloathing the officers of the army.

The troops of Misnar hearing this, were his chief customers, and as Ahubal sold his wares very cheap, he soon got acquainted with all the officers at Orixa.

In all his conversations with them, the enchanter had directed Ahubal to lament the small salaries which the army were allowed; this was a subject all agreed in, and soon led to more lucrative offers, if they would embrace the cause of Ahubal. The officers, who were for the most part soldiers for the sake of pay and plunder, rather than duty and honour, soon came into the sham merchant's proposal, and in ten days Ahubal found himself in a condition to recover the province of Orixa.

The young prince, fired with his success, was about to discover himself, but the enchanter checked his ardour, and besought him to consider how many more provinces must be gained, before he could make head against his brother.

The advice of Ollomand prevailed with the prince, and they sent some of those officers who were strongest in their interest, into the different provinces of the south, to corrupt the minds of the commanders.

As there was no want of money and bribery, so an easier conquest was made over the loyalty of the troops, than could have been made over their prowess by swords.

In a few moons all the southern provinces were ripe for a revolt, and the troops who were sent to over-awe them, were

were moſt deſirous of opening the campaign againſt their ſultan. Two hundred French engineers were alſo invited by large rewards, to join the armies of Ahubal, and the troops were ſupplied by the vigilance of the enchanter Ollomand.

On a fixed day, all the armies of the provinces were in motion, and all unfurled the ſtandard of Ahubal; the provinces were invited to rebel, and thouſands were daily added to the troops of the prince.

Tidings of theſe alterations were ſent to Delly, by the few friends of the ſultan which remained in thoſe parts; and Horam the vizir laid before his maſter the dreadful news of a general revolt, both of his troops and provinces in the ſouth.

'The enemies of Miſnar,' ſaid the ſultan, as his vizir Horam had ended his report, 'are many, and one only is 'his friend!'

Horam bowed low at his maſter's words.

'Faithful Horam,' ſaid the ſultan, 'I honour and eſteem thee; but think 'not I prefer my vizir to my God; 'no, Horam, Alla alone is the friend 'of Miſnar, a friend more mighty 'than the armies of Ahubal, or the 'ſorceries of the enchanters.'

Miſnar then aſſembled his troops; and putting himſelf at their head, he marched by eaſy marches toward the ſouthern frontiers of his dominions.

The armies of Ahubal continued to increaſe, and Cambaya acknowledged him for their ſultan. In a ſhort time he arrived with his forces at Narvar, and encamped within ſeven leagues of the army of Miſnar the ſultan.

Ollomand the enchanter, notwithſtanding Ahubal had thrown off the diſguiſe of a merchant, ſtill attended him as a black ſlave, being always about his perſon, till the freedom which the prince allowed him was reſented by the officers of his army.

This the enchanter perceived, and therefore he deſired Ahubal would grant him five thouſand of his troops, and the European engineers, that he might advance before the main army, and ſignalize himſelf by a blow which he meditated to give the enemy.

The counſel of Ollomand was never oppoſed by Ahubal; the prince commanded the troops to attend Ollomand, and be ſubject unto him.

The enchanter then marched with his ſelected troops into a thick wood, which the army of Miſnar muſt paſs, ere they could oppoſe their enemies; and in this wood the engines of European war were placed, to command every avenue that had been hewn out by the troops of the ſultan.

Ollomand marching by night, ſurprized all the advanced guards of the ſultan, and poſſeſſed himſelf of the wood, where he placed the European engineers, before the ſun could penetrate through the branches of the foreſt of Narvar.

This enterprize had ruined all the hopes of the ſultan, who propoſed to march his army through the next day, if the Europeans had continued faithful to Ahubal and his party; but one, favoured by the darkneſs of the night, eſcaped, and betrayed the whole deſign to the ſultan.

Miſnar was no ſooner apprized of the enchanter's contrivance, than he ordered certain of his troops to climb over the mountains to the right of the wood, and, if poſſible, to gain the oppoſite ſide, and there in ſeveral parts to ſet the wood on fire. This was ſo ſucceſsfully executed by the ſoldiers, that as ſoon as Ollomand was poſſeſſed of the wood, he perceived it was on fire, and had made a ſeparation between him and the army of Ahubal.

In this diſtreſs, the enchanter reſolved to diſpoſe of his troops and engineers in the moſt advantageous manner, propoſing in his mind to ſecure his own retreat by the power of enchantment. But while the ſubtle enchanter was directing his engineers in the rear to bring up the fell engines of war, one of the cannon which was left in the wood, (the flames having obliged thoſe who belonged to it to retreat) being made hot by the raging fires in the wood, diſcharged it's contents, and the ball ſtriking the enchanter, carried with it the head of Ollomand toward the camp of the ſultan.

This put the troops in the wood in the utmoſt confuſion, and many fled to the ſultan's camp, declaring the loſs of their leader, and the reſt reſolved rather to ſubmit, than periſh by the ſword or by fire.

The

The flames of the wood which aroſe between the armies of Miſnar and Ahubal, ſoon diſturbed the peace of the rebel prince. At firſt, indeed, he hoped Ollomand had incloſed his brother's troops, and was conſuming them by his fires. But no diſpatch from his friend, filled Ahubal with juſt fears, which were greatly increaſed, as in a few days the fire decreaſing, and having opened a paſſage through the wood, he was informed by his ſpies that the armies of Miſnar were approaching.

The Prince Ahubal having loſt his friend the enchanter, was fearful of the event, and wiſhed to fly; but his generals being rebels, and fearing their fate if they ſhould be taken, reſolved to conquer or die, and Ahubal was conſtrained againſt his will to put his army in a ſtate of defence.

The ſultan ſuppoſing his brother's army would be diſheartened at the loſs of the enchanter, was ſtudious of giving them battle before they had recovered their conſternation; and therefore led on his troops with great impetuoſity toward the front of the rebel army, while the Vizir Horam, covered by the main body of Miſnar's army, endeavoured to gain the right flank of the enemy.

And now the adverſe elephants made the ſandy plains ſhake as they advanced, and from the turrets on their backs ten thouſand hoſtile arrows were diſcharged; the loud hollow cymbals ſounded the alarm, and the air groaned with the weight of the winged weapons. The troops of the ſultan advanced with confidence, and the rebellious ſupporters of Ahubal ruſhed forward with reſolute deſpair. Innumerable ſcymitars blazed fearfully over the heads of the warlike. The feet of the elephants were ſtained with death, and the blood of the ſlain was as the rivers of Arvar. But the troops of Miſnar were fluſhed with hope and fear, and diſmay was in the paths of Ahubal. The prince himſelf, in confuſion, ſounded the retreat, and the backs of his troops were already expoſed to the darts of the ſultan, when the ſwarthy Enchanter Taſnar appeared in the air, ſeated on a rapacious vulture.

'Baſe cowards,' ſaid he, as he hovered aloft in the air, 'turn, and fear 'not while Taſnar is your friend. 'The troops of the ſultan are exhauſted and fatigued, and you are 'flying from thoſe who were deſtined 'for your prey. Are then the riches 'of Delly to be ſo eaſily reſigned, 'and your tedious marches over the 'deſarts to be foiled by a moment's 'fear! Even now is India offered as 'the reward of your toils, and you 'prefer ſhame and ignominy to glory 'and honour.'

The troops of Ahubal hearing theſe words, and being encouraged by a ſight ſo wonderful, for a time ſtood ſtill, unknowing what to do; till Taſnar alighting on the ground, and ſeizing a javelin, bid the brave ſupport and defend the avenger of their wrongs.

The ſultan's army finding their enemies retreat, had followed them in a tumultuous manner, and were therefore leſs able to reſiſt the Enchanter Taſnar and thoſe who ſupported him. And they had experienced the truth of the enchanter's aſſertion, had not the Vizir Horam, perceiving their reſiſtance, haſtened with a few choſen troops to the reſcue of his friend.

The battle, though not ſo general as before, was yet much fiercer, and Taſnar and Horam met face to face. The vizir aimed in vain his ſcymitar at the head of the enchanter, and Taſnar found a ſuperior arm witheld him, when he attempted to demoliſh the faithful vizir. But this prevented not the general ſlaughter that enſued, till night, which recruits the waſted ſtrength of man, divided the armies of Miſnar and Ahubal.

After the retreat of the two contending armies, the Vizir Horam attended the ſultan in his royal pavilion, and informed him of the deſcent of the Enchanter Taſnar, and his proweſs in the field.

'Alas,' anſwered Miſnar, 'it is in 'vain, O Horam, that the ſword is up'lifted againſt the power of enchant'ment; ſo long as theſe magicians 'are prepared againſt our attacks, we 'muſt ſurprize them, or we cannot pre'vail. Taſnar is joined to my faith'leſs brother Ahubal; there is in my 'camp doubtleſs ſome truſty ſlave, 'who, under the appearance of be'traying my cauſe, may penetrate in'to the camp of Ahubal, and deſtroy 'this

'this enchanter while he sleeps in se-
'curity; and Horam my vizir must
'find that slave ere the sun beholds
'the blood of Asia, which defiles the
'plains of my kingdom.'

Horam bowed, and went out of the presence of the sultan in great distress of heart.

'Where,' said he to himself, 'can
'the mighty find a trusty friend! or
'what slave will be faithful to his ma-
'ster that has robbed him of his liber-
'ty! Better had I perished by the hand
'of Tasnar, than be betrayed through
'the wickedness of my servants!'

The vizir, doubtful where to apply, or whom to trust, returned to his tent, where he found an old female slave, who waited to deliver a message from his seraglio, which was kept in a tent adjoining to his own.

Horam, not regarding her presence, threw himself on his sopha, and bemoaned his fate, in being commanded to find a trusty slave.

The female slave, who saw her master's tears, threw herself at his feet, and called Alla to witness that she had always served him faithfully, and was ready to sacrifice her life for his pleasure.

Horam was rather more distressed than alleviated by her protestations.

'What art thou,' said he to her sternly, 'a poor decrepit woman, and
'canst thou go forth and combat the
'enchantments of Tasnar, the enemy
'of thy master's peace!'

'The locust and the worm,' said the female slave, 'are the instruments of
'Alla's vengeance on the mighty ones
'of the earth, and Mahomet can make
'even my weakness subservient to the
'cause of my lord.'

'And how wilt thou prevail against
'Ahubal the prince, and Tasnar the
'magician?' said Horam, careless of what he spoke.

'I will go,' answered the female slave, 'into the camp of Ahubal, and
'I will engage to poison my master,
'the vizir, and Misnar, the lord of
'our lives, as I stand before them to
'minister unto them the pleasing
'draught. And while Tasnar is in-
'tent in hearing my proposals, the steel
'of death shall suddenly search out the
'vile enchanter's heart.'

'But knowest thou not,' said Horam, 'that death will be the conse-
'quence of this rash deed?'

'My lord,' answered the slave, 'I
'was, when young, bred up in the
'caves of Denraddin, and was taught
'by a sage, to know what should hap-
'pen to me in future times; and the
'sage read in the stars of Heaven, that
'by my means should the Sultan of
'India be delivered from the enemy
'that oppressed him.'

The vizir was rejoiced at the assurances of his female slave, and bid her prepare herself to appear before the sultan.

The slave putting on her veil, followed the Vizir Horam, and was introduced to the tent of Misnar.

'What,' said the sultan, as he saw his vizir enter with the female slave,
'what new kind of warrior has Ho-
'ram brought me?'

'Light of mine eyes!' answered the vizir, 'behold a woman who is desi-
'rous of executing thy commands.
'This slave assures me, that the sages
'of the caves of Denraddin have read
'in the stars of Heaven, that by her
'means the Sultan of India should
'be delivered from the enemy that op-
'pressed him.'

'Then,' said the sultan, 'let her
'go; and may the Prophet of the
'faithful guide her footsteps in safety
'and security! I am assured that Ho-
'ram would not consent to an enter-
'prize that was foolish and weak, and
'to his direction I leave the fate of
'this trusty female.'

The slave then fell prostrate, and besought the sultan to give her some of his writings and mandates, that she might pretend she had stolen them from his tent, with a design to carry and lay them at the feet of Tasnar and Ahubal.

The sultan approved of her scheme, and ordered several mandates to be written and signed relative to the motions of his army the next day, which were quite contrary to the real disposition he intended to give out.

The female slave being furnished with these, and being conducted by the vizir to the out-skirts of the sultan's army, walked forward till she was challenged by the centinels of Ahubal, who seized upon and carried her to their commander.

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The commander, fearful of deceit, at first satisfied himself that she was really a female slave, and then asked her what brought her alone out of the camp of the sultan.

'Bring me,' said she, 'before your 'prince, for I have things to deliver 'up to him that will be of service to 'his army.'

The commander then sent her with the guard to the pavilion of Ahubal, where that prince, and the Enchanter Tasnar, were consulting in private together.

As soon as the female slave had gained admittance, she fell prostrate at the feet of Ahubal, which Tasnar observing, commanded the guards to seize her.

'Let us see,' said the enchanter, 'what service this slave can do us, be'fore she is trusted so near our per'sons.'

The female slave being secured by the guards, was doubtful how to behave.

'I like not that confusion,' said the enchanter; 'have you, base slave, 'aught to reveal to us, or are you 'sent as a spy, to betray the councils 'of the brave?'

'I have,' said the female slave, somewhat recovered from her surprize, 'pa'pers and mandates of great conse'quence, which I have stolen from 'the tent of the sultan, and I bring 'them to the Prince Ahubal, the lord 'of all the hearts of the Indian empire.'

The slave then produced her mandates, and the guards laid them at the feet of Ahubal.

The Prince Ahubal having read the papers, gave them to Tasnar, saying, 'These are indeed valuable ac'quisitions, and the female slave that 'brought them is worthy of high ho'nour and reward.'

The slave hearing this encomium, bowed down her head, for the guards who held her prevented her falling prostrate.

'Mighty son of Dabulcombar,' said the enchanter, 'let the guards 'carry her forth, till we consult what 'reward she shall receive.'

As soon as the female slave was carried out, 'My prince,' said Tasnar, 'it is indeed politick to confer rewards 'on those who serve us, and therefore 'it is sometimes necessary to do it, that 'the silly birds may be the better en'tangled in the snares of state; but 'when we can better serve our ends 'by their destruction than by their 'safety, it is but just that we should 'do it. This slave has already risqued 'her life for our service, and therefore 'she will doubtless be ready to lay it 'down if we require it.'

As the enchanter said this, he called one of the guards, and commanded him to bring in the female slave and the bow-string.

The female slave approached, being still held by the guards.

'Kind slave,' said the enchanter, 'you have already served us much, 'there is one thing more that we re'quire, let the slaves fit the bow-string 'to thy neck, and let thy last breath 'be sent forth in praise of thy Lord 'Ahubal.'

The slaves of Ahubal then put upon the wretched female the deadly bow-string, and strangled her instantly. After which they retired, leaving the dead body of the female slave on the floor of the tent.

'What hast thou done, O Tasnar!' said Ahubal, astonished at the deed.

'I suspect,' said the enchanter, 'that this female was sent on a vile 'errand; and see here,' continued he, searching her garments, 'is the wea'pon of death.'

So saying, he drew a dagger from her bosom, which she had concealed with a design of stabbing the enchanter.

'Prudent Tasnar,' said the prince, 'I admire thy foresight, but of what 'use is this murdered slave now to 'us?'

'The disguise of this slave,' answered the enchanter, 'will introduce me 'into the camp of the sultan, and I 'hope will give me an opportunity 'even of reaching his heart, with that 'steel which he designed for mine. 'But no time must be lost; the morn'ing will, ere long, disclose it's grey 'light in the east.'

The enchanter then put on the garments of the murdered female slave, and stroking his face, it became as her's, so that Ahubal could scarce believe but the slave was revived. He cut off also the head of the female slave, and anointing it with

with a white ointment, it became like his own. Thus equipped, the commander of the advanced guard conducted him to the foremoſt centinels of the rebel army.

The diſguiſed enchanter ſoon reached the camp of the ſultan, and the centinels imagining it was the ſame female ſlave whom Horam had led through their ranks in the former part of the night, ſuffered him to paſs unexamined.

In a ſhort time he reached the royal pavilion, and demanded admittance. The Vizir Horam, who was there in waiting, heard, as he ſuppoſed, the voice of his female ſlave, and went out to bring her before the ſultan.

'My ſlave,' ſaid Horam, as he ſaw the diſguiſed enchanter, 'haſt thou 'ſucceeded, and is Taſnar the foe of 'the faithful dead?'

'Bring me before the ſultan,' ſaid the pretended ſlave, 'that my lord may 'firſt behold the head of his foe.'

The vizir then led the diſguiſed enchanter into the pavilion, where the Sultan Miſnar being warned of her approach, was ſeated on his throne.

As the enchanter approached, he held a dagger in one hand, which was covered by a long ſleeve, and in the other he bore the fictitious head. And now the fictitious female was about to aſcend the ſteps of the throne, when the vizir commanded her firſt to fall proſtrate before the ſultan.

The ſham female ſlave did as ſhe was ordered, and the vizir ſeeing her proſtrate, fell upon her, and ſlew her with his ſabre.

'What haſt thou done, wretched 'vizir!' ſaid the ſultan; 'has envy 'thus raſhly ſtirred thee up againſt my 'faithful ſlave, that——'

The ſultan had probably continued his invective againſt his vizir much longer, had he not beheld the corſe of the dead enchanter change it's appearance, and found that Horam, by the ſudden deſtruction of Taſnar, had but juſt preſerved his own life.

At ſight of this transformation, Miſnar deſcended from his throne, and cloſely embraced his Vizir Horam.

'O Horam, forgive my impetuous 'temper,' ſaid the ſultan; 'how have 'I blamed my friend for doing that 'which alone could have ſaved my 'life! But by what means did my 'faithful vizir become acquainted with 'the diſguiſe of this wicked enchanter, 'or how did he diſcover himſelf to 'thy watchful eye?'

'Lord of my heart,' anſwered Horam, 'when I carried my poor female 'ſlave through the camp, whoſe fate 'may be learned from this ghaſtly 'head before us; I bid her, when ſhe 'returned and ſaw me, firſt repeat 'theſe words in my ear, "Alla is lord "of heaven, Mahomet is his prophet, "and Miſnar is the vicegerent upon "earth." And this precaution I took, 'fearful leſt Taſnar, diſcovering our 'deſign, ſhould invent this method of 'revenge. Wherefore, when the pretended ſlave was brought before me, 'and ſhe repeated not the words that 'I had taught her, I was aſſured that 'it was the enchanter in diſguiſe, and 'waited, till by proſtrating himſelf 'before my lord, he gave me an opportunity of deſtroying the life of the 'chief of thine enemies.'

The ſultan of India again embraced his faithful vizir; and as ſoon as the eye of morn was opened in the eaſt, the armies of Ahubal beheld the Enchanter Taſnar's head affixed on a pole, in the front of the ſultan's army.

The Prince Ahubal riſing with the earlieſt dawn of the morning, went forward to the front of his troops, and there, at a ſmall diſtance, he ſaw the hideous features of the Enchanter Taſnar already blackening in the ſun.

Fear immediately took poſſeſſion of the ſoul of Ahubal; and he ran with tears in his eyes, and hid himſelf, till the ſun went down, in his pavilion.

The Vizir Horam perceiving the approach of Heaven's everlaſting lamp, would have led on the ſultan's troops to a ſecond attack; but Miſnar commanded him to forbear, that his army might reſt one day after their fatigues.

The great diſtreſs of the enchanters, and their unexpected deaths, alarmed the reſt of that wicked race; and Ahaback and Deſra ſeeing that no one enchanter had ſucceeded againſt the ſultan, reſolved to join their forces, and while one led a powerful army to Ahubal's aſſiſtance from the eaſt, the other raiſed the ſtorms of war and rebellion on the weſtern confines of the ſultan's empire.

In the mean time, the two armies of the ſultan and Ahubal continued inactive, till an expreſs arrived, that Aha-

back was leading the ſtrength of nine thouſand ſquadrons againſt their ſultan, and that Deſra was travelling over the plains of Embracan with three thouſand elephants, and an hundred thouſand troops from the weſtern provinces.

The ſultan inſtantly reſolved to attack Ahubal before theſe ſuccours could arrive; but the Vizir Horam fell at his feet, and beſought him not to hazard his army, but rather to recruit and ſtrengthen it.

This advice, though quite contrary to the opinion of Miſnar, was yet ſo ſtrongly urged by the vizir, that the ſultan gave up his better judgment to the opinion of Horam. And when every one expected to be called forth to action, the vizir gave orders in the camp for recruits to be ſought after, and went himſelf to the north of Delly, to raiſe a ſecond army for his maſter's ſervice.

The troops of Ahubal finding themſelves free from the attacks of the ſultan's army, endeavoured to comfort their prince, who was grieved and dejected at the loſs of his friends. And the provinces of the ſouth, to diſſipate his gloom, beſought him to permit them to raiſe a pavilion worthy of his dignity, as heretofore he contented himſelf with ſuch as his generals made uſe of.

The Prince Ahubal, who by nature was not formed for war or conteſt, but only ſtirred up by the enchanters to be their tool againſt the ſultan his brother, was eaſily perſuaded to accept of the offers of his troops, and an hundred curious artizans were ſet to work, to contrive and erect a ſumptuous pavilion for the uſe of the prince.

To theſe workmen, all the provinces who acknowledged the authority of Ahubal, ſent diamonds, and jewels, and rich ſilks, and all the coſtly materials of the world, to finiſh the ſplendid pavilion which they purpoſed to raiſe for their prince.

While the ſumptuous tent was raiſing, the ſquadrons of Ahaback drew nearer and nearer, and the elephants of Deſra were within thirty days of the camp of Ahubal.

The Vizir Horam being returned with his reinforcement, waited on the ſultan, and beſought him to truſt the management of his army to him for forty days.

'Horam,' ſaid the ſultan, 'I have 'ſuch confidence in thy ſenſe and thy 'loyalty, that I grant thy requeſt.'

The vizir having obtained his end, ſent a meſſenger to Ahubal, and deſired forty days truce might exiſt between the armies, which the prince readily agreed to.

In a few hours the truce was proclaimed in the ſultan's camp; and when Miſnar hoped that his vizir would have attacked the rebel army with a force more than double their number, he heard the trumpets ſound a truce in the tents.

Such a behaviour, ſo contrary to reaſon, alarmed the ſultan, and he ſent for the Vizir Horam, and demanded his reaſons for making a truce with his enemies.

'My lord,' anſwered Horam, 'I 'have heard that the ſouthern pro-'vinces are erecting a pavilion for 'your rebel brother Ahubal, which in 'ſplendour and magnificence is to ſur-'paſs all the glories of thy palace at 'Delly; and being convinced that thy 'ſubjects are led more by ſhew and 'appearance, than by duty and ho-'nour, I feared that Ahubal's glori-'ous pavilion might draw the neigh-'bouring cities into his encampment, 'and thereby ſtrengthen his army, and 'weaken the reſources of my prince. 'For this reaſon I beſought my lord 'to give me the command of his army 'for forty days; in which ſpace, I 'purpoſe to build thee ſuch a pavilion, 'as ſhall far outſhine in ſplendour 'every glory upon earth.'

'Horam,' anſwered the ſultan, 'I 'have put all things into thine hands, 'but let me beſeech thee to be careful 'of thy maſter.'

The Vizir Horam leaving the ſultan, ſent to Delly for workmen and artificers, and ordering a large ſpot to be incloſed, that none might behold his pavilion till it was compleated, he carried on the work with great care and aſſiduity.

While theſe works of peace, rather than of war, were carrying on in the two armies of Miſnar and Ahubal, the reinforcements of Ahaback and Deſra arrived. And the captains in the ſultan's army hearing of the great addition which was made to the rebel army, while the vizir was ſpending his time with his curious workmen, petitioned the

the ſultan, that one might be put over them, who loved war, rather than the amuſement of females and children.

The ſultan, who thought with his captains, that Horam was rather betraying than forwarding his cauſe, commanded the vizir to be brought before him, and in the preſence of his captains aſked him why he delayed to lead his troops againſt the rebel army.

The Vizir Horam made no anſwer to the ſultan's queſtion, but deſired his lord to bring the captains toward the pavilion which he had erected.

As ſoon as the ſultan appeared before the incloſure, ſeveral ſlaves behind were employed to remove it, ſo that in an inſtant, Miſnar and his captains beheld the moſt magnificent ſpectacle that art could atchieve.

The ſight of the pavilion was highly acceptable to the army of the ſultan, but the captains juſtly condemned a performance, which had, without cauſe waſted the greateſt part of the coffers of India.

The pavilion was ſituated at one extremity of the ſultan's army, at a ſmall diſtance from a rocky mountain, and ſurrounded by a grove of palm-trees, part of which had been cut down by the vizir's order, to admit the air and light among the reſt. It was compoſed of crimſon velvet, embroidered round with flowers and feſtoons of ſilver and gold; and in the body was worked, in golden tiſſue, the death of the enchanters, Ulin, Happuck, Ollomand, and Taſnar.

The pavilion ſtood upon a carpet, or cloth of gold, and within ſide was ſupported by four maſſive pillars of burniſhed gold; the ceiling of the canopy within was ſtudded with jewels and diamonds, and under it were placed two ſophas of the richeſt workmanſhip.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

TALES OF THE GENII.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF THE ENCHANTERS, OR MISNAR THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

THE ſultan, though much averſe to ſuch pageantry, was yet perſuaded by his vizir to ſleep in his new pavilion; and the glorious appearance which it made, brought thouſands to view the magnificent abode of their ſultan.

The account of this ſplendid tent ſoon reached Ahubal's army, and every one extolled the glorious pavilion, ſo that Ahubal's tent ſeemed as nothing in compariſon of the ſultan's.

Ahaback and Deſra, who were in the prince's pavilion, hearing the account, reſolved to go inviſibly and examine it.

They left the prince, and putting each a ring on their fingers, paſſed the centinels and watches of both armies.

But if the ſight of the pavilion filled them with malice and envy, the hiſtories of their brethren's death increaſed that malice, and urged them to revenge.

They returned haſtily to Ahubal's pavilion, and related to him what they had ſeen.

Ahubal's heart rankled at their account, and his viſage fell, to hear how much his brother had out-done him in magnificence.

'Get me a tent more ſplendid than 'the ſultan's,' ſaid he to the enchanters, 'or diſband your armies, and 'leave me to my fate!'

'My prince,' anſwered Ahaback, 'let not ſuch a trifle diſcompoſe you. 'It is true, we could in a moment 'erect a pavilion more magnificent 'than the ſultan's, but it will be moſt 'glorious to diſpoſſeſs him of that 'which he has built, and to ſet my 'prince upon the throne of his father; 'for which purpoſe, let the trumpets 'ſound on the morrow; the truce is 'at an end, or if it were not, we mean 'not to keep our faith with an uſurper; and ere the ſultan be prepared, 'let us fall upon him: who knows 'but we may ſleep to-morrow night 'in this pavilion which now cauſes 'our uneaſineſs?'

The counſel of Ahaback pleaſed both Deſra and Ahubal, and they gave orders for the troops to march in the morning, and attack the army of the ſultan.

The forces of Miſnar were ſleeping in their tents, when the alarm was ſpread that the enemy were upon them.

The Vizir Horam aroſe in haſte, and put himſelf at the head of the army; but inſtead of leading them to their enemies, he fled off to the right with the choiceſt of the troops, and took poſſeſſion of a paſs in the mountains behind the pavilion, from whence he ſent a meſſenger to the ſultan, that he had ſecured him a retreat in caſe the armies of Ahubal ſhould conquer.

The ſultan being at the extremity of his army, knew not of the confuſed attack, till it was too late to redeem his loſt opportunity. He collected his ſcattered troops together, and led them toward the enemy, at the ſame time ſending a meſſage to Horam

to

to leave the mountains and ſupport him.

The captains and officers that followed Miſnar, behaved with great reſolution and intrepidity, and the ſultan expoſed himſelf frequently to the darts and miſſile weapons of his enemies; till overpowered by numbers, and his own troops on all ſides giving way, through the confuſion which prevailed, he was forced to make to the mountains where his vizir ſtill continued, though he had received the ſultan's commands.

The troops of Ahubal purſued the ſultan's ſcattered forces to the mountains, where the vizir's troops opened to receive their friends, and then oppoſed the rebels, who were faint with the fatigues of the day.

After a great ſlaughter, the rebels were forced to give over, and returned to the encampment of the ſultan, from whence they loaded themſelves with the ſpoils of their enemies.

Ahaback and Deſra were greatly elated at their ſucceſs; and Ahubal, in one day found himſelf maſter of India, his brother defeated, and his gaudy pavilion wreſted from him.

Ahubal beheld with ſurprize the magnificence of the pavilion, and ſeeing the invidious workmanſhip on the outſide, where the deaths of his former friends were diſplayed—

'Ahaback and Deſra,' ſaid the prince, 'it is but juſt that you ſhould 'revenge yourſelves on my proud bro- 'ther. For my part, I can never in- 'habit a pavilion which was meant to 'triumph over my friends; but you 'may juſtly take up your abode here, 'that the nations may at once learn 'when they ſee you in this pavilion, 'the former misfortunes of your bre- 'thren, and your preſent and well- 'earned ſucceſs. Wherefore, to-night, 'my friends, take up your reſidence 'here, as this place is moſt worthy to 'hold you, and to-morrow I will or- 'der my workmen to remove the pa- 'vilion next my own.'

The enchanters were pleaſed at the ſpeech of Ahubal, and the banquet was prepared for the conquerors in the gay pavilion of the unfortunate ſultan, while he remained among the mountains, wanting even the neceſſaries of life for himſelf and his army.

But the ſultan's misfortunes did not make him forget the cauſe of them. He called a council of his captains, and commanded the Vizir Horam to be brought before them. The vizir was condemned by every voice; and Miſnar, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the ſentence of death againſt him.

'To-morrow,' ſaid the ſultan, 'muſt the ill-fated Horam be num- 'bered with the dead.'

Horam heard the ſentence without emotion: 'My life,' ſaid he, 'is in 'the hand of my lord, and he is wel- 'come to the blood of his ſlave.'

The vizir was then ordered into the cuſtody of an hundred men, and a captain was appointed to guard him until the morning.

The unfortunate ſultan then retired to reſt, in an obſcure tent, or rather not to reſt, but to an irkſome contemplation.

'My kingdom,' ſaid he, 'is paſſed 'from me; and, worſe than my king- 'dom, my friend, my dearly beloved 'Horam, has proved a traitor to his 'maſter! Were we not as the cedars 'of the foreſt, and grew together as 'the trees that are planted beſide the 'rivers of Arvar! Our ſouls were as 'twin ſiſters, and our minds were like 'the ſtars Leman and Upnor, which 'twinkle not ſingly in the dead of 'night! The heart of Miſnar was in 'the boſom of his friend; it lay upon 'his boſom as the infant lieth in it's 'mother's arms; it ſmiled and was 'ſecure on the boſom of Horam.'

As the ſultan was filled with theſe meditations, his guards gave him notice, that the captain, who was ſet over the vizir, had brought Horam to communicate an affair of moment to him.

'Is there deceit in Horam,' ſaid the ſultan; 'that he cometh like a thief in 'the night! if Horam is falſe, fare- 'wel my life; let him that deſtroyed 'my kingdom, compleat his ingrati- 'tude, by finiſhing my fate!'

The captain then entered the tent of his ſultan with Horam in chains.

'Life of my life, and maſter of my 'thoughts,' ſaid the vizir, 'ere I die, 'I am conſtrained to ſhew thee among 'theſe mountains, far greater riches 'than are in thy palace at Delly, or 'in the tents of thine enemies; riches 'that will reſtore thy affairs, and turn 'thy tears into ſhowers of joy.'

'Are not you ſatisfied,' ſaid Miſnar, 'O ill-fated Horam, that you

'come

'come to deceive me with new illu-
'sions? Where is my kingdom! where
'my royalty! where my army! by thy
'fatal counsels destroyed, overwhelm-
'ed, confounded! Now, then, lead the
'way, and let me see these curious
'treasures, which are to recompence
'the loss of all my hopes.'

The captain then led Horam out of the tent, and the sultan followed.

The vizir being in chains, moved but slowly; and the captain of the guard dismissing his men, drew his sabre, and held it naked over the head of the vizir.

The darkness of the night prevented the sultan from seeing whither he was carried by his vizir.

They passed over various rocks, and were obliged to wade through some small brooks or rivulets, which fell from the tops of the mountains, till at length they arrived at a spacious cavern, which was formed by two pendent rocks.

Here the vizir entered; and lifting up his chains, knocked against a small door which was at the extremity of the cavern.

In a moment the door opened, and four slaves came forward with flambeaux in their hands.

The slaves seeing their master and the sultan, fell prostrate; and Horam enquired whether all was safe.

'Yes, my lord,' answered the slaves; 'we have not been disturbed since my 'lord first brought us to this gloomy 'cavern.'

'Where is Camul?' said the vizir.

'He watches,' replied the slaves, 'with the axe in his hand.'

'What hour of the night is it?' said Horam to his slaves.

'The third watch of the night is 'passed,' answered his slaves.

'Then enter, my sultan,' said Horam; 'and see thine enemies perish 'from before thee.'

'What enemies, and what mysterious place is this?' said the sultan. 'Who is Camul, and what ax doth 'he bear in his hand? Lead me, Horam, not into danger; and remember that the sabre of my captain 'hangeth over thy head.'

The sultan then entered in at the little door, and followed the vizir and his guard, and the four slaves with flambeaux in their hands.

In this manner the sultan passed through a long passage, hewn out of the solid rock, till he beheld at a distance a man seated on a stone, with an ax in his hand, and nine lamps burning before him.

As they drew near, the man fell prostrate before them, and the vizir also falling prostrate, desired Misnar to take the ax out of the hand of Camul his slave.

'What wonderful ax is this,' said the sultan, 'that it is thus preserved in 'the bowels of the earth?'

The sultan took the ax, and Camul the slave removing the stone on which he sat, there appeared a strong rope underneath, one end of which passed through the rocks, and the other was fastened to an enormous ring of iron.

'Strike, royal master,' said Horam, 'and sever that rope from the ring of 'iron.'

The sultan did as Horam desired, and struck the rope with his ax, and divided it from the ring.

The rope being released, flew with great swiftness through the hole in the rock, and Misnar waited some time to see what might be the consequence of cutting it asunder; but nothing appearing, he said to his vizir, 'Where are 'the riches, Horam, which I left my 'bed to view; is this like the rest of 'your promises, and am I brought here 'to be again deceived?'

'Royal master,' answered Horam, 'let me die the death of a rebel; I have 'nothing more to discover; pardon my 'follies, and avenge thine own losses 'by the sword of justice.'

'What,' said the sultan, enraged, 'hast thou brought me through the 'dangerous passes of the mountains 'by night, only to cut a rope asunder! 'And was I called forth to see only a 'passage made in the rocks, and the 'slaves of Horam as ill employed as 'their master lately has been! Lead 'me, villain,' continued he, 'back to 'my tent, and expect with the rising sun 'the fate you have so amply merited.'

Thus saying, the sultan returned, and the captain of the guard led Horam back in chains to his place of confinement.

In the morning the army of the sultan, which had escaped to the mountains, were all drawn out, the cymbals sounded, and a gibbet forty feet high was

was erected in their front, to which the captain of the guard led the unfortunate Vizir Horam.

At the found of the cymbals the ſultan came from his tent, and gave orders that Horam ſhould be led to his fate.

The vizir, unmoved at his doom, ſurrendered himſelf to the officer who was to execute the ſentence of the ſultan, and the ignominious rope was put about his neck, when a meſſenger, attended by ſeveral centinels, came running into the camp.

The meſſenger haſtened to the ſultan, and thus delivered his meſſage—

'Ahaback and Deſra, the wicked 'enchanters who have upheld thy re'bellious brother, are dead, the army 'of Ahubal is in the utmoſt conſter'nation, and the friends of the ſultan 'wiſh to ſee thee hunting thine ene'mies, as the lion hunts the wild aſſes 'in the foreſts.'

This meſſenger was ſucceeded by ſeveral of the ſultan's ſpies, who confirmed the account.

Miſnar then put himſelf at the head of his troops, ordered Horam back to his former confinement, and haſtened to fall upon the troops of the rebels.

Early the ſame morning the Prince Ahubal was awakened by his guards, who with countenances of woe declared to him the death of his friends Ahaback and Deſra.

'Are my friends dead!' ſaid Ahubal, trembling; 'by what misfortune 'am I bereaved of them? What new 'device has Miſnar practiſed againſt 'them? Are not theſe wiſe and ſage 'magicians, then, a match for a boy's 'prudence? Alas, what can I effect 'againſt him, when theſe fall away be'fore his victorious arm!'

'Prince,' anſwered his guards, 'we 'have too late diſcovered the wiles of 'our enemies. Over the magnificent 'pavilion of the ſultan, which Horam 'built for his maſter, the artful vizir 'had concealed a ponderous ſtone, 'which covered the whole pavilion. 'This, by ſome ſecret means, he con'trived in the night to releaſe from 'it's confinement, while Ahaback and 'Deſra were ſleeping on the ſophas 'beneath it; and ere day began to 'ariſe, their guards were ſurprized by 'the fall, and ran to releaſe their ma'ſters from the ſtone: but, alas! their 'bodies were cruſhed to atoms, and 'ſtill remain buried under the pavilion; 'as fifty of the ſtrongeſt of thy troops 'were unable to remove the ſtone from 'the ground.'

At theſe words the countenance and the heart of Ahubal ſunk, and ere he could recover, word was brought him that the ſultan's troops were in the midſt of his army, and that none dared ſtand againſt them, unleſs he approached to encourage them.

Ahubal was ſo overwhelmed with fear and grief, that inſtead of leading his troops, he prepared himſelf for flight; and Miſnar purſuing his good fortune, was in a few hours in poſſeſſion, not only of his own tents, but alſo of thoſe of the enemy.

Having gained a compleat victory, and ſent part of his troops after thoſe that were fled, the ſultan commanded his vizir to be brought before him, and in the ſight of his army aſked him what merit he could challenge in the ſucceſs of that day.

'Glory of mine eyes, and light of 'my paths,' ſaid Horam, 'the con'trivance of thy ſlave had been uſe'leſs, if a leſs than my ſultan had af'terward led his troops to the battle. 'Therefore thine only be the glory 'and the honour of the day; but my 'lord muſt know that ſome time ſince 'we were informed, that the enchan'ters Ahaback and Deſra were pre'paring to uphold thy rebellious bro'ther, and well I knew that prudence 'and not force muſt prevail againſt 'them.

'I therefore beſought my lord to 'grant me the chief command for 'twenty days, and neglected to take 'ſuch advantages over Ahubal's troops 'as the captains of thy armies adviſed.

'This I did, knowing that any vic'tory would be vain and fruitleſs, if 'the enchanters were not involved in 'the ruin; and that while they were 'ſafe, a ſecond army would ſpring up 'as ſoon as the firſt was deſtroyed.

'For theſe reaſons, I endeavoured 'to ſtrengthen my ſultan's army, that 'when the reinforcements of Aha'back and Deſra ſhould arrive, their 'number might not prevail againſt us.

'In the mean time, the ſumptuous 'pavilion which was built for Ahu'bal,

Stothard del.

Heath Sculp.

Plate IV.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co.ⁿ Sep.ᵗ 9.ᵗʰ 1780.

'bal, inſpired me with a device, which 'I hoped would put the enchanters in 'my power.

'Studious that no one might inter- 'rupt or betray my deſigns, I incloſed 'a place near the mountains, ſurround- 'ed with trees, where I began to build 'a pavilion, which I gave out was 'erected in honour of my lord the ſul- 'tan; within this pavilion I concealed 'a maſſy ſtone, which was fawn out 'of the ſolid rock, and which, by 'the help of ſeveral engines, was hung 'upon four pillars of gold, and co- 'vered the whole pavilion.

'The rope which upheld this maſ- 'ſy ſtone, paſſed through one of the 'golden pillars into the earth beneath, 'and by a ſecret channel cut in the 'rock was carried onward through the 'ſide of the mountain, and was faſ- 'tened to a ring of iron in a cave hol- 'lowed out of the rock on the oppo- 'ſite ſide.

'By the time the enchanters were 'arrived in the camp of Ahubal, the 'pavilion was finiſhed; and although 'I had ſecret advice, that my ſultan's 'troops were to be attacked on the 'morrow, yet I choſe to conceal that 'knowledge, and ſo to diſpoſe of the 'army, that the chief part might fly 'with me behind the mountains which 'hung over the pavilion, and that the 'reſt, having no conductor, might be 'put to flight with as little ſlaughter 'as poſſible.

'This I did, expecting that Aha- 'back and Deſra, puffed up with 'their ſucceſs, would take poſſeſſion 'of my ſultan's pavilion.'

'Riſe, faithful Horam,' ſaid the Sultan Miſnar, 'your plot is ſuffici- 'ently unravelled; but why did you 'hide your intentions from your 'lord?'

'Lord of my life,' anſwered the vizir, 'becauſe I was reſolved, in caſe 'my plot did not ſucceed, to bear the 'burden myſelf, that my ſultan's ho- 'nour might not be leſſened in the 'eyes of his troops.'

This noble confeſſion of the vizir's pleaſed the whole army, and they waited with the utmoſt impatience to hear his pardon pronounced.

The ſultan then embraced his vizir, and the ſhouts of his army were, 'Long live Miſnar the lord of our 'hearts, and Horam the firſt and the 'moſt faithful of his ſlaves!'

The army of Ahubal ſtill continued to fly after their prince, whoſe fear did not ſuffer him to direct thoſe who came up with him. And now, in a few days, the army had been totally diſperſed, had not the Giant Kifri, enraged at the death of his brethren, and travelling, in his fury, appeared before the eyes of the terrified prince and his troops, in a narrow paſs among the rocks.

The preſence of Kifri was not leſs terrifying than the noiſe of the purſuers; and Ahubal, at the ſight of the monſter, fell with his face to the ground.

'Who art thou,' ſaid Kifri, with the voice of thunder, 'that flieſt like 'the roebuck, and trembleſt like the 'heart-ſtricken antelope? Who art 'thou, that flieſt as the virgin from the 'noiſe of the battle, and that in- 'creaſeth the ſhrieks of the fallen, be- 'ing wounded by thy fears?'

'Prince of earth,' ſaid Ahubal, 'I am the friend of Ulin, of Hap- 'puck, of Ollomand, of Taſnar, of 'Ahaback and Deſra. I am he, 'who through the power of the en- 'chanters, have contended for the 'throne of India.'

'Curſed, then, are they that league 'with thee,' anſwered the Giant Kifri, 'thou ſon of fear, thou wretch, un- 'worthy of ſuch godlike ſupport! 'Was it for thee, baſe coward, that 'Ollomand poured forth his unnum- 'bered ſtores; that the plains of In- 'dia were dyed with the blood of 'Deſra, the miſtreſs of our race! Be 'witneſs for me, earth, this reptile is 'unworthy of our aſſiſtance, and to 'fight for him is to league with Ma- 'homet, to offer up the blood of free- 'dom on the falſe altars of faith. O 'ye ſpirits of the brave, my ſoul is on 'fire to ſee ſo many of our friends lie 'ſtretched on the plains! their blood, 'curſed and ill-fated coward, over- 'whelm thy head!'

As Kifri ſpake thus, his broad eye-balls glowed like the red orb of day, when covered with dark fleeting clouds, and from his noſtrils iſſued forth the tempeſt and the flame.

In an inſtant he ſeized on the fear-ſhaken Ahubal, as the vulture ſhuts within her bloody talons the body of

the affrighted, trembling hare; and lifting him high in the air, he dashed the wretched prince against the ragged face of the mountains. The blood of Ahubal ran down from the mountains side, like the rain which is poured forth out of the stormy cloud, and his mangled limbs, crushed by the fall, hung quivering on the pointed rocks.

The death of Ahubal lessened not the fury of Kifri, but all that followed the unhappy prince experienced his rage: till glutted with blood, and tired of his revenge, the monstrous giant sunk to rest, and stretched out his limbs upon the tops of the mountains.

But the sleep of Kifri was cumbrous as his body, and the dreams of the giant were as the thoughts of the enemies of God. In the visions of the night came Ulin before him; and the ghost of the murdered Happuck was in the eye of his fancy.

'Enemy of our race,' said they, 'where is he who was to redeem our 'glory, and to revenge our blood? 'Where is Ahubal, of whom the 'dark saying went forth, that none 'but our race could over-power him? 'The dark saying is now interpreted 'by thy shameful deed, and the pow-'ers of enchantment are at an end!'

The giant, disturbed at his visions, started up: the moon rode high above the mountains, and the trees of the forest looked broad with the shades of night. He cast his black eyes to the south, and saw the storm rolling forth his clouds: the tempest gathered around him, and poured it's fury against him. His long, disordered locks, streamed out like the shattered canvas of the ship-wrecked vessel.

The lofty pines rolled down the rocky precipices, and the fragments of the mountains tumbled in wide confusion at his feet.

The eye-balls of Kifri, inflamed with anger and despair, appeared like two meteors in the storm; he viewed the war of elements with contempt, and mocked Alla and Mahomet aloud, and said—

'Is this the God of nature's work? 'is he angry with the bauble he has 'made? has he given his parsimoni-'ous drops of rain to these forests, and 'toiled for years to raise their head to 'heaven, that he may scatter them in 'sport, and destroy them with his 'thunderbolts? Let him then view a 'new ruin beyond his power to com-'pass, for Kifri will no longer live his 'slave upon earth, but will join his 'fate to the fate of Ollomand his 'brother*!'

So saying, the giant bent his body towards an huge rock whereon he had slept, and straining his tough sinews, tore up the mighty fragment from the ground.

The earth felt the shock, and it's dark entrails trembled; but Kifri, undismayed, threw the wild ruin to the clouds.

The labouring mountain returning quickly on the rebellious head of the giant, crushed him beneath it's ponderous substance, and finished, by it's descent, the life and the presumption of Kifri. The cities of India were shaken at it's fall, and the ocean ran back from the shores of Asia; fear and dismay were on the inhabitants of the east, till Alla sent his sun on their borders, and enlightened the realms which his favourites inherit.

The news of Kifri's death was brought to the sultan by one of the followers of Ahubal, who, at the first approach of the giant, had ran from his presence, and hid himself in a cave in the rocks.

'Horam,' said the sultan, 'our ene-'mies are no more, seven are destroyed, 'and one weak woman only remains; 'but since Kifri, the terror of Asia, 'has fallen a sacrifice to the cause of 'Ahubal, and since the rebel is him-'self destroyed, what has Misnar more 'to fear? However, let our army be 'yet increased, let trusty nabobs be

* The original speech of Kifri's is much longer, but his blasphemies, though in character, are yet too offensive for christian ears. The editor would not have inserted any part of this speech, did not the immediate death of the giant, and the manner of it, lead to an excellent moral; for as infidels and atheists are in real life always railing at Providence, so their wicked thoughts generally end like Kifri's, in a violent attempt on their own lives.

'sent

'sent into every province, and nothing 'omitted which may preserve the peace 'of my empire; it is the part of pru-'dence to watch moſt, where there is 'the leaſt appearance of danger.'

The Vizir Horam obeyed his maſter's command, and Miſnar having regulated his army, returned in triumph to Delly, his capital.

The ſultan having reſtored peace to his kingdoms, began to adminiſter impartial juſtice to his ſubjects; and although the faith of Horam had been often tried, yet Miſnar choſe not to rely altogether on any but himſelf.

'Vizir,' ſaid the ſultan, as Horam was ſtanding before him, 'are my peo-'ple happy? it is for them I rule, and 'not for myſelf; and though I take 'pleaſure in puniſhing the licentious 'and rebellious, yet ſhall I ever ſtudy 'to gain the hearts of my obedient 'ſubjects; a father's frown may re-'ſtrain his children, but his ſmile can 'only bleſs them. Doſt not thou re-'member, Horam, the ſtory of Ma-'houd, the ſon of the jeweller? And 'how am I ſure, but even now private 'malice may be wreaking as great cru-'elty upon ſome innocent perſon, as 'the Princeſs Hemjonah ſuffered from 'the Enchanter Bennaſkar?'

'My prince,' anſwered the vizir, 'the toils and the dangers of the war 'have never for a moment driven from 'my mind the memory of that prin-'ceſs; who, with Mahoud, under-'went the moſt odious transforma-'tion, through the power of Ulin.'

'Nor have I,' anſwered the ſultan, 'forgot their diſtreſs, but the cares of 'empire have hitherto prevented my 'ſearch after them: as to the prin-'ceſs, ſhe is poſſibly with her father, at 'Caſſimir, but Mahoud is doubtleſs an 'inhabitant of Delly, where he lived 'before his transformation: therefore, 'O vizir, give immediate orders, that 'the reſpective cadies of each diviſion 'of the city, who have the numbers 'and the names of every inhabitant 'within their diſtrict, be queſtioned 'concerning this jeweller's ſon; and 'let him to-morrow be brought be-'fore me.'

The Vizir Horam did as he was commanded, and ſent for all the cadies of the city, and examined them concerning Mahoud, but no one could give any account of him.

The next morning Horam attended the divan, and acquainted the ſultan with his fruitleſs ſearch.

The ſultan was much diſſatisfied at his vizir's report, and after he had anſwered the petitioners and diſmiſſed them, he ſent again for his favourite vizir.

'Horam,' ſaid the ſultan, 'my ca-'dies are remiſs in their duty, Ma-'houd is certainly hid in my city: all 'is not right; Horam, the poor ſon 'of the jeweller, would be proud to 'own that he was formerly the com-'panion of the ſultan of the Indies, 'though in his diſtreſs; he had long 'ere this been at the foot of my 'throne, did not ſomewhat prevent 'him.'

'Prince of my life,' anſwered the vizir, 'if Mahoud is in this city, he is 'doubtleſs diſguiſed, and has reaſons 'to conceal himſelf; and how ſhall 'thy officers of juſtice diſcover, among 'many millions, one obſcure perſon, 'who is ſtudious to conceal himſelf?'

'In a well-regulated city,' anſwered the ſultan, 'every one is known; 'and ſound policy has always in-'vented ſuch diſtinctions as may pre-'vent the diſguiſe of deſigning and 'wicked men. The man who cannot 'give a juſt account of himſelf, is an 'enemy to ſociety; and it is no in-'fringement on the freedom of the 'honeſt, to oblige them, by their dreſs 'and appearance, to ſhew forth their 'manner of life. They only need to 'conceal their actions, who are aſhamed 'of their deeds, and it behoves the 'magiſtrate to place ſuch in the ſight 'of all men. Secreſy and retirement 'are the handmaids of ſin; and the 'prince who would prevent both pri-'vate and publick wrongs, ſhould ſtudy 'to fix a mark of diſtinction on all his 'ſubjects; for villainy loves the maſk 'of hypocriſy, and evil minded men 'affect the appearance of the ſanctified. 'But till my capital is better regulated, 'I mean to take advantage myſelf of 'the confuſion of my city, and exa-'mine, in diſguiſe, thoſe private out-'rages which are ſcreened from the 'publick eye of juſtice. Wherefore, 'Horam, procure two diſguiſes for

'yourself and me, and let the Emir 'Matserak be sent ambassador to the 'Sultan of Cassimir, to enquire after 'the welfare of the Princess Hemju-'nah.'

The vizir, in obedience to the sultan's orders, sent the habits of two fakirs into the palace, and at evening the sultan, accompanied by his vizir, went forth in his disguise.

As they passed through the second street from the royal palace, one habited like a fakir, with his horn in his hand, saluted them, and asked them to partake of the alms he had received.

The sultan readily accepted his offer, lest the brother of his order should be offended.

They immediately retired into a remote place, and the strange fakir pulling out the provision he had received, they began their repast.

'Brother,' said the fakir to the disguised sultan, 'you are, I perceive, 'but a novice in your profession; you 'are neither so free nor so ready as I 'could wish; you have seen but little 'of life, and you would be puzzled, 'were you to encounter such wonders 'as I experienced but last night in my 'approach to this city.'

'What,' answered the sultan hastily, 'were they? Perhaps, brother, you 'mistake me; possibly, though not so 'communicative as yourself, I may 'nevertheless be as brave and resolute.'

'Alas,' answered the fakir, 'I be-'gin to suspect you are no true bro-'ther; you know we are communica-'tive among ourselves, but secret to 'the world about us. What severi-'ties have you practised? what scars 'of self-inflicted austerities have you 'to shew? By the faith which I pro-'fess, I will hold no longer converse 'with you, unless you give me some 'convincing proofs of the genuineness 'of your profession!'

Here the vizir perceiving the sultan to be hard pressed, interrupted the fakir, and said—

'O holy fakir, but stranger to our 'tribe, from whence comest thou, that 'thou knowest not Elezren, the prince 'of devotees in the city of Delly, to 'whom the emirs bow, and before 'whom the populace lay prostrate as 'he passes; thou art indeed but newly 'come to Delly, since the fame of Elez-'ren hath not been sounded in thine 'ears.'

'Brother,' answered the fakir, 'the 'fame of Elezren is not confined to 'Delly alone, since all Asia receives 'him as a saint; but where are the 'silver marks of wisdom on his cheeks, 'and the furrows of affliction which 'are deep wrought in th aged front 'of Elezren the favourite of Heaven?— 'No, young hypocrites, age and ex-'perience are not to be caught in the 'snares of youth, nor the sagacious 'elephant in the toils of the unwise; 'but think not your idle presumption 'shall go unpunished, or that the ho-'liness and purity of our cast shall be 'stained by the unhallowed mirth of a 'boy's folly.'

At these words the fakir sprung from the ground, and running into the streets, he made the air echo with his complaints.

The mob hearing that two young men had personated the appearance of the holy cast, crouded to the place where the sultan and his vizir sat trembling at their own temerity, and were just about to tear them to pieces; when the vizir, stepping forward to meet them, cried aloud, 'Slaves, presume 'not to approach your sultan! for know 'that Misnar, the idol of his people, 'sits here disguised as a fakir.'

Luckily for the prince, several of the foremost were well acquainted with his features, or it is probable the mob would have looked upon the vizir's speech only as a device to prevent their fury. But when the fakir perceived the foremost of the crowd acknowledge Misnar as their sultan, and fall down before him, he endeavoured to escape.

'My friends,' said the sultan, 'se-'cure that wretch, and suffer him not 'to escape—and Horam,' said he, turning to his vizir, 'let him be confined 'in a dungeon this night, and to-'morrow brought before me in the di-'van of justice.'

'The words of my lord,' answered Horam, 'are a law which cannot be 'changed. But let me beseech my 'prince to retire from the crowd.'

Misnar willingly did as Horam advised, and the people made way for him to the palace, crying out, 'Long live 'Misnar, the pride of his slaves!'

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The sultan being returned to his palace with his vizir—

'Horam,' said he, 'each man has 'his part in life allotted to him, and 'the folly of those, who leaving the 'right and regular path, strike into the 'mazes of their own unconnected fancy, is sufficiently seen from our adventure this day: wherefore, I would 'have every man endeavour to fill his 'real character, and to shine in that, 'and not attempt what belongs to another, in which he can gain no credit, and runs a great hazard of disgrace. But as the examination of 'this fakir in our publick divan, may 'rather increase, than cover our shame, 'I would have him brought before me 'immediately, and with as little noise 'as possible. Alas, Horam, since the 'follies of princes are so glaring, how 'cautious should we be in our deportment and behaviour!'

The vizir obeying, went forth, and in a short time brought the fakir bound in chains before the sultan.

The fakir advanced to the presence of the sultan, full of shame and fear, and falling at his footstool, cried out—

'I call Mahomet to witness, I slew 'not the man in my wrath, but in mine 'own defence!'

'What man!' said the sultan, astonished at his words; 'whom hast thou 'slain, O wicked fakir, that thine own 'fears should turn evidence against 'thee?'

'Alas!' answered the fakir, 'hear 'me, most injured lord, for the blood 'of my brother presseth me sore.

'As I journeyed yesterday, and was 'arrived within a league of the city of 'Delly, I turned me towards a place 'walled round, which I supposed was 'the repository for the dead, and finding the iron gate open, I entered into 'it, intending to shelter myself for a few 'minutes against the scorching sun.

'As I entered, I perceived at one 'end a stone sepulchre, whose mouth 'was opened, and the stone rolled from 'it. Surprized at the sight, I walked 'forward toward the vault, and heard 'within the voices of several persons. 'At this I was in doubt whether to 'proceed or retire, supposing that some 'robbers had taken up their residence 'there.

'In the midst of my confusion, a 'young man, with a turban hanging 'over his face, came out; and seeing 'me, he drew his sabre, and made toward me to kill me. Whereupon I 'took up a large fragment of the wall 'which lay at my feet, and as he came 'forward I threw it, and felled him to 'the ground; then running up, I 'snatched the sabre from his hand, 'and would have destroyed him, but 'he cried out, saying, "Take care what "thou doest, rash man, for it is not "one, but two lives, that thou takest "away, when thou destroyest me."

'Amazed and confounded, how it was 'possible for me to destroy two lives, 'by revenging myself on one wretch, 'who without offence had meditated 'my death, I stopped my hand: which 'the young man seeing, he aimed to 'pull the sabre out of my hand; whereupon, avoiding his effort, and lifting 'up the sabre above his head, I at one 'blow severed it from his body.

'Immediately, seeing the blood start 'from his veins, I ran out of the inclosure, fearing lest any of his company should overtake me, and flew 'till I reached the city of Delly, where 'I subsisted that night and this day on 'the alms of the faithful, till I met 'my sultan and his vizir in the habit 'of two fakirs.'

'And what,' said the sultan, 'has 'made thee thine own accuser, since 'the life you shed was in your own 'defence?'

'Pattern of the just,' answered the fakir, 'my revenge on the young man 'made me not sorrowful, as my conscience bears me witness I took not 'his life till necessity and mine own 'preservation required it; but my mind 'is restless, because he said I should 'take two lives away when I destroyed 'him, therefore I concluded that there 'was some mystery in his fate, or that 'he prophesied in his last agonies that 'his death should occasion mine.'

'If thy tale be true,' continued the sultan, 'his blood rests on his own 'head who was the aggressor: but 'the story is so very singular, that I 'shall detain thee till my vizir and a 'party of soldiers be sent to search 'the inclosure you have mentioned.'

The vizir then gave orders for the guard to mount their horses, and the curiosity of the sultan was so great, that, although it was night, he resolved to accompany his vizir.

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In a short time, the guards being drawn up, the sultan and vizir mounted their coursers, and the fakir was carried between two of the guards to point out the scene of his encounter.

The party being arrived at the iron gate of the inclosure, Horam with ten of the guards went in on foot, and marched with the fakir to the tomb where he had heard the voices, and from whence the young man issued forth.

As they approached to the tomb, they beheld the body of the young man on the ground, and his head at a distance, which induced them to give the more credit to the fakir.

The guards entering the tomb, found no one within; but at the upper end they saw a stone-case, supported by two blocks of black marble.

The stone-case was covered with a flat marble, which the guards could not remove from it's place.

The vizir being acquainted with these particulars, returned to the sultan, and related to him what the guards had discovered. But Misnar recollecting the many devices which the enchanters had prepared to ensnare him, was doubtful what course to take.

On a sudden the moon, which shone exceeding bright, was overcast, and the clouds appeared of a glowing red, like the fiery heat of a burning furnace; hollow murmurs were heard at a distance and a stench arose of a putrid and suffocating smell; when in the midst of the fiery clouds a black form appeared of an hagged and distorted female furiously riding on a bulky and unwieldy monster with many legs.

In an instant the clouds to the east disappeared, and the heavens from that quarter shone like the meridian sun, and discovered a lovely graceful nymph, the brightness of whose features expressed the liveliest marks of meekness, grace, and love.

'Hypacusan,' said the amiable fair-one, addressing herself to the hag, 'why 'wilt thou vainly brandish thy rebellious arms against the powers of 'Heaven! If the sultan, though he be 'the favourite of Alla, do wrong, 'the mighty One, who delighteth in 'justice, will make thee the instrument of his vengeance on the offending prince. But know the extent of thy power, vain woman! 'and presume not to war against the 'will of Heaven, lest the battle of the 'faithful Genii be set in array against 'thee, and thou be joined to the number of those who are already fallen.'

'Proud vassal of light,' answered the Inchantress Hypacusan, 'I fear 'not thy threats, nor the bright pageants that surround thee; war, tumult, chaos, darkness, fear, and dismay, are to me more welcome than 'the idle splendours of thy master's 'heavens: for know, spruce-gilded 'spirit, I had rather inhabit the gloomy 'caverns of death, and brood over the 'mangled carcases of the slain, than 'sit with slaves like thee in the soft 'tasteless bowers of paradise.'

'Graceless and abandoned wretch,' answered the bright fair-one, 'defile 'not thy Maker's creations by thy 'blasphemous tongue, but learn at 'least to fear that mighty One thou 'art not worthy to honour.'

Thus saying she blew from her mouth a vivid flame, like a sharp two edged sword; which entering into the red clouds which surrounded Hypacusan, the hag gave an horrible shriek, and the thick clouds rolling around her, she flew away into the western darkness.

The fair-one then descending towards the sultan, the brightness disappeared, and Misnar, the vizir, and his guards, fell prostrate before her.

'Arise, Misnar,' said she, 'Heaven's peculiar favourite, and fear not 'to enter the tomb where the enchantments of Hypacusan are now at an 'end.'

The sultan was about to answer; but the fair-one led the way to the tomb, and commanded the sultan to enter with her, and uncover the stone case which stood at the upper end.

As the lid was removing, a sigh issued from the case, and an exquisite beauty arose as from a deep sleep.

'Adorable fair-one,' said the sultan, kneeling, 'inform me whom it is 'my happy fate to release from this 'wretched confinement.'

'Alas,' answered the beauteous maid, 'art thou the vile Bennaskar, 'or the still more vile Mahoud! O let 'me sleep till death, and never more 'behold the wretchedness of life!'

'What,'

'What,' said the sultan, starting from his knees, 'do I behold the unfortunate Princess of Cassimir!'

'Illustrious Hemjunah,' said the Vizir Horam, as the princess stared wildly about her, 'Misnar, the Sultan of India, is before thee.'

'Yes,' interrupted the fair spirit, 'doubt not, Hemjunah, the truth of the Vizir Horam, for behold Macoma, thy guardian Genius, assures thee of the reality of what you behold.'

'Helper of the afflicted,' answered the Princess of Cassimir, 'doubt vanishes when you are present; but wonder not at my incredulity, since my whole life has been as a false illusion before mine eyes.—O Alla, wherefore hast thou made the weakest the most subject to deceit!'

'To call in question the wisdom of Alla,' answered the Genius Macoma, 'is to act like the child of folly, arrayed in the garments of reason: go then thou mirror of justice and understanding, and span with thy mighty arms the numberless heavens of the faithful; weigh in thy just balance the wisdom of thy Maker, and the fitness of his creation, and joined with the evil race, from whom I have preserved thee, rail at that goodness thou canst not comprehend—'

'Spare me, just Genius,' answered the Princess of Cassimir, 'spare the weakness of my disordered head; I confess the folly of my thoughts, but weak is the offspring of weakness.'

'True,' replied the Genius; 'but although you are weak, ought you therefore to be presumptuous? Knowest thou not that the Sultan Misnar suffered with you because he despaired, and now would Hyppacusan return thee to thy former slumbers, did not Alla, who has beheld thy former sufferings, in pity forgive the vain thoughts of mortality.'

'Blessed is his goodness,' answered the princess, 'and blessed are his servants, who delight in succouring and instructing the weak and distressed.'

'To be sorry for our errors,' said the Genius, 'is to bring down the pardon of Heaven; and Hemjunah, though so long overpowered by the malicious, is nevertheless amongst the loveliest of her sex. But I shall not anticipate the fair-one's relation of her own distresses, since they best can describe the misfortunes of life, who have been used to feel them.

'Sultan of India,' continued Macoma, turning to Misnar, 'I leave the Princess of Cassimir to your care, in full assurance that the delicacy of her sentiments will not be offended by your royal and noble treatment of her. But let an ambassador be immediately dispatched from your court, to inform her aged and pious father of the safety of his daughter.'

'The dictates of Macoma,' answered the sultan, bowing before her, 'are the dictates of virtue and humanity, and her will shall be religiously obeyed.'

At these words the genius vanished, and the sultan bid part of his guards return to Delly, to the chief of his eunuchs, and order him to prepare a palanquin, and proper attendants, to convey the Princess of Cassimir to the royal palace.

While these preparations were making, the sultan and his vizir endeavoured to soothe and entertain the Princess of Cassimir; and though Horam was desirous of hearing her adventures, yet the sultan would not suffer him to request Hemjunah's relation, till she was carried to the palace, and refreshed after her fatigues.

The chief of the eunuchs arrived in a short time, and the princess was conveyed, ere morning, to the palace of Misnar, where the female apartments were prepared for her reception, and a number of the first ladies of Delly appointed to attend her.

The sultan, in the mean time, having ordered the fakir to be released, and sent out of the city, entered the divan with his vizir, and having dispatched the complainants, retired to rest.

In the evening of the same day, the princess being recovered from her fatigue, sent the chief of the eunuchs to the sultan, and desired leave to throw herself at his feet, in gratitude for her escape.

The sultan received the message with joy, and ordering Horam his vizir to be called, they both went into the apartments of the females, where the Princess

ceſs of Caſſimir was ſeated on a throne of ivory, and ſurrounded by the ſlaves of the ſeraglio.

The princeſs deſcended from her throne at the approach of the ſultan, and fell at his feet; but Miſnar taking her by the hand, 'Riſe, adorable princeſs,' ſaid he, 'and injure not your honour, by thus abaſing yourſelf before your ſlave.'

'Fame,' anſwered the princeſs, 'which generally increaſeth the virtues of the great, can repreſent but part of the merit of the Sultan of India; they who have not ſeen him, can form no true judgment of his perfection.'

'Could flattery,' anſwered the ſultan, 'be ever pleaſing to me, it muſt be from the mouth of the Princeſs of Caſſimir; but I mean to turn your thoughts from me to a more worthy ſubject, where you may ſafely laviſh your praiſes, without fearing to exaggerate. The lovely Hemjunah has promiſed to relate her wonderful adventures, and Horam, the faithful friend of my boſom, and our former fellow-ſufferer, is come to partake with me in the charming relation.'

'Prince,' ſaid Hemjunah, 'I ſhall not conceal what you are ſo deſirous of knowing.'

The ſultan then waved his hand, and the ſlaves withdrew,

TALE VIII.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS OF CASSIMIR.

'IT is often,' ſaid the Princeſs of Caſſimir, 'the fate of the greateſt, to have their private intereſt ſacrificed to the publick good. Glory and honour in your ſex, O prince, are motives which make this ſacrifice the leſs lamented, but in ours, we have no way of becoming uſeful to the publick, but by joining hands where hearts are rarely conſulted. Such was to have been my fate. Ere I had attained my thirteenth year, my father propoſed to marry me to the Prince of Georgia. It was in vain, that when my mother diſcloſed the fatal news to me, I urged my youth, and my entire ignorance of the prince or his qualities.

"My child," ſaid Chederazade, "to "make ourſelves happy, we muſt be "uſeful to the world. The Prince of "Georgia has done your father great "ſervice in the wars, and you are "deſtined to reward his toils; all the "ſubjects of Caſſimir will look upon "your choice as a compliment to them, "and they will rejoice to ſee their be"nefactor bleſſed with the hand of "their princeſs."

"But, Madam," anſwered I, "does "the happineſs of my father's ſubjects "require ſuch a ſacrifice in me; muſt "I live in a country to whoſe lan"guage and manners I am a ſtranger; "muſt I be for ever baniſhed; and "muſt the realms of Caſſimir look "upon me as a monſter, whoſe ab"ſence alone can effect their comfort "and glory? O where will be the ſoft "intercourſe of hearts, or the mutual "pleaſures of love, in a match with "ſuch a ſtranger!"

"The idle dreams of love," ſaid my mother Chederazade, "were in"vented by the evil Genii, to increaſe "the number of the children of diſo"bedience; ſound reaſon and policy "acknowledge no ſuch intruder; con"venience ſhould firſt beget alliance, "and mutual affection muſt be the "fruit of mutual intercourſe. The "flame of love is ſubdued by caprice, "by ſatiety, by diſguſt and reflection, "and the ſtrongeſt bands, either of pri"vate or publick ſocieties, muſt be in"tereſt and utility. Theſe, Hemju"nah, are ſufficient reaſons to engage "your compliance with your father's "deſire, and theſe will influence you, "if prudence and wiſdom are the mo"tives of your choice; and if you "want prudence, it is fit thoſe who "are able to inſtruct you, ſhould alſo "guide and direct your actions."

'At theſe words Chederazade left me bathed in tears, and trembling at my fate.

'My nurſe Eloubrou was witneſs to the hard command my mother had impoſed upon me, and endeavoured to comfort me in my affliction; but her words were but as the wind on the ſurface of the rock; and to add to my griefs, in a few minutes after, the chief of the eunuchs entered the ſeraglio, and bid me prepare to receive the ſultan my father.

'The

'The Sultan of Caſſimir entering 'my apartment, I fell at his feet.

"Hemjunah," ſaid he, "the Prince "of Georgia is my friend, and I in- "tend to give my daughter to his "arms."

'Shocked at theſe ſucceſſive declara- 'tions of my fate, which I had no rea- 'ſon to ſuſpect the day before, I faint- 'ed away; and when I recovered, found 'myſelf on a ſopha, with Eloubrou 'lying at my feet.

"My lovely princeſs," ſaid Elou- 'brou, "how little am I able to ſee "you thus; and yet I fear the news I "have to impart to you may reduce "you to your former condition!"

"Alas," ſaid I, "nurſe, what new "evil has befallen me; what worſe can "happen, than my marriage with a "ſtranger?"

'Princeſs," replied Eloubrou, my 'nurſe, "the prince is to ſee you this "night; nay, the ceremonies are pre- "paring, the changes of veſtment, the "deſert, and the choral bands."

"Ah," ſaid I, "nurſe, cruel Elou- "brou, what haſt thou ſaid; am I to "be ſacrificed this night to my father's "policy! am I to be given as a fee to "the plunderer of cities and the ra- "viſher of virgins! for ſuch are they "whoſe profeſſion is arms."

"No, moſt adorable princeſs," ſaid 'a young female ſlave who attended 'on Eloubrou, "truſt but to me, and "the Prince of Georgia ſhall in vain "ſeek the honour of your alliance."

'The faithful Eloubrou ſhrieked at 'the words of the female ſlave, and 'endeavoured to clap her hands, and 'to bring the chief of the eunuchs to 'her aſſiſtance; but the female ſlave 'waved her left hand, and Eloubrou, 'and the reſt of the ſlaves, ſtood mo- 'tionleſs before her.

"Moſt adorable princeſs," ſaid ſhe, "I am the friend of the diſtreſſed, and "I love to prevent the ſevere and ill- "natured authority of parents; give "me your hand, and I will deliver "you from that monſter the Prince of "Georgia."

"What," anſwered I, "ſhall I truſt "to a ſtranger, whom I know not, "and fly from my father's court! "No——"

"Well then," ſaid ſhe, "I hear "the cymbals playing before the "prince, and the trumpets, and the "kettle-drums; farewel, ſweet miſ- "treſs of the fierce and unconquerable "Prince of Georgia."

'As ſhe ſpake, the warlike muſick 'ſounded in my ears; and not doubt- 'ing but that the prince and my father 'were coming, I held out my hand to 'the female ſlave, and ſaid, "Save "me, O ſave me from my father's "frown."

'The ſlave eagerly ſnatched my 'hand, and blowing forth a ſmall va- 'pour from her mouth, it filled the 'room, and we aroſe in a cloud.

'The manner of my flight from my 'father's palace I know not, as I im- 'mediately fainted; but as ſoon as I 'recovered, I found myſelf in a magni- 'ficent apartment, and a youth ſtand- 'ing before me.

"Charming and adorable Hemju- "nah," ſaid he, falling at my feet, "may I hope that the ſervice I have "performed, in delivering you from "the Prince of Georgia, will merit "your attention?"

"Alas," ſaid I, "what ſervice haſt "thou performed? who art thou, bold "man, that durſt ſtand before the "Princeſs of Caſſimir?—Eloubrou," 'ſaid I, "faithful Eloubrou, where "art thou? where is Pickſag, the "chief of my eunuchs? where are my "ſlaves? where are the guards of the "ſeraglio?"

"Princeſs," anſwered the young 'man, "fatigue not yourſelf with "calling after them; ſince they are in "the kingdom of Caſſimir, and you "are in the houſe of Bennaſkar, the "merchant of Delly. But, not to "keep you in ſuſpenſe, O princeſs, "know that I have for ſeveral years "traded from Caſſimir to Delly, and "although I never ſaw you till lately, "yet the fame of your opening beau- "ties was ſo great, that it fired the "hearts of all the young men in your "father's kingdom. Every time I "arrived at Caſſimir, the ſubject of "all converſation was the adorable "Princeſs Hemjunah, and it was in "vain any other beauty was men- "tioned.

"Fired by theſe encomiums, I re- "ſolved to ſee you, or die. For this "purpoſe I attempted at different times "the faith of the guards, the eunuchs, "and even of Eloubrou your nurſe: "but in vain; your faithful ſervants

" were deaf to my intreaties. Finding human policy fruitleſs, I ſought " after thoſe who have power in enchantments; but I began to doubt " even the reality of theſe, as I could " no where hear of any one who profeſſed magick.

" As I was one day returning from " my warehouſe, I heard one call me " by my name, and looking behind, I " perceived a female dreſſed in a dark-coloured mantle, with a veil upon " her face; " Bennaſkar," ſaid ſhe, " follow me."

" As we are always apt to hope every " unexpected adventure will lead us to " the wiſhed-for point; ſo I had no " doubt but the female behind me was " apprized of my deſires, and willing " to forward them. I therefore gathered up my garments, and followed her through ſeveral ſtreets.

" At length the female ſtopped at the " door of a large houſe; and when I " expected the door would have been " opened unto her, ſhe ſunk into the " earth, and diſappeared from my ſight.

" I waited at the door of the houſe " till night, every moment expecting " to ſee it open, or that the female " would appear again.

" But my hope was vain; and after " ſeveral hours expectation, I was " obliged to return to my lodging, full " of vexation and diſappointment.

" The next morning I aroſe and " went into the ſtreet, and ſaw the ſame " female beckoning to me; I heſitated " not a moment to follow her.

" She is certainly," ſaid I to myſelf, " poſſeſſed of ſupernatural powers; " and as ſhe has taken notice of me, " I will ſhew myſelf obedient to her " commands."

" She led me again by the ſame way " to the houſe before which I had ſpent " the greater part of the preceding " day; and as ſoon as we arrived there, " ſunk again into the ground.

" Though I was heartily vexed at " this ſecond illuſion, yet I reſolved " to ſtay on the ſpot, till night and " the city guard made my ſtay impoſ- " ſible.

" But night came without ſatisfying " my curioſity; I returned again to " my lodgings, and knew no more " than at firſt, the meaning of the female's appearance.

" The third day I proceeded as uſual " to my warehouſes, and as I was about " to unlock them, ſaw the female again " in the market-place, beckoning to " me as before.

" As I had now entered into her ſervice, ſo I reſolved to continue in it, " and therefore went behind her to the " houſe, which I remembered well, " having contemplated it's front two " days ſucceſſively.

" The female ſtopped, as before, at " the entrance of the houſe, and ſunk " a third time into the earth.

" But I will not tire your patience, " adorable princeſs, with a minute relation of my fatigues; for eleven " days ſucceſſively was I thus deceived; " and on the twelfth, as I was ſtanding in my uſual place, ſeveral ſlaves " iſſued out with chaboucks, ſaying " that I was a thief, and had for ſome " time been ſeen lurking about and " examining the houſe.

" Though I aſſured them I was a " merchant, I did not find the chabouck come the ſlower on my back; " wherefore, ſuppoſing it vain to reſiſt, " I ran as faſt as I could from them, " and as fear and pain are excellent " remedies againſt ſloth, ſo I found I " had ſoon left the ſlaves behind me.

" Having entered my lodging, I began to lament my fate, and the cruelty of her who had ſo often deceived " me. But in the midſt of my lamentations I felt the room ſhake, and in " an inſtant ſaw the female riſe through " the floor, and ſtand before me.

" Bennaſkar," ſaid ſhe, " I am Ulin, " the friend of the diſtreſſed, and the " helper of all thoſe who will put their " truſt and confidence in my enchantments; I have long watched your " motions, and know your thoughts; " and willing to try your faith in the " magick arts, I have thus often deceived you. Alla requires a reaſonable worſhip from his votaries; " but we, who love to contradict him " in all things, expect in our dependants a blind and obſequious obedience."

" Princeſs, or Genius, or whatever " thou art," anſwered I, " give but " Hemjunah to my arms, and my life " ſhall be ſpent as you direct."

" If I find you faithful," anſwered " Ulin, " you ſhall ere to-morrow's " ſun depart hence, and have the princeſs in your poſſeſſion."

" Ulin

"Ulin then declared to me what she "expected, in return for her goodness "to me, and I swore to act in obedi- "ence to her commands.

"Go, happy bridegroom," said Ulin, "and prepare thy palace at Delly; "my slaves shall carry thee thither, "and I in the mean time will personate "one of the slaves of the palace of "Cassimir, and doubt not, but ere the "promised time, I will convey the prin- "cess to thy palace."

"She then muttered with her lips, "and a tall black slave arose through "the floor.

"Carry my friend," said Ulin, "to "Delly, and heap in his treasury a "large portion of my niceties."

"The black slave took me in his "arms, and in an instant I found my- "self in the saloon of this palace; and "this day my mistress Ulin has fulfil- "led her promise, and brought the "lovely Hemjunah to my arms."

"Merchant," answered I, "talk "not so boldly; it would better be- "come you to apprize the Sultan of "India of my arrival, that I may be "carried to the sultan's my father's."

"Nay, pretty princess," answered Bennaskar, "be not so imperious, "but recollect that you are at my dis- "posal."

"Wretch," said I, "Mahomet "will never suffer thee to destroy the "innocence of one who never offended "thee."

"Alas," answered Bennaskar, "Ma- "homet would be well set to work to "prevent all the evils of this world. "No, no, my princess, we are secure "here, and I fear no interruption "while Ulin is my friend."

"And what promise didst thou make "her," returned I; "what hast thou "given up, to make such a wretch of "me as you seem to wish?"

"That," said Bennaskar, "you "will shortly see; nay, you shall see "it this instant, if you will but vouch- "safe, adorable Hemjunah, to ascend "the bridal chamber."

"Infamous wretch," said I, burst- 'ing into tears, "how durst thou make "use of such expressions?"

"Nay," continued the wretch, "I "must be plain with you, Madam; "either attend me with cheerfulness, "or expect to be compelled."

"O," said I, with an aching and 'distracted heart, where is my dear "mother Chederazade! where is my "royal father, the Sultan of Cassimir! "where the millions of subjects that "doat on their lord! that his daugh- "ter must be ravished by a vile mer- "chant, and there is none to help "her!"

'The wicked Bennaskar paid no re- 'gard to my tears, but taking me in 'his arms, carried me by force out of 'the room where first we met.

'I filled the house with my cries and 'lamentations, but in vain; Bennaskar 'still continued to carry me through 'several apartments, and was deaf to 'my tears, my cries, and my prayers.

'Seeing my honour thus at the dis- 'posal of an hardened wretch, the crea- 'ture of a vile magician, a sudden 'thought came into my head, which I 'hoped would at least put off for a 'short time the villainous intentions 'of the dishonourable merchant.

"O Bennaskar," said I, "why do "you thus hurry me, like a criminal "and a slave, through your apart- "ments? surely you will not dishо- "nour the royal blood of my family; "let me loose from your arms, and "send for the cadi, that since it is my "fate to be the consort of Bennaskar, "I may at least have a writing of mar- "riage."

"No, no, princess," answered the 'fierce, cruel wretch, "our sex sel- "dom desire the trouble of marriage- "contracts to prolong the days of im- "patience, when we have the fair in "possession without them; to-morrow "we shall have leisure to talk of those "matters, but the present moments "are too precious to waste in needless "forms."

'As the villain said this, he arrived 'with me in a vaulted chamber, where 'releasing me from his arms, he se- 'cured the entrance.

"And now, princess," continued 'the wretch, "I am bound to perform "my promise to Ulin, before I take "possession of your charms."

'Though I was dumb with terror 'and vexation, yet I hoped for a short 'release from the words of the vile 'merchant; nor was I deceived; Ben- 'naskar took the lamp from the centre 'of the chamber, and sprinkled a little 'powder on the flame, and repeated 'these or the like words.

"Silly guardian of Hemjunah's virtue, hasten hither, and behold the "triumphs of Ulin thy foe."

'At these words the apartment shook, 'and the countenance of Bennaskar 'fell; but a voice issuing out of the 'wall, cried, "Bennaskar, seize thy "prey, and fear not the harmless pre"sence of my foe Macoma."

'The vile merchant then seized me in 'his arms, and was about to lead me to 'his detested bed; when, in a gentle 'cloud, a venerable and majestick per'sonage descended into the apartment.

"Unhappy princess of Cassimir," 'said she, "how has thy imprudence "weakened my power, and destroyed "thine own safety! if thou hadst not "yielded to the false female slave, the "sorceress Ulin had not triumphed "over thee and me; but now she has "given thee into the power and pos"session of Bennaskar, and I am not "permitted to rescue thee from the "clutches of this detested merchant."

"Then," said Bennaskar, (who 'before was awed by the presence of 'the Genius Macoma) "Hemjunah "is my own, and my faithful Ulin "has not deceived me. Come," con'tinued the abandoned villain; "come, "princess, let us divert your guardian "Genius with our connubial rites."

'At these words, exerting all his 'strength, the villain threw me be'neath him; but his triumph was but 'short, for the Genius advancing im'mediately, touched him with her wand 'and said—

"Wretched slave of iniquity, think "not Heaven will suffer thee to com"plete the cursed purpose of thy black "heart. Though I am not permitted "to rescue the princess, yet have I "power over thee, base tool of sin! "therefore, whenever you look upon "the princess, you shall deprive her "of sensation, and yourself be deprived "of desire."

"Then," cried Bennaskar, rising 'and turning from me, "I will at "present disappoint thy power, till I "receive my commands from the "mouth of Ulin, the mistress of my "fate."

"Ah," cried the Inchantress Ulin, 'who that moment entered the vaulted 'chamber from the closet, (which, my 'prince, you have heard described by 'Mahoud) "what hast thou done, "thou enemy of our race! Accursed "and fatal neglect, that I had not at "first secured Bennaskar from thy "power! But since the inexorable "word is gone forth, I will add to thy 'sentence.

"Here," continued she, stamping 'with her foot, and an ugly dwarf 'arose through a trap-door in the 'chamber, "Nego, be it thy business "to attend my servant Bennaskar; "and whenever thou seest that female "deprived of sensation, do you bury "her in the earth beneath this cham"ber—And, Bennaskar," continued 'the inchantress, "do you take this "phial, and whenever you want to "converse with this stubborn female, "let one of your slaves, whom you "can trust, pour part of the liquor "into her mouth, and she shall reco"ver; only retire yourself into the "closet that you be not seen of her, "at least till she consent to your will, "for then the enchantments of Maco"ma shall no longer prevail against "you."

"The enchantments," said Maco'ma, "O wretched Ulin, are not yet "compleat; there is yet a moment "left, and both our power over Hem"junah and Bennaskar will be at an "end.

"Therefore thus shall it be; al"though Bennaskar is possessed of the "princess, yet shall these apartments "be hidden from the sight of all men, "except on that day when thy evil race "prevails. On the full of the moon "only shall Bennaskar be able to ex"plore these rooms—and fear not, a"miable Hemjunah," said the Genius, 'addressing herself to me, "for nei"ther force nor enchantment shall "work your ruin without your own "consent; and although Mahomet, "displeased at your late imprudence, "for a time permits this enchantment, "yet at length, if you continue faith"ful and virtuous, he will assuredly "deliver you."

'At these words Bennaskar turned 'towards me, with anger and disap'pointment in his eye; and imme'diately I was seized with a deep sleep, 'and what passed afterward I know 'not.

'I found myself awakened by the 'descent of some liquor in my mouth, 'and saw a black slave standing be-

'fore

'fore me. At the same time the voice 'of Bennaskar issued forth from the 'closet.

"Ill-fated Princess Hemjunah, thy "tyrant Genius hath now hidden thee "a month from my sight, while thy "friends Ulin and Bennaskar seek to "restore thee to light and to life; say "but therefore thou wilt yield to my "will, and the enchantments of Ma-"coma will be destroyed."

"Wretched Bennaskar," answered I, "I knew not that my sleep had con-"tinued a month; but if it be so long "since I saw the Genius Macoma in "this chamber, I thank Mahomet "that he hath so long hidden me from "the persecutions of Bennaskar."

"Haughty princess," answered the 'vile Bennaskar from the closet, "my "slave shall inspire you with humbler "words." Whereupon he ordered 'the black slave to give me fifty lashes 'with the chabouck.

'But it is needless, O prince, to 'repeat the various designs of that 'wretch; for three months was I thus 'confined, and Bennaskar having ex-'ercised, through the hands of his 'slave, the cruelties of his heart, used "at length (when he found me persist 'in my resolution) to come forth, and 'by his presence deprive me of sensa-'tion.

'The adventures of the third month 'you have heard from the mouth of 'Mahoud; I shall therefore only con-'tinue my adventures from the time 'that he left me with the book in my 'hand.

'Bennaskar seeing his friend Ma-'houd had left him, went out, and 'soon returned again with him, and 'taking him into the closet, in a mo-'ment came forth, and touching me, 'he said, "Come, fair princess, the "enchantments of Macoma are now "at an end, and thou art given up "entirely to the possession of Bennas-"kar."

'I shrieked at his words, hoping 'the cadi would hear me, but in vain; 'Bennaskar rose with me through the 'vaulted roof, and I found myself 'with him in a wide-extended plain.

"Wretch," said the Genius Maco-'ma, who that moment appeared, "hast thou dared to disobey my com-"mands, and remove the princess "from the vaulted chamber, where "even thy mistress yielded to my "power! but I thank thee; what the "imprudent Mahoud could not ac-"complish against thee, thou hast ef-"fected thyself."

'As she spake, the form of Ben-'naskar perished from the face of the 'plain, and his body crumbled to 'atoms, and mixed with the dust of 'the earth; but from his ashes the In-'chantress Ulin arose, and with an 'enraged visage turned towards me, 'and said—

"Thou art still the victim of my "power; and since Bennaskar is no "more, go, sweet princess, and join "thy delicate form to the form of thy "preserver Mahoud, whom I designed "for the flames; but my will being "opposed, he is rescued from thence, "and now defiles the air of Tarapa-"jan with his pestiferous breath."

'Such, Sultan of India, were the 'consequences of my imprudence; and 'thus are our sex, by the smallest de-'viations, often led through perpetual 'scenes of misery and distress.'

'Lovely Princess of Cassimir,' said the Sultan Misnar, 'I have felt more 'anxiety during this short interval in 'which you have related your adven-'tures, than in all the campaigns I 'have made. But suffer us, O prin-'cess, to add a farther trouble to you 'by a second request, for I am as 'anxious to hear by what misfortune 'you were inclosed in the tomb of 'death, as I was to know in what 'manner you were subjected to the 'villainous cruelties of the wretch Ben-'naskar.'

'The tale, O prince,' said the fair Hemjunah, 'is wonderful; but, alas! 'new indiscretions drew upon me the 'severities I have experienced.

'As soon as, by our restoration to 'our pristine forms, we were apprized 'of your victory over the Inchantress 'Ulin, I found myself in the seraglio 'of my father's palace.

'In the apartment from which I 'was taken by the wicked inchantress 'I beheld my nurse Eloubrou. She 'was prostrate on the ground, and the 'palace was filled with her cries.

"Faithful Eloubrou," said I, "a-"rise, and look upon thy beloved "Hemjunah; where is my royal father

"Zebenezer,

" Zebenezer, and the fond Chedera-
" zade, the mother of my heart?'

'Eloubrou at my voice ſtarted up
'like one awakened from a trance.

" What is it," ſaid ſhe in emotion,
" what is it I behold! art thou the
" departed ſhade of my once-loved
" Hemjunah?"

" No ſhade," ſaid I, " beloved
" Eloubrou," running to her, " but
" the true Princeſs of Caſſimir, whom
" Miſmar the Sultan of Iudia hath
" reſcued from the enchantments of
" the wicked Ulin."

" O that thy royal mother," ſaid
'Eloubrou, " were, like me bleſſed
" with the ſight of thy return!"

" What," ſaid I, " Eloubrou, what
" doſt thou ſay! Where, then, is
" the much-honoured Chederazade!
" Where is the dear parent of my
" life?"

" Alas," ſaid Eloubrou, " who
" ſhall tell the diſmal tale to thy ten-
" der heart!"

" Ah!" ſaid I, " is my beloved
" mother no more! is ſhe gone to ſeek
" her diſobedient daughter over the
" burning lake!"

'At theſe words my ſpirits failed,
'and I ſunk motionleſs to the ground.

'But my lord muſt forgive me if I
'haſten over the dreadful ſcene that
'followed. The report of Eloubrou
'was too true; Chederazade, the dear-
'eſt Chederazade, had been ten days
'dead when I was reſtored to my fa-
'ther's palace; and Zebenezer, diſ-
'tracted at the double loſs of his con-
'ſort and his child, had ſhut himſelf
'up in the tomb of my mother.

'Eloubrou haſtened to the tomb
'wherein my father poured forth his
'tears, and acquainted the guards who
'watched without, that I was returned.

'The ſorrowful Zebenezer, although
'he was rejoiced at the news, reſolved
'not to come forth out of his conſort's
'tomb till the month was expired ac-
'cording to his oath; and gave orders,
'that during that interval I ſhould be
'obeyed by his ſubjects.

'My mourning was not leſs ſevere
'than my royal father's; I ſhut myſelf
'up in my apartments, and would ſuf-
'fer none but Eloubrou to ſee me.

'Nine days paſſed in ſilence; our
'loſs affected both, and Eloubrou was
'as little diſpoſed as myſelf to forget
'the cauſe of her griefs.

'The tenth morning Eloubrou was
'called out by the grand vizir, who
'then had the command of my fa-
'ther's kingdom.

'She returned in haſte.

" Princeſs of Caſſimir," ſaid ſhe,
" one who calleth himſelf Mahoud en-
" quires for thee; and the grand vizir,
" underſtanding that he was inſtru-
" mental in your releaſe, waits without
" to know your will."

'At the name of Mahoud I ſtarted
'from my reverie.

" Mahoud," ſaid I, " O Eloubrou,
" deſerves my notice; and the ſon of
" the jeweller of Delly ſhall be re-
" warded for his ſervices to your miſ-
" treſs."

" Alas," anſwered Eloubrou, " my
" lovely miſtreſs is diſtracted with for-
" rows, and ſuppoſes the Prince Ma-
" houd to be the offspring of a ſlave."

" If he be a prince," anſwered I,
" he has hitherto concealed his cir-
" cumſtances and birth from me, or
" he is not that Mahoud whom I re-
" member in the deſarts of Tara-
" pajan."

" That," anſwered Eloubrou, " you
" will ſoon diſcover when you ſee him;
" but," continued ſhe, " he deſires a
" private audience."

" Well, then," replied I, " intro-
" duce him Eloubrou; but let my ſlaves
" be ready to enter at my call."

'Eloubrou obeyed, and brought the
'merchant Mahoud into my preſence,
'and then retired.

'Mahoud fell at my feet, and ſaid—

" Forgive, O loveliеſt creation of
" Alla! my preſumption in approach-
" ing the throne of Caſſimir, and that
" I have added hypocriſy to my bold-
" neſs, by aſſuming the title of a
" prince, which I confeſs I have no
" pretenſion to take upon me, nor abi-
" lities to ſupport."

" What, then," anſwered I ſternly,
" has induced you to deceive my
" court?"

" Let death," ſaid Mahoud, falling
'again before me, " let death atone
" for my crime; but firſt permit me
" to explain the motives of my pre-
" ſumption."

" Proceed," ſaid I.

" As ſoon," continued Mahoud,
" as our unnatural tranſformation was
" at an end, I perceived myſelf in the
" capital of Delly, near the very houſe

" into

" into which Bennaſkar invited me; " the ſight of that deteſted place gave " wings to my feet, and I ran for- " ward, indifferent where I went, to " avoid that ſpot, till I came into the " ſtreet wherein I had ſpent my fa- " ther's fortune. A crowd of atten- " dants waited at the houſe, which " now was poſſeſſed by a more fortu- " nate inhabitant.

" Sick of the ſight, I flew onward, " in hopes of finding in a different " quarter a place of reſt; but in turn- " ing down a little alley, I came out " upon the area where the cadi had " condemned me to the flames.

" At the ſight of this place my " blood curdled, and my hair ſtood " an end: " Ah," ſaid I, " unhap- " py Mahoud, the capital of Delly " will renew thy diſtreſſes, by refreſh- " ing thy memory with unfortunate " ſcenes; and as thou haſt no depen- " dance here, ſince thy ſultan is with " his army in the field, why ſhouldeſt " thou not join thyſelf to the troops " that daily march out of the city; " and when thou art arrived at the " camp, throw thyſelf at the feet of " the Sultan Miſnar?"

" Full of theſe thoughts, I advanced " toward the royal parade, and offered " my ſervices to the captain of one of " the troops that were drawn out in " the ſquare.

" The captain readily accepted my " offer, and I was enrolled among the " number of my ſultan's forces.

" Fortunately for me, the troop was " then drawn out, in order to be ſent " to the main army; and being fur- " niſhed with an horſe, I went with " my companions, and before night " we joined the encampment.

" Immediately I flew toward the " royal pavilion, and fortunately met " the Vizir Horam, with his atten- " dants, going to the ſultan.

" I threw myſelf at his feet, and " told him who I was; but the proud " vizir ſpurned me from him with his " foot, and bid the guards chaſtiſe " me."

Here the ſultan looked ſternly at his vizir, and Horam ſtood in ſilent amaze- ment.

The princeſs, although ſhe ſaw the emotions of the ſultan and his vizir, yet ſtill continued her adventures with- out interruption.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF THE PRINCESS OF CASSIMIR.

'MAHOUD,' ſaid the princeſs, 'proceeded thus—

" Seeing I had no hopes of favour " or protection from the Vizir Horam, " I flew to the royal tent, and as the " ſultan came forth to meet his vizir, " I fell proſtrate before him; but, " alas! the pride of greatneſs caſts a " film over the eyes of all men.

" The Sultan Miſnar, hearing me " ſpeak of his transformation and " my own, commanded his troops to " caſt that liar forth out of the " camp."

At theſe words the countenance of Miſnar changed, and he ſaid, 'Judge, 'O princeſs! from the actions of Miſ- 'nar, whether that rebel lyed before 'thee or not: when I heard from your 'mouth, that Horam had ſpurned him 'with his foot, I was enraged at my 'vizir; but now I am convinced he 'has alike traduced us both.'

'I will not,' ſaid the Princeſs Hem- junah, 'anticipate my tale, the ſequel 'will ſatisfy both my ſultan and his 'vizir.

" I was immediately," continued 'Mahoud, " carried to the extremity " of the encampment, and turned out " with hiſſings and abuſe.

" I fled as faſt as my feet would " permit, and in a few hours joined " a caravan, who, fortunately for me, " were journeying to Caſſimir.

" During my journey hither, O " princeſs! I lived on the alms of " merchants, and at my arrival found " the capital in confuſion. I heard " that your royal father Zebenezer " was retired, that my lovely princeſs " ſaw none but Eloubrou, the partner " of her afflictions, and that the Vizir " Hobaddan directed every thing.

" Ah," ſaid I to myſelf, " is there " then no way of ſeeing the princeſs " but through the indulgence of her " prime vizir; and what hope have I " that he will hearken to the tale of " an unknown beggar, when Horam " would not acknowledge the brother " of his afflictions!"

" In this diſtreſs I knew not where " to turn, but happily one ſaw my " afflictions. A merchant who was " ſtanding in his ſhop, and had ob-

" ſerved

" ſerved me liſt up my eyes to Heaven, " called out, and ſaid, " Young man, " what is the cauſe of your exceſſive " afflictions?" I looked round, and " ſaw the merchant; and as I was go- " ing up to him, fortune inſpired me " with a tale that ſoftened his heart.

" I told him that I was a prince, " and well known to you, O glory " of Caſſimir! and that if he would, " only for the ſpace of one day, fur- " niſh me with a proper habit and at- " tendants to appear before you, O " princeſs! I would pay him tenfold " for his kindneſs."

" It is not likely," ſaid the mer- " chant, " that a prince and a beggar " ſhould be one and the ſame perſon; " but as I have taken the pains to en- " quire into your affairs, I will fur- " niſh you as you deſire, upon condi- " tion, that if you are not what you " ſay, you ſhall go before the cadi, " and bind yourſelf to me for ten years " as my ſlave."

" Being hard preſſed by penury and " want, I readily embraced the mer- " chant's offer; we went before the " cadi, I ſigned the conditions, that " being properly furniſhed by the " merchant to appear before the prin- " ceſs, if the Princeſs of Caſſimir did " not acknowledge me to be Prince " Mahoud, and her deliverer in the af- " flictions ſhe had lately experienced, " I would ſubmit to be the merchant's " ſlave for ten years.

" This being executed, the mer- " chant procured me the robes in " which I now ſtand before my prin- " ceſs, and ſlaves to attend me; and " by his intereſt with the vizir, I was " introduced into your preſence: and " now, O princeſs, unleſs you favour " my innocent deceit, by which alone " I was able to obtain a ſight of my " benefactreſs, I muſt return from " your preſence into the chains of " ſlavery, and be expoſed to the ſcoffs " of ignominy."

" There is no occaſion," ſaid I, " of giving you a falſe title, Mahoud, " I will ſend for the merchant, and " buy off your ten years ſlavery, and " give you ſufficient to live creditably " as a merchant."

" Alas!" anſwered Mahoud, " the " cunning merchant, O princeſs, will " never know how to aſk enough for " my redemption, when he finds I am " favoured by the Princeſs of Caſſi- " mir; and if he ſhould, I ſhall be- " come the joke and contempt of the " merchants, who will neither give " me credit nor countenance."

" Well, then," ſaid I, " poor mer- " chant, ſince you are ſo unwilling to " part with your new aſſumed ho- " nours, be a prince." Then clap- ' ping my hands, Eloubrou appeared; ' and I ſaid, " Eloubrou, let the Prince " Mahoud be lodged in my father's " palace, and let a proper number of " ſlaves attend him, and do you ac- " quaint the vizir with his quality."

' Eloubrou did as I commanded; ' and Mahoud, full of joy, fell down ' at my feet, and kiſſed the hem of ' my garment.

" Prince," ſaid I, " ariſe, and Elou- " brou ſhall conduct you to my fa- " ther's palace."

' A few days experience made me ' repent my folly in giving credit to ' the falſities of Mahoud; for the in- ' ſolent merchant grew proud of his ' new aſſumed honours, and ſoon for- ' got that his title was only the phan- ' tom of his own brain.

' He came daily, and was intro- ' duced to me, and every time aſſumed ' greater ſtate; till at laſt he dared to ' declare his paſſion for me, and talk- ' ed of aſking my father's conſent, as ' ſoon as the days of his ſorrow ſhould ' be accompliſhed.

' Aſtoniſhed at his inſolence, I bid ' him depart from my preſence, which ' he did with difficulty, muttering re- ' venge as he went.

' As ſoon as he was gone forth, I ' acquainted Eloubrou with Mahoud's ' ſtory, his ridiculous and inſolent be- ' haviour, and that he had even dared ' to threaten me with revenge.

" The threats of Mahoud," ſaid ' Eloubrou, " are of little conſequence, " though prudence ſhould never eſ- " teem the leaſt enemy unworthy of " it's notice; but care ſhall be taken " of this inſolent merchant. How- " ever, my princeſs," continued the ' experienced Eloubrou, " muſt ſuffer " me to deliver the ſentiments of my " heart.

" Our ſex can never give greater en- " couragement to man, than by ſub- " mitting to become partes in their " deceits; and ſhe who helps to exalt " one of that faithleſs ſex, muſt ſoon

" expect

" expect that he will debase her. Love " and presumption united, cannot dis- " tinguish the valley from the moun- " tain; and the ass crops alike the " thistle or the rose: if Mahoud dared " first assume honours that did not be- " long to him, what should prevent " his more aspiring thought! They " that will not destroy the weed before " it produces the stalk and the pod, " shall not prevail against it when " it scatters forth it's seeds, and gives " it's progeny to be dispersed by the " winds."

' As Eloubrou delivered this instruc- ' tion before me, one of the slaves en- ' tered the apartment, and gave me no- ' tice, that Zebenezer, my father, ex- ' pected me in the tomb immediately.

' I put on the solemn veil, and fol- ' lowed the guard to the tomb of Che- ' derazade, the favourite of Alla.

' I entered the lonely mansions of ' the dead with fear and trembling; ' and at the upper end of the vaulted ' tomb, saw my father kneeling before ' the embalmed corse of the parent of ' my life.

" Unhappy Hemjunah," said the ' aged form, " come hither and behold " the sad remains of my dearest Che- " derazade."

' Although my heart sunk with grief, ' and my limbs tottered, yet I essayed ' to reach the place where Chederazade ' lay embalmed, and fell at the feet of ' my father Zebenezer.

" Rise," said he, " O daughter," ' and caught me suddenly in his arms: ' when, O fearful sight! I perceived ' his visage alter, and that the villain- ' ous Mahoud had seized me in his ' arms.

' Struck with horror and despair, I ' essayed to cry out, but in vain; my ' voice was fled, and the powers of ' speech were taken from me.

" No," said he, with a fierce air, " your struggles and resistance, O pru- " dent princess, are all vain; for she " who will join to deceive others, must " expect to be deceived when there is " none to help her; therefore speech, if " you resist, is taken from you."

" What," said I, " cruel Mahoud," ' recollecting myself, and endeavouring ' to soften him, " is this the return " my friendship deserves; when, to " save you from infamy and slavery, " I gave way to your intreaties, and " represented you otherwise than you " really were?"

" They," answered Mahoud, " who " give false characters of their friends, " should expect to find their friends " as capable of deceiving them, as " they have made their friends capable " of deceiving others: but we must " not call such intercourse friendship. " Friendship, O princess, is built upon " virtue, which Mahoud has disclaim- " ed since he entered into the service of " the sage Hyppacusan; and by her " advice it was, that he told you a " sham tale to deceive you to your own " destruction: had you not yielded to " that tale, I could have had no power " over you or your father; but it is " our triumph to circumvent the pru- " dence of Mahomet's children; where- " fore, seeing you would not yield " openly to my wishes, I no sooner left " you with Eloubrou, than by Hyp- " pacusan's assistance I entered this " tomb invisibly, and by my enchant- " ments overpowered your father Ze- " benezer, and then assuming his per- " son, I sent for my princess, and she " came obedient to my call.

" But now," continued the false ' Mahoud, " your cries will profit " you but little; for Hyppacusan, who " is ever hovering over Delly to watch " the motions of the Sultan Misnar, " has by this time placed us in a re- " pository of the dead, where we shall " have none to over-hear or disturb " us."

' Mahoud then shewed me my father ' Zebenezer, whom by his enchant- ' ment he had deprived of all sensa- ' tion; he lay in a coffin of black marble ' in an inner apartment. And after ' that, he vowed that he would desist ' from force; but till I consented to ' his wishes, I must be content to live ' in the tomb.

' But I will not fatigue you, O ' royal sultan, with the specious and ' base arguments of the wretched Ma- ' houd; when he found all in vain, he, ' by his enchantments, obliged me to ' sleep in the place from whence you ' delivered me, and what time has ' elapsed during my confinement I know ' not.'

' Princess,' said the sultan, ' we re- ' joice at your escape; but as it is pro- ' bable, by your account, that your royal ' sire Zebenezer still sleeps in the tomb,

'we will beſeech Macoma to hear our 'petitions, and deliver him from the 'chains of enchantment.'

The ſultan then ſent officers to ſearch in the tomb for the body of Zebenezer, and alſo called together thoſe who were ſkilled in magick, and deſired them to uſe incantations to invoke the Genius Macoma to their aſſiſtance. But the arts of the magicians were vain, and Macoma remained deaf to the intreaties of the ſultan and his ſages.

In the mean time, while the ſultan and his Vizir Horam endeavoured to comfort the afflicted Hemjunah, the ambaſſadors returned from Caſſimir, bringing advice that the grand Vizir Hobaddan had aſſumed the title of ſultan, and that the whole kingdom of Caſſimir acknowledged his authority.

At this report Hemjunah ſunk motionleſs on the earth, and the Sultan Miſnar ran to comfort her, declaring that he would march his whole army to recover her dominions from the rebel Hobaddan.

'Horam,' ſaid the ſultan, 'let us be 'prudent as well as juſt; therefore, 'while you march to the aſſiſtance of 'the injured ſubjects of Caſſimir, and 'to reſtore that kingdom to it's law'ful prince, I will keep ſtrict diſci'pline and order in the provinces of my 'empire; and I truſt, in a ſhort time I 'ſhall ſee you return with the head of 'the rebel Hobaddan.'

The Vizir Horam ſet out in a few days from Delly, with three hundred thouſand troops of the flower of the ſultan's army; and by forced marches reached the confines of Caſſimir, ere the pretended Sultan Hobaddan had notice of his arrival.

The Vizir Horam's intention to reſtore the princeſs Hemjunah to the throne of her forefathers being proclaimed, numbers of the ſubjects of Caſſimir flocked to the ſtandards of Horam, and the army being now increaſed to five hundred thouſand troops, marched toward the capital of Caſſimir.

Hobaddan having notice of the increaſe and progreſs of his enemies, and finding that to engage them upon equal terms was vain, ſent an embaſſy to the Vizir Horam, aſſuring him that he and his whole army would ſurrender themſelves up to the mercy and clemency of his maſter's troops.

Horam, rejoiced at the ſucceſs of his march, and deſirous of regaining the kingdom of Caſſimir without bloodſhed, ſent an aſſurance to Hobaddan in anſwer, that if he fulfilled his promiſe, his own life ſhould be ſaved.

The next morning Hobaddan appeared at the head of his troops, with their heads dejected, and their arms inverted toward the ground, and in this manner they came forward to the front of the Vizir Horam's army.

Horam, the more to encourage the ſubmiſſion of Hobaddan, had placed the troops which he had raiſed in the kingdom of Caſſimir in the front of his army, and alſo to ſecure them from retreating by the ſupport which his own troops were to give them in the rear.

When Hobaddan was come within hearing, inſtead of throwing his arms on the ground, he unſheathed his ſcymitar, and thus ſpake to the troops before him—

'Brethren, and countrymen, whom 'the ſame fathers begat, and whom 'the ſame mothers brought forth; ſuf'fer me to ſpeak what my affection to 'you all, and my love for my country, 'requires me to ſay.

'Againſt whom, O my brethren, is 'this array of battle; and whoſe blood 'ſeek ye to ſpill on the plains which 'our forefathers have cultivated? Is it 'our own blood that muſt be poured 'forth over theſe lands, to enrich them 'for a ſtranger's benefit? Is it not un'der pretence of fighting for the Prin'ceſs of Caſſimir, who has been long 'ſince dead, that the Sultan of India's 'troops are now ravaging, not our 'borders only, but penetrating even 'into the heart of our nation? But 'ſuppoſe ye that the conquerors will 'give up the treaſures they hope to 'earn by their blood? Will they not 'rather, invited by the fruitfulneſs of 'our vales, and by the rich produce 'of our mountains, fix here the ever'laſting ſtandards of their arms, and 'make ſlaves of us, who are become 'thus eaſily the dupes of their ambi'tious preſences? Then farewel con'tentment! farewel pleaſure! farewel 'the well-earned fruits of induſtry 'and frugality! Our lands ſhall be 'the property of others, and we ſtill 'tied down by ſaviſh chains to culti'vate and improve them. Our houſes, 'our ſubſtance, ſhall be the reward of

'foreign

'foreign robbers; our wives and our 'virgins shall bow down before con-'querors; and we, like the beasts of 'the field, be drawn in the scorching 'mid-day to the furrow of the mine.'

As Hobaddan began to utter these words, Horam, astonished at his malice and presumption, ordered the archers who attended him, to draw forth their arrows, and pierce him to the heart; but the weapons of war were as straws on the armour of Hobaddan, and he stood dauntless and unhurt amidst ten thousand arrows.

'Friends and brethren,' continued Hobaddan, 'you see the powers above 'are on our side; the arrows of Horam 'are as the chaff on the plain, and as 'the dust which penetrates not the gar-'ments of the traveller. Halt not, 'therefore, your ready judgments, 'which incline you to embrace what 'nature and your own security dictate; 'but join your arms to the defender 'and supporter of your liberties and 'your possessions.'

At these words the recruits of Horam filed off in a body, and joined the party of Hobaddan; while the pretended sultan, elated at his success, pushed forward to the Vizir Horam's troops, and charged them with the utmost impetuosity.

The weapons of the brave were foiled by the armour of Hobaddan; for the Inchantress Hyppacusan, studious of diverting the attention of the Sultan Misnar, had assisted Hobaddan with her counsel, and with invulnerable arms; wherefore, seeing their labour vain and fruitless against the pretended and unconquerable sultan, the hearts of Horam's warriors melted within them, and they fell away from the field of battle, as the birds of the air retreat before the whistling husbandman.

Hobaddan, sensible of his advantage, hastened after the troops of Horam all the day and all the night; and the vizir himself nearly escaped with his life, having none left behind him to send to Delly with the unhappy report of his defeat.

But malicious fame, ever indefatigable in representing the horrors of affliction and distress, soon spread her voice throughout the regions of Delly, and Misnar heard from every quarter that his faithful Horam, and all his chosen troops, were defeated or cut off by the victorious arm of Hobaddan.

The Princess Hemjunah gave up herself to sighs and tears, and refused the comfort and consolation of the court of Delly; and the Sultan Misnar, enraged at his loss, resolved to assemble the greatest part of his troops, and march to the assistance of Horam.

But first he gave orders that recruits should be raised, and that the number of his troops should be increased; and then mixing his young raised soldiers with the veterans of his army, he left one half of his troops to guard his own provinces, and with the other he marched toward the confines of Cassimir.

The Vizir Horam had concealed himself in the hut of a faithful peasant, and hearing that his master was arrived with a numerous army in the kingdom of Cassimir, he went forward and met him, and falling down at his feet, besought his forgiveness.

'Horam,' said the sultan, 'arise; I 'forgive thee, although thou hast lost 'so many of my troops; but I little 'suspected Hobaddan had been too art-'ful for the experience and sagacity of 'my vizir. However, Horam, he must 'not expect to deceive us again; we 'are more in number, and we are 'aware of his deceit. You, Horam, 'forced your marches, and weakened 'your troops, but I will bring them 'onwards slowly and surely. Have 'we, O Horam, prevailed against Ulin, 'and Happuck, and Ollomand and 'Tasnar; have we crushed Ahaback 'and Desra by our prudent arts, and 'shall we fear the contrivance of a poor 'vizir, who leads a few rebels among 'the rocks of the province of Cassimir! 'Let us but use prudence with resolu-'tion, and these enemies must soon 'fade away, like the shadow that flieth 'from the noon-tide sun.'

The two armies of the Sultan of India, and the pretended Sultan of Cassimir, approached each other, and the troops of Misnar were pleased to hear that their number was treble the number of their enemies. But however great their superiority might be, the Sultan Misnar and his vizir kept the most exact discipline among them, and behaved as if they were about to engage a superior and not an inferior force.

For ſome time the armies continued within ſight of each other, neither chuſing to engage without ſome ſuperiority of circumſtances, and both watchful to prevent that ſuperiority.

At length, the ſultan obſerving a weakneſs in the left wing of Hobaddan's army, cauſed by ſickneſs, as they were encamped near a moraſs, gave orders for a furious attack upon the front, but directed the main effort to be made againſt that wing.

But the ſultan's intentions were defeated, for Hobaddan commanding not in the centre, as was expected, but in the left wing (with a choſen troop he had conveyed there, that very morning of the engagement) totally defeated thoſe who were ſent to oppoſe him.

The troops to the right of the ſultan's army giving way, put all in confuſion, and the unweildy number of Miſnar's forces, inſtead of regularly ſupporting them, poured toward the right in ſuch tumult, as deſtroyed the whole diſpoſition of the army.

During this confuſion, Hobaddan hewed down on all ſides thoſe who dared oppoſe his arms; and his choſen troop followed him over mountains of the ſlain, every one flying through fear at the terror of his preſence.

The ſultan and his Vizir Horam finding it in vain to rally their troops, or oppoſe the conquerors, founded a retreat; and amidſt the general confuſion fled toward the ſandy deſarts, which divide the realms of Caſſimir from the province of Delly.

But the prudent ſultan, in his flight, endeavoured to reſtore to his troops their rank and order; and while Horam reduced the foot under their proper banners, Miſnar regulated the confuſion of the horſe, and placed them as a covering to the reſt of his forces.

In this manner they marched before the face of their enemies into the deſart, without any proviſion or forage, but what they carried with their accoutrements; and although the ſultan and his vizir uſed every argument to perſuade their troops (who ſtill exceeded the number of their enemies) to turn and purſue the army of Hobaddan, yet ſo great was their dread of the victorious rebel and his forces, that they threatened to throw down their arms, rather than return to the battle.

Seeing all his endeavours to inſpire his men with courage ineffectual, the ſultan travelled onward with them into the deſart, as one given up to certain and unavoidable deſtruction; and his looks on Horam were like the looks of him who ſeeth the hand of death on the children of his ſtrength.

After two days march they halted beſide ſeveral ſmall pools; and ſuch was the exceſſive drought of Miſnar's army, that many periſhed before they could be prevailed upon to quit the refreſhing pools of the deſart.

Theſe, indeed, thought of little more than preſent relief; but Miſnar, their lord, was overwhelmed with the ſevereſt pangs of affliction and diſtreſs.

To increaſe their griefs, if they were capable of increaſe, ſcouts brought word, that the troops of Hobaddan, being refreſhed after their fatigues, were marching towards them, intending to deſtroy them while they were faint with want of proviſion.

The army of the ſultan, terrified by the report, and ſeeing no hopes of eſcape, fell upon the wretched Sultan Miſnar, and his faithful vizir, and bringing them into the centre of the troops, they demanded their blood as an atonement for the loſſes they were about to ſuffer in their cauſe.

The ringleader of this general mutiny was Ourodi, the ancient enemy of the faithful Horam; who ſtanding foremoſt in the ranks, commanded the archers to bind their ſultan and his vizir to a ſtake.

The ſultan ſeeing all his hopes defeated, and the rage of the multitude, knelt down, and recommended his cauſe to the all-powerful Alla.

And now the arches were about to bend their bows, and fit the deadly ſhafts to their bow-ſtrings, when a luminous appearance was diſcovered to the eaſtward, and the outſkirts of the army ſaw a female in robes of light travelling over the ſands of the deſart.

In a moment ſhe paſſed through the ranks of the army, and ſtood in the circle who were gathered around, to ſee the execution of their ſultan and his vizir.

'Miſnar,' ſaid the favourite of Heaven, 'ariſe, and fear not thoſe ſons 'of clay, nor the malice of enchant-'ment: I am thy Genius Macoma, 'ſent by Mahomet to ſave and deliver 'thee,

thee, when human assistance was vain and impossible.

'Therefore,' continued the Genius, 'assume thy just command over these thy subjects, and let them all fall prostrate on the ground to Alla, and wait to see the fate of those who fight against the prophet of the faithful.

'But first learn, from thine own experience, the folly of trusting even to the greatest human power or prudence, without an affiance in the Lord of Heaven.

'The world, O Misnar, is Alla's, and the kingdom of heaven is the work of his hands; let not, therefore, the proudest boast, nor the most humble despair; for although the towering mountains appear most glorious to the sight, the lowly vallies enjoy the fatness of the skies. But Alla is able to clothe the summits of the rocks with verdure, and to dry up even the rivers of the vale. Wherefore, although thou wert suffered to destroy the greatest part of thine enemies, yet one was left to overpower thee, that thou mightest know that thou wert but a weak instrument in the hands of strength.'

'I know,' answered the Sultan Misnar, 'that Alla is able to dissolve this frame of earth, and every vision of the eye, and therefore not the proudest, nor the most powerful, can stand against him.'

As the sultan spake this, the opposite army of Hobaddan appeared upon the face of the sandy desart.

'Although his power be infinite,' said the Genius, 'yet can he effect these changes with the most unexpected causes. To him the pismire and the giant are alike. But I will not waste that time in words, which I am commanded to employ in action, to convince both you and your army of the sovereignty of Alla. Therefore suffer no man to rise from the earth, or quit their places, but lift up your heads only, and behold those enemies destroyed before whom you fled, as the inhabitants of the earth before the noisome pestilence.'

So saying, the Genius Macoma waved her wand, and instantly the air was darkened, and a confused noise was heard above the armies of Misnar and Hobaddan.

For some hours the sultan's troops knew not the cause of the darkness that overshadowed them, but in a little time the light returned by degrees, and they looked toward the army of Hobaddan, and saw them overwhelmed with innumerable locusts.

'Thine enemies,' said Macoma, 'O sultan, are no more; save the Inchantress Hyppacusan, who at present personates the rebel Ourodi.'

'The glory of extirpating her infernal race,' said the Vizir Horam, bowing before the Genius Macoma, 'belongs to my sultan, otherwise Horam would esteem himself the happiest of mankind in her destruction.'

'That glory you speak of,' answered the Genius Macoma, 'is given to another; a fly is gone forth, the winged messenger of Alla's wrath, and at this moment bereaves the vile Hyppacusan of her breath and of her life.'

The Vizir Horam held down his head at the just reproof of the Genius: but the words of her reproof were the words of truth; for an account was brought, that the rebel Ourodi was suddenly dead, being strangled by some impediment in his throat; and that, at his death, his figure was changed into the appearance of a deformed inchantress.

'Although your enemies, O Misnar, are no more,' said the Genius, 'yet the assistance of Alla is as necessary for your support, as for their defeat; wherefore he hath given life to the springs of the pools of the desart, and your troops will find such refreshment from them, that you may safely march over the sandy plains; and to add to your happiness, the old Sultan Zebenezer, being released from the enchantments of Hyppacusan, waits, with his daughter Hemjunah, your safe arrival; and knows not as yet those wonders which I leave your prudence to reveal to him.'

The Sultan Misnar well understood the mysterious speech of the Genius Macoma; but before he or his troops tasted of the pools, or pursued their march, he commanded them to fall down before Alla, the only Lord of the world.

The troops having done reverence to Alla, were desirous of repeating it before Misnar, to ask his forgiveness; but the modest sultan would not permit them.

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'It is no wonder,' said he, 'the 'sheep go astray, when the shepherd 'himself is bewildered on the moun-'tains. Let us make,' said he, 'Alla 'and his prophet our guide and de-'fence, and then neither presumption 'nor rebellion shall lead us into error.'

The unexpected change reached not the court of Delly, till the troops were within a few days march of the city; and Zebenezer and Hemjunah were but just prepared to meet the Sultan Misnar, when he entered the gates of the palace.

As Misnar advanced toward the aged Zebenezer, the good old man started with surprize, and cried out, 'O 'Mahomet, is it possible, that the Sul-'tan of India, and the Prince of Geor-'gia, should be one and the same!'

The Princess Hemjunah was amazed and confounded at her father's speech, and she fell on his aged face, and hid in his arms the blushes that overspread her.

'What you suspect, my royal friend,' said Misnar, 'is true; I am, indeed, the 'man who passed in Cassimir for the 'Prince of Georgia. I beseech thee, 'O Zebenezer, forgive my deception.'

'You have no forgiveness,' said the aged Zebenezer, 'O sultan, to ask from 'me.'

'Indeed,' answered the sultan, 'my 'title was just; my royal father Da-'bulcombar, being treacherously ad-'vised by those who wished to place 'his younger son Ahubal on the throne, 'commanded me to travel, and gain 'renown and experience in arms; and 'to conceal my importance, gave me 'the title of Prince of Georgia.

'In this disguise I came to the royal 'court of Cassimir, and engaged in 'your service, O venerable sultan, and 'Alla sent his blessing on us; your 'enemies were put to flight, and your 'subjects, who favoured me, gave the 'credit of the defeat to my arms.

'Hearing that you intended me the 'honour of an alliance with your il-'lustrious family, I resolved first to see 'the Princess Hemjunah, whom I heard 'you had confined, being warned from 'an ancient prophecy, that a stranger 'should deprive you of her. I saw 'the princess by means of one of her 'slaves, and Hemjunah, my lovely 'Hemjunah, from that moment took 'possession of my heart. I was earnest 'therefore with you to propose the 'nuptials, and was to have been intro-'duced to the princess the very day in 'which I received advice that my 'Lord Dabulcombar was drawing near 'unto his prophet.

'In expectation of demanding your 'daughter as the Sultan of India, and 'not as an obscure prince, I journeyed 'to Delly, and was early enough to see 'my royal sire ere he departed.

"Son," said he, "evil threatens your "reign; extricate, therefore, yourself "from danger, before you involve "others in your ruin."

'Mindful of my father's words, I 'resolved to quell the commotions of 'the empire, before I made myself 'known to the Sultan of Cassimir: but 'Alla has so wound the string of our 'fates together, that it is needless to 'repeat the rest of my adventures. 'Only the princess must forgive me 'this, that hearing she had been taken 'away from her father's court, I was 'resolved to conceal my interest in her 'affairs, till I was sensible that the 'Prince of Georgia, though not blessed 'with her smiles, had yet no rival in 'her affections.'

'Most noble sultan,' said the Prin-cess Hemjunah, 'tis in vain to dis-'semble; suffer me, therefore, freely 'to declare, that the Sultan of India 'has totally extirpated the Prince of 'Georgia from my heart; but what-'ever my own sentiments may be, as-'sure yourself, that I shall not, at my 'father's commands, refuse the Prince 'of Georgia my hand.'

The Sultan of India and Zebenezer were both delighted with the manner of the Princess Hemjunah's answer; and Horam, the faithful Vizir Horam, was rejoiced to find, that his master and the Princess Hemjunah were de-sirous of rewarding each other, after their mutual fatigues.

The whole court expected the nup-tials with impatience, and the good old Sultan Zebenezer staid to see his daughter the Sultaness of India and Misnar the happiest and the most thank-ful of the children of Alla.

'The children of Alla,' said the sage Iracagem, (as the Genius Macoma had finished her relation) 'have in-'deed

'deed a freedom of action; but that 'freedom is beſt exerciſed, when it 'leads them to truſt and depend on the 'Lord of all things; not that he who 'ſeeth even beyond the confines of 'light is pleaſed with idleneſs, or giv-'eth encouragement to the ſons of 'ſloth; the ſpirit which he has infuſed 'into mankind, he expects to find ac-'tive and induſtrious; and when pru-'dence is joined with religion, Alla 'either gives ſucceſs to it's dictates, 'or by counteracting it's motions, 'draws forth the brighter virtues of pa-'tience and reſignation.

'Learn, therefore, ye pupils of the 'race of immortals, not to forget your 'dependence on Alla, while ye follow 'the prudent maxims of wiſdom and 'experience; for he only is truly pru-'dent, who adds faith to his practice; 'and he truly religious, whoſe actions 'are the reſult of his faith.

'But ſufficient for the preſent hours 'are the inſtructions of Macoma and 'her illuſtrious brethren. The faith-'ful guardians of theſe children of 'mortality, will, for a time, carry them 'abroad, and teach them thoſe ſciences, 'which are juſtly eſteemed among the 'ſons of the earth; ſciences which 'have been delivered in ſecret whiſpers 'from our race, to a few choſen minds, 'who through our aſſiſtance have bro-'ken the fetters of ignorance, and ſub-'dued the darkneſs of carnal infirmi-'ties: men famous through ſucceſſive 'generations, for cultivating and po-'liſhing the rude outlines of nature, 'and for inſtructing mankind in the 'elegant and ſocial arts.'

As the ſage Iracagem uttered theſe words, the inferior Genii retired with their reſpective pupils, and by eaſy progreſſions conducted them through thoſe elegant and uſeful arts, each of which upon earth cannot be attained but with a ſteady application through life.

After theſe exerciſes, toward the wane of the moon, the whole company met again in the ſaloon, and Iracagem with pleaſure ſurveyed the enlightened countenances of the pupils of his race, whoſe hearts and intellects ſeemed dilated by the pleaſing progreſs they had made.

'Science,' ſaid the ſage Iracagem, 'may poliſh the manners, but virtue 'and religion alone can animate with 'exalted notions, and dignify the 'mind of immortality: to neglect the 'firſt, is to turn our head from the 'light of day; but to deſpiſe the laſt, 'is to graſp the earth, when heaven is 'opened to receive us. A wiſe and 'prudent ſpirit will ſo uſe the one, as 'to improve the other, and make his 'ſcience the handmaid of his virtue. 'Wherefore, noble Adiram, let us 'proceed in the delightful leſſons of 'morality, and hear the wonders you 'are prepared to relate.'

The affable Adiram ariſing, thus began her much inſtructive tale.

TALE IX.

SADAK AND KALASRADE.

THE fame of Sadak lives yet in the plain of Erivan, where he drew the bow of the mighty, and chaſed the enemies of his faith over the frozen mountains of the north.

When Amurath gave peace to the earth, Sadak retired with his beloved Kalaſrade to the palace of his anceſtors, which was ſituated on the banks of the Boſphorus, and commanded one of the moſt beautiful proſpects in the world.

Sadak, though furious and impetuous in the field, was elegant and amiable in his happy retreat, where fancy and delicacy preſerved their pre-eminence over the richeſt productions of unreſtrained nature.

The palace of Sadak ſtood upon a wide-extended terrace, which overlooked the ſea and the oppoſite ſhores of Europe; a deep and noble grove ſheltered it behind, and on each ſide hills and vallies diverſified the rural ſcene.

The gardens of the palace, though wild and irregular, yet afforded the moſt delightful retirement; and Sadak found in it's boſom pleaſures far ſuperior to the ſplendid pageants of the Othman court.

To increaſe the bliſs of this earthly paradiſe, his favourite fair had bleſt him with a numerous progeny; and as Sadak and Kalaſrade ſat under the ſhade of the lofty pines, their children wantoned and ſported on the plains before them.

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The ſpirit of their father was in the lively conteſts of his ſons; and maternal delicacy dimpled on the cheeks of the daughters of Kalaſrade.

The happy pair ſaw their own virtues reflected from their children, and Sadak having already earned this elegant retreat by the toils of war, was reſolved to dedicate the reſt of his days to the improvement of his beauteous offspring.

Kalaſrade, though her charms were as yet undiminiſhed by age, harboured not a wiſh in which her noble Sadak was unconcerned; all her joy was centered in Sadak: her heart rejoiced not but when Sadak appeared; and her ſoul, uneaſy at a moment's abſence, panted after Sadak her lord. The love of Sadak equalled the affections of his beloved; he gazed every hour with new tranſports upon her charms; none but Kalaſrade engaged his thoughts, none but Kalaſrade ſhared in his affections.

Time, which impairs the impetuous ſallies of luſt, increaſed the holy flame of their love, and their retirement grew more and more agreeable, as they more and more experienced the purity of it's joys. But Sadak indulged not wholly on the ſophas of pleaſure; his ſons required his preſence with them in the chace; he led them forth to manly ſports, and trained them to the exerciſe of arms.

His four ſons followed their father Sadak daily to the plains of Rezeb, where they ſtrove for maſtery in the race, and pointed their arrows at the diſtant mark.

'O my father,' ſaid Codan, the eldeſt of his children, as they were on the plain, where Sadak was drawing the bow-ſtring to his breaſt, 'a black cloud 'ariſes from the grove, and flames of 'fire burſt through it's ſides!'

Sadak quickly turned his eyes toward the wood, which ſheltered his palace, and ſaw the ſparks and the flame aſcending over the tops of the trees.

'My children,' ſaid Sadak, with a firm countenance, 'fear not; continue 'your ſport on the plain till I return: 'I will leave four ſlaves with you, the 'reſt ſhall follow your father to this 'grove of fire.'

Though Sadak was unwilling to terrify his children, he knew full well the misfortune which had befallen him. His palace was in flames, and the doating huſband haſtened with his ſlaves, to the relief of his beloved Kalaſrade and her daughters.

Sadak firſt reached the burning palace. The ſlaves of the houſe, terrified at the fire, were flying into the woods. He commanded them back, and aſked if Kalaſrade and her little ones were ſafe.

Seeing their conſternation, he flew towards the apartment of his beloved, which was ſituated in one of the inner courts; and though the devouring flames endeavoured to bar his paſſage, the firm Sadak preſſed through the fire into the apartments of Kalaſrade.

'Kalaſrade!' ſaid Sadak, 'my be-'loved Kalaſrade, where art thou?'

Kalaſrade anſwered not.

Sadak lifted up his voice ſtill higher, 'Kalaſrade, my beloved Kalaſrade, 'where art thou?'

Kalaſrade anſwered not.

Sadak, though terrified at not diſcovering his beloved, yet ſearched every part of the haram, till he came to the apartments of his three daughters; who, with their female ſlaves, were fallen on the earth, every moment expecting to be devoured by the flames.

'Ariſe, my children,' ſaid Sadak, 'and be comforted at the preſence of 'your parent: but where is your mo-'ther? Where is my beloved Kalaſ-'rade?'

'Alas,' anſwered the children of Sadak, 'we know not; ſome ſlaves 'forced our dear parent from her apart-'ments, as ſhe was haſtening to our 'relief.'

'Then,' anſwered Sadak, 'bleſſed 'be my prophet, ſhe is ſafe! But 'come, my daughters,' continued their father, 'you muſt not delay your eſcape, 'the fire makes haſty ſtrides upon us: 'come, my children, to my arms, and 'I will bear you through the flames; 'but firſt let us dip in the bath, leſt 'the fire ſeize on our garments.'

As they paſſed the female baths, they dipped themſelves in the baſon, and the ſlaves followed their maſter's example.

Sadak arriving at the entrance where the flames had reached, reſolutely took up his two eldeſt children, and carried them through the flames; then again returning, 'I will either,' ſaid he, 'reſ-'cue my youngeſt, or periſh with her.'

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His youngeſt fainted with fear as ſoon as her father had left her, and Sadak found her ſtretched on the ground with but little ſigns of life.

All the female ſlaves following their maſter Sadak, had eſcaped out of the haram, except one faithful creature, who rather reſolved to die with her young miſtreſs, than leave her expoſed to the flames.

Sadak ſnatched up his dear treaſure in his arms, and commanded the faithful ſlave to take hold of his garment, and follow him through the flames.

Happily the wind had turned the fire toward a different part of the palace, ſo that Sadak had leſs danger to encounter in the ſecond effort, than in the firſt.

The reſolute Sadak having reſcued his children, enquired of his ſlaves where they had conveyed his dear Kalaſrade; but none could give anſwer to the queſtions of their lord.

The ſlaves were now all gathered together in a body; but four of their number were miſſing, beſides thoſe who continued with the ſons of Sadak on the plain.

As little more could be reſcued from the flames, Sadak left only ten ſlaves about the palace to recover what they were able; the reſt he ſent into different parts of the grove, and to the villages around, to ſeek for their miſtreſs Kalaſrade and her ſlaves; ſix he diſmiſſed with his daughters to the plains of Rezeb, commanding them with their attendants to join his ſons, and ſeek ſome ſhelter and refreſhment in a neighbouring village, and leaving orders for his beloved Kalaſrade, if ſhe was found, to retire to her children.

Sadak then went through the moſt unfrequented paths, and into the lonelieſt parts of the wood, to ſeek his beloved, calling upon her as he paſſed along, and pronouncing the names of the ſlaves that were miſſing. This he continued till night had thrown her ſable garments on the earth, and he had compaſſed his palace every way around for ſeveral miles, when he reſolved to turn again to his palace, and enquire of his ſlaves concerning his beloved Kalaſrade.

He paſſed through the woods, guided by the red glare of light which the clouds reflected from the fire that had nigh conſumed his dwelling, and entered the farther part of the terrace, whereon ſtood the few remains of his once elegant building.

The flames, unſatiated with their former cruelties, ſeemed to rekindle at his preſence. His ſlaves came weeping toward him, but could give no tidings of their amiable miſtreſs; and Sadak, who in the morning had looked with the utmoſt ſatisfaction on the lively ſcenes around him, now ſaw the melancholy face of nature, enlightened with the duſky gleams of his own unexpected ruin.

But yet the wreck of nature could not have diſturbed Sadak more than the loſs of his beloved; he doubted not but that the fire was kindled by thoſe ſlaves who had torn Kalaſrade from his arms; and though he felt within himſelf the deepeſt affliction, his blood curdled with horror, when he reflected on the tenfold diſtreſſes which encompaſſed the pure and ſpotleſs partner of his affections.

'O Alla!' ſaid the trembling Sadak, 'fortify my faith, and teach me, even 'in the horrors of this night, to believe that mercy triumphs over evil, 'and that the paths of deſtruction are 'controuled by thy All-ſeeing Power! 'To me all is confuſion! miſery! and 'terror! But thou ſeeſt through the 'dark abyſs, and guideſt the footſteps 'of the juſt in the vallies of deſolation! Nevertheleſs, O thou Juſt One! 'forgive the ſinking of my ſoul, and 'pour the virtuous balm of hope into 'the wounded ſpirit of thine afflicted 'ſervant!'

The bounteous Alla heard the voice of his ſervant, and the heart of Sadak was fortified and ſtrengthened with religious hope.

Having diſpoſed of what effects his ſlaves had reſcued from the flames, in a place of ſecurity, Sadak haſtened to the village where his children were aſſembled; and, diſguiſing the ſeverer pangs he felt himſelf, endeavoured to aſſuage the grief of his fond family for the loſs of their mother.

Several of Sadak's friends ſoon joined him in the village, and the relations of his wife offered to take care of his children, while he went in ſearch of Kalaſrade, and his villainous ſlaves.

Sadak, with thankfulneſs, embraced the offer of Mepiki, the father of his beloved; and having tenderly embraced

his children, directed his steps toward the sea-side, and crossed in one of his feluccas to the city of Constantinople.

No sooner was Amurath seated on his throne in the divan, than Sadak fell prostrate before him.

'My brave soldier,' said Amurath, 'arise.

'The world, Sadak,' continued the prince, 'talk largely concerning your 'happiness; and those who envy not 'the Othman crown, yet pant after 'the elegant and peaceable retirements 'of the fortunate Sadak. Has Sadak, 'then, a wish ungratified, that he 'comes thus an humble suppliant at a 'monarch's feet?'

'The smiles of his prince,' answered Sadak, 'are a soldier's joy: and in 'the sunshine of those smiles did Sadak 'live an envied life; till one dark cloud 'interposed, and blasted the ripe fruit 'of Sadak's joy.'

'What means my Sadak!' answered Amurath.

'While I led my sons to the plain,' replied Sadak, 'to teach them the du-'ties which they owed their prince, 'the flames seized my peaceful dwell-'ing, and, ere I could return to the 'rescue of my beloved Kalasrade, four 'slaves had dragged her away, and I 'and my attendants have in vain been 'seeking her in woods and plains that 'surround my habitation; wherefore, 'O Amurath! I come a suppliant to 'thy throne, to ask redress of thee.'

'That,' answered Amurath, 'brave 'soldier, thou shalt have; my Hasna-'dar Baski shall pay thee twice the va-'lue of thine house. Thou shalt have 'twenty of my slaves; and as to thy 'beloved, go where fancy leads thee, 'and seek a new Kalasrade.'

The words of Amurath were as the arrows of death in the heart of Sadak; and he said, 'Let the hand of justice 'overtake the robbers, and let the 'power of my lord restore Kalasrade 'to my arms.'

'Kalasrade,' answered Amurath, 'has, doubtless, been so long in your 'slaves possession, that she is, ere this, 'contented with her lot; instead of 'being the slave of one, she is now the 'mistress of four. But why should a 'weak female trouble the brave sol-'dier's heart! The chance of war 'gives them to our arms; and as they 'change their lords, our females 'change their love.'

As the blasted oak is torn by the thunderbolt, so was the heart of Sadak rent by the words of Amurath; but he concealed the storm that shook his breast, and, bowing to the earth, departed from the divan.

He applied himself that day to enquire in the Bissten and publick market-places, concerning Kalasrade and his four slaves; and hearing no tidings of them there, he went to the water-side, among the Levents, or watermen; but none could give him the least account of the fugitives.

The sorrows of Sadak bore heavy on his heart, but they did not prevent him from making a regular and strict search on the opposite shores both of Europe and Asia. Several months passed in a fruitless enquiry, without the least discovery either of his slaves, or the manner of their escape.

The gentle Kalasrade, in the mean time, suffered still severe afflictions.

On the morning in which she was torn from her lord, she was seated on her sopha, with her slaves around her, when she heard from several quarters of the palace a cry of fire, and in an instant saw the blaze ascend in three different parts.

All was confusion and distress; Kalasrade forgot not her children, but was hasting to their apartment, when four slaves broke in upon her, and forced her out of the palace.

They flew with their prize to one extremity of the terrace, where a small galley, which was concealed by the trees which overshadowed the water, waited for her arrival.

The distracted Kalasrade was delivered to an old eunuch in the galley, who instantly threw a thick black veil over her head, and threatened to cast her into the sea, if she cried out or resisted.

The threats of the eunuch were vain; Kalasrade feared no greater misfortune than the loss of Sadak, and she filled the air with her lamentations.

The eunuch finding his remonstrances unsuccessful, shut up the windows of the galley, and urged the rowers to hasten away with their prize.

Kalasrade being inclosed in the galley, knew not to what shore she was carried; but, ere long, the vessel struck upon

upon the ground, and ten black eunuchs entering the galley, they wrapped a covering of silk around her, and conveyed her away.

After some time they stopped, and uncovered the unfortunate Kalasrade, to give her breath.

The beauteous mourner looked around her, and saw she was in a garden planted with cypress trees.

She fell at the feet of him who seemed to have the command of his brethren, and besought him to have compassion on the miseries of a distressed mother, and an injured wife.

The eunuchs made no answer to the intreaties of Kalasrade; but he who commanded the rest made a sign for them to fling the silken covering over Kalasrade, and to bear her away.

It was not long before the slaves made a second halt, and took off the silken covering again from Kalasrade, and retired.

The beauteous wife of Sadak lifted up her veil as soon as she perceived the slaves withdraw, and found she was in an obscure room, the windows of which were guarded with iron-bars.

In one corner of the room stood a small pot of boiled rice, and beside it a pitcher of water.

Kalasrade hastened to the door, but the slaves had made it fast without.

Seeing all possibility of escape taken from her, and not knowing where she was, the wretched Kalasrade threw herself on the earth, and, with tears and sighs intermixed, thus poured forth her griefs—

'O whither am I carried from the 'arms of my beloved! Where was 'Sadak, the light of mine eyes, when 'the hand of the oppressor was on the 'bosom of his Kalasrade! Where was 'the strength of his arm, and the fierce-'ness of his countenance, when they 'tore his Kalasrade from the nest of 'her little ones!—O faithful Sadak! 'whither am I borne from the light of 'thine eyes! Whither am I carried 'from the smiles which refreshed my 'heart! Did we not, O Sadak! divide 'the light and the darkness together! 'In the bosom of Sadak I hid me from 'the storm; in the arms of Sadak his 'beloved triumphed!

'Ah, Sadak! Sadak! hear the voice 'of Kalasrade, ere the vile ravisher come and despoil thee of thy treasure! My love for thee, O Sadak! 'has been pure as the rain-drops, and 'the thoughts of Kalasrade have not 'wandered from her lord. In the 'morning I joyed not at the sun, but 'as he gave to mine eyes the image of 'my beloved. When Sadak arose, my 'heart was poured out in a sigh; when 'he led his sons to the chace—ah, 'wretched chace!—my eyes went with 'him to the grove, but my thoughts 'followed him to the plain. When 'he returned, his presence was like 'the sprightly notes of musick to my 'soul; when he smiled, he was cheer-'ful as the light of the morning. 'When he spoke, his words were as 'the dews of Heaven on the fruitful 'bosom of the earth, and his motion 'was graceful as the waving of the 'palm-tree on the brow of the moun-'tain. Oh! who has divided my be-'loved from mine arms! Ah, Kalas-'rade! thou art as the traveller among 'the wolves of the forest; thou art as 'a stranger bewildered in the snowy 'plain!'

Kalasrade vented her sighs undisturbed for several days, no one appearing but an old female mute, who daily brought her some boiled rice and a pitcher of water, which, though but scanty, was more than sufficient for the beauteous wife of Sadak.

During this interval it was impossible for Kalasrade to guess at the meaning of her confinement; and seeing no one come to molest her, she began to bear her situation with more temper, though still, like the turtle, her moans after Sadak were every moment indulged, and her fears for her children renewed the horrors of her mind.

At length one of her own black slaves, who had assisted in forcing her away, appeared. He was dressed in a green robe, and wore a yellow turban on his head. As he entered the room, Kalasrade retired as far as she was able; but he with an horrid grin advanced, and seized her by the arm.

The beauteous Kalasrade, finding herself in the power of the black slave, shrieked aloud, and filled the room with her cries; but he, regardless of her tears or her intreaties, and in a rough and determined tone, acquainted her with his love, and that he intended to make her his mistress.

At these words Kalasrade redoubled

her cries, and the slave proceeded to press her in his arms; when, in an instant, fifty eunuchs rushed into the apartment, and seizing on the black slave, delivered Kalasrade from his embraces.

The wife of Sadak was astonished at the new scene of wonders which she beheld; but her heart soon returned to it's former fears, when she beheld the mighty Amurath approach.

'Let that slave,' said the monarch, 'repay with his life the injuries he has 'done to this perfection of beauty.'

The distressed Kalasrade hearing the command of Amurath, fell at the feet of her prince, and said—

'Lord of thy slaves, whom Alla has 'sent to the relief of the distressed, 'behold the handmaid of thy servant 'Sadak before thee. As Sadak, mighty 'prince, was teaching his sons to walk 'in the paths of their father, four of 'his slaves, having set fire to his dwelling, rushed into the haram, and 'bore me away to a galley, in which, 'throwing a blind over me, they conveyed me to this wretched hut, where, 'till to-day, I have been indulged in 'my silent woes. But a few moments ago this base slave entered, 'whom I suspect to be the author of 'my misfortunes, and was about to 'compel me to bear his filthy love, 'when the guards of my lord rushed 'in, and preserved me from his villainous malice: wherefore, mighty 'lord, permit thy slave to depart, and 'if it please thee, gracious prince, let 'a few of these my deliverers convey 'me from this slave's house to Sadak 'thy servant.'

As Kalasrade uttered these words, Amurath made a sign to his eunuchs to withdraw; and taking the lovely Kalasrade by the hand, he bid her arise.

'Beauteous Kalasrade,' said he, 'I 'am pleased at your artless tale, yet 'are you much deceived; you are not 'in a slave's house, fair mistress of my 'heart, but in the garden of thy Amurath's seraglio.'

At these words the countenance of Kalasrade changed, a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks, and she fell to the earth as a flower cut off from it's root by the stormy wind.

Although Amurath called in immediate assistance, it was long before they could restore motion and life to the miserable Kalasrade; who, as soon as she beheld the countenance of Amurath, again sunk to the earth.

After some time, when the distressed Kalasrade was a little recovered, Amurath thus began—

'It is beneath the lord of the earth 'to disguise his thoughts, or to wear 'a countenance which accords not 'with his heart. No, my lovely Kalasrade, hypocrisy is a slave's portion; the sun knows no shadow, and Asia's monarch knows no restriction. 'Wherefore Kalasrade shall not any 'longer feel the tortures of a doubt, 'or the shackles of fear.

'Know, then, lovely fair-one, that I 'was jealous of my slave Sadak, who 'boasted joys superior to those which 'attend his prince, and I issued forth 'the law of my mind, that he should 'be cut off from his presumption.

'While the janissaries were making 'ready to obey my commands, I considered that death alone was not a 'sufficient recompence for his folly, 'and therefore I determined to add 'suspense to the tortures which the rebel 'had merited at my hands.

'For this purpose, I gave orders to 'the chief of my eunuchs to corrupt 'some of his slaves, who were to fire 'his dwelling in different parts, and 'to bring away his Kalasrade to my 'seraglio; not that I intended, beauteous fair-one, to exalt thee to my 'notice. No, the wife of Sadak was 'a personage too low for Amurath to 'stoop to. But having heard that you 'also gloried in your Sadak, I resolved 'that you should live confined in an 'ignominious hut on the coarsest food 'for some days; which being executed, I commanded one of your slaves 'to go in unto you, and make you 'subservient to his will. But my 'anger was so hot against you, that 'this was not sufficient revenge, unless I was an eye-witness of your 'distress. For this purpose a secret 'stand was contrived for me behind 'this hut, where I could unobserved 'behold all that passed. Hither I came 'with the slave, just time enough to 'see him enter before you. But, O 'lovely Kalasrade, what was my emotion, when I beheld the charms 'which I was about to sacrifice to my 'revenge!

'The moment I saw your irresisti-

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'ble beauties, I vowed the vile ſlave 'ſhould die, who even in thought had 'attempted to profane your charms. 'I made a ſign for my eunuchs to ruſh 'in and ſeize him; and ere this, his 'accurſed blood is poured on the earth 'as an atonement for his inſolence.

'But this is not all that Amurath 'will do for the miſtreſs of his heart; 'and the happy Kalaſrade may rejoice, 'that the preſumption of Sadak was 'not unnoticed by his lord. Your 'ſhort troubles, O Kalaſrade, have 'been productive of the greateſt joy 'your ſex can feel; for know, that 'you have engaged the affection of the 'mighty Amurath, and he who will 'not depart from the words of his 'lips, doth here call Mahomet to wit-'neſs, that Amurath will make his 'beloved Kalaſrade the ſultana of his 'heart!'

The tender Kalaſrade was overcome with the words of Amurath, and ſhe ſunk into the arms of the chief of the eunuchs, who ſtood behind her.

'Doubor,' ſaid Amurath, 'I per-'ceive Kalaſrade's joy has overpowered 'her. While ſhe is in the trance of 'happineſs, too great for her mortal 'nature to live under, let her be con-'veyed to the richeſt apartments of the 'ſeraglio, where the favourites of our 'race enjoy the converſe of their lords; 'and let all homage be paid to her 'who is deſtined to ſhare in the plea-'ſures of Amurath.'

While Doubor, and the reſt of the eunuchs, waited to perform the will of their prince, Amurath returned to the ſeraglio, and entered the baths, and afterwards arrayed himſelf in his moſt ſumptuous robes.

He then ſent to enquire of the chief of his eunuchs whether Kalaſrade was recovered.

The chief of the eunuchs came with the countenance of ſorrow.

'What,' ſaid Amurath, trembling, as he ſaw the poſture of his ſlave, 'is 'not the beauteous Kalaſrade ariſen 'from the ſlumbers of tranſport?'

'Lord of life,' anſwered Doubor, 'we have uſed every ſecret of phyſick 'in vain. Our beauteous miſtreſs ſtill 'ſlumbers on the ſopha whereon we 'conveyed her.'

'If ſo,' replied Amurath, 'let us 'haſten to the adjoining apartment, 'where I may behold, unſeen, the joy 'which will awaken in her breaſt, as 'her eye-lids unfold to her the ſplen-'dours that ſurround her.'

After Amurath had been ſome time ſtationed in his ſecret ſtand, the lovely Kalaſrade opened her eyes, and beheld the magnificent apartment into which ſhe had been conveyed.

The beauteous wife of Sadak ſeeing the mutes ſtanding on each ſide of her, the fair female ſlaves falling proſtrate in two rows before the ſteps of the ſopha, and the eunuchs with folded arms and downcaſt eyes at a diſtance, ſhrieked aloud, and clapping her hands together in wild deſpair, cried out, 'O Sadak, Sadak, ſave me from this 'pompous horror!'

She then, in frantick haſte, tore off the magnificent bracelets of diamonds, which, during her fainting, had been faſtened to her arms, and the rich girdle of rubies which adorned her waiſt; the pearls and the emeralds which were hung upon her boſom; and looking on herſelf, 'If I have any thing,' ſaid ſhe, 'that may tempt the lawleſs to 'injure Sadak's love, thus will I ſa-'crifice it to our mutual truth!'

As ſhe ſpake theſe words, ſhe faſtened her delicate hands on her cheeks, and before the eunuch (who inſtantly ran toward her to prevent her intentions) could ſeize her, ſhe had marked her features with ſtreams of blood.

The diſappointed Amurath could no longer contain himſelf, but he entered the apartment juſt as the blood was ſtarting from the lovely cheeks of the wife of Sadak.

'Slaves!' ſaid he, 'your lives ſhall 'anſwer this neglect; your baſe folly 'has robbed me of all my joys. Be-'hold my Kalaſrade is defiled with 'blood, and Amurath muſt abſtain 'from her embrace.

'But if theſe deſerve death, what 'torture ſhould await the wretched 'and fooliſh Kalaſrade, who preſumes 'to value the careſſes of a ſlave, when 'the mighty Amurath hath received 'her into the ſeraglio of his plea-'ſures!'

'Alas, mighty prince!' ſaid the diſ-tracted Kalaſrade, falling at his feet, 'who can abſolve the plighted vow? 'or——'

'Polluted ſlave!' ſaid Amurath, ſtarting from her, 'defile not my gar-'ments with thy touch, nor mine ears

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'with thy rebellion. For three days 'shall I leave thee, till thou art washed 'from the stains of this frantick deed; 'at the end of which time, either pre- 'pare to receive my careſſes, or expect 'to ſee the head of Sadak blackening 'in the ſun, before the windows of 'the ſeraglio.'

At theſe words the incenſed Amurath left the fair Kalaſrade weeping on the ground, and retired to a different part of the palace. But he gave orders that the chief of his eunuchs ſhould attend her, to ſee that ſhe was purified from the ſtain of her blood.

The diſconſolate fair-one gave herſelf up to perpetual grief, and refuſed to taſte the delicacies that were ſet before her, although Doubor on his knees beſought her to conſider the dreadful conſequences of offending his lord.

To theſe remonſtrances Kalaſrade anſwered little; her mind was full of the mighty ills which ſhe ſuffered, and ſhe could conceive nothing more dreadful than the embraces of Amurath.

As ſhe ſat the ſecond day on her ſopha, muſing on her dear abſent Sadak, ſhe perceived a ſmall bird perch on one of the windows which looked toward the gardens of the ſeraglio; which, hopping from thence to her hand, opened it's little throat, and began it's artleſs lay.

As the bird left off ſinging, Kalaſrade, though ſhe was aſtoniſhed at it's tameneſs, yet began to ſtroke it, and ſaid—

'Thou, pretty choriſter, art miſtreſs 'of the air, and Heaven hath adorned 'thee with the wings of liberty; thou 'buildeſt thy neſt beyond the trace of 'human malice, and ſoareſt abroad 'where no Amurath can impede thy 'flight.'

The moans of Kalaſrade were interrupted by a ſmall voice, which at firſt the beauteous wife of Sadak could ſcarce believe were uttered by the little bird: till liſtening with attention to it, ſhe diſtinguiſhed the following words.

'Startle not, lovely miſtreſs of Sa- 'dak's thoughts, at the voice of a bird. 'The moſt trifling cauſes can, in the 'hands of Strength, produce the great- 'eſt effects, as the inſtructions of Alla 'were conveyed to the Holy Prophet of 'Mecca by the whiſpers of a dove.

'My ſtation appears envious to Ka- 'laſrade, becauſe ſhe conceives me the 'offspring of liberty. Her fancy re- 'preſents me on the wings of pleaſure 'and enlargement; ſhe ſees me ſoaring 'in Heaven's broad path, but forgets 'my toils in the grove, and my labours 'in the field. If the light feather, 'which bears me on the thin ſurface 'of the air, makes me man's ſuperior 'in flight, yet the artifice of human 'inventions again ſubjects my weaker 'underſtanding a prey to contrivance: 'but it is enough for me, Kalaſrade, 'to know that I am the creature of 'Alla, who has in wiſdom appointed 'to every thing living their proper 'ſtations and bounds.

'At preſent, indeed, I ſeem to have 'tranſgreſſed thoſe bounds, but it is 'in obedience to my miſtreſs Adirab, 'who preſides over the faithful family 'of Sadak. It is ſhe who ſpeaks in 'me, and who means to ſpeak comfort 'to the heart-broken Kalaſrade: ſhe 'it is that ſaith—

'O beauteous mourner, and ſlave of 'the oppreſſor, fear not misfortunes, 'which are the teſts of virtue, and not 'the rotten fruit of infirmity. The 'malicious ſhall not always triumph; 'the ſtaff whereon the wicked lean 'ſhall rot and decay! When clouds 'hover above the fields, the drops of 'fatneſs deſcend; when the ſtorm paſſ- 'eth over the city, the days of health 'are at hand. It is the glory of the 'faithful to bear afflictions with pa- 'tience, and to oppoſe the temptations 'of evil with fortitude and firmneſs.'

As the bird was continuing to ſpeak the leſſons of it's miſtreſs Adirab, the chief of the eunuchs entered the apartment, and the little choriſter flew ſwiftly away through the window, among the trees in the garden of the ſeraglio.

Doubor, as he entered, approached to the ſopha of Kalaſrade, and fell proſtrate before her.

'Lovely Kalaſrade,' ſaid the trembling eunuch, 'it is to the interceſſion 'of Sadak, the father of thy lord, that 'Doubor owes the ſpirit which enli- 'vens him. When Elar, the father of 'Sadak, fought by the ſide of Maho- 'met his lord, on the confines of 'Sclavonia, and the inhabitants of 'Zagrab fled before him, my widowed 'mother, with her family, were among 'the number of the fugitives; but as 'ſhe held a daughter in each hand, 'and was laden with me, an infant,

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on her back, she was soon unable to keep up with her brethren, whose concern was so urgent for themselves, that they refused to bear any part of her burden.

'My mother Idan finding it in vain to fly with her children, and resolving not to leave them behind her to the merciless fury of her enemies, sat down by the road side, and while I hung on the breast, embraced with the utmost tenderness her two daughters.

'Ere she had compleated her caresses, the out-skirts of Mahomet's army appeared. Two janissaries first reached the miserable widow; they examined her features, but age had spread the veil of safety on her cheeks. The daughters of the wretched widow next excited their attention; the countenance of Liberak, the eldest, bedewed with tears, appeared like the melting snow; and the bloom of Hirab, the second, shone through the pearly drops that hung upon her face, as the rose-bud laden with the dew of night.

"Be this my prey," said the first janissary, and seized on the elegant Liberak. "And be this mine," said his comrade, fastening on the blush-covered Hirab.

'Idan my mother, awaking from her trance of sorrows by the rude onset of the two janissaries, called aloud on her christian gods for relief, and held each daughter firmly by the hand, while the janissaries endeavoured to loosen her hold; which the first not effecting so easily as he hoped, drew his scymitar, and severed her hand and her daughter from the miserable Idan.

'His comrade observing the brutal success of his fellow-soldier, drew his scymitar likewise, and was about to gain his prize by the same kind of cruelty; when Elar, the captain of the band, rode up, and seeing the accursed design of the janissary, with his uplifted scymitar hewed him to the ground.

'The first janissary seeing the fate of his comrade, fled; and Elar gave orders that Idan and her children should be preserved: he set a guard over her, and sent, with several slaves, one experienced in the knowledge of physick to bind up her wound.

'But the kind efforts of Elar were vain; my mother fainted with the loss of blood, and before proper assistance could be procured, expired in the arms of her helpless daughters.

'Liberak and Hirab, the children of Idan, fell on the face of their mother, and ceased not to mourn over their unhappy parent; neither could the attendants which Elar had provided, prevail on them to receive the least refreshment. They continued during the pursuit of the Turks after the Sclavonians, which lasted three days, immoveable on the body of their dear mother Idan, while I was nourished by one of the slaves of Elar.

'Sorrow and fatigue soon put an end to the lives of Liberak and Hirab, the duteous daughters of the deceased Idan; and I was left an helpless infant in the arms of the slaves of Elar; who, after the return of the army from pursuing their enemies, presented me to Elar, with an account of the death of my mother and my sisters.

'Elar perceiving a liveliness in my looks, sent the slave with me to Mahomet, who gave orders that I should be admitted into his seraglio; and one of the first things I learned there, was this history, from the mouth of a slave who was appointed to be my nurse. Wherefore be not surprized, O beauteous Kalasrade, at my affection for Sadak, the son of my lord Elar, by whose generous intercession I became a servant of Mahomet, and was afterwards, by the favour of the mighty Amurath, exalted to this post of confidence and honour. But, alas! how will my desire to serve Sadak be believed, when it is known that I, by the command of Amurath, corrupted his slaves, and assisted them in bringing the wife of my lord into this seraglio!

'Indeed, faithful Kalasrade, my ignorance must plead my excuse: bred up in this place, I knew no law but the will of my master; and I believed, that every female would esteem it their greatest happiness to enjoy the smiles of the mighty Amurath.

'But the despair of Sadak's beauteous wife, her constancy, and her contempt of every grandeur, when

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'the price of unfaithfulness, have convinced me how much I have distressed the noble Sadak, and to what a precipice I have dragged the much-injured Kalasrade; and yet, what had my refusal to obey Amurath benefited your cause? Death had been my instant reward, and some more savage heart had been procured to direct the bloody resolves of Amurath against you. Yet I plead not my own excuse; but mean, ere it be too late, to serve the much-injured wife of Sadak, the son of my patron Elar.'

'If you mean to serve me, Doubor,' said the lovely Kalasrade, ('though much I suspect the integrity of your tale) lead me this instant out of the seraglio, and waft me over to the dwelling of Sadak my lord.'

'What,' answered Doubor, 'is Kalasrade such a stranger to the watchful keepers of this seraglio, that she supposes it possible for any one to escape unobserved through the various guards which surround it? Know you not, beloved of Sadak, that numberless mutes and eunuchs watch it night and day within, and without are stationed a thousand janisaries both by water and land. No, fair captive, there is no escape from these walls, unless Amurath consent.'

'Is this, base Doubor,' answered Kalasrade, 'your promised comfort, that you officiously come to certify me of my ruin! Thou art indeed a christian renegade, and no Turk; for thou delightest to torment those whom thou canst not save. O Sadak! Sadak! was it for this thy father Elar preserved this christian's blood, that he should be the chief engine of Amurath's malice against thee! Such tales as these are fitting to drive pity from a warrior's breast, and to justify the slaughter of those who spare neither sex nor age!'

'It were hard,' answered Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, 'to condemn the fierce courser, because he cannot fly without the assistance of the earth whereon he bounds; or to extirpate the olive-tree, because it bears not the luscious clusters of the vine. Although Doubor is unable to release the fair Kalasrade, yet he may find some expedient to drive off the completion of Amurath's designs.'

'Ah! faithful Doubor,' said Kalasrade, convinced of her injudicious hastiness, 'forgive the wild sallies of a distempered mind; I am satisfied of your kind intentions, and I wait with impatience to hear your instruction and advice.'

'The great foible of Amurath,' replied the chief of the eunuchs, 'is pride; and even his love is subservient to the haughtiness of his soul.'

'If so,' answered Kalasrade, interrupting him, 'I will tempt his utmost anger, and merit his contempt. I will sting his proud heart with taunts and revilings, and force him to cast me forth to publick scorn.'

'Alas!' answered Doubor, 'you know not, beauteous Kalasrade, the fury of Amurath! such a behaviour would irritate him to invent new torments for Sadak, through whom he knows the heart of Kalasrade is soonest wounded: no, my lovely mistress, you must use far other arts, if you mean to preserve yourself unhurt in this impregnable seraglio. While Amurath thinks you love Sadak, no concession of yours will please him; he may, indeed, for a few hours, take a pleasure in your smiles, but his jealous heart will soon awake, and his rage against the unfortunate Sadak will rekindle.'

'O Doubor,' said Kalasrade, 'where will your mean advice end?'

'Fear not, constant Kalasrade,' answered the chief of the eunuchs; 'I seek to deliver you even from the horrors of your own imagination. In the wide ocean is a large island, surrounded by inaccessible rocks and deceitful quicksands; in the centre of which, from a rising ground, runs a small spring, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them, immediately forgets whatever has passed before in their lives; but these waters are beset with such unsurmountable difficulties, that no one hath ever been able to draw of that stream, though thousands have perished in the undertaking.

'When Amurath, then, next enters, lovely Kalasrade, into these apartments, appear submissive and humble before him; and when he presses

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'you to accept of his love, promise 'to yield to his desires, on one condition, that he procures for you the 'waters of oblivion, that you may 'forget all your former converse with 'Sadak, and be made fit to receive the 'conqueror of the earth.'

'Ah, Doubor! Doubor!' answered Kalasrade, 'how can I prevail upon 'myself, even in deceit, to speak so 'disrespectfully of Sadak, the beloved 'of my soul!—O Sadak, may I be indeed the tyrant's mistress, when my 'base heart forgets it's lovely union 'with Sadak it's lord!'

'Consider, faithful consort of Sadak,' answered Doubor, 'what otherwise may be your doom; better it is 'to speak in terms of disgrace of Sadak, than to disgrace his love by 'suffering the wild effects of Amurath's desires.'

'O Doubor,' said Kalasrade, 'I 'had much rather submit to every 'lesser ill, than have my heart-strings 'broken by his hated embrace.'

'I had not dared to have staid thus 'long at the feet of Kalasrade,' answered Doubor, 'unless Amurath had 'sent me to soften your heart. I will 'now return, and prepare him to be 'deceived by the request of his sultana.'

'Ah, Doubor!' said Kalasrade, 'if 'you mean to serve me, never again 'let me hear that detested name: sultana, to me, is a worse sound than 'poverty and contempt can frame!'

The chief of the eunuchs bowed to the earth, and withdrew from the presence of Kalasrade.

'The tale of Doubor,' said Kalasrade to herself, as the chief of the eunuchs left the room, 'may be only a 'fertile invention to amuse and soften 'the rigorous sorrows of my heart; 'but as they cannot change my fixed 'resolves, I will act as though I believed them. If there is truth in his 'words, his device may at worst put 'off for a time the misfortunes I have 'too much reason to dread.'

The mind of Kalasrade was so greatly eased by the instructions of the bird of Adiram, and the devices of Doubor the chief of the eunuchs, that on the third day she suffered the slaves to adorn her, and partook of the delicacies which were set before her.

In the evening the slaves of the seraglio warned Kalasrade of Amurath's approach; and as he entered, the beauteous wife of Sadak fell with her face to the earth.

'Kalasrade,' said Amurath, 'let 'me know, ere you rise from the earth 'to the blissful paradise of these arms, 'whether you have well weighed the 'difference between a slave's love and 'a monarch's favour; or is it necessary to compel you to be happy?'

'Light of the faithful, and lord 'of the earth,' answered the prostrate Kalasrade, 'the preference you have 'shewn an object unworthy of your 'notice, can never be sufficiently acknowledged by your slave. But, O 'my lord, mention not the mighty honours you mean to heap upon me, 'lest my dazzled fancy totter with the 'towering thought, and my over-'charged reflection sink into the long 'slumbers of eternal night.'

'Blessed and unexpected change!' said the transported Amurath, raising up the trembling Kalasrade in haste, 'what were those sweet words that I 'suffered to fall so soon to the earth, 'words valuable as the wide empire 'that I hold! Repeat them, beauteous 'Kalasrade, ten thousand thousand 'times in mine ears, and ask your own 'reward for the sweet labour I have 'imposed upon you!'

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF SADAK AND KALASRADE.

'ALAS, alas!' continued Kalasrade, 'what has my weak heart 'uttered in the ears of my prince? 'Can the mighty Amurath stoop to 'raise a peasant's daughter! Shall the 'age-stricken wife of Sadak, shall the 'mother of a numerous family, shall 'the mean inhabitant of a cottage on 'the banks of the Bosphorus, become 'the favourite of Amurath, and the 'sultana of the Othman court! No, 'Kalasrade, foolish Kalasrade, Amurath laughs at thy folly, and has 'raised thee to this height, to make 'thy fall more terrible.

'As the humble tortoise is lifted up 'and borne on the pinions of the eagle, till his giddy sight swim at the 'wide prospect round him, and then 'hurled suddenly downward to the 'pointed rock, so shall Kalasrade be

'raised by the mock pageants of pow-
'er, till it please those who delight in
'her miseries to cast her forth to infa-
'my and scorn.'

'By the sacred blood of that prophet
'which animates me, I swear, O Ka-
'lasrade, I mean to fulfil the word I
'have spoken, and thou alone shalt be
'the sultana of my heart!'

'But will the mighty Amurath con-
'sent to one request of his slave? will
'he bear with his Kalasrade in one
'petition, in which her happiness is
'concerned?'

'Ah, Kalasrade!' said Amurath, starting, 'beware of all past reflections; 'for if the hated Sadak be the subject 'of thy request, thou shalt indeed be 'cast to infamy and scorn.'

'The name of him who has deserved 'Amurath's hatred,' replied Kalasrade, 'be far from the tongue of Ka-'lasrade; O gracious prince! dismiss 'such ungenerous suspicions from 'your mind. But that, alas! is vain 'to hope, and I must still be wretched. 'No, mighty Amurath, expect no 'happiness with her, who must ever 'disturb thy joys with the mean 'thoughts of what she once has been. 'How shall I meet my prince with the 'noble ardour he requires, when my 'poor mind shall be weighed down 'with the remembrance of my former 'meanness?'

'Ten thousand pleasures,' replied Amurath, 'shall hourly surround you; 'the sun and moon shall alike be wit-'nesses of our eternal festivals; the 'dance, the song, the sprightly mu-'sick, the masque, the feast, the pub-'lick shew, the private transport, shall 'all succeed in quick rotation, and 'drive from your pleased fancy every 'former thought. Each wish of your 'heart shall be so quickly gratified, 'your fertile mind shall toil to recol-'lect it's wants.'

'Prince of my life,' answered Kalasrade, 'though I must not doubt 'your power, nor your desire to please, 'yet will the mind, stretched out by 'the long scenes of pleasure, oft re-'coil upon it's former self, and the 'sense of my unworthiness embitter 'the undeserved joys my prince shall 'fondly heap upon me.'

'To prove my sincerity, and to shew 'you how soon I mean to gratify every 'thought Kalasrade forms,' said Amurath, 'let me hear the request of your 'lips; but see it glance not upon Sa-'dak's love.'

'Gracious Amurath,' said Kalasrade, 'forgive a slave's presumption, 'and I will speak.'

'Speak the whole wishes of your 'heart,' replied Amurath; 'and if 'they are subservient to our love, 'though my empire were the price, 'I would purchase fair Kalasrade's 'peace.'

'There is, my lord,' said Kalasrade, 'as I have heard, a spring, whose wa-'ters are of such a nature, that who-'ever drinks of them immediately for-'gets whatever has passed before in 'their lives. Let my lord then swear 'unto his slave, that ere he takes her 'to his arms, he will procure her a 'draught of that pleasant stream, and 'then Kalasrade shall be wholly, both 'in body and mind, the slave of Amu-'rath's desires.'

'Rather,' said Amurath, 'the mi-'stress of his heart. Yes, lovely Ka-'lasrade, I will swear by Mahomet, 'our holy prophet, never to come in 'unto you, till I have procured you a 'taste of that stream, provided you can 'find any one within two days, who 'can describe to me the place where it 'rises.'

Kalasrade then fell at the feet of Amurath, and said, 'Thou hast made 'the heart of thy slave to rejoice; thou 'hast not only lifted her from obscu-'rity, but thou hast renewed the 'streams of her life; that having lost 'all memory of the past, she may seek 'to please her lord, without diffidence 'at the mean thoughts of her former 'state.'

'Beauteous Kalasrade,' said the fond Amurath, 'arise. Ah,' said he, look-ing with transports upon her, 'what 'have I done! I have prolonged my 'expectations, perhaps for a week; 'but I have sworn by Mahomet, and 'I will hasten to gratify the desire of 'my Kalasrade.'

At these words Amurath left the fair Kalasrade inwardly rejoicing at the success of Doubor's advice, and hastened to call unto him the sage Ba-lobor, who was acquainted with every natural production of the earth.

'Balobor,' said Amurath, as the sage came into his presence, 'can 'you describe to me the place where

'that

'that spring may be found, whose waters are of such a nature, that whoever drinks of them immediately forgets whatever has passed before in his life?'

'If the mighty Amurath,' answered the sage Balobor, 'will permit me to return to my books, I will, ere the morning's sun, discover to my prince, if the earth produces such a spring, where it may be found.'

As soon as Balobor was gone forth from the presence of Amurath, the impatient prince sent after the chief of his eunuchs, and enquired of him where the spring of the waters of oblivion might be found.

Doubor perceived by the questions of his lord, that Kalasrade had succeeded; but the prudent eunuch cared not to confess his knowledge of that spring; he therefore disguised his words, and said—

'Son of the faithful, thy slave has never been bred in the natural sciences; but if my lord will permit me to go in quest of the wise philosopher Balobor, he will doubtless unfold to my prince the secret springs of the waters of oblivion.'

'It is enough,' said Amurath, 'faithful Doubor, Balobor has promised by to-morrow's sun to reveal to me the fountains of oblivion.'

While Amurath was in search of the waters of oblivion, the gentle Kalasrade was in secret praising the bounteous Alla, who had for a time preserved her from the tyrant's will.

The next morning the sage Balobor appeared in the presence of Amurath, and said—

'The waters of oblivion, O mighty Amurath, are preserved by a watchful race of Genii, in a wide-extended island, in the southern parts of the Pacifick Ocean. The island itself is fortified by inaccessible precipices, and beset with pointed rocks; and around it are spread infidious quicksands, to prevent the approach of any vessel, and which sinks with the weight of those who attempt to venture upon it. What dangers surround the spring, which is situated in the centre of the island, none can tell; for although thousands have attempted to seek after it, none have ever succeeded, but destruction has overwhelmed them in the very entrance of their toils.'

At the words of the sage Balobor, the countenance of Amurath was overcast with frowns, and the tempest which raged in his breast strove for utterance in his face; but the disappointed monarch endeavoured to conceal his discontent, and retired from the apartment whither Balobor had been ordered to attend him.

Amurath, vexed and enraged at the contrivance of Kalasrade, hastened to the female seraglio, meditating vengeance on Sadak and his wife. But as he went along, a thought glanced across his imagination, and he stopped to pause on the malice his heart was framing against the innocent victims of his wrath.

'Sadak,' said the monarch to himself, 'the proud Sadak, still pursues his enquiries after Kalasrade; I will command him to appear in my presence, and heap the vengeance due to Kalasrade's falshood on his head.'

Amurath then gave orders for his janniſaries to bring Sadak before him; not by compulsion, but to consult with him, as one who had formerly experienced the favours of his lord.

The janniſaries found the melancholy Sadak instructing his little ones, in the village whither they had retired from the flames of his palace. They shewed him the signet of Amurath, and required his immediate attendance.

'Alas,' said the afflicted mourner, 'doth Amurath again mean to jest with his slave, that he calls me from this poor recess! Unless the trumpet sound, what call hath Sadak to the courts of kings! But I obey; obedience and submission are the most welcome tributes that a slave can offer.'

The janniſaries having brought the wretched Sadak into the presence of Amurath, retired.

'Brave soldier,' said Amurath, 'hath the peaceful sloth of retirement yet unstrung your manly heart, or are you still the undaunted warrior I once knew you? Can the shrill trumpet's sound, and the hollow murmurs of the brazen cymbal, rouze the fire of war in all your soul, or are you relaxed by the soft voice of love into the inactive slumbers of a life of ease?

'Say, brave companion of my former toils, were Amurath again to take the field, would Sadak headlong plunge into the rapid ſtream? Would he, laden with war's heavy trophies, again climb the ragged precipice; or ſleep on beds of ſnow, or ſtand undaunted in the bloody ſtruggle of contending armies?'

'Dead as I am to pleaſure, noble Amurath,' ſaid Sadak, 'yet were my prince's voice to call me to the field, Sadak again ſhould live in arms, and court the toils and horrors of war's bloody ſtage. Yes, Amurath, at thy command, this arm ſhould fix the ſtandards of our faith on Ruſſia's frozen bounds, or on the burning ſands of Africk's diſtant ſhore.'

'Brave, noble Sadak,' ſaid the falſe Amurath, embracing him, 'I cannot doubt your truth, though the baſe minions of my court have ſtained that name they long have envied, with their mean ſurmizes.'

'A courtier's malice, mighty Amurath,' replied Sadak, 'is beneath a ſoldier's notice; and beſt is anſwered, when occaſion calls, by deeds at which their daſtard minds ſhall ſhudder to relate.'

'Such deeds,' replied the artful monarch, 'Amurath hath in ſtore for Sadak's arms to execute; deeds which wear the fierceſt countenance of danger, and which none but Sadak dare to undertake.'

'My prince,' anſwered Sadak, 'Sadak is ready to receive your commands; but the day is ill ſpent in words, when action only can approve my worth.'

'Sadak,' anſwered Amurath, 'the malicious whiſpers of my courtiers, concerning your worth, have much diſturbed me; and I mean to-morrow, in the publick divan, to give you a glorious opportunity of convincing their little ſouls, how greatly the ſoldier towers above the ſafe adviſers of the cabinet. Fail not, generous Sadak, to be preſent, and I will in the ſight of my whole court require ſome one to ſtand forth, and undertake a voyage in queſt of the waters of oblivion, which are guarded by every natural barrier, and the united efforts of a race of evil Genii. Then, when a tame ſilence follows my propoſal, and the baſe courtiers hang their coward heads, my brave Sadak ſhall ariſe, and challenge to himſelf the glorious undertaking.'

Sadak bowed at the words of Amurath, and ſaid: 'Lord of the faithful, far be it from Sadak to prove unworthy of his maſter's love.'

The artful Amurath having thus prepoſſeſſed the mind of Sadak, went not into the apartments of Kalafrade, but waited with great ſolitude the arrival of the next day.

As the all-diffuſive light of morn appeared, which ſhines alike upon the care-worn countenance of the guilty wretch, and on the open face of artleſs innocence, Amurath aroſe, impatient till the hour of publick audience came; when, being ſeated on his throne, amidſt the nobles of his court, and ſeeing the faithful Sadak at the extremity of the divan, he thus began his deceitful ſpeech.

'Nobles, and warriors, who by your councils and exploits in arms, caſt various luſtres on my throne, ſay, where ſhall Amurath find that brave reſolved heart, who will engage to procure for him the waters of oblivion, which are preſerved in a far diſtant iſle, defended by quickſands, monſtrous rocks, the perils of the waves, and flames of fire! Genii are it's guardians, and all nature is combined to ſave it from man's poſſeſſion.

'Such an acquiſition, nobles, would manifeſt to all the earth the ſuperiority of your monarch, and the bravery of his ſubjects: who is there then among your ranks, dare hope to add ſuch luſtre to my throne, and ſuch honour to himſelf? But ſpeak not, nobles, unleſs a fixed reſolve attend your ſpeech. To undertake, and not ſucceed, would wither, and not increaſe, the laurels we have already won in arms; wherefore, be theſe the terms on which the noble adventurer iſſues forth.

'Let him be ſworn not to turn back till he have the water in poſſeſſion. Let him likewiſe forfeit his life, if he depart not in ſearch of this water ere the remainder of this moon be worn away.'

As Amurath left off ſpeaking, a general ſilence ſucceeded, and the eyes of all were turned upon Sadak.

The noble Sadak perceiving no one offer,

offer, ſtood up and advanced toward the throne.

'Deſcendant of Mahomet, and lord 'of thy creatures,' ſaid Sadak, and bowed before Amurath, 'behold the 'hand of thy ſlave is prepared to exe- 'cute the deſires of thy heart; and 'here I ſwear, in this auguſt aſſembly, 'never to turn back till I have pro- 'cured the waters; and ere three days 'be paſſed, ſhall the face of Sadak be 'ſet toward the dangers that ſurround 'the fountain of oblivion.'

'Thanks, noble Sadak,' ſaid Amurath aloud, 'thanks for this proffered 'ſervice which my nobles feared to un- 'dertake: and thus I ſwear before the 'face of Heaven, that when Sadak 'returns, I will make either him, or 'one of his family, the ſecond in 'honour throughout all my domi- 'nions.'

The beguiled Sadak underſtood not the baſe meaning of his lord; but he fell at his feet, and kiſſed the earth whereon Amurath ſtood.

The chief of the eunuchs ſeeing the noble Sadak in the divan, paſſed by his ſide as he was retiring, and whiſpered, 'Wait a few minutes, much 'injured Sadak, and I will convey into 'your hands the words of comfort.'

Sadak was aſtoniſhed at the ſpeech of the eunuch, and now his heart began to miſgive him, and tumults aroſe in his breaſt.

Before the crowd were diſſipated out of the divan, the eunuch ſlipped a note into Sadak's boſom, and the much afflicted warrior retired with it to the rocks which are behind the city, and there read as follows—

'Doubor, who oweth his life to the 'generous interpoſition of thy father 'Elar, is diſtreſſed for his friend. 'Alas! noble Sadak, Kalaſrade is in 'the royal ſeraglio, and Amurath is '—— what my hand dare not write! 'He, alone, who has undertaken to pro- 'cure the waters of oblivion, is able 'to enter the ſeraglio of Amurath. 'Doubor has no command without; 'but ſhould Sadak eſcape through the 'janniſaries, and ſcale the wall at the 'eaſtern part of the gardens, Doubor 'will this night watch his approach, 'and convey him to the apartments of 'the wretched Kalaſrade. May Alla 'forbid that the life which Elar ſaved 'ſhould be ſacrificed by the imprudence 'of Sadak!'

'O Mahomet, the prophet of the 'juſt!' ſaid Sadak, as he read the ſcroll of Doubor the chief of the eunuchs, 'is it poſſible that Amurath hath done 'this wrong to the hand which raiſed 'him! Was it for this I covered him 'with the ſhield of ſtrength in the day 'of battle! Was it for this I plunged 'into the rapid ſtream, and bore him 'breathleſs to the diſtant rock, when 'he fled from the face of his enemies 'to the ſea of Azoph! Who recon- 'ciled Amurath to his mutinous jan- 'niſaries, when, offended at his ava- 'rice, they demanded the plunder of 'Lepanto! Who preſerved him from 'the fury of Irac, the rebellious ſon 'of Porob, who endeavoured to de- 'poſe him in the ſeraglio of his anceſ- 'tors! Who, but that man whom he 'hath baſely robbed of all his ſub- 'ſtance, plundered of Heaven's beſt 'treaſure, the lovely Kalaſrade, and 'betrayed into a raſh vow to leave the 'Othman empire and his juſt revenge, 'to ſeek in diſtant ſeas the various 'countenance of death! But what re- 'venge could Sadak meditate againſt 'the blood of his prince! would he 'wiſh to make his private injuries the 'cauſe of public ſhame! would he 'ſtrive to glut his malice on the ruins 'of the faith of muſſulmen, and the 'Othman majeſty! And yet, O ſoul 'of life! O beauteous and conſtant 'Kalaſrade! ſhall Sadak undiſturbed 'behold the afflictions of his love! 'Shall Kalaſrade lift up the hand of 'ſupplicating virtue, and pour forth 'in vain the tears of conſtancy, and 'Sadak ſtand unmoved at the voice of 'the beloved! O prophet, holy pro- 'phet, whither muſt I turn! Not a- 'gainſt my prince, for whom his ſlaves 'live; not againſt thy truth, which 'the blood of the faithful hath plant- 'ed and nouriſhed on the fertile plains 'of Europe and Aſia. Muſt I then 'bear the curſes of Amurath? Ah! 'that is tenfold death! Muſt I rebel 'againſt one who was once my friend, 'and is ſtill the lord of his ſlave!— 'But doubts are vain. The vows I 'have made in the divan bar all other 'views: yet, ere I go a voluntary 'exile from the plains of the faith- 'ful, I will ſee Kalaſrade, or periſh

'by

'by the hands of the ſlaves which 'ſurround her. She is mine, though 'the arm of power oppreſs her; and 'Amurath, who once held the ſacred 'vow moſt ſolemn, cannot blame that 'love which leads me to my lawful 'treaſure.'

Theſe reflections fixed Sadak in his reſolutions of attempting to enter the ſeraglio, and he returned to the city in order to procure ſuch things as might be neceſſary to aſſiſt him in his undertaking.

Going to the Bezeſtein, he ordered an iron to be made with five hooks, and an eye in the centre, and at the ſilk merchant's bought a cord of ſilk fifty feet in length; he alſo purchaſed a ſmall iron trowel and a poignard.

Having theſe things in his poſſeſſion, in the evening he went down to the water-ſide, between Pera and Conſtantinople, and ſuddenly unlooſing a ſmall boat, he launched it into the Gulph Keratius, and ſwiftly rowed to Riſcula, which is on a rock, near the ſhore of Aſia, facing the eaſtern part of the ſeraglio.

Here the determined Sadak reſted on his oars, till the clouds of night had ſhortened the vigilant ſight of the janniſaries, and the tide was fallen from the walls of the palace; when paddling toward the ſeraglio, he advanced in his boat within ſix hundred paces of the ſhore.

A part of the guard, who were then going round on the beach to examine the walls, halted at the noiſe of Sadak's oars, and made a ſignal for a galley which lay near them to come up.

The ſlaves in the galley obeyed the janniſaries, and coming along ſide the ſhore, took them on board.

The janniſaries directed them to row toward the place where they imagined they had heard the paddling of oars, and in a few minutes Sadak perceived one of the ſultan's galleys advancing toward him.

The bold Sadak, pleaſed at the ſucceſs of his ſtratagem, gently glided out of the boat into the water, and diving wide of the galley, ſometimes riſing for breath, and at other times continuing to ſtrike forward under the water, he in a ſhort time reached the ſhore, and landed between Sera Burni and the gate Topcapu, through which his beloved was hurried by the ſlaves of the ſeraglio.

Sadak knowing his time might not be waſted, (as the janniſaries finding no one in the boat would ſoon return to the ſhore) immediately pulled out the iron with five hooks, and the ſilken cord, and faſtening them together, he threw the hook over the wall, which catching on the top, by means of the ſilken cord, Sadak raiſed himſelf up on the wall; then again fixing the hook on the inner ſide, in ſuch a manner as he might looſen it from the wall, by ſhaking the cord backward and forward, he quickly deſcended into the gardens of the ſeraglio, and unhitching the iron from the wall, with a few ſhakes of the cord, he took out his trowel, and buried them in the earth; then haſtening toward a thicket of ſmall trees and ſhrubs, he hid himſelf therein.

Here Sadak had time to recollect his thoughts; but he was hardly covered by the buſhes, before he heard the galley on the oppoſite ſide of the wall ſtrike againſt the ſhore, and could diſtinguiſh the voices of the janniſaries deſcending from it's ſides.

By their converſation he learned, that they were alarmed at finding a boat without any one in it; and as they haſtened toward the gate Topcapu, he doubted not but they would ſhortly raiſe the guards of the ſeraglio.

In the midſt of theſe thoughts Sadak heard the fall of feet approaching toward him; and preſently one drew near the buſhes, and was entering into the very place where Sadak was concealed.

Although the frame of Sadak was more diſturbed at the approach of the ſtranger than it had ever been in the field of blood, yet he neglected not to draw his poignard; and as the ſtranger entered among the buſhes, he ſeized him, and was about to ſtrike the ſteel into his heart, when Doubor cried out, 'O Sadak, deſtroy not thy friend.'

The ſpirits of Sadak having been hurried by the noiſe of the janniſaries, made him forget the appointment of Doubor to meet him in the garden; but when he perceived it was the grateful eunuch, he dropped the poignard on the earth, and ſaid—

'O friend of my boſom! forgive 'the fears and the diſtraction of the 'miſerable Sadak, who in mad fury 'had

'had nearly sacrificed his comforter,
'and driven the poignard of suspicion
'into the breast of the tender-hearted
'Doubor!'

'Noble Sadak!' answered the chief of the eunuchs, 'I wonder not at your 'suspicions; it is an hard task for the 'brave to dissemble, or for the gene-'rous warrior to descend to the dark 'deeds of a midnight robber: but let 'us hasten toward the seraglio; yet 'before we issue forth out of this thick-'et, let me help you to dress yourself 'in the habit of a mute; the garments 'are hidden in the thicket behind, and 'I was coming to seek whether they 'were safe against your arrival, when 'you seized me by the arm.'

Sadak was pleased at the proposal of the chief of the eunuchs, and stripping himself, he left his own garments concealed in the thicket, and putting on the mute's habit, followed Doubor toward the female seraglio.

Doubor advancing toward the seraglio, made a sign for the eunuchs which were placed at the gates to retire, and entering, he bid his mute follow him to the apartments of Kalasrade.

The joy of Sadak, at the thoughts of again viewing his beloved, and his fears lest any unfortunate disaster should discover him, raised alternate storms in his breast; but the mighty warrior concealed in his countenance the strong passions which beset his heart.

After passing through several galleries, the chief of the eunuchs arrived at the apartment of the beauteous Kalasrade, and was about to enter, when he perceived the royal sandals at the door.

Doubor started back at the sight.

'O Mahomet!' said he in a whisper, 'Amurath is risen in the dead of 'night, and entered into Kalasrade's 'apartment.'

The words of Doubor were as deadly poison to the heart of Sadak; the cold hand of death chilled his astonished blood, and his weak nature could scarcely sustain the mighty shock.

'Oh, Doubor! Doubor!' said the wretched son of Elar, 'support my 'conflicting frame; O Doubor, I am 'unable to bear this tenfold death! '—Ah, tyrant!—Ah, my friend! If 'I strike, thou must perish; if I with-'hold my arm—O wretched Sadak, 'wander not into that hell of thought,
'O Mahomet!—O Alla!—have I de-'served this torture? If I have, strike 'with thy merciful thunder this rebel-'lious heart; if not, strengthen and 'support the wretch whom thou art 'pleased to load with ills past human 'thought! O that I were a worm, to 'be trodden under a giant's foot! O 'that I were a toad, and my food cor-'ruption! that I were a camel in the 'desart, or an ass in the mill! that I 'were aught but Sadak, the accursed of 'his prophet!'

As the miserable Sadak thus poured forth his griefs in the bosom of his friend, the affrighted Doubor pressed his head, and covered it with the folds of his garment, that the voice of the wretched Sadak might not pierce the walls of the apartment, and raise the suspicion of Amurath: but his utmost precaution could not prevent the sighs of Sadak, whose wounded and afflicted soul was as the wearied boar of the forest, when pierced with the darts and javelins of a thousand hunters.

In the midst of his sighs the door of the apartment opened, Amurath came forth, and Sadak leaving the bosom of Doubor, fell with his face toward the earth.

'Doubor,' said the sultan, 'where 'hast thou been? and where are thy 'guards? Who is that mute whom 'thou didst cherish in thy bosom? and 'why art thou here in the dark noon 'of night?'

'Lord of princes,' answered Doubor, 'when my master retired to his 'sopha, I went to examine the guard 'of eunuchs, and to see that thy slaves 'were faithful to their trust; and at 'my return, perceiving that my lord 'was arisen, I called this mute to me, 'as I was unwilling to disturb my 'sultan with the feet of his guards, 'and followed thee to the apartment 'of the ever-blooming Kalasrade. 'But as I tarried here, waiting lest 'my lord should have any command 'for his slave to execute, the poor 'mute fell sick, and in pity I took 'him to my bosom; as I have learned 'from the kindness which my lord 'shews his slaves, to copy, as far as 'my poor and weak capacity will per-'mit, the bright virtues of the favou-'rite of Alla.'

'Doubor,' said Amurath, 'I com-'mend your care; but since the slave

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'is ill, let him be sent to Kalasrade 'to nurse; the haughty sultaness de- 'spises my condescending love, and 'the embraces of the son of Othman 'are grievous to the slave of Sadak; 'wherefore, Doubor, see you place 'this slave on the sopha of Kalasrade; 'and let her fancy him her lover, till 'she fling her proud arms around him, 'and call him Sadak and her lord.'

The heart of Doubor rejoiced at the words of Amurath, but he concealed his joy, and said—

'Will the glory of the Othman race 'first suffer me to attend him to the 'apartments of my sultan?'

'Doubor,' said Amurath sternly, 'have I said, and shall I recal my 'words! Slave, obey me instantly, 'and force this wretch into Kalas- 'rade's arms.'

The chief of the eunuchs, laying his hand upon his breast, bowed down and said—

'The will of Amurath is the law 'of his slave.'

No sooner was Amurath gone, than the chief of the eunuchs raised up Sadak, and said—

'Son of Elar, friend of my bosom, 'first in my esteem, arise and perform 'the commands of Amurath.'

'Yes, faithful, generous Doubor, 'thou balsam of peace to my wounded 'soul, thou ray of Heaven on the 'spirits of the afflicted, I will arise, 'and bless the Great Fountain of hap- 'piness, for the merciful change he 'has wrought in my favour. Now, 'Doubor, I am more than Amurath! 'I am about to enjoy a paradise, from 'which, O Alla, grant the blood of 'Othman be for ever barred. While 'the emperor of the world retires to a 'discontented sopha, Sadak shall re- 'vel in the rich pastures of unsatiated 'pleasure. But why do I delay, to 'seek Kalasrade, if life is short, how 'fleeting are the joys of life!'

At these words Doubor interposed.

'Permit me, O fortunate Sadak, 'said he, 'to go first into Kalasrade, 'and prepare her delicate frame for 'your reception, lest the strong tide 'of returning happiness overpower her 'nature, and faintness, or death, again 'snatch her from the embrace of her 'beloved.'

The tender Sadak acquiesced in the motions of the chief of the eunuchs, and Doubor hastened to impart to Kalasrade the arrival of her beloved.

After a few minutes, Doubor returned, and entered with Sadak into the female apartments.

As the happy Kalasrade beheld the features of her lord under the disguise of a mute, she sprang forward, her eyes enlivened by the transports of her heart, and with a fond surprize, half fearing half over-joyed, she pressed him in her arms.

'Ah, lovely Sadak,' said she, 'joy 'of my soul, master of my thoughts, 'life of my heart, and guardian of my 'honour, how have I panted for this 'blessed embrace! O how has thy 'Kalasrade sighed and despaired at thy 'absence! I have been, my Sadak, 'like the shrick owl in the wilderness; 'I have been, my Sadak, like the 'widowed dove: but now am I as the 'deer, which bounds on the sunny 'plain; as the bird, which sips the 'dew of the morning among the bloss- 'soms of the orange-grove.'

'O fond and constant Kalasrade,' answered Sadak, 'how has my heart 'sought thee in solitude, and found 'thee not! I have been, my Kalasrade, 'as the coward in the day of battle; 'as the warrior disarmed by the trea- 'chery of his foe; as the lion in the 'toils of the hunters; as the leopard 'surrounded by the flood. But now 'am I like the man of valour who be- 'strides his foe; like the conqueror in 'the day of triumph: but now am I 'as the tyger springing on his prey; 'as the lusty eagle on the clouds of 'Heaven. Ah, what have I said in 'the fulness of my heart! Amurath 'is now the master of Kalasrade, and 'perhaps I am enfolded in these arms 'which are yet stained with the em- 'brace of thy sultan! Kalasrade is no 'more the wife of Sadak, but the sul- 'tana of the Othman race.'

'Unjust and cruel Sadak,' replied the fond Kalasrade, 'how has thine 'heart invented the accusations of 'falsehood! Can I, O Sadak, be false 'to my lord! Had Kalasrade ever a 'wish in which her Sadak held not 'the chief account!'

'But how, O Kalasrade,' said the suspicious Sadak, 'how has female 'weakness been capable of withstand- 'ing the glittering tyranny of the son 'of Othman? who, if he failed to draw

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'thee to his purpose by the costly parade of his seraglio, could yet compel 'thee to receive his embraces.'

'Lovely master of my thoughts,' answered Kalasrade, 'our prophet hath 'heard my prayer, and the bird of 'Adiram hath poured the balsam of 'comfort into my afflicted soul. Nay 'e, the generous and grateful Doubor also hath whispered in my ears 'the words of consolation, and by the 'advice of him whom Elar thy father 'preserved from destruction, hath Kalasrade triumphed over the wiles of 'Amurath.'

As the beauteous Kalasrade uttered these words, the countenance of Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, fell; but Kalasrade was so intent on contemplating her long-lost lord, that she perceived not the anxious face of the generous Doubor.

'And by what stratagem,' said Sadak eagerly, 'hath Kalasrade rescued 'herself from the power of Amurath?'

'Monarch of my affections,' answered Kalasrade, 'I challenge not 'the honour of the device, it is to 'Doubor's prudence that I owe my 'safety; he opened to me the cause of 'his friendship for the son of Elar; 'and advised me, when Amurath 'should again return to me, that I 'should use him deceitfully, and engage him by a vow not to come near 'me, till he should procure for me the 'waters of oblivion.'

'And what concession,' said the stern Sadak, 'has Kalasrade made the Sultan Amurath, to obtain from him 'this mighty and important vow?'

'Alas! noble Sadak,' said Doubor interposing, 'the wary sultan hath 'turned our toils upon ourselves, and 'we are caught in the snare which was 'laid for the foot of Amurath.'

'What, Doubor,' replied the astonished Kalasrade, 'what doth thy ominous tongue, and the stern front of 'my offended lord, portend? Ah! said 'you not that Amurath hath entangled us? Hath he then, faithful Doubor, made a false use of my soothing words? Hath he defiled my honour by loose hints? Now, on my 'soul, brave Sadak, the tyrant lyes! 'Never, never, in word or thought, hath Kalasrade injured her lord; and I call the great Alla and the spirits 'of the just to witness, Amurath, the 'vile Amurath, hath never approached 'the arms of Sadak's wife!'

'Peace, gentle and much-injured 'fair-one,' said Doubor;—'and dissipate, brave Sadak, the cloud on thy 'brow. Kalasrade never has, nor 'can yield to Amurath's desires, nor 'hath the prince pretended to boast of 'joys he never knew:—no, constant 'pair, Amurath, though furious in 'his revenge, is just and perfect in his 'speech, and would as quickly throw 'off the state of his empire, as falsify 'his oath.—But briefly thus it is, sweet 'mistress of brave Sadak's heart. 'The sultan, nettled at your request, 'when he found it would prevent him 'for a long season from using force to 'compel you, cast about how he might 'make your imagined security as irksome to yourself as it was forbidding to him; and therefore he has 'engaged thy unsuspecting lord, by 'a firm oath, to seek for him the waters of oblivion, and never to return 'to the Othman empire, till he bring 'with him the produce of that inaccessible fountain.'

'What,' said the affrighted Kalasrade, 'what are the words which have 'escaped the lips of the generous Doubor!—Look on me, O Sadak, thou 'much-injured lord! Look on her, 'who by a mean device, hath heaped 'eternal afflictions on thy heart! O 'curse on this tongue, on this heart, 'on this head, which have all been the 'wretched instruments of Sadak's banishment!—Ah, bird of Adiram!—'Ah, sweet-spoken Doubor!—see you 'not the poison that lurks under the 'tongue of the adder! See you not the 'flames which lie beneath the verdant 'surface of the burning Santorini!

'O Sadak, Sadak, rather let me run 'to Amurath, and satisfy his brutal 'appetite, than Sadak shall wander 'amidst ten thousand deaths. The 'treacherous sands, my love, will sink 'with thee; evil Genii will hurl thee 'from the summit of the rocks; thy 'wretched carcase shall be cast upon 'an unknown shore; the vultures of 'the air, and the monsters of the deep, 'shall feast on my beloved; and the 'wild ungoverned Amurath, fearless 'of thy arm, ravage the poor remains 'of thy Kalasrade's beauty!'

'Rather,' said Sadak, 'shall this 'arm hurl instant vengeance on the

'tyrant's head, and all the blood of 'Othman perish, than ever Kalasrade 'shall be stained with Amurath's un-'hallowed touch.'

'Ah! furious Sadak,' answered the chief of the eunuchs; 'what mean the 'black resolves of thy rebellious heart? 'But think not Doubor intends to 'stand a tame spectator of thy malice; 'faithful to my lord in every just com-'mand, through me must the base Sa-'dak reach the heart of Amurath. 'But moderate your rage, bold man, 'and know, though Doubor love not 'every deed of Amurath's, yet will 'he never prove a traitor to his life. 'While Sadak means no more than to 'recover his Kalasrade, I am bound 'by gratitude and justice to espouse 'his cause; but if his murderous 'traiterous heart aim at his prince's 'life, both gratitude and justice call 'me then to Amurath's defence.'

'Generous Doubor,' answered Sa-dak, 'I justly stand rebuked; I were 'indeed a wretch, when holy Othman's 'race is near extinct, to rob our faith 'of it's last royal leader; no, faithful 'eunuch, the man who out of private 'malice gives confusion to his coun-'try, and subverts it's peace, deserves 'nor pity nor relief.'

'Are these, then,' replied Kalasrade in tears, 'the virtuous resolutions of 'a patriot, to give up private happi-'ness to public tyranny? For what 'were Othman's race decreed to rule, 'but for the safety of the faithful? 'And if a tyrant violate unchecked 'each social duty, it is he first robs 'his subjects of their peace. But 'thou, O Sadak, art a noble patriot; 'thou canst unconcerned behold thy 'palace flaming, and thy wife torn 'from thy arms to sate a tyrant's pa-'late; thou canst with meanness crouch 'before a puny lord, in aught but 'pomp inferior to thyself, and call his 'vile unhallowed lust the unalterable 'law which Alla sanctifies, and Ma-'homet approves. Such then be Sa-'dak's love, and such his vowed pro-'tection of Kalasrade's honour; but 'hear me, prophet of the Just, and 'thou, pure, Heavenly Being, spotless 'and holy God! Thou who canst protect 'the weakest with thy mighty arm, O 'give me strength to save that chastity 'which cruel Sadak dares not justify, 'and make thy trembling votary the 'instrument of vengeance on the ty-'rant's head.'

'O beauteous and much-injured 'Kalasrade!' answered Sadak, 'ra-'ther pray that Mahomet would for-'tify thy Sadak's heart, and teach 'him, in this doubtful path, his duty 'to Kalasrade and his prince.'

'Alas!' interrupted Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, 'I hoped this 'interview would have administered 'comfort to the hearts of Sadak and 'Kalasrade; but passion, alas! has 'consumed the short moments that 'belonged to love; for now in the east 'are hung the banners of approach-'ing day, and the faint purple light, 'reflected from the distant clouds, 'warns our retreat. Come, noble 'Sadak, let us leave the beauteous 'fair, in full assurance that Alla will 'prevent the worst ill you dread, and 'save Kalasrade spotless till her lord's 'return.'

'Leave her, O Doubor!' answered Sadak, looking with wild extasy on his beloved wife; 'whom am I to 'leave?'

'Brave and resolved chief,' inter-rupted Kalasrade, 'thy master wants 'thy wife, and thou must yield her to 'his furious will! Retire then, noble 'Sadak, for Amurath approaches with 'the wild eye of lust, and passion heats 'his blood to fold Kalasrade with his 'warm embrace! Retire, my Sadak, 'to some convenient spot, where safely 'hidden from the flashes of thy ful-'tan's amorous rage, thou mayest be 'a duteous and submissive witness of 'thy master's pleasures! Yes,' con-tinued the distracted Kalasrade, 'thou 'shalt view my tender frame convulsed, 'and see these arms, which oft have 'folded Sadak, stretched beneath the 'imperial rack of *righteous* Othman's 'power!'

'O Sadak,' interrupted Doubor, 'one moment more, and all is lost!— 'O Kalasrade, if Sadak ere deserved 'thy love, dismiss him hence, and save 'thyself, thy lord, and me, from in-'stant ruin.'

'What,' replied the wild Kalasrade, folding her noble Sadak in her arms, 'wilt thou bereave me of this polish-'ed shaft on whom I twine, and after 'crush me with the ponderous mass of 'Amurath? No, base eunuch, it is 'here alone Kalasrade lives; and Sa-'dak

'dak loſt, my own weak female arm 'will ſet me free from Amurath's em-'brace.'

'To leave thee now,' replied Sadak, 'were to give thee up a prey to tyranny 'and luſt; no, Kalaſrade, let the tyrant 'come, we will diſappoint his malice, 'and both at once ſeek peace beyond 'the gates of death.'

It was in vain that Douhor attempted to interrupt the vehemence of Sadak and Kalaſrade; forgetful of themſelves, or of the hazard of their friendly eunuch, they folded each other in mutual embraces, and ſeemed reſolved that nothing more ſhould part them.

The diſtreſſed eunuch finding every remonſtrance in vain, departed from the apartments of Kalaſrade, and haſtened to the chambers of the ſultan.

Sadak and Kalaſrade, without perceiving the chief of the eunuchs had left them, continued entranced in each other's arms, and calling Alla and Mahomet to witneſs their mutual conſtancy and truth.

In the midſt of theſe paſſionate expreſſions, the bird of Adiram entered the windows of the palace, and perching on the ſhoulder of Sadak, thus delivered the meſſage of his miſtreſs to the aſtoniſhed pair.

'To comfort the afflicted, is the de-'light of our race, and the inhabitants 'of heaven ſtoop with pleaſure to the 'children of earth, when mercy calls 'them down; for this cauſe came the 'voice of conſolation to Kalaſrade; 'when the evils of tyranny beſet her, 'Adiram alſo, the ſervant of Maho-'met, watched over the afflicted fair-'one, and gave to Douhor the feel-'ings of compaſſion. By his counſels 'was Amurath engaged in an invio-'lable oath to abſtain from his baſe 'purpoſe, till the waters of oblivion 'were obtained, and Sadak by his 'aſſiſtance was again bleſſed with the 'ſight of his Kalaſrade.

'How have ye, wretched pair, per-'verted theſe kind purpoſes of Adiram! 'and where is that fortitude which 'firſt recommended you to the tutelage 'of our immortal race! by an ill-'judged perſeverance, you have chang-'ed a virtuous conſtancy into a vicious 'paſſion; and neglecting both the 'bonds of friendſhip, and the com-'mands of Mahomet, you have nearly 'ſacrificed Douhor to your folly, and 'yourſelves to the idle dreams of un-'curbed love. Love is an heavenly 'appetite, planted in the human ſpe-'cies, to beget in them ſocial harmo-'nies; it melts and ſubdues the ſavage 'heart, as the ſtubborn ore is ſoftened 'in the refiner's veſſel; and when re-'gulated by religion, it is ever pro-'tected by Alla and his prophet; but 'bleſſings in the cup of the unrighte-'ous, are as the dregs of Heaven's 'wrath; and appetite, when it over-'comes reaſon and religion, is as the 'vaſſal of ſin: though Alla hath 'taught you to ſubmit, and bear with 'patience the evils of life, ye have 'liſtened to the phantaſies of love, and 'in the bravery of your hearts, reſolved 'to paſs together to the gates of death. 'What then are ye, fooliſh pair, that 'ye ſhould have dominion over that 'life which Alla breathed into the 'clay-formed tabernacles of your un-'animated fleſh? or where is the for-'titude of flying like cowards from 'the face of danger, to the ſilent 'grave? Yet know, while Alla reigns, 'no evil ſhall befal the ſons of infirmi-'ty, but ſuch as, patiently endured, may 'work their future good; and there-'fore to the Juſt One alone it apper-'taineth to diſmiſs from the ſervice of 'life, or to continue his children in the 'trials of affliction.

'Thus ſaith Adiram, the Genius 'of Sadak and Kalaſrade, who is now 'compelled by the law of fate to leave 'her pupils to the miſeries they have 'entailed upon themſelves.'

The bird of Adiram uttered no more, but flew on the elaſtick ſurface of the air into the gardens of the palace, while the tender Kalaſrade ſunk in tears on the boſom of her aſtoniſhed Sadak.

The bird was no ſooner gone forth, than Sadak heard the feet of a multitude in the gallery; and the doors of the apartment immediately burſting open, the guards of the ſeraglio entered, and ſeized on the unhappy pair.

Sadak, unmindful of himſelf, endeavoured to defend his beloved; and though oppreſſed by numbers, yet he fell upon the eunuch who held his Kalaſrade, and tore him to the ground.

But the reſiſtance of Sadak was vain, the guards parted him from Kalaſrade, and loaded him with chains.

As soon as Sadak was secured by the guards, the chief of the eunuchs appeared at the door of the apartment.

'Slaves,' said he aloud, 'is the vile 'miscreant Sadak, who hath entered 'the sacred walls of Amurath's serag-'lio, seized?'

'He is, great Doubor,' answered the guards; 'the chain of death is on 'him, and we wait but for your com-'mands to send his soul among those 'who rebel against their prince.'

'Hold, slave,' replied Doubor, 'and 'secure him unhurt, till the mighty 'Amurath approach.'

Sadak was confounded at the appearance and behaviour of Doubor, and Kalasrade wished to load him with reproach; but she feared she might incur the censures of Adiram, as she knew not as yet by what means her lord was discovered.

Ere long the musick of the seraglio sounded; and Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, perceiving that Amurath was near, hasted to receive him.

'Prince of my life,' said the chief of the eunuchs, as the royal Amurath came forward with the deadly frown on his brow, 'thy slaves have secured 'the enemy of thy peace.'

'Faithful Doubor,' replied Amurath, 'I commend thy zeal; but where 'is this vile miscreant who presumes 'to invade the recesses of Amurath's 'seraglio?'

'Here, tyrant,' said the stern Sadak, 'if the oppressor dare look upon his 'injured——'

The guards who had secured Sadak, perceiving by his speech that he meant to insult their sultan, stopped with their hands all farther utterance, and gagged him with a bit of iron.

The wretched Kalasrade seeing her lord in such distress, broke from the guards, (who held her but slightly, fearing the same fate which befel the black slave, should Amurath relent;) and clasping the much-injured Sadak in her arms——

'Vile slaves,' said she, 'unhand my 'lord!' Then bursting into tears, 'O 'Sadak, noble Sadak,' continued she; 'joy of my soul, and fountain of my 'life! How have these wretches dared 'deform thy noble image with their 'bonds of iron! Why didst thou not 'frown, my love, and fix them mo-'tionless with awe and fear! What 'is this puny Amurath, and all his 'guards, against the noble effort of thy 'uplifted arm! Alas, alas, my Sadak, 'they have bound you while you slept 'with ignominious chains, and now 'the tyrants laugh at your distress!'

As the wild Kalasrade uttered these incoherent words, the guards and Doubor stood in fixed amazement, fearing to interpose, or use the fair-one roughly, and yet alarmed at her bold speech.

Nor was the sultan less confounded than his guards; each word she uttered stung him to the soul, and yet her glowing beauties, enlivened by her distress, and the tumultuous workings of her lovely frame, so strongly affected Amurath, that his lips refused to give forth the commands of his heart.

But seeing the beauteous Kalasrade endeavouring to embrace her lord, his fury returned, and he cried aloud—

'Base eunuch, secure the mad fe-'male from polluting herself with that 'wretch she dare prefer to Amurath. '—And slaves,' continued the enraged sultan, 'your lives shall answer for 'your base neglect, in not destroying 'the rebellious Sadak.'

The chief of the eunuchs having secured the distressed Kalasrade, gave her into the custody of the eunuchs, and then he commanded the guards to put the bow-string upon Sadak.

The wild miserable Kalasrade, at sight of the bow-string screamed aloud, and fell into the arms of the eunuchs; her fixed eyes were dilated with madness, and her teeth shook with the agonies of death.

Amurath saw the affecting change with wild emotion, and fearful lest the soul of Kalasrade should escape, ordered the slaves to release Sadak from the bow-string.

'Slothful Doubor,' said Amurath, 'hasten to my Kalasrade's assistance; 'for, by the Othman faith I swear, ye 'all shall follow if my fair-one perish!'

The attempts of Doubor and his attendants were vain; Kalasrade continued entranced, and Amurath in despair ordered Sadak to be released, that he might endeavour to recover his Kalasrade from her alarming trance.

As soon as the guards had unbound Sadak, and released his mouth, they signified to him the sultan's orders, and led him toward the motionless Kalasrade.

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'Happy Kalasrade,' said the brave Sadak, 'I trust ere this the prophet of 'the faithful hath delivered thee from 'the tyrant's power; if not, Sadak will 'not disturb thy fleeting spirit: pro- 'ceed, thou divine spirit of innocence 'and virtue, toward thy eternal man- 'sion, and let not the rude breath of 'Sadak's voice divert thee from thy 'righteous course.'

'Ah, blessed Alla!' said the faint Kalasrade, reviving at her Sadak's well-known voice, 'where am I? in what 'blissful seat hast thou placed me, 'where the sweet music of my Sa- 'dak's voice sings comfort to my soul? 'Ah, surely the trance of death is pas- 'sed, and I am far removed from A- 'murath and all his curses!'

'Unfortunate Kalasrade,' said Sadak, starting, 'art thou again returned 'from the sweet sleep of death, to new- 'invented scenes of misery!—Then 'bind me, slaves, again, and fix the 'bow-string to my neck: once more, 'thou virtuous partner of my heart, 'I call thy faithful soul away.—Ty- 'rant, release me from the world, for 'now I know Kalasrade will not stay 'behind.'

'No, proud rebel,' said Amurath, 'when Kalasrade's life's at stake, thy 'being is of trivial moment: at pre- 'sent live, that she may live for whom 'life's only sweet. But I demean my 'royalty in holding speech with such 'a slave.—Doubor, separate these stub- 'born spirits, and for Kalasrade's sake, 'let Sadak, though confined, want not 'life's comfort. But, eunuch, watch 'with steady eye my beauteous sultana, 'supply her wants unbidden, yet on 'your life take care her frantick wild- 'ness is not suffered to prey upon her- 'self: and, Doubor, when these things 'are executed according to the will of 'thy lord, let me see thee in the palace 'of pictures.'

At these words the Sultan Amurath retired, and Doubor having executed his commission, hastened to meet his lord.

'Faithful eunuch,' said Amurath, as he entered, 'I am pleased at thy 'contrivance; it had been dangerous, 'as thou well observest, to have seized 'on Sadak, the favourite of the jan- 'nisaries, in the publick face of day; 'but now, by thy artifice, his life is 'forfeit, and the silent bow-string 'will, unheard, release me from this 'enemy of my love. Wherefore, I 'mean, that ere to-morrow's sun sur- 'vey the wide-extended Othman em- 'pire, my faithful Doubor, with a few 'attendants, seize on his forfeit life.'

'Lord of the Othman empire,' answered Doubor, 'I shall obey the law 'of thy mouth.'

'But, Doubor,' said Amurath, 'one circumstance still hangs upon my 'doubtful mind. You say this Sadak 'entered the seraglio by your advice; 'yet, Doubor, what need was there to 'bring him in the silent hour of mid- 'night to Kalasrade's apartment; to 'have detected him in our royal gar- 'dens were sufficient: Doubor, the 'thought breeds anguish in my soul; 'besides, traitor, thou leddest him as 'a mute into Kalasrade's arms! slave, 'slave, thou lyest, and Amurath's be- 'trayed!'

'Most enlightened of mussulmen,' answered Doubor, 'the slave that dared 'attempt to deceive my lord might 'justly tremble, as nothing can escape 'thy penetrating eye. Alas! had ig- 'norant Doubor the judgment of the 'father of the faithful, I had assuredly 'done as thou hast said; but foolishly 'hoping to do more, I have nearly for- 'feited the esteem of my sultan.'

'What more didst thou mean, vain 'man, to execute?' said Amurath, somewhat softened.

'Mighty Amurath,' answered the chief of the eunuchs, 'when first I 'brought the disguised Sadak from 'the gardens of the seraglio, I asked 'the deceitful slave, whether he would 'yield Kalasrade to thy arms, if Amu- 'rath would vest him with a vizir's 'honours; to which he yielded a pre- 'tended assent, and assured me he would 'engage Kalasrade to receive thy em- 'brace the moment she was convinced 'of his exaltation.

'Allured by this promise, I led him 'to the fair one's apartment; and as 'I hoped the consequence would be 'grateful to my sultan, I neglected 'to inform thee of Sadak's presence, 'till I had heard the issue of his confe- 'rence with Kalasrade. But when 'I had brought the deceitful slave be- 'fore her, unmindful of his promise, 'he attempted to pour forth a love-tale 'at her feet; upon which I hastened 'to inform thee of his presence, and

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'the guards of the ſeraglio ſoon ſecured the deceitful wretch.'

'Since then he values love beyond the honours of the Othman ſtate,' ſaid Amurath, 'let him fall a ſacrifice to love. Doubor, diſpatch him inſtantly, each moment that he lives increaſes my diſquiet; but remember his breath in ſecret paſs, that not a ſigh contaminate the air to wound Kalaſrade's peace.'

No ſooner was Doubor gone, than the wavering Amurath began to repent that he had ſent him.

'How am I divided,' ſaid he, 'by love and honour! without the waters of oblivion are obtained, my ſacred oath prevents all intercourſe with Kalaſrade! and if Sadak dies, who ſhall be able to ſurmount the dangers that environ the fountains of oblivion!

'Guards,' ſaid the anxious ſultan, 'call back the ſlave Doubor; ſtop his officious haſte, and bring him here before thy prince.'

The chief of the eunuchs returned.

'Peace,' ſaid he, 'be to the mighty Amurath, and may all his foes periſh from before him!'

'What, wretched eunuch,' ſaid Amurath haſtily, 'is Sadak numbered with the dead?'

'The word of my lord,' replied Doubor, 'was preſſing, and thy ſlave haſted to obey thy command; but being recalled ſo ſuddenly by thy guards, I ſtopped the ſlaves who drew the bow-ſtring, and Sadak on his knees expects his doubtful fate.'

'Then all is well,' replied Amurath, 'for I mean not, Doubor, to deſtroy the doating wretch, through whom alone (ſuch has been thy maſter's folly) muſt Amurath hope to reach Kalaſrade's beauties.'

'Alas,' replied Doubor the chief of the eunuchs, 'thy ſlave doth oft reflect upon the oath which robs my ſultan of the haughty fair-one.'

'Yet, Doubor, think not,' continued Amurath, 'that, chriſtian-like, I mean to break my faith, where intereſt or occaſion tempt: no, I have bound this happy and luxurious Sadak to draw his own deſtruction from the fountains of oblivion; and now, if he fail to execute the vow, his life is juſtly forfeit, and Kalaſrade at our own diſpoſal. Wherefore, Doubor, let a ſhip be prepared to convey him to that diſtant iſland where the waters of oblivion are concealed.'

'Lord of the Othman race,' anſwered Doubor, 'I ſhall haſte to obey thy will; nevertheleſs, if the weakneſs of Doubor's underſtanding might be permitted to unfold itſelf in the ſight of my prince, I would wiſh my lord appointed ſome one on whom he might depend, as maſter of the ſhip in which the rebel Sadak ſails. For well thou knoweſt, mighty father of muſſulmen, that Sadak is beloved in the army, and the admirals of the fleet look on him with partial eyes. Was it not, O light of the world, in the inſurrection of janniſaries, in the month of Muharram, that Sadak only was ſufficient to appeaſe the tumult. He then was faithful to his lord; but now he leaves Kalaſrade in thy poſſeſſion, I fear his fierce unconquerable ſoul may eaſily be led aſide from his obedience.'

'Then, Doubor,' anſwered Amurath, 'let him periſh; for I will bear no rival in my power, or in my love: yet ſurely, Doubor, the ſoul of Sadak will not break through thoſe bonds his faith hath formed; ere tomorrow's ſun new gilds the Helleſpont, his vow muſt urge him to depart.'

'True, prince of the faithful,' anſwered Doubor; 'nor need you fear a rival in this Sadak, whoſe pale glimmering glories are enlivened only by the favour of Amurath.'

'Well then,' replied the ſultan, 'ſince his courage is neceſſary for our repoſe, to your care, faithful eunuch, I commit him; and let him haſte away, for Amurath's love ill brooks the tortures of ſuſpenſe.'

The chief of the eunuchs haſted to obey the command of Amurath; and returning to the dungeon where Sadak expected the end of his fate, he ordered the mutes to releaſe him.

Sadak, amazed at the order of Doubor, aroſe; and the mutes having releaſed him, retired.

'Sadak,' ſaid Doubor, as the mutes retired, 'behold the meſſenger of thy ſultan's mercy, who ſpares thy forfeit life, becauſe thy vow hath dedicated it to thy maſter's ſervice!'

'If by thy maſter's gift alone, O treacherous

'treacherous eunuch, I am to poſſeſs 'my life,' ſaid Sadak ſternly, 'he ſends 'his mercy to a thankleſs ſlave. Mercy! dare the tyrant thus miſcall the 'malice of his heart? Is it mercy, 'then, to defile my better life, and ſend 'the poor remainder an out-caſt vagabond upon a pander's errand. Go, 'obſequious eunuch, return to thy 'proud pampered maſter, and tell him 'Sadak wants not his life upon ſuch 'ſlaviſh terms.'

'Alas! unfortunate Sadak,' anſwered the chief of the eunuchs, 'what will 'the big word avail thee! When A'murath perceives that you mean not 'to execute the vow you have made, 'he will hold himſelf no longer bound 'by that oath the duteous Kalaſrade 'has extorted from him.'

'Slave,' returned Sadak, 'I under'ſtand thee not; there is a ſhew of 'friendſhip in thy ſpeech, and yet me'thinks I have more to fear when the 'wily ſerpent glides beſide me, than 'when his angry hiſs timely proclaims 'a generous defiance.'

'The friendſhip of humanity,' ſaid Doubor coolly, 'I owe to all; nor is 'my heart ſufficiently revengeful, even 'to cruſh the ungrateful adder that 'ſtings me while I cheriſh him. But, 'Sadak, I mean not to gall thee with 'reproach, but as a friend adviſe thee 'to ſubmit, where ſubmiſſion only can 'yield thee hopes of comfort.'

'Friendly Doubor,' anſwered Sadak pauſing, 'I ſubmit; but the time 'preſcribed is near elapſed.'

'Fear not,' anſwered Doubor; 'already orders are given to equip you; 'and ere night you ſhall be conveyed 'to one of the Othman ſhips, with an 'able commander to ſteer you to the 'deſtined ſpot. But I can ſay no more; 'Amurath expects your anſwer, and I 'haſte to proclaim your obedience.'

Sadak now began to relent, and he accuſed his heart in ſuſpecting the integrity of the chief of the eunuchs. But Doubor was fled, and Sadak left alone in the dungeon of the ſeraglio.

'O Alla!' ſaid the wretched Sadak, 'to thy all-juſt protection I commit 'my faithful Kalaſrade; thou, who 'over-ruleſt the princes of the world, 'canſt ſecure her in the fiery trial: re'lying on thy arm, ſhe ſhall ſtand as 'the water-fowl on the rock, and ſee 'the tempeſtuous billows of the ocean 'ſpend their vain force beneath her, 'unable to waſh with their rude waves 'the ſurface of her dwelling-place.'

The chief of the eunuchs having declared to Amurath the obedience of Sadak, waited till the evening; when entering the dungeon with the guards of the ſeraglio, they conveyed Sadak through the water-gate, to the ſhip which was prepared to ſail in queſt of the waters of oblivion; neither had the noble Sadak, by reaſon of the attendant guards, any opportunity of expreſſing his gratitude to Doubor the chief of the eunuchs.

As ſoon as Sadak was embarked, the ſhip ſet ſail, and the noble ſon of Elar found that the captain of the ſhip was a chriſtian renegado; for Doubor had in vain ſought after one of his own nation who was ſufficiently ſkilled in navigation to perform the voyage.

For ſeveral days the ſhip ran ſwiftly before the wind, and hurried the unfortunate Sadak from the place of his beloved, as the vulture bears in his talons the panting lamb from it's mother's teats.

But theſe winds were after a ſhort time ſucceeded by a calm, in which, being detained from their purpoſe, and a ſmall gale afterward ariſing, the captain of the veſſel put into the iſland of Serfu, and there continued for two months, neither ſuffering his men to land, nor permitting the natives to enter his ſhip.

Sadak, though aſtoniſhed at the behaviour of Gehari, the captain, yet attempted not to leave the ſhip, but ſpent his time chiefly in ſolitude and contemplation.

A ſmall veſſel arriving from Conſtantinople, at length brought the captain the orders he expected; and the wind being favourable, he hoiſted his ſails, and ſteered for the Atlantick ocean.

And now they were paſſing the iſland of Kirigou, when a ſtorm aroſe, and, after many days buffetting againſt the wind, obliged them to ſail into the bay which emboſoms the city of Koron.

It was in vain the citizens made ſigns for the ſhip to ſteer away from their port; the ſwelling ocean, and the fierce winds united, drove them precipitately on the beach, and every one being terrified

rified with the ſtorm, they haſtened on ſhore, leaving the ſhip at anchor near the beach.

'Unhappy mariners,' ſaid an aged citizen to them, as they walked up the beach, 'you have eſcaped the womb 'of the ſea, to be buried in this con-'tagious city.'

The mariners hung down their heads at this dreadful declaration, and Sadak perceived that the plague was raging in the city of Koron.

The captain, whoſe Mahometan name was Gehari, ordered his crew to ſeize on Sadak, at the ſame time ſending notice to the governor of the city, that he bore the commiſſion of Amurath, and had a ſtate-priſoner under his care.

Sadak was amazed at the captain's behaviour, for he knew not before that he was looked upon as a priſoner, or that Gehari had any command over him.

'My lord,' ſaid Gehari, 'be not 'alarmed, I have no commiſſion to 'treat you ill, and if I had, your noble 'behaviour would prevent the execu-'tion of it; only I was commanded, 'if poſſible, not to land in the Othman 'empire, and if neceſſity drove me 'aſhore, I was to look upon you as 'my priſoner.'

'Gehari,' ſaid Sadak, 'uſe me as 'you pleaſe; you have the commiſſion 'of my prince, before whoſe lawful 'will I ſhall ever proſtrate my obedient 'ſpirit.'

It was happy for Gehari that his priſoner was of a noble temper; for ſuch was the confuſion of the city, that the governor had neither guard nor authority among his miſerable ſubjects.

'Alas!' ſaid Gehari to Sadak, as they entered the city, 'to boaſt a power 'over you here, were to carry human 'vanity even beyond the grave. Death 'and deſtruction are the rulers of Ko-'ron, and deſolation tyrannizes over 'the children of Alla.'

'Not ſo, noble Gehari,' anſwered Sadak, 'thou haſt yet but a chriſtian's 'faith, or thou wouldſt learn to ac-'knowledge Alla the father of his chil-'dren, even in the grave of death. His 'hand, O Gehari, is on the famine and 'the plague; where he ſuffers, they 'ſpread the dark wings of fate, and 'where he ſtops, the mighty conqueror 'fall appeaſed. But let us boldly enter 'theſe gates of ſickneſs, and while we 'have ſtrength, adminiſter to thoſe over 'whom the dark fiend hath thrown 'the purple mantle of contagion.'

The mariners, animated by the words and the example of Sadak, boldly entered the city of Koron; and while the ghaſtly inhabitants ſat trembling and inactive in their houſes, Sadak and his companions exerciſed the compaſſionate offices of humanity on the miſerable objects that ſurrounded them.

But his laborious and dangerous employment ſoon overwhelmed the noble Sadak, and he found the plague had ſeized his diſtempered blood.

Liſtleſs, and unable to ſerve others or to help himſelf, the wretched ſon of Elar fell between two carcaſes, to preſerve whom his utmoſt endeavours had proved abortive.

The miſeries that ſucceeded, nature kindly hid from his remembrance; the diſorder poſſeſſed his brain, and he lay entranced on the ground in the ſtreets of Koron.

After two days he aroſe from the ground, his knees tottering with the weight of his emaciated body; he caſt his hollow eyes around him, and on every ſide ſaw the diſmal marks of the all-deſtructive plague.

But what engaged his chief attention were two youths, who were kneeling on the ground beſide an aged body, which was juſt ſending forth his laſt peſtiferous breath, as a deadly legacy between his children. Their pious tears, and their duteous attention to the expiring ſage, mixed with a ſubmiſſive reſignation to the will of Alla, ſtruck the ſoul of Sadak, long before he perceived they were the ſons of his ſtrength, who were performing the laſt ſad offices to Mepiki the father of Kalafrade.

'My children, my duteous chil-'dren,' ſaid the enervated Sadak, crawling with trembling limbs to their aſſiſtance, 'may Alla bleſs your pious 'care; you are indeed the ſons of Sa-'dak, and the offspring of Kalafrade; 'and your father is better pleaſed to ſee 'you thus active in this vale of death, 'than crowned with the conqueſt of 'unnumbered foes.'

The aſtoniſhment of Codan and Ahud, at the ſight of their father, did

not

not prevent their attendance on the dying Mepiki; they closed the eyes of their departing friend with pious tears, and embraced with reverence the dead body of their honoured ancestor.

The soul of Sadak was overcome by the piety of his children, and he whom embattled armies could not move from his post, became the tender victim of paternal affection.

Codan and Ahud perceiving their father fainting, ran to his assistance; new cares succeeded to increase their affliction, and the dying groans of Mepiki were scarce remembered, while Sadak continued to faint in the arms of his children.

'Thanks, gentle Codan—thanks, 'tender Ahud;' said Sadak to his children, as he arose from the bondage of weakness; 'though nature is exhausted, my soul is revived by the behaviour of my sons, and Sadak rejoices 'to see the tenderness of Kalasrade 'triumphant over thy father's fierceness.'

'Fountain of our life, and leader of 'our thoughts,' answered Codan, 'thy 'children lift up their hearts to Alla, 'and bless him for the comforts he has 'given us in this scene of terrors.'

'Ah, my sons,' said Sadak, 'why 'should I complain of bodily weakness, when the weakness of my mind 'is superior; unsatisfied with the presence of my children, I burn to know 'what strange fatality has brought you 'to the city of Koron?'

'Author of our being,' answered Ahud, 'thy children have not been 'exempt from the misfortunes of their 'parents. Soon after our father left 'us under the protection of the affectionate Mepiki, a slave hastened toward the hut whither thy offspring 'had retired from the rage of the 'flame.

"Aged Mepiki," said the slave, "retire with the children of Sadak, for "behold the royal janissaries are advancing, and Amurath hath commanded the progeny of Sadak to be "brought before him."

'Our aged parent wrung his hands 'at the relation of the slave; the janissaries were in sight, and Codan 'and myself only with thy father Mepiki.

"Alas," said the parent of our honoured mother Kalasrade, "five of "my daughter's children are with the "eunuchs at the extremity of the garden, and to us there are little hopes "of flight, to them is the certainty of "condemnation."

"Venerable sire," answered the slave, "it will be vain to attempt the rescue "of those who are absent from my "lord; but if you and the children of "Sadak will follow me into the forest "that overshadows the village, I will "engage to lead you in safety from the "malice of your pursuers."

"Lead me, then," replied our sire 'Mepiki, "lead me, faithful slave, "from the tyranny of Amurath! For "myself, indeed, it little matters whether I perish by age, or by the sword, "but these may live to revenge the "blood of their ancestors."

'Thus saying, Mepiki leaned on the 'slave; and Codan and myself drawing 'our scymitars, we issued forth, and 'covered ourselves from the sight of 'the janissaries among the cedars of 'the forest.

'Here we continued till night, when 'the faithful slave besought us to follow him through the forest, to a town 'about four leagues from the habitation of Mepiki.

'Thinking ourselves too near the 'arm of Amurath, we departed thence 'the following night to Barebo, and 'there continued, till a vessel which was 'trading to Ismir took us on board, 'and carried us to that pride of Asia.

'We continued in Ismir but a few 'days; the plague broke out in the 'suburbs, and raged with such violence, that Mepiki resolved to embark in the first vessel that left the 'city of Ismir.

'This happened to be a merchant's 'sloop bound for Koron, in which we 'came with favourable gales, and landed not long since in this miserable 'city.

'The mariners who came with us 'escaped not the pestilence, although 'they had left the city of Ismir; they 'were seized with the contagion as 'soon as they landed, and the disorder 'raged with such violence, that ere 'half the moon was elapsed, the whole 'city groaned under it's wretched influence.

'The aged Mepiki for some time

'ſhut himſelf and us up in an inner 'apartment, hoping to eſcape the con-'tagion; but when he found the dead-'ly diſorder had ſeized him, he com-'manded us to carry him forth into 'the open air, which, in obedience to 'his will, we performed this morn-'ing.'

'And have ye, my children,' ſaid Sadak haſtily, 'overcome the conta-'gion, or hath it yet delayed to ſeize 'on your youthful frames?'

'We have hitherto,' anſwered Co-dan, 'experienced a doubtful life; 'but ſeeing our parent has eſcaped 'from the danger of the plague, we 'ſhall no longer accuſe our ſtars of 'leading us to the horrors of this 'place.'

'Son,' anſwered Sadak, 'to accuſe 'fate, is to rebel againſt Alla; and no 'circumſtances can juſtify our impre-'cations, while our faith muſt aſſure 'us, that he is the merciful Governor 'of all our fortunes.'

Codan, abaſhed at the reproof of Sadak, covered his breaſt with his de-clining head.

As Sadak held this converſe in the deſolate ſtreets of Koron, he perceived the captain of the ſhip drawing near him; but the fire of his countenance was extinguiſhed, and the lamp of life glimmered but palely in the cheeks of Gehari.

'Noble Gehari,' ſaid Sadak, turn-ing toward him, 'I perceive that equal 'misfortunes have oppreſſed us; yet 'in this victory of the grave, how 'much are we indebted to Alla for 'our wonderful eſcape!'

'That I ſhould bleſs Alla,' anſwer-ed Gehari, 'is not wonderful, for my 'enjoyments will probably be reſtored 'with my life; but ſurely to the much-'injured Sadak death had been a wel-'come gueſt!'

'Gehari,' anſwered Sadak, 'it is 'by the gracious Alla's appointment 'that I bear the ſtandard of affliction, 'in which poſt, if I fall, bleſſed be his 'will; but while I live, I mean not 'cowardly to lament my ſituation.'

'Well,' replied Gehari, 'doſt thou 'unite the determinations of the brave 'with the ſubmiſſions of the pious; 'nor are your virtues uſeleſs, for Amu-'rath means to try their utmoſt ſtrength, 'and I come an unwilling ſlave, to 'urge your departure from the city of 'Koron.'

'If Gehari will point out the means 'of my departure,' anſwered Sadak, 'I am prepared; but ſuffer me to take 'theſe my children, as companions in 'my toils.'

'Ah!' replied Gehari, ſtarting, 'are 'theſe the ſons of Sadak, on whoſe 'lives the ſultan ſets ſo high a price? 'Now, Sadak, teach me the duty that 'I owe my prince, conſiſtent with my 'friendſhip to thy noble nature? on 'pain of Amurath's diſpleaſure, is 'every one who owns the Othman ſway, 'bound to diſcover their knowledge of 'thy children; and yet ſooner ſhall 'Gehari periſh, than bring ſuch ex-'quiſite diſtreſs on Sadak's generous 'ſpirit.'

'Gehari,' anſwered Sadak, 'obey 'thy prince, and let not friendſhip 'breed rebellion.'

'What, my father,' interrupted Co-dan, 'will you tamely yield your ſons 'a prey to tyranny? If ſo, Mepiki's 'life is ſpent in vain; we better had 'fallen with our brethren, beneath the 'ſcymitars of the janniſaries, than met 'at Koron with our father's friend.'

'Codan,' anſwered Sadak, ſternly, 'it ill becomes the ſucker to vie with 'it's parent ſtock; as a father, in tender-'neſs I ſhould forget your want of 'filial duty, but rebellion, ſon, ſhall 'meet with Sadak's curſe, though his 'uplifted dagger pierce his Codan's 'heart; and yet, my ſon, I would this 'mighty Amurath, for whom the 'ſlaves of Othman live, did weigh in 'equal balance his own impetuous plea-'ſures and his people's comfort. Sure-'ly, Alla, thou gaveſt not our lives to 'be the tyrant's ſport, but didſt in-'tend the ruler of the faithful ſhould 'be his ſubjects joy! If thou ſhalt 'judge hereafter the princes of the 'earth, for every life in wantonneſs de-'ſtroyed, there is not a prince but 'gladly would exchange his nature 'with a peaſant!'

'Generous Sadak,' ſaid Gehari, 'diſpel the gloom that overwhelms 'thee, for Gehari means not to betray 'thy ſons: the ſpirited Codan, and 'his more ſubmiſſive brother, ſhall, 'if it pleaſe thee, partake of their fa-'ther's fortune. Of all our mariners, 'but ſeven have eſcaped the plague;

'Codan,

'Codan, therefore, and Ahud, ſhall 'ſupply the place of two of my officers, 'and the reſt we muſt ſeek for in ſome 'neighbouring port.'

'Friendly Gehari,' anſwered Sadak, 'how ſhall I repay thy generous ſer-'vices! permit us only to hide the 'corſe of our dear parent in the earth, 'and we will attend thy will.'

At theſe words Gehari left Sadak and his children, and calling together his ſcattered mariners, returned to the ſhip.

Sadak in the mean time aſſiſted his ſons in their melancholy office; and having covered up the body of Mepiki, he led them to the veſſel which Gehari commanded.

The wind blowing from the land, ſoon wafted them from the city of Koron; and Gehari, unwilling to turn toward Conſtantinople, ſailed to Medan, and there recruited the number of his mariners.

From Medan, after a tedious paſſage, they reached the iſland of Gomerou; where refreſhing themſelves a ſhort ſpace, they ſteered to the ſouth, through the wide Atlantick, and approaching toward the ſun, they encountered the ſultry heats of the torrid zone.

Sadak, though unacquainted with the ſea, was not indolent; the day was ſpent in inſtructing his ſons, and in the night he ſtrove with manly courage to ſurmount the oppreſſions of his mind, which were aggravated by the thoughts of Kalaſrade's diſtreſs.

Having paſſed the warmer climates, they drew near to the cold regions of the ſouth, and Gehari perceiving land, ſteered his veſſel toward the ſhore, and anchored at a ſmall diſtance from a beautiful iſland.

Here they found the bleſſings of plenty; and the mariners quickly recovering from the diſorders of the ſea, were enabled to purſue the directions of the bold Gehari, who ſtayed no longer than was neceſſary to refit his veſſel and renew his ſtores.

From this iſland they ſailed toward the Streights which divide the Atlantick from the Pacifick Ocean. But as they approached the land, the wind aroſe, and the ſea beat in tempeſtuous billows againſt the veſſel of Gehari.

The mariners in vain pointed their veſſel to the weſt; her ſides ſhook as fearful of the ſtorm, and the ſhip ſtarted from the face of the tempeſt, as the warhorſe trembles in the day of battle.

Sadak beheld the conflicting elements with patience and calmneſs; but Codan was terrified at the black mountaneous ocean, which roſe in broken precipices above the maſts of the ſhip.

As the veſſel ſunk emboſomed in hollow ſounding billows, ſo ſunk the heart of Codan, and Sadak in vain attempted to give to his ſon a courageous mind.

'Is this Codan!' ſaid his father, as he ſaw him diſſolved in tears, and trembling at his fate; 'is this the deſcendant 'of Elar, who ſo nobly ſupported the 'dying Mepiki! Where, wretched ſon, 'is that undaunted mind which for-'merly endeared thee to thy parents!'

'Pardon, O Sadak,' anſwered Codan, 'the miſgivings of my ſoul; it is 'not for myſelf, O parent of my life, 'but for thee my heart pants, and my 'ſtrength flies from me: was it not 'ſufficient that Amurath bereaved thee 'of Kalaſrade, without ſending thee 'hither amidſt conflicting elements!'

'Codan,' anſwered Sadak, 'thy fears 'for me diſcover a noble ſoul, and Sa-'dak thanks thee for them; but diſ-'miſs them quickly, Codan.'

As Sadak was uttering theſe words, a tremendous ſwell broke over the ſhip, and the wave overwhelmed both Sadak and his ſon.

The father inſtantly ſecured himſelf by embracing a part of the ſhip, which ſaved him from the efforts of the wave; but Codan became a ſacrifice to it's violence, and was driven over the ſides of the veſſel into the tumultuous ocean.

It was ſome time before Sadak recovered from the confuſion around, as the ſea had nearly ſtunned him in it's paſſage; but when he found his ſon was torn from him by the ſwell, and ſaw him toſſed on the billows, the undaunted Sadak leaped forward, and was about to follow, had not Ahud caught his father in his arms, and prevented his intentions.

'Wretched Ahud,' ſaid Sadak ſternly, 'art thou jealous of Codan's bet-'ter ſpirit, that thou haſt dared pre-'vent thy father in reſcuing his firſt-'born from the womb of the ſea?'

'Protector of thy children!' anſwered Ahud, 'forgive my preſumption, 'and let Sadak be reſerved for the

'arms of his Kalasrade: Ahud either 'will deliver his brother, or perish be-'side him.'

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF SADAK AND KALASRADE.

'NO,' replied Sadak, preventing the intentions of Ahud, as his son struggled to fling himself into the tempestuous ocean, 'I now am satis-'fied, and Sadak, thy father, shall 'restore thy Codan to his brother's 'arms.'

In this tender struggle between Sadak and his son, Gehari advanced, and taking each by the hand—

'Alas, noble friend,' said he, 'will 'you increase the misfortunes of Ge-'hari; the good Codan is already the 'prey of our boisterous enemy, and 'will you likewise desert me in this 'perilous storm?'

'We mean,' answered Sadak, struggling, 'to rescue Codan, the beloved of 'our heart.'

'Though I admire your affection,' replied Gehari, (still preventing the purpose of Sadak) 'yet I must not 'suffer it to overpower your reason; to 'sacrifice our lives in madness to the 'memory of our friend, is neither pru-'dent nor courageous; and greater 'fortitude is exercised in forbearance, 'than in the vehement sallies of dis-'tempered passion.'

'The words of Gehari,' answered Sadak, 'are as oil to the wounded on 'the plain; and we must learn, Ahud, 'to submit, where Alla hath denied us 'the conquest of aught but ourselves—'Yes, Gehari, to see my breathless son 'extended on the wave, and yet stand 'motionless beside him, is far more 'difficult, than to seek his embrace 'among the roarings of the ocean—but 'Alla, O Codan, is present with thee, 'and Mahomet hath taken charge of 'thy duteous body; it is we are afflict-'ed by the storm, while thou art wafted 'from this scene of misery to the man-'sions of the faithful.'

The gentle Ahud yielded to the wise dictates of his father, and Gehari prevailed on his friends to desist from their frantick purpose, as the sea was so fierce, that the ship could scarce bear the billows that broke around her.

After some time the storm abated, and Gehari prepared to run through the Streights into the Pacifick Ocean.

The rest of the voyage passed uninterrupted by the wind or the sea; but the serenity of the weather did but ill compensate to Sadak the loss of his first-born.

After fifty days sailing, Gehari discovered a great smoke, and in the night could distinguish at a distance flames of fire. These increased every hour, and so greatly terrified the mariners, that Gehari was fearful they would rise up against him, and refuse to proceed in their voyage.

Nor were the fears of Gehari groundless; for at their nearer approach, the curling foam of the waves each night appeared as liquid fire, and the ocean glowed like the melting pot of the refiner. The mariners aghast, viewed with despair the horrid scene, and the fears which were expressed in their countenance seemed to gather strength from the pale deadly light which flashed on the broken surface of the sea beneath them.

Overpowered by the gloomy terror, they fell with their faces on the deck, and their captain in vain addressed them with alternate promises and threats.

Sadak perceiving the distress of Gehari, and that their purpose would prove abortive, if they were suffered to persist in their fears, obtained from Gehari permission to arouze them; and with his drawn sabre, walking into the midst of the prostrate mariners, he thus addressed their coward spirits.

'Sons of Mahomet, and brethern 'of the truth, why fall ye thus as the 'leaves of autumn on the sandy plain? 'What conquering enemy cometh a-'gainst you, whose terrifying aspect 'you dare not behold? Or what dan-'gers are these which have subdued 'the soldiers of our prophet? Come 'the infidels of Europe against us; or 'is the all-bartering Christian arisen 'up in arms to oppose our passage? If 'these were in fight, my friends would 'doubtless arise, and vindicate the 'faith of Mussulmen; they would start 'from the slumbers of fear, and put 'on the manly countenance of war. 'Shall then the harmless wave affright 'you, when in sportive gambols he 'imitates the brisk flashes of a livelier 'element?

'element? Or ſhall you, who have 'undaunted ſeen the ocean's hollow 'womb, and all it's watry caves, now 'ſink in terror back, when the heavy 'ſea caſts it's languid ſmiles upon you? 'Theſe, my friends, are omens of our 'ſafety, and aſſure us of ſucceſs. But 'riſe, and ſee me pour this harmleſs 'lightening on my hands, and thank 'our prophet, that in the ſtarleſs night 'he makes old ocean light us on our 'deſtined courſe.'

Thus ſaying, the bold Sadak drew from the ſurrounding waves a bowl of water, which ſparkled as it roſe, and poured on his hands: the trembling mariners raiſed up their fearful heads, and viewed with wonder the innocent effect of Sadak's trial, till ſatisfied by the experiment, they again ventured to ariſe, each bluſhing at his cauſeleſs fear.

But a few days ſailing again recalled their fears. The iſland was now diſcovered, and in the middle of it an huge mountain, whoſe ſummit reached far above the fleeting clouds, where an uncommon volcano vomitted forth a wide deluge of liquid fire, which broke forth from the mountain, with terrible roarings, and a mighty ſound, as of winds burſting from the deep caverns of the earth.

The glowing deluge deſcended down the mountain in a ſheet of fire, and ruſhing violently into the ſea, drove back the affrighted waves in dreadful hiſſes from it's ſurface; and for a long time preſerved it's fiery courſe, beneath the waters that foamed above it.

The countenance of Gehari was now fixed with aſtoniſhment and dread, and he confeſſed to Sadak, that he dared not truſt his ſhip any nearer the iſland.

'Give me then,' anſwered the undaunted warrior, 'a boat, and a ſmall 'portion of your proviſion, and Sadak 'will alone riſk the dangers that ſur'round the fountains of oblivion.'

'No, my father,' anſwered the duteous Ahud, 'there is yet one left that is 'ready to ſhare with thee the dangers 'of this horrid place.'

'My ſon Ahud,' replied Sadak, 'Codan is no more, and the javelins 'of Amurath have doubtleſs, ere this, 'pierced the hearts of thy brethren: 'if Sadak periſh, yet ſhall his name 'live in Ahud, and Kalaſrade ſhall 'yet have one to revenge her wrongs!'

'It is not revenge alone,' anſwered Ahud, 'that thy Kalaſrade will re'quire from her Ahud: ſhe will aſk me 'alſo for thee, O Sadak; and when ſhe 'hears that I refuſed to ſhare in my 'father's toils, ſhe will pour on me the 'imprecations of an heart-broken pa'rent.'

'O Sadak,' interrupted Gehari, 'yield to the duteous voice of Ahud, 'whoſe preſence with thee may haply 'be the means of both your future 'ſafety.'

Sadak at length overcome by Ahud and Gehari, conſented, and the unhappy father and his ſon deſcended from the ſide of the ſhip into the boat which Gehari had prepared for their reception, while the captain and his mariners poured after them the unavailing tears of friendſhip and compaſſion.

The boat was about three leagues diſtant from the ſhore, when it parted from the ſhip, and the wind blowing fair, Sadak ſteered it briſkly for the iſland of the waters of oblivion.

The nearer they approached, the more tremendous looked the rocks which ſurrounded the iſland, againſt which the ſea beat and roared, as if it ſtrove in vain for a place whereon it might reſt.

Being arrived within half a league, the boat ſtruck on a quickſand, and Sadak could neither move it, nor would the treacherous ſand bear his weight, when he attempted to wade forward on it's ſurface.

After many fruitleſs endeavours, he took ſeveral ſmall boards, which formed the bottom floor of the boat, and tying them together, made two rafts, which he laid on the ſand, and moving one forward, while he ſtood on the other, he thus made ſome ſmall progreſs towards the iſland.

But this was an imperfect attempt, as the raft would bear but one at a time, and Ahud was left an helpleſs ſpectator in the boat.

To conquer this difficulty, Sadak returned again to the boat, and by the help of the oars and rudder, he made a third raft; ſo that Ahud, by following his father's ſteps, and giving the raft which he ſtept from to Sadak, who went

went before him, they with difficulty moved forward to the rocks that ſurrounded the waters of oblivion.

The tide had been ſeveral hours falling from the rocks, when Sadak arrived under their prominent horrors, and had left a narrow beach, on which he and Ahud reſted after their perilous journey.

Here Sadak and his wretched ſon recruited their wearied bodies with ſuch refreſhment as they had brought in their garments from the boat, which though ſcarce ſufficient for the next day's ſupport, was the only means of living they could ſee before them; unleſs they ſhould be able to ſcale the over-hanging precipices, whoſe heads ſeemed wrapped in the dark clouds that were gathered around their rugged ſummits.

Sadak and Ahud having refreſhed their limbs, aroſe and went about under the rocks in ſearch of ſome opening which might afford them an entrance into the iſland; but ere they could diſcover any paſſage, they came in ſight of the burning torrent, and were obliged to retire from it's deſtructive influence.

To add to this diſtreſs, the tide retired with violence around them, and the ſwelling ocean aroſe on the beach, ſo that Sadak and his ſon were half covered by the ſea.

Thus wretched, they waded backwards and forwards on the beach, till Ahud diſcovered a ſmall cavern in the rock, whoſe bottom the tide had not reached, when Sadak and his ſon aſcended into it.

In this gloomy cavern, which dripped with the ſalt tears of the ocean, they obtained a few moments relief; but the aſcending ſwell followed them ere long into the cavern, and daſhing it's rude waves againſt them, drove them on the ragged face of the rock.

The tide, however, roſe not above them; but, after a long perſecution, retired, and left them nearly exhauſted by it's rude buffetings; and the wretched father, and his duteous ſon, overcome with unnatural toils, ſlumbered on the ſea-weed, which the water had left them for their miſerable bed.

Yet ſhort were the ſlumbers of theſe afflicted Muſſulmen; the rocks and the mountains around them were heaved in the night with dreadful earthquakes, and the iſland trembled with the adventurous Sadak and his ſon, as the wounded elephant ſhakes the tottering turret in the armies of the vanquiſhed.

The ſea, agitated by contending winds, roſe in wild fragments to the clouds; and meteors gleaming through the troubled air, caſt horrid light upon the watry profound, where monſters riſing on the ſcattered waves ſtirred up a new commotion, and waged bloody war among themſelves, increaſing ſtill the terror of the night with their diſcordant roarings, which the concave echoing rocks again repeated; and, over all, the thunders from above joined in the general diſcord.

'Ahud,' ſaid Sadak, ſtarting from his ſleep, (as he beheld the horrid ſcene before him) 'ſuch would all nature be, 'were evil ſpirits maſters of our fate; 'but fear not, Ahud, theſe gloomy 'rocks hide not this diſordered proſpect 'from our prophet's ſight: he, through 'the tumult looks on us, and watches 'leſt our faithleſs ſpirits ſink from 'their juſt dependence upon Alla's 'power.'

'True,' anſwered the duteous Ahud, 'O noble parent; and the man whoſe 'righteous heart obeys the dictates of 'his God, may calmly view theſe deſolated ſcenes.'

'In us,' replied Sadak, 'whoſe 'ſlight frames were formed to tremble 'at every ſhock, theſe viſions muſt 'awaken fear and horror; but the tu'mults of the whole ocean, and the 'cruſh of the wide earth itſelf, would 'be leſs diſguſtful to the bleſſed Alla, 'than the rebellious workings of a 'wicked heart, though hidden beneath 'the gay trappings of a voluptuous 'infidel. A wicked ſoul, O Ahud, 'is more dark and tumultuous than 'theſe horrors that ſurround us; yet 'often doth the coward run with ter'ror from the lightning's flaſh, or 'even from an inſect's preſence, when 'he dare cheriſh in his boſom the moſt 'dreadful of monſters, a diſobedient 'and rebellious ſpirit.'

But in the midſt of his religious expreſſions, the afflicted Sadak could not prevent ſome fears that aroſe in his mind, when he reflected on the expoſed ſituation of his beloved Kalafrade; who, ſince her lord's departure from the ſeraglio, had ſuffered far greater terrors

terrors from oppreſſion and luſt, than Sadak had experienced from contending elements.

For ſeveral days ſhe was permitted, without moleſtation, to moan the fate of her Sadak, whom ſhe feared would be ſecretly deſtroyed by the malice of Amurath.

But the wild Amurath could ill brook his abſence from Kalaſrade; every day he ſent for Doubor, to enquire how ſhe bore the loſs of Sadak; and but for the prudent interpoſition of the chief of the eunuchs, he would have teized the fair-one every hour with his offenſive ſolicitations.

Doubor, who knew that perſecution would rather inflame, than aſſuage the ſorrows of the virtuous Kalaſrade, framed daily ſome new excuſe to prevent the applications of Amurath; and at laſt, when the monarch would be no longer witheld, he went before, and aſſured Kalaſrade that Sadak was ſafe, and on his ſearch after the waters of oblivion.

The preſence of Amurath renewed the ſorrows of Kalaſrade; ſhe looked upon him as the murderer of her beloved, and all his ſoftneſs and eloquence met with reproof and ſeverity from the eyes and the heart of the much-injured Kalaſrade.

The proud Amurath, vexed at his ill ſucceſs, curſed the faithful Sadak; and although his oath prevented him from executing the deſires of his heart, yet he reſolved to attack the fair-one, through thoſe who were dearer to her than her own exiſtence.

Full of theſe reſolutions, he left the fair Kalaſrade in wrathful haſte, and flew from her preſence, as the enraged tyger ſprings from the purſuit of the valorous huntſmen.

Immediate orders were given to the janniſaries to ſeize on the children of Sadak, who were with their grandſire Mepiki on the oppoſite ſhores of Aſia. But ere the janniſaries could reach the village, the two elder were flown away with the aged Mepiki.

Amurath in wrath curſed the janniſaries for their neglect, and ordered Doubor to diſpoſe of the five that were taken in the priſons of the ſeraglio.

The next morning the malicious monarch appeared before Kalaſrade, and commanded her to yield to his deſires.

The affrighted Kalaſrade, truſting to the monarch's oath, refuſed to comply; and Amurath, enraged, found one female in his ſeraglio, who thought herſelf not honoured by his laſcivious offers.

Pride and fury poſſeſſed his ſoul, and he commanded Doubor to bring the eldeſt of Kalaſrade's children before him.

The little innocent was dragged out of the dungeon, and came with trembling limbs into the preſence of Amurath.

'Doubor,' ſaid the ſultan, 'unſheath 'thy ſcymitar, and ſacrifice that ac-'curſed pledge of Sadak's love before 'my eyes.'

The heart-wounded Kalaſrade, who had long been torn from her children, rejoiced at the ſight of Rachal, the elder of her daughters; and the little Rachal, when ſhe perceived her tender mother, forgot the terrors of the dungeon and the frowns of Amurath, and ran from the chief of the eunuchs, and hid herſelf in the folds of Kalaſrade's garments.

The bold affections of a mother at that inſtant animated the tender Kalaſrade, and folding her daughter in her arms, ſhe paſſionately embraced the beauteous Rachal, and bedewed her little cheeks with maternal tears.

The mighty Amurath could not behold the ſcene unmoved; but the thoughts that Sadak was the father of Rachal, ſoon changed his breaſt from pity to malice, and the enraged monarch again commanded Doubor to lead forth the little Rachal to inſtant execution.

At the voice of Amurath, the eyes of Kalaſrade gliſtened with rage, and ſhe viewed the ſultan as the lioneſs darts forth indignant flaſhes from her eyes, when diſturbed in the lonely caverns of the rocks by the adventurous hind.

'Tyrant,' ſaid ſhe, 'death only 'ſhall divide my beſt-loved Rachal from 'theſe widowed arms; though Sadak 'might have civil duties to ſtruggle 'with againſt his love, a mother knows 'no ſuperior tie to withold her from 'ſuccouring thoſe who were the off-'ſpring of her womb, and the chil-'dren of her breaſt.'

'Doubor,'

'Doubor,' said the wavering Amurath, 'what means this foolish heart 'of mine, that dares not encounter 'with a woman's will! but, slave, thou 'well mayest read thy master's mind; 'yet four are left in thy possession, those 'sacrifice to my neglected love, and 'teach this stubborn beauty what she 'owes to Amurath and her prince.'

'Ah, what saidst thou, tyrant!' interrupted the distracted Kalasrade; 'shall 'Camir, the lovely image of his father's 'strength; shall Elphan, ever submissive 'to his mother's will; or, the fair Ophu, 'pretty mimick of my playful actions; 'or the lovely Isadi, sweetly smiling 'when Kalasrade smiles; shall these 'dear precious innocents bleed beneath 'the murdering knife of a slave's hand? 'O righteous Alla, who gave these 'pledges of my Sadak's love, in painful labours to my arms; remember 'what I suffered for their lives, and let 'not a vile wretch at once destroy, what 'thou with many a groan didst bring 'to light and life.'

'Art thou too turned to stone, by 'this wild woman's talk,' said Amurath to Doubor, 'that like a stricken 'hart, thou panteſt for thy breath? 'Slave, instantly retire, and bring the 'heads of these early rebels to my sight, 'who ape so soon the treacherous features of their father's crimes.'

Dubor, with slow reluctance, obeying his sultan, left the apartment, and went with downcast looks, to seek the children of Kalasrade in the dungeon of the seraglio.

As soon as the little Camir and Elphan saw the venerable eunuch approach, they ran with sparkling eyes; and seizing on his trembling hands, they lifted up their smiling countenances, and told him they were glad to see him, for the black ill-natured men who had watched them, had given them no provision for the day.

Doubor, who had before secretly cherished the little offspring of Kalasrade, wondered not at the innocent freedom of Camir or Elphan; but the good eunuch's eyes ran down with floods of tears, when he beheld the smiling countenances of those whose blood he was so soon condemned to spill.

Conquered by their artless love and freedom, the tender Doubor took them to his arms, and kissed them with a father's fondness: then partly drawing forth his shining scymitar, the little family of Kalasrade, affrighted at it's glittering sight, fled swiftly to the extremity of the dungeon; and Doubor, overcome with friendly tenderness and zeal, thrust the cruel blade back again into it's scabbard, and fell to the earth, unable to perform the cruel purposes of his master's will.

While Doubor was thus employed in the murky dungeon, Amurath was not less irresolute in the gilded apartments of Kalasrade; now fully bent to execute his rage on the sweet smiling Rachal, he drew his crooked faulchion, and made up to the wife of Sadak, when awed by her maternal tenderness, the weapon fell from his hand, and he dared not strike where every blow would prove a wound to his Kalasrade's peace.

At length, mad with his ineffectual toil, the monarch with a frown boding severity and wrath, broke suddenly from the apartment of Kalasrade, and beckoning to some mutes which stood at the entrance—

'Slaves,' said he, 'take that little 'urchin from her frantick mother, and 'with your griping hands cast over her 'infant face the rigid countenance of 'death.'

The mutes, obedient to their royal master's orders, hastened into the apartments of the much-trembling Kalasrade, and regardless of her entreaties, tore from her struggling arms her daughter Rachal.

The distracted Kalasrade in vain cast her snowy arms around her beauteous daughter; in vain called on Alla, on Sadak, nay, even on Amurath, to relieve her: the unmoved wretches in silent steadiness pursued their cruel orders, and with their barbarous gripe left Rachal in the agonies of death at the feet of her frantick mother.

Kalasrade being released from the mutes who held her fast, while the rest executed the horrid commands of Amurath, sprang toward the expiring infant, and kneeling on the ground, she took the struggling Rachal in her arms, and pressed her to her panting breast; then lifting up her languishing eyes, wearied with many a fruitless tear—

'O prophet, holy prophet,' said the distracted fair-one, 'look down on all 'a mother's anxious love, and spare 'my

'my Rachal! spare her, prophet of 'the Just!'

After which, wildly folding her in her arms, the miserable mother poured on her livid face the copious streams of sorrow, and with a sigh that might have pierced even the heart of Amurath, she cried, 'Ah, Rachal! Rachal! Heaven 'spare thee!'

Buried in tears, and sobbing over her child, Doubor, with a pale face and bloody hands, entered before her; and while the faithful eunuch strove to utter his melancholy tale, he saw the afflicted mourner hanging over her expiring infant.

At such a woeful sight, pity touched his aged breast, and the venerable eunuch hasted to her assistance, with all a father's soft affection.

'Wretched, miserable, and afflicted 'fair-one!' said the trembling eunuch, 'what fatal grief has seized thy heart?' 'Ah,' said he, looking on the distorted features of the innocent Rachal, 'what 'rude murdering fiend hath spoiled 'this lovely image of Kalasrade's beau-'ties?'

Kalasrade, whose eyes were dim with grief, saw not the eunuch till he came up to her, and poured his lamentations over her wretched infant; but as the fair-one eyed his bloody hands, about to take her Rachal from her arms—

'Bloody and relentless villain,' said she, 'avaunt! thou shalt not feast upon 'my Rachal's flesh!' Then recollecting herself, 'God of the faithful,' said she, 'it is the murderous eunuch, 'stained with my children's blood! 'Steel-hearted executioner, hast thou 'eaten the hearts of Camir and his 'brethren? but thou shalt not bereave 'me of my Rachal's heart.'

'My much-honoured Kalasrade,' said the affrighted eunuch, 'I have 'no orders to bereave thee of thy beau-'teous Rachal; I came here, seeking 'Amurath, my lord; but whatever 'misfortune has befallen thy child, 'Doubor will gladly remedy the evil.'

'What, officious eunuch,' said the hasty Kalasrade, 'hast thou destroyed, 'and canst thou also mock my griefs? 'Full well thou knowest the bloody 'orders of thy master's heart, four of 'my babes thy murderous hands have 'stolen for ever from my sight; their 'bodies are now perhaps cast forth the 'portion of some ravenous animal, not 'half so fell in heart, as thou and A-'murath.—O my children, is the dear 'flesh I have so often printed with a 'fond mother's kiss, now torn between 'the fangs of a merciless beast, or 'trodden under the feet of black un-'feeling slaves!—O prophet, save me 'from the pangs of such heart-riven 'thoughts!'

'The righteous Alla knoweth,' answered the chief of the eunuchs, 'how 'Doubor's heart was racked at Amu-'rath's command; but here, Kalas-'rade, I have no command to hurt or 'to distress; and unless my art deceive 'me much, I can with ease recal this 'tender infant into life again.'

'Just reeking from the bloody scene, 'art thou become an instrument of 'life, deceitful eunuch!—Ah! forgive 'me, Doubor! excellent Doubor!' said she, recollecting herself, 'didst thou 'not say thou wouldest recal my dearest 'Rachal into life again! I will forgive 'thee.—No,' continued she, pausing, 'I never can forgive thy murderous 'arms.—Alla,' said she, again recollecting herself, 'distracted with ten 'thousand ills, I know not what I ut-'ter; but thou, O Alla, knowest all! 'and not to this base eunuch, but to 'thee, I lift my expiring Rachal. Thou, 'Alla, canst call a blessing from his 'bloody hands; and raise my child to 'life, through him who has already 'scattered fourfold death among my 'Sadak's lovely offspring!'

The patient Doubor heard with deep anguish of heart, the wild and awful ejaculations of the miserable Kalasrade; yet unwilling to lose a moment, he answered not, but pulling out a phial from the folds of his garments, he poured some of it's contents into the mouth of the gasping Rachal.

The powerful medicine wrought a quick change in little Rachal's frame; the strong convulsion ceased, and the reviving female opened it's blue eyes, which sparkled with returning life, like the morning star.

As the eyes of Rachal brightened, so flashed with new life and spirit the watery eye-lids of the fond Kalasrade; and much her full heart meant to say, when a mute abruptly entered, and commanded Doubor instantly to attend his lord.

Doubor, leaving the apartments, found the ſeraglio in confuſion. The rebel janniſaries proclaimed aloud in the courts the tyranny of Amurath, and their leaders demanded the brave Sadak at the hands of their monarch.

Amurath, fearful of their rage, ſent for his faithful Doubor to appeaſe their clamour; and when he ſaw the eunuch enter before him with bloody hands, his conſcience darkened every hope of ſafety, as the black orb of night, when ſhe ſpreads her envious mantle o'er the face of the ſun.

'Waſh, Doubor, in the ſea,' ſaid Amurath, 'thoſe murderous hands; 'and rather ſtain the whole Propontis 'with thy crime, than but one drop of 'blood appear to rob thy maſter of his 'tottering throne. O Doubor! Dou-'bor! what ſeas of wealth would I not 'pour forth, to gather up the innocent 'blood thou haſt this day ſpilled. Go 'forth, good eunuch, and appeaſe theſe 'clamourous ſpirits; but with thy 'guilty hand hide thy far guiltier heart, 'and over all throw the thick ſpecious 'covering of deceit; and, Doubor, if 'ſucceſs attend thy friendly cauſe, Sa-'dak ſhall be reſtored to all his ho-'nours and his children. His chil-'dren, Doubor, we will forget. This 'day, O prophet, ſave me from de-'ſtruction, and all my future life be 'thine!'

Doubor, in obedience to Amurath, endeavoured to go forth among the tumultuous janniſaries; but in their rage they would ſuffer none to ſpeak, unleſs the brave Sadak was delivered to them.

Doubor returned with pale looks to Amurath's apartments.

'My lord,' ſaid the affrighted eunuch, 'it is vain to ſtem the torrent. 'Your enemies increaſe each moment; 'and unleſs Sadak is delivered to them, 'they vow revenge on thee and all thy 'ſlaves.'

'Then, Doubor,' ſaid Amurath falling, 'I am loſt indeed; and life, 'dear precious life, like a departing 'friend, will take a ſhort farewel of 'me.'

'Glory of the Othman race!' anſwered Doubor, 'ſuffer not your fears 'to interrupt your ſafety, but ſend 'ſome ſlave among the janniſaries, 'and promiſe, in a few hours, to give 'them Sadak; in the mean time, I 'will remove thy beſt effects through 'the water-gates, and we may fly to 'ſome neighbouring city, where thy 'loyal ſubjects ſhall ſtill defend their 'ſultan againſt theſe bold undaunted 'rebels.'

'Friendly Doubor,' ſaid Amurath, 'thy words recal my ſinking ſpirits; 'and, Doubor, neglect not among my 'mutes and ſlaves to carry fair Kalaſ-'rade with thee.'

The honeſt eunuch ſighed at his maſter's words; but in ſuch perilous circumſtances, he thought obedience was a double virtue.

With the fair Kalaſrade, wondering at her fate, Doubor conveyed the reviving Rachal to the ſhores of Aſia, whom Amurath ſoon followed, diſguiſed like a mute, among the ſlaves of the ſeraglio.

The faithful Doubor led the royal family to Iznimid, and there proclaimed the arrival of Amurath, and the rebellion of the janniſaries.

Abdulraham, the governor of Iznimid, immediately aſſembled the troops of the province; and the royal ſtandard being diſplayed, the army of Amurath increaſed daily.

During theſe preparations, Kalaſrade was confined in the women's apartments of Abdulraham's palace, and the little Rachal was ſuffered to attend on her wretched mother.

The janniſaries of Conſtantinople having choſen the brave Boluri for their general, after they were apprized of the departure of Amurath, reſolved to march to Iznimid to attack the royal troops, before they were ſufficiently ſtrengthened by the neighbouring provinces.

The Governor Abdulraham went out to meet the forces of Boluri, but the battle ſoon proved favourable to the rebels, and meſſengers arrived from the defeated Abdulraham, adviſing Amurath to leave Iznimid, and fly to ſome other city.

Boluri, elated by his ſucceſs, the next day marched to Iznimid; but the royal tyrant was fled to a neighbouring caſtle, with a number of friends, who came too late to join the forces of Abdulraham.

Here, in a place defended by nature, the ſultan and his family remained ſeveral

veral months; during which time, the rebels were unable to force the defenders of Amurath from their impregnable caſtle.

A long and fatiguing ſiege ſucceeding, many of the janniſaries grew tired of a war where there were no hopes of plunder; and Boluri, fearful that Amurath might recover all if ſuffered to depart from the caſtle, would not liſten to the advice of his ſoldiers, who wiſhed him to rove over the provinces of Aſia, and plunder thoſe who would not acknowledge his authority.

This miſunderſtanding produced diſcontent in the rebel army, and many of the officers, ſeeing there was little proſpect of plunder under Boluri, ſecretly offered to give him up, if Amurath would pardon his janniſaries.

Amurath with great joy accepted the unexpected terms; Boluri was privately ſtrangled in his tent, and the janniſaries laid down their arms at the feet of Amurath.

The royal monarch being thus reinſtated, forgot his obligations to thoſe who had betrayed Boluri, and he commanded the ringleaders of the rebel army to be deſtroyed.

Thus ſecure from a ſecond inſurrection, he marched back at the head of his army to Conſtantinople; and ſoon reducing the rebellion there, he in a ſhort time found himſelf re-inſtated in the ſeraglio of his anceſtors.

But now, forgetful of his former dangers, his heart beat with new paſſion for Kalaſrade; and, fixed again on his throne, he wondered that a weak oath ſhould ſo long have witheld him from the rapturous poſſeſſion.

Doubor, apprized of his maſter's thoughts, laboured in vain to prevent the breach of his oath; and Amurath found, that while his faithful ſlave ſtood beſide him, he ſhould ever meet with an oppoſition that he could not brook.

To remove this obſtacle, the vicious ſultan ordered Doubor to repair on a trifling meſſage to Iznimid, reſolving to force Kalaſrade to his will, during the abſence of his officious eunuch.

While theſe dark clouds were gathering over the miſerable Kalaſrade, Sadak and his ſon were the victims of the ſtorm; beneath the rocks of the iſland of Oblivion, and on the ſame night that Doubor departed from Iznimid, Ahud and his father were buffeted by the tempeſt and the ſtorm.

But the piety of Sadak, and the ſubmiſſion of Ahud, alleviated in ſome meaſure the dreadful hours of that night of horrors, till day aroſe, and chaſed from their eyes the gloomy viſions of the night: but with the friendly day returned again the unfriendly tide, buffetting their bruiſed limbs, and ſmothering them with it's waves, as the inſect which preys upon the plantain-leaf is waſhed by ſolſtitial ſhowers.

After waiting with patience the reflux of the tide from their cavern, Sadak, unwilling to loſe the benefits of the day, led Ahud out on the narrow beach, while as yet they were forced to wade through the ſea; and, directing their ſteps toward the left, they endeavoured to ſurround that part of the iſland which was oppoſite to the burning torrent.

This toilſome journey, though executed with the utmoſt difficulty and hazard, was yet as hopeleſs as the former; the black rocks, which had been hollowed by the waves, hung in rude arch-work over their heads each ſtep they took, and formed a continued barrier, without any interruption, except where the ſea broke inward in deep eddies, and formed in the fiſſures of the rock the giddy whirlpool.

Wearied with this fruitleſs ſearch, the wretched Sadak led his duteous ſon back to the cavern, before the ſwelling ocean roſe again to exerciſe his ſeverity on them; and after having encountered it's fury, they gladly ſunk into a repoſe, which laſted till the returning tide obliged them to riſe.

But now their proviſion being exhauſted, or ſpoiled by the water, ſtill ſeverer diſtreſſes encompaſſed them, and the miſerable Sadak beheld his ſon waſted with fatigue, and overcome with hunger and thirſt.

One drop of wine yet remained in a little veſſel, which he had faſtened to his ſaſh; this the tender parent offered to pour on the parched tongue of his afflicted Ahud, and this the duteous ſon refuſed, and with uplifted hands preſſed the veſſel toward his parent's mouth. An affectionate ſtruggle enſued, and the duties which aroſe from

nature prevailed over nature; till Ahud, receiving ſtrength from the dictates of duty, ſtarted up, and before his father was aware, ſuddenly forced the liquor into his mouth; then falling on his knees at his feet—

'Ever-honoured parent,' ſaid the trembling youth, 'forgive the firſt diſ-'obedience I have practiſed againſt 'you; let theſe tottering limbs bear 'witneſs what terrors poſſeſs my ſoul, 'in that I have dared to exert my 'ſtrength againſt the author of my be-'ing. Pardon! ſaid I, O father! ra-'ther ſtrike me to the earth for my preſ-'umption; and caſt from thy ſight 'theſe rebel arms, which have prevailed 'againſt thy revered image.'

'O Ahud, my ſon! my ſon!' ſaid Sadak, ſtooping, 'Alla ſhall doubtleſs 'bleſs thy filial proweſs; thou haſt 'indeed prevailed, moſt noble youth, 'but thou haſt prevailed in duty, and 'art thy father's ſuperior in the tri-'umphs of affection; yet how dear, O 'my ſon, ſhall thy victory prove, if, 'to add a few moments to thy father's 'age, thou haſt ſuffered the fair bloſ-'ſoms of thy own life to wither and 'decay!'

The words of Sadak gave comfort to the duteous ſoul of Ahud, and the cravings of hunger were ſuſpended while he heard the ſweet rewards of his duteous labours: but ſhort were the pleaſures of Ahud; exceſſive thirſt parched up his lips, and his ſupplicating eyes looking upwards on Heaven and Sadak, expreſſed the ſilent anguiſh of his heart.

'To ſee thee thus, O my ſon,' ſaid the diſtracted Sadak, falling upon him, 'is worſe than the death thou haſt for 'a moment driven from me. Oh, cruel 'Ahud! I will recal my forgiveneſs, 'for thou haſt robbed me of a life far 'dearer than my own.'

As Sadak ſpake theſe words, the wretched Ahud, overcome by his hunger, faſtened on his own fleſh, and greedily ſucked the iſſues of his life; which unnatural relief for a ſhort time ſubdued his thirſt, and he waited with patience, till the tide permitted them again to go in ſearch of ſome eſcape from their diſtreſſes.

Paſſing along the narrow beach, Sadak obſerved the water pouring from a ſmall fiſſure in the rocks.

'Ahud,' ſaid the miſerable Sadak, his eyes ſparkling with the diſtant hope, 'let us watch till the tide turn, and 'obſerve whether the water returns 'through this fiſſure of the rocks.'

Ahud rejoiced in his father's hopes, and the two deſcendants of Elar ſat waiting in ſilence on the fragments of the rocks.

The conjectures of Sadak were right; at the return of the tide, the waters formed a whirlpool, and were drawn inwards through the fiſſure of the rocks.

'Whatever be our fate,' ſaid Sadak, 'this paſſage only ſeems to promiſe us 'the means of life; for on this beach, 'ere two ſuns are paſſed, we muſt periſh 'by famine: wherefore, Ahud,' continued his father Sadak, 'let us plunge 'together through this dark eddy, and 'either meet an end to our toils, or a 'reward to our labours.'

'Father,' ſaid Ahud, faintly, 'let 'us not attempt together the dangers 'of this whirlpool; but as I have leſs 'means of life remaining in me than 'yourſelf, I will firſt explore the ſe-'crets of this watery cave.'

Thus ſpake the duteous Ahud, not expecting any relief from the undertaking, but deſiring to prolong the life of his honoured parent.

Sadak, hoping his ſon might ſucceed, yielded to his entreaties; and Ahud having promiſed, if poſſible, to return with the ebbing tide, plunged into the foaming whirlpool, and diſappeared from the ſight of his anxious father.

For a few moments, the heart of Sadak was buoyed up with pleaſing expectations, and he doubted not but Ahud was already in the land of plenty; but, as the wretched parent looked on the foaming whirlpool, and ſaw it's tumultuous eddies roll ungulphed beneath the rocky bed whereon he ſtood, his weakened ſpirits ſunk within him, and he cried out in the agonies of deſpair, 'Oh, Ahud, my ſon! 'my ſon! Oh, treacherous ocean! 'thou haſt robbed me of both my 'ſons.'

The tide riſing, obliged him to return to his cavern, where the emaciated Sadak ſat wringing his hands, weeping for his children, and bemoaning the fate of his miſerable Kalaſrade.

The

The calls of hunger also increased with his distress, and he cut the sandals from his feet, and gnawed from them a poor lifeless sustenance, till the waters prevailing, obliged him to combat their resistless fury.

The next tide, the worn-out Sadak returned to the fissure in the rocks; and although the waters passed out, yet Ahud appeared not on their surface.

Sadak now waited impatiently the return of the tide, and with the first wave that entered, in leaped the adventurous hero into the jaws of the whirlpool.

For several moments he was hurried through the rocks, and bruised and wounded on all sides by their rugged points, till light appeared through the waters, and he found himself in a deep cave, surrounded with rocks, and open at the top.

The rocks growing wider and wider, formed an irregular ascent, and with some difficulty the wounded Sadak crawled upwards, till he had attained to the summit of the rocks.

Here he found an extended country, irregularly planted with fruits and herbs, and plentifully watered with little rivulets gushing out of many parts of the earth.

As Sadak looked round on this delightful prospect, he fell with his face to the earth, and said—

'O Alla! thy creature poureth forth 'his praises towards thee, and the 'wretch whom thou hast blessed, adoreth thee for thy bounty!'

As Sadak spake these words, the pleasant vision faded from his sight, and he found himself cast forth by the waters on the beach from whence he had leaped in the morning.

The heart of the unfortunate warrior fell at the sight, and the spirits of Sadak were nearly overwhelmed at the unexpected change.

'But, hold!' said the submissive Sadak, 'if this change cometh through 'my devotions to Alla, blessed be that 'change; for Sadak had rather acknowledge his God on the barren 'rocks, than forget him in the mansions of festivity.'

As Sadak spake these words, he perceived the eddies of the whirlpool to rise with an unusual swell, and a female in vestments of gold came forth from it's surface.

'Righteous Sadak,' said the Genius Adiram, 'I rejoice in thy fortitude, 'and I am happy in being the messenger of thy comfort; but, ere I unfold 'to thee the wonders thou hast seen, 'permit me to lead thee in security to 'that place, from whence so lately 'thou wast torn as a sleeper from his 'dream.'

So saying, the waters ceased from the fissure, and the Genius and Sadak descending into the cave, shortly after attained to the summit of the rocks, where Sadak had before seen the plains of plenty.

As Sadak arrived on the plain, 'Now,' said the Genius Adiram to him, 'arise and satisfy thy exhausted nature, 'and then I will instruct thee in the 'lessons of our race.'

'But, first,' answered Sadak, 'O 'Genius! since such is human weakness, that even seeming good may 'be real mischief intended, let me address myself to that God in whom no 'one shall be deceived! for, if I partake of these viands, he first whom 'I serve shall be blessed for his bounties.'

As Sadak spake thus, he fell on the earth, and said—

'O Alla! thy creature poureth forth 'his praises toward thee; and the 'wretch whom thou hast blessed, adoreth thee for thy bounty.'

'This noble instance of thy gratitude and dependance on Alla,' said the Genius Adiram, 'is even beyond 'my hopes of thee, O Sadak, thou 'highly beloved! To be brave and duteous when misfortune cometh, is 'the lot of many, but few have fortitude to withstand temptations of 'pleasure, and the delusions of security: as joy approacheth, the knowledge of Alla vanisheth from the 'minds of mortals; and when the 'prize is attained, the elated conqueror 'looketh not on him that bestoweth 'it. The delusions of self-sufficiency 'arise out of ease, and man looketh on 'the undeserved gift, and calleth it a 'reward, and the price of his merit: 'but happy is he who receiveth with 'thankfulness, and forgetteth not, that 'to Alla belongeth the praise and the 'glory.'

'O bountiful

'O bountiful Genius,' answered Sadak, 'though much I am fortified by 'thy religious dictates, yet doth my 'heart pant after Ahud, whom I have 'lost, and after Kalasrade, whom I 'left in a tyrant's power.'

'As to Ahud,' answered the Genius Adiram, 'his fate cannot yet be unrolled to thy sight; and Kalasrade 'still suffers for her contempt of that 'life which Alla had commanded her 'to preserve. Ah, poor Kalasrade! the 'bird of Adiram can no longer comfort thee, and the oath of a lawless 'tyrant, is as a flaxen band around 'the flaming pile! But haste, and pursue the waters of oblivion, for many 'dangers yet surround thee; yet thou 'hast well learned, to be most aware 'when perils are unseen. Thy way 'is onward to the flaming mountain, 'in which the waters are hidden.'

The Genius Adiram then departed from the sight of Sadak; and after the laborious warrior had finished his repast, he walked onward toward the burning mountain.

The plain whereon he walked, led him into a deep valley, overgrown with bushes and trees, through which he broke with the utmost difficulty; and when unsupported by the branches of the trees, he fell into watery bogs, where he had perished, but for the broken fragments and boughs which he had gathered to prevent his sinking.

Having passed this morass, he arrived at a river which ran among the rocks, whose source sprung from a wild cataract, which came foaming with a terrible noise in two divided torrents down the rocks.

Here the astonished Sadak stood looking on the frightful water-fall, in wild amaze; and, stunned with the rapid dashing of the torrent, for some time paused, unable to pursue his course, or retreat from the dizzy scene.

No way appeared to pursue his journey, unless he dared venture up the craggy precipice, which broke the two cataracts, and divided the roaring currents from each other by it's bed of stone.

Toward the middle rock the brave warrior crept, his nature trembling at the bold determinations of his heart; and although his eyes swam, and his imagination tottered, yet the steady Sadak seized on the rock, and arose by degrees on it's prominent fragments.

The foam and the surf of the neighbouring torrents washed him as he arose, and the noise of the impetuous currents overpowered him, so that he heard not the fall of several rocky fragments, which came tumbling on every side.

After this fatigue, and scrambling upward, he reached a broad, flat, prominent rock, whereon he laid his wearied body, and looked downward on the waves below. Ten thousand colours played in his eyes, and the rock, whereon he lay extended, seemed, in his fancy, to break, and falling with him, to tumble headlong through the foaming waves.

Fear seized his body, though fortitude possessed his soul, and nature, tired of the struggle, kindly stole him from himself, and consigned him to oblivion: for a few minutes he lay entranced, and as he waked, forgetful of his situation, he rolled over to the brink of the rock, and was falling downward, when he clasped the rock, and secured himself with his hands. Having gained his former situation, by long struggle and labour, he ventured not to look down from the precipice he had escaped, but turning his eyes upward, he perceived he had yet a third part of the rock to climb ere he could reach the top.

His perseverance in a short time prevailed, and Sadak stood on the utmost summit of the rock, from whence he looked over an extended lake to the burning mountain, whose smoke and eruptions darkened the air, and filled it with sulphureous stench.

To pass this lake, Sadak determined to plunge into it, and swim across; but he saw, that unless he could steer between the two currents, he should be hurled headlong down the perpendicular torrent.

Unabashed by the danger, Sadak boldly leaped into the flood, and striking forth his limbs with the utmost dexterity, in a short time gained the opposite shore of the lake.

Here the hot cinders blown from the mountain, fell in black showers upon him, and scorched his raiment and his flesh; till Sadak gathering a large bundle of wet flags, which grew on the

the watery banks, he tied them with his ſaſh, and placed them over his head, for his ſecurity againſt the burning coals.

In this manner he marched onward, the hot ſoil ſcorching his feet, and the ſulphureous ſtenches blaſting his lungs, till he perceived an huge cave, through which ran a rivulet of black water.

Sadak doubting not but this was the water of oblivion, ran eagerly into the cave, and ſaw at the extremity of it a fair virgin, ſitting in a muſing poſture.

At the ſight of Sadak the virgin aroſe, and welcomed his arrival.

'Noble ſtranger,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is 'now two hundred hegiras ſince any 'one has been able to reach this ſcene 'of horrors; but to you it is given to 'taſte the waters of oblivion, and to 'enjoy the bleſſings of our immortal 'race.'

As the virgin uttered theſe words with a pleaſing aſpect, ſhe drew of the fountain in a goblet of gold, and preſented the dark waters to Sadak; who turning the goblet from him with an eaſy motion, thus replied to the ſolicitations of the blooming virgin—

'Fair keeper of theſe enchanting 'fountains, excuſe my refuſal; it is 'not for myſelf that I ſeek the foun'tain of oblivion: bound by a fatal 'oath, I come a miſerable exile from 'the Othman throne, to ſeek a death 'more cruel by ſucceeding, than others 'have found who failed of ſucceſs.'

'Then drink of this refreſhing 'ſtream,' anſwered the virgin, 'and 'forget the curſes which Amurath hath 'heaped upon thy head; here drown 'thy former anxious thoughts, and 'riſe refreſhed in the lethargick ſtream, 'to untried ſcenes of pleaſure and 'amuſement; thy ſins, thy follies, and 'thy pains forgot, here take a bleſſed 'renewal of thy life, the paſt be blotted 'from thy care-worn breaſt, the fu'ture all in proſpect, all untried; then 'ſhall the golden dream of hope ſpring 'forth afreſh, and the gay viſion of 'unbounded joy again dance on thy 'ſprightly fancy; wealth, power, and 'beauty, rich in poſſeſſions, eminent 'in fame, in extaſy diſſolved, ſhall all 'by turns ſolicit thy divided mind, 'while not a thought of what thou 'once haſt felt, ſhall ere again moleſt 'thy troubled brain.'

'Such pleaſures,' anſwered Sadak ſternly, 'may captivate the wretch, 'whoſe conſcience wiſhes all the paſt 'one univerſal blot, but Sadak has 'not lived to wiſh the thread of life 'unravelled and deſtroyed. No, vir'gin, though great are the ills I feel, 'yet this, in every ill, ſupports my 'mind, I have not ſought, nor yet de'ſerved, the evils that I ſuffer.'

'For the weak child of man to boaſt,' replied the virgin, 'argues neither 'ſenſe nor merit; conceited, vain, and 'ignorant, their path of life is ſtained 'with error, and perplexed with doubt; 'purblind they grope along, in the 'bright meridian day, and every action 'paſt they wiſh undone.'

'It is not preſuming on a well-ſpent 'life, that I refuſe your boon,' replied Sadak to the virgin of the cave; 'but 'conſcious of no ſtudied ill, I thank 'my prophet for his mercies paſt, and 'value the great Alla's former gifts 'too largely, to deſire oblivion may 'prevent my future thanks; whatever 'afflictions are endured, were meant 'as bleſſings, to increaſe my faith; 'theſe ſurely to forget, were baſe in'gratitude. Whatever are the bleſ'ſings that Sadak has received, theſe 'yet reflect new comforts on my ſoul, 'and theſe to loſe, were little to de'ſerve the future mercies of my God. 'No, virgin, one moment's recollec'tion of Kalafrade's truth, is more 'delightful far to me, than years of 'pleaſure with a ſecond flame. Though 'dead, ſhall I forget thee, Codan! 'whoſe pious cares ſo lately honoured 'good Mepiki's grave! Though loſt 'to me, yet never from my mind ſhall 'Ahud's righteous image paſs. Ahud, 'duteous name! who doubtleſs now 'beyond life's tyranny, quaffs the pure 'milky ſtreams of Paradiſe above, 'richly repaid by his kind prophet, for 'thoſe few drops of life he nobly gave 'the fountain whence he ſprung. Hail! 'righteous, ſuffering family of Elar! 'And thou, great parent of my life, 'look down, and curſe this ungrate'ful head, when Sadak wiſhes to for'get thy truth! Perhaps, partaking of 'this ſtream, I might turn chriſtian, 'and ſell my God for ſome baſe bar'gain; or like the evil Genii, lift up 'my rebellious arm, and brandiſh my 'weak weapons againſt the Almighty 'Power.'

'Noble

'Noble Sadak,' answered the virgin, 'thou alone art worthy to succeed, who hast learned rightly to value the gift thou hast obtained: take then this goblet, and carry to thy prince these waters of oblivion; and fear not the toils of returning, for as soon as thou art in possession of the goblet, thou shalt stand at the gates of the seraglio of Amurath.'

'But, gentle virgin,' replied Sadak, 'ere I receive from thy hands this inestimable gift, inform me, I beseech thee, where is the duteous Ahud, the glory of my years?'

'Ahud,' answered the virgin, 'is hidden from my knowledge; but let this content thee, that thou alone hast prevailed, and been able to bear from hence the waters of oblivion.'

Thus speaking, the virgin gave into Sadak's hand the golden goblet; and as he received it, the cave and fountain rolled off in a dark cloud from before him, and Sadak found himself at the gates of Amurath's palace.

The janissaries, who recollected the features of their long-lost general, shouted for joy, and the populace in tumults proclaimed the arrival of Sadak.

The slaves of Amurath hasted to inform him of Sadak's arrival, and the eunuchs of the seraglio brought him without delay before the impatient sultan.

As Sadak entered the royal apartment with the goblet in his hand, he perceived Amurath sitting with a disturbed visage on the embroidered sopha.

Sadak thrice prostrated himself before him, and Amurath with a frown commanded his slaves and attendants to retire.

'What, slave,' said the royal tyrant, as Sadak arose, 'hast thou succeeded in thy employment? or dost thou bring thy forfeited head a tribute to thy prince?'

'Lord of the Othman race,' answered Sadak, 'the great Alla whom I serve, hath blessed the cause of thy slave, and Sadak is returned with honour and success to the Othman court.'

'Curse on thy honours, vain slave!' replied Amurath hastily, 'and cursed be the pride of thy heart: thinkest thou that thou shalt triumph over thy prince! or that Alla hath reserved for thee joys superior to those which Amurath possesses!'

'The blessings of Alla,' answered Sadak, 'have refreshed my heart, and the bounteous smile of my all-gracious Maker, hath enlightened my soul in every horror I have passed.'

'Blasphemous slave,' said Amurath, rising in haste, 'thou lyest? Alla meant not to bless thee beyond thy lord, but has buoyed up thy heart with treacherous hope, to make thy disappointment greater. Yes, slave, thy master has resumed himself, destroyed thy children, and blessed Kalasrade with these outstretched arms, that thou mightest curse thy God and die.'

'Hast thou prevailed, thou tyrant?' said Sadak, trembling, 'then welcome the black contents of this infernal bowl, for now oblivion's all I ask.'

'Slaves,' said Amurath, clapping his hands, 'seize from the frantick slave that precious bowl! it were luxury too great for him to taste and to forget.'

As Amurath uttered these words, the slaves of the seraglio entered, and wrested the goblet from the struggling Sadak.

'Give me or this, or death,' said Sadak to the slaves around him.

'No, pious wretch,' answered Amurath, 'it is I alone have blessings for thy heart; chained to a damp dungeon's side, each day I will visit, and provoke thy memory with all the joys I lately tasted in thy Kalasrade's arms. When with amorous struggles, the half-reluctant female gave denial to my fondness, and increased my flame; when heaving on love's tumultuous ocean, her breath my gale, her tears my sea, I seemed like the proud Venetian on his holy festival.'

'Thy faith, thy oath, thy honour lost; call not, base Amurath,' said Sadak, 'on Alla more; e'en yet, since death and oblivion are denied me, I'll triumph over thee; for in all the curses that afflict poor Sadak's heart, none can overwhelm his conscience with such shame as thine.'

'Slave,' replied Amurath, 'thy speech is free, I love to hear thy pious resignation; but death o'ertakes thee, if again thy words reflect dishonour on thy prince; for think

Plate V.

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'think not, wretch, so meanly of me, 'that I approve of broken vows; none 'are so hardened, but must tremble, 'though they cannot relent: yes, slave, 'the joys I felt with my fond mistress, 'leave an irksome sting behind them, 'and while I triumph o'er thee, I curse 'myself; but these dull thoughts shall 'be driven from my anxious breast. 'The waters of oblivion are designed 'for mine, and for Kalasrade's peace; 'wherefore, bring me, slaves, the re-'freshing goblet, for my gloomy soul 'pants for oblivion, and I long to sin 'and think it virtue. Slaves, give me 'the goblet. Now, welcome peace! 'and conscience, thou base intruder, 'a long farewel to all thy wretched 'admonitions! But, slaves, remember, 'ere I drink this, Sadak dies.'

As Amurath spake thus, he received the golden goblet from the hands of the slaves who had rescued it from Sadak; and looking with a ferocious smile on the wretched husband of Kalasrade, 'See, Sadak,' said he, 'how greatly 'Amurath doth honour to his slave: 'I drink this bowl to be like thee, and 'fair Kalasrade, having tasted it's sweet 'contents, shall look on Amurath and 'think him Sadak.'

The greedy monarch then raised the goblet to his lips, and drank of the dark liquor it contained; which quickly spread it's fatal influence through his veins, and the disappointed Amurath too late perceived, that with oblivion death goes hand in hand.

Sadak surprized, started at the unexpected effects of the deadly goblet; and the slaves of Amurath, who ran to his assistance as he fell, finding their endeavours to recover him ineffectual, now fell trembling at the feet of Sadak, whom they imagined the janissaries would doubtless place on the Othman throne.

'Lord of our lives,' said the minions of the seraglio, 'Alla hath just-'ly punished the wretched Amurath 'for his broken vows, and thy slaves 'wait thy commands, to cast his 'wretched carcase forth a prey to the 'fowls of the air.'

'Wretches,' said Sadak sternly to them, 'I seek not the power you are 'so ready to bestow; let the faithful 'Doubor be called, that the subjects of 'the Othman throne may be acquaint-'ed with their loss.'

'Heir to the Othman glory,' answered the slaves, 'Doubor, by Amu-'rath's command, is gone to Iznimid 'on the affairs of state.'

'Then,' said Sadak, 'carry forth 'the body of our departed sultan, and 'shew his pale limbs to the brave sol-'diers of the court, to whom (since 'no successor by inheritance or will is 'left) the choice of a new monarch 'falls. As to myself, tell them, I 'seek no honour, curst in all I hold 'most dear. To me honour were a 'grievous burden. Kalasrade, the vir-'tuous Kalasrade, is defiled, and Sa-'dak shall retire for ever from the 'world!'

The report of Sadak's arrival, and the death of Amurath, were now spread through every part of the seraglio; and while part of the officers hasted to acknowledge Sadak for their sultan, others found out the melancholy Kalasrade, and declared every circumstance of the joyful news to the mourning fair-one.

'Is he returned!' said the transported Kalasrade; 'is Sadak, my lord, 'unnumbered with the dead! then are 'my past sorrows like the vision of the 'night, and I again shall rise to a joy-'ful day of constancy and love: but 'lead me instantly,' continued she, 'to his beloved presence, that I may 'bless his conquering arms with love, 'and clasp him once again within these 'fond encircling arms!'

So saying, she hasted with the slaves to the apartment where Sadak stood, with his surrounding guards; and flying in transports, she fell at his feet, and bathed his sandals with her overflowing tears.

Sadak saw her approach with a mixed countenance of love and terror; and his soul, divided by affection and resentment, knew not how to supply his tongue with a proper utterance: but perceiving her at his feet, the tender wretched husband stooped to the earth, and bowed himself before her.

'What! noble partner of my 'thoughts,' said Kalasrade, in amaze, 'art thou dumb with joy! Oh, fool-'ish wretch,' continued she, 'why 'came I so suddenly into the presence 'of my beloved! My loved, my ho-'noured Sadak, behold thy tender 'wife, and bless me with one look of 'love,—Alas! guards,' said she, turn-

ing to the eunuchs, as she perceived Sadak still immoveable, with his face to the earth, 'surely the death of 'Amurath hath not seized on Sadak; 'my beloved hath not drank of the 'pernicious goblet!'

'Oh, that I had drank thereof!' said Sadak, groaning, 'when I stood 'before the virgin of the fountain of 'oblivion!'

'Speakest thou, my beloved?' said the affrighted Kalasrade; 'speakest 'thou, my beloved; and not to me. 'Oh! oh! am I changed, my beloved! 'or—art thou not Sadak!'

The tender Kalasrade shrieked at these words, and fell into the arms of her attendants.

At the shriek of Kalasrade, Sadak rose in wild haste, and clasped her in his arms.

'Partner of my soul,' said he wildly, 'look on thy much-injured lord; look 'up, Kalasrade, it is Sadak calls thee.'

'Dost thou call,' said Kalasrade, faintly; 'dost thou, O Sadak, on 'whom my soul hangeth, call thy Ka'lasrade back to life! Oh, Alla, spare 'me yet, for I am Sadak's!'

'Oh, that thou wast!' said Sadak, relapsing at the dreadful thought. 'O 'that thou wast thy Sadak's only; 'that I could again press thee to my 'heart, and call thee only mine!'

'I am, my Sadak, I am only thine,' replied the faint Kalasrade; 'thine 'only could I be. Not Amurath, 'and all his lawless power, could ever 'tempt a thought from Sadak's love.'

'Wretched Kalasrade,' said Sadak sternly, 'Alla knows my heart bleeds 'at thy distress; yet seek not meanly 'to disguise the dark sins of tyranny 'and lust: thou canst not surely be so 'base, to wish thy Sadak in polluted 'arms!'

'Oh, Alla,' replied Kalasrade, 'what means my lord! By all our 'righteous constancy and truth, I 'swear thou never hast been injured in 'Kalasrade's love.'

'Vain woman,' replied Sadak hastily, 'strive not to deceive me; the law'less tyrant boasted of his crime, and 'cursed my ears with the description 'of his injurious lust.'

At these words, Kalasrade looked in wild amaze at her offended lord; and her eyes, unwilling to express resentment, melted into tenderness and love.

The constant Sadak saw the sufferings of his beloved, and his conscience checked him for increasing the distresses of his injured wife.

'Forgive,' said he, running to her, 'forgive, O virtuous Kalasrade, the 'cruelties of thy Sadak; thou camest 'seeking ease and consolation from thy 'lord, and I have doubled the curses 'of Amurath upon thy much-suffering 'heart.'

'One word, though but one echo, 'of my Sadak's love,' answered the afflicted fair, 'blots all resentment 'from Kalasrade's heart.'

'Whate'er is past, though grating 'to my soul, thine were the keenest 'pangs,' said Sadak in return: 'but 'to hold converse on a publick stage, 'where love, or where misfortune is 'the theme, but ill befits the tender 'sufferers; wherefore, retire, my best 'Kalasrade, and when the royal jan'nisaries have heard my tale, I will 'come and weep with thee in mutual 'wretchedness.'

The fair Kalasrade bowed at her lord's commands, and left Sadak with his surrounding nobles.

Sadak having given audience to the officers of the army, the vizirs and the bashaws of the Othman court, declined their proffered honours; but the voice of the multitude prevailed, and he was constrained to bear the weight of empire on his brow.

The shouts of the faithful rent the air with notes of triumph, when Sadak yielded to his people's supplication.

In the midst of their clamour, a messenger arrived in the seraglio, and declared the approach of Doubor from Iznimid.

A gleam of comfort shot through Sadak's soul, as he heard the name of Doubor pronounced, and he sent his vizirs to welcome his arrival, and bring him into the presence of his friend.

The faithful Doubor soon arrived; and having learnt from his friends the wonderous change, fell prostrate at the feet of Sadak.

'Since he whom Doubor long re'vered is dead,' said the faithful eunuch, 'Doubor rejoices at the publick 'choice of Sadak's virtue to succeed 'him; yet forgive me, royal master, 'if Doubor play the courtier but awk'wardly before thee; born for his ser'vice, I lived in the smiles of Amu'rath

'rath my lord, and let these tears bear 'witness for me, I cannot e'er forget 'so great a master.'

'Doubor,' said Sadak sternly, 'thou 'art not the only afflicted soul that 'Amurath hath left behind him; 'deep are his curses stricken on Ka-'lasrade's heart, and woes unutterable 'are Sadak's portion.'

'Surely, my lord,' returned Doubor the chief of the eunuchs, 'the 'mighty Amurath did ne'er presume 'to break his oath?'

'Yes, he broke it, slave; nay, more, 'and triumphed in his sin,' said Sadak fiercely; 'and thou, I fear, hast borne 'a part in all his vengeful malice: 'all other evil I with patience bore, 'but this extremest cruelty loads my 'distracted thought past human suf-'ferance.'

'My lord,' answered Doubor, 'permit me to lead thee to fair Kalas-'rade's apartment; I yet must hope; 'some mystery unravelled hurts your 'peace.'

'To soothe with words ambiguous, 'when misfortunes past can never be 'redeemed, is a slave's province,' said Sadak; 'but Sadak has a soul not to 'be lulled by women's tales; for 'know, tame wretch, I have already 'seen Kalasrade, and viewed the grace-'ful ruins of my once-loved wife.— 'O prophet! prophet! where was thy 'all-seeing eye, when to unhallowed 'lust thou gavest up the purest of her 'sex!'

'Noble and royal Sadak,' answered Doubor, prostrate on the earth, 'I be-'seech you to consider what mighty 'ills you heap on fair Kalasrade, if 'unheard you cast her from your 'presence, and accuse our prophet, 'whose boundless mercy, like the 'mountains, shades, preserves, and 'comforts every faithful mind.'

'Doubor,' replied Sadak, 'thou 'ever wast to God and man an ac-'ceptable slave, and duly tempered 'submission to thy prince with faith-'fulness to Alla. I yield, good Dou-'bor: lead the way to dear Kalas-'rade's apartments, and Alla grant 'success attend our search.'

The chief of the eunuchs preceding the trembling Sadak, led him to those apartments of the seraglio where he had formerly been seized by the guards of Amurath; and commanding the doors to be flung open, Sadak discovered Kalasrade sitting on the sopha, with her surrounding attendants.

At sight of Sadak, the beauteous sultana arose with wild distracted looks; and turning to her slaves—

'Who is this,' said she, 'who 'basely apes the majesty of Othman's 'prince? Whoe'er thou art, bold 'slave,' continued she, 'depart; or, 'by my beauties, the god-like Amu-'rath shall sacrifice thee to our mutual 'loves!'

'O prophet of the just,' said Sadak, hasting to her, 'what means this won-'derous change!—'Tis Sadak, my be-'loved; Sadak, who comes to be con-'vinced thou never hast submitted to 'base Amurath's love.'

'Submitted, wretch!' said Kalas-rade, with an haughty frown; 'dost 'thou then call the royal presence of the 'love-bringing Amurath an evil? On 'my soul, to me no joy was ever equal 'to his fierce embrace, when with re-'luctant struggles I increased his love; 'but thou, rude slave, forbear, nor 'with unhallowed touch defile that 'form which ere has served to bless 'thy royal master's heart!'

'Just, righteous God!' said Sadak, falling back, 'what are these sounds 'that rack my jealous ears? Have I 'then lived to hear Kalasrade prize a 'tyrant, and despise her lord?—No, 'it cannot be. I see wild passion rolls 'her eye, and madness has possessed 'her brain; borne down by former 'evils, and depressed by anxious cares, 'the unexpected change seized too 'quickly on her soul, and the trans-'ported fair-one ran to meet me, ere 'that her mind was calmed by reason 'or religion. In such a state thou 'camest, sweet Kalasrade, to thy Sa-'dak's arms; and when thy flutter-'ing heart with hasty pulse demanded 'comfort, I gave thee base suspicion, 'and with rude hand repelled thy ten-'der love; as not contented with thy 'sufferings past, in my first royal act 'I played the tyrant on my wife, and 'cursed thee more than Amurath had 'done.—But, righteous prophet, thou 'hast well repaid my base ingratitude! 'Blind as the dark mole, I dared ac-'cuse thy wonderous sight, and in the 'puny balance which my ignorant will 'held out, presumptuous weighed the 'mercies of my God!'

The pious words of Sadak were attended with unusual omens; from the left the vivid lightning flashed, the palace shook, and a thick cloud filled the apartment where Sadak stood, out of the midst of which came forward the stately Adiram, and thus addressed the consort of Kalasrade—

'Noble Sadak, the trials of your 'fortitude are now finished, and Adiram is the joyous messenger of your 'future peace. The beauteous female 'who stands before you is not the 'real Kalasrade, as you will perceive 'when she shall restore to Doubor the 'enchanted ring.

'After your departure from the seraglio, in search of the waters of 'oblivion, I perceived that the obligations of an oath could not bind 'the man that was influenced by revenge, and unmoved by the tender 'calls of humanity: I therefore sent 'by my little winged messenger an 'enchanted ring to Doubor, declaring 'it's virtues, and bidding him use it 'when Kalasrade's distress should most 'require it's assistance. The friendly 'Doubor had in vain employed both 'artifice and persuasion to prevent his 'master from yielding to his passions; 'every contrivance proved abortive, 'and Amurath was determined to 'force Kalasrade to his will.

'In this distress I sent the enchant-'ed ring to Doubor, commanding him 'to put it on the finger of one of the 'ladies of the seraglio, who should 'thereby be enabled to personate 'Kalasrade, and deceive the sultan. 'Doubor, overjoyed, carried it to the 'fair and haughty Zurac, who had 'long pined unnoticed in the walls of 'the seraglio. Zurac tenderly loved 'Amurath, but her lord had never 'returned her affections.

"Zurac," said Doubor to the fair 'princess, "you are well acquainted "with Amurath's passion; every beau-"ty of the seraglio is neglected, and "Kalasrade alone possesses the heart "of Amurath.

"Say then, fair-one, should Dou-"bor give to Zurac the powers of "pleasing the mighty Amurath; if "Doubor should make him neglect "Kalasrade, and seek only thee, what "reward should the chief of the eu-"nuchs meet at thy hands?"

"He should be," answered Zurac, "as the clear fountain to the desart, "or as pardon to the wretch con-"demned."

"Take therefore," answered Dou-'bor, "this ring; and while you wear "it, your speech and person shall be "as the speech and the person of the "favourite Kalasrade: but beware lest "your tongue betray the deception; "and be cautious, and seemingly re-"luctant, that the change of beha-"viour awaken not in Amurath any "suspicions concerning you."

'Zurac readily yielded to the pro-'posals of Doubor, and the eunuch 'secretly removed Kalasrade from these 'apartments, and brought Zurac in 'her stead; but the monarch, fearful 'that Doubor would seek to prevent 'his desires, sent the faithful eunuch 'to Iznimid, and the next day com-'manded the false Kalasrade to yield 'to his desires.

'Zurac, happy that Amurath should 'so soon seek after her, made a faint 'resistance, and the passionate monarch 'took possession of her charms the day 'before you arrived from the fountains 'of oblivion.

'Though born to indulge his pas-'sions without controul from any hu-'man power, yet was Amurath shocked 'at the wild effects of his lust, and he 'repented of his folly when you ar-'rived; but the submissive resignation 'of Sadak, and his superior virtue, 'stung the soul of the faithless mo-'narch; and, yielding to revenge, he 'poured his malice on your heart; for 'which the vengeance of Alla was le-'velled at his head, and he was suf-'fered to drink down the deadly po-'tions of oblivion.

'As soon as Amurath was dead, I 'appeared to Doubor, who was tra-'velling toward Constantinople, and 'I commanded him not to take the 'ring from Zurac, or to reveal the 'secret to any one, till he should see 'me again.

'And now, Doubor,' continued the Genius, 'be you the messenger of these 'happy tidings to Kalasrade, and pre-'pare her heart to receive her lord; 'and acquaint her also with the safety 'of her children, whom Amurath com-'manded thee to destroy, but whom 'thou secretly hast preserved, having

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'stained thy innocent hands with the 'blood of a kid. And that no con-'sideration may damp your joys, know 'that Abud is living, whose failure 'on the burning island was the conse-'quence of his filial piety. Having 'passed the whirlpool, and ascended 'the rocks, he came to the fruitful 'plain; and overjoyed at the sight of 'the fruits that grew thereon, the du-'teous youth plucked several, and 'folding them in his garments, he 'descended down the rocks, resolving 'not to taste them, till he had carried 'them to Sadak, his father: but as 'through his haste to relieve the faint-'ing Sadak, he neglected to thank 'Alla for the gift, the evil Genii 'claimed a power over him, and the 'cause was debated between our race 'and the impious Genii, before the 'footstool of Mahomet. Long were 'the contests of each, and every argu-'ment was used, which either mercy 'or malice could suggest; till at length 'Mahomet determined, that the youth 'should neither succeed, nor be con-'demned, but that he should be con-'veyed to the ship of Gehari, which 'was sailing toward the Othman em-'pire. He therefore shall, if Alla 'permit, return within the space of a 'year to his parent's arms; and in com-'passion to the race of the faithful, he 'shall not ascend to the enjoyments 'of his brother Codan, till, after thy 'death, he hath swayed with fame and 'glory the Othman sceptre.'

Thus spake the Genius Adiram, and retiring into the dark cloud, she left the brave Sadak in the royal seraglio; who, after he had assured the fair Zurac, that she should enjoy the honours of Amurath's sultana, hasted to meet his beloved.

Doubor, who, in obedience to Adiram, had imparted the glad message to Kalasrade, was presenting her five children to the happy fair-one, when Sadak entered the apartment. The sight of his long-lost children filled the happy father with the liveliest transports, and the honour of his Kalasrade so happily restored to him, gave new graces to his beauteous consort. They met with tears of joy, running like fountains from their pious eyes; and while in silent rapture they hung entwined in each other's arms, their beauteous children kneeled around, and bathed their robes with streams of tears.

Conscious that passion had formerly transported them beyond the bounds of reason, they both in secret prayed for Alla's grace to moderate their joy; and having borne the trials of adversity, they now strove to obey the sober dictates of calmness and humility.

And first, kneeling in the midst of their duteous family, with hearts and eyes uplifted to the throne of Heaven, they poured forth their pious praises for their Maker's mercies; then in modest tenderness, indulged in mutual converse, by turns embracing all their children, and blessing their long-lost offspring; and with their tears of joy, fell some few piteous drops for righteous Codan's loss, and duteous Abud's absence.

These happy duties finished, the royal Sadak arose, and went toward Doubor, the faithful eunuch.

'Friend of my bosom, and great 'instrument of all my joy,' said Sadak, embracing him, 'not all the mo-'narch of the Othman throne can do 'for thee, can ere repay thy generous 'services: happy am I, to think that 'Alla will reward thee with the heart-'felt pleasures of an approving con-'science; that, Doubor, shall be thy 'chief reward: for worldly pleasures, 'command thy Sadak's fortune, the 'wealth of all my empire is at thy 'disposal.'

The beauteous Kalasrade and her children followed the example of Sadak, and all with joy acknowledged Doubor's generous kindness.

The good old man, overcome by the affecting scene, in silence lifted up his watry eyes to Heaven, then fell at Sadak's feet, and would have kissed his sandals; but the grateful Sadak raised him up, and seated him beside his amiable Kalasrade.

Serenity and mildness succeeded in the affectionate interview, where all were happy in each other, and where all acknowledged the source of their happiness in the bounties of Alla.

The Genius Adiram thus finished her tale, and Iracagem and the surrounding Genii bowed from their thrones; the children of earth were filled

ed with firm reſolutions of fortitude, and the noble image of Sadak fired their youthful imaginations.

'While the ſons of the faithful,' ſaid Iracagem, 'have received the impreſſions of fortitude from the lips of our ſiſter Adiram, the daughters of our prophet have been well inſtructed in conſtancy and truth, by the glorious example of the firm Kalaſrade; and doubt not, ye beauteous offspring, but virtue and fidelity ſhall be as greatly diſtinguiſhed, and as fully rewarded in the female ſex, as ye ſee it honoured and approved among the ſons of men. Born for each other, and alike endued with an ever-living ſoul, the great Alla impartially regards the ſufferings and the virtues of all his children; and where weakneſs moſt prevails, there moſt his gracious ſtrength ſupports and comforts in the unequal conflict.

'Nor weakly think, ye daughters of affliction, your ſex is loaded with ſuperior ills; though man in ſtrength ſurpaſs you, yet ſeldom, againſt the virtuous and ſelf-reſolved breaſt, prevails his brutal force: guardians of your ſex, our watchful race attendant view your toils, and turn, unſeen, the baſe deſigns of man back on himſelf; or make your ſufferings, when ſuſtained with truth, appear far brighter ornaments than the gem which vainly ſtrives to caſt a luſtre on your charms.

'Fair daughters, perſevere and let no foul intruder ſully the beauteous image of a female ſoul: from your approving ſmiles, the ſons of Adam take their firſt impreſſions; and were every woman virtuous, man ſoon would bluſh at vice, and copy you.'

Thus ſaid the ſmiling Genius to his tender charge, nor added more: then turning toward the illuſtrious Nadan—

'Nadan,' ſaid the ſage Iracagem, 'we next expect to hear the mild doctrines of thy perſuaſive tongue.'

'Chief of our immortal race,' anſwered the venerable Nadan, 'I obey.'

TALE X.

MIRGLIP, THE PERSIAN; OR, FINCAL, THE DERVISE OF THE GROVES.

IN the firſt ages of the Mahomedan faith, the kingdom of Perſia was governed by Adhim, the magnificent, who removed the royal palace from Iſpahan to Raglai, and enlarged the glories of his habitation beyond the example of all his predeceſſors.

The palace itſelf was built on the mountain Orez, ſtanding on an extenſive plain, which was ſurrounded by four walls, two hundred feet in height, and covered with a platform of marble, whereon nine chariots might drive abreaſt. The northern wall, which looked toward the Caſpian Sea, was three leagues in length, and ſupported by ſix and thirty towers, whoſe turrets reached one hundred and eighty-two feet above the platform of the wall.

The wall to the ſouth, which looked towards Ormus, the great city, was alſo three leagues in length, and was ſupported by ſix and thirty towers of equal height with the former.

The weſtern wall looked towards Aſſyria, and it's towers were in number thirty and ſix, and it's length from the firſt tower ſouthward, to that which looked toward the north, was three leagues.

The eaſtern wall, which compleated the fortification, looked toward the kingdoms of India; and it's towers, and it's platform, and it's extent, were equal to the reſt of the walls, which Adhim had cauſed to be built around the plain of Orez, the place of his habitation.

Within theſe walls, Adhim cauſed the plain to be divided into gardens; and becauſe there was no river near, he employed three hundred thouſand men to bring the great river Abutour from beyond Caſcmabat to the eaſtern ſide of the plain, where it entered through the wall under an arch, whoſe centre reached even to the platform, which Adhim had cauſed to be laid on the ſurface of the wall which he had built.

In theſe gardens Adhim built a thouſand palaces for his nobles and warriors; and in the midſt, on a rocky mountain, whoſe ſummit was eight hundred feet from the River Abutour, which was made to run round the mountain, ſtood the palace of the king.

And becauſe the ſoil of the plain Orez was rocky and barren, Adhim employed

employed fifteen thouſand carriages to bring the fat ſoil of the vallies within the walls of his habitation; and he removed the foreſt of cedars, which grew on the mountains of Eſdral, and planted them in the plain of Orez, which he had fortified with walls, and with an hundred and forty turrets.

And now Adhim looked from his palace on the mountain Orez, and his heart leaped within him to behold the works which he had made; and he ſaid to his counſellors, 'Who is equal to 'Adhim, whoſe buildings are as wide 'extended as the Caſpian Sea, and 'whoſe works no man can count be-'cauſe of their number?'

And his counſellors anſwered Adhim, and ſaid, 'None is equal to Ad-'him, the viceroy of Alla.'

And Lemack, his vizir, replied, 'None is equal to Adhim, our lord, 'whoſe buildings are like the cities of 'the eaſtern princes, and whoſe palace 'is as a deſirable kingdom.'

Adhim, pleaſed with the flattery of his princes, retired to reſt, and the next morning ſummoned them again, to behold the glories of his reign.

The courtiers ſeemed to admire the magnificence of Adhim; and they ſaid, 'None is equal to Adhim, the viceroy 'of Alla.'

And Lemack, his vizir, replied, 'None is equal to Adhim, our lord, 'whoſe buildings are like the cities of 'the eaſtern princes, and whoſe palace is as a deſirable kingdom.'

The enraged Adhim, diſguſted by a repetition of the ſame flattery, which had pleaſed him ſo much the day before, commanded his courtiers and his vizir to retire, and he went up alone to the higheſt battlements of the palace, to ſurvey at once the mighty works which he had lived to compleat.

For a few minutes the extended idea filled his ſoul: he endeavoured to reckon the flocks and the herds which had been driven into the paſtures bordering on the river Abutour, but they might not be told for number; and he was pleaſed to find, that it was in vain to attempt to count the inhabitants of the palaces on the plain of Orez.

'But what,' ſaid the diſcontented monarch, 'ſhall theſe glories avail me, 'if the minds of my courtiers are not 'dilated with their maſter's magnifi-'cence? Here are objects ſufficient to 'diverſify the ideas of my vizirs for 'a thouſand years, and yet the words 'which they uttered yeſterday, are to 'day in the mouths of my flattering 'court.'

Diſpleaſed at viewing unnoticed the glories of his palace, Adhim deſcended toward the women's apartment, and conducted ſeveral of his ſultanas to the terrace which overlooked the buildings he had erected,

'Yaſdi,' ſaid the ſultan, to the female who ſtood at his right-hand, 'obſerve the glories which ſurround 'Adhim, thy lord: canſt thou reckon, 'O Yaſdi, the glittering palaces which 'I have built? or canſt thou number 'the multitudes whom thy ſultan hath 'bleſſed?'

'Glory of the earth,' anſwered the Princeſs Yaſdi, 'great are the per-'fections of Adhim, my lord; but 'oh! if Yaſdi, thy ſlave, might ſpeak; 'if ſhe might anſwer her lord, who 'is but as the handmaid of his plea-'ſures, Yaſdi would kneel before thee 'in behalf of her relations, and thou 'ſhouldeſt give to the children of my 'father, an habitation in thy palace 'of the plain.'

'Yaſdi,' anſwered Adhim, 'thy 'requeſt ſhall be granted: but what 'ſaith Tema to the palaces which I 'have built?

'O,' ſaid Tema, 'let my lord not 'be diſpleaſed, and I will ſpeak. 'Tema, whoſe ſoul is love, and whoſe 'ſpirit is fondneſs for thee, my lord, 'wiſhes to enjoy the ſmiles of Adhim 'in the grove, and to ſee none other 'than the face of her beloved.'

'Gentle Tema,' replied the ſultan ſighing, 'I thank thy love; but I per-'ceive the cottager has charms ſuffi-'cient to provoke the affections of 'Tema.

'And what thinks Ahiaza?' ſaid the fond Adhim, ſmiling on his favourite ſultana.

'O my lord,' anſwered Ahiaza, 'you have brought me to an hideous 'height, and my head ſwims, and my 'fancy totters at the diſmal proſpect.'

Adhim could no longer conceal his reſentment; he turned haſtily from the princeſſes, and deſcended from the terrace into the apartments of his palace.

'Let

'Let Lemack, my vizir,' said the monarch, 'be brought before me.'

Lemack hurried into the presence of Adhim, and fell at the feet of his sultan.

'Since those who have chiefly experienced the bounties of their lord,' said Adhim, 'are most ignorant of his 'glories, I mean, Lemack, to go disguised, and hear my praises among 'my less favoured subjects: wherefore prepare the mean cloathing of 'two artizans, and we will together 'issue forth out of the palace, and 'join the conversation of my subjects, 'whose buildings are without the 'walls which surround the plain of 'Orez.'

The Vizir Lemack endeavoured to soothe the pride of his prince with a profusion of compliments; but Adhim stopped his career with a frown, and bid him not by a stale artifice increase the guilt of his former indifference.

Lemack obeyed, and ere the bat had spread it's leathern wing amidst the sable clouds of night, the sultan and his vizir issued forth in disguise into the suburbs which surrounded the palace of Orez.

After wandering some time through the streets, they were met by two merchants, who had just been paying the sultan's tax at the receipt of custom.

'Ah,' said the first merchant, 'these 'are the cursed artizans, who are em'ployed by the sultan, to work up that 'wealth which is squeezed out of our 'honest employment.'

'True,' replied the second merchant; 'but would Adhim be as easily 'satisfied, as one we are well acquainted with, how happy should the mer'chants of Raglai live!'

'My lord,' said Lemack to Adhim, 'let us return; your subjects, I fear, 'are but little disposed to commend 'the glories of your palace.'

'Nevertheless,' answered Adhim, 'we will proceed: a prince should be 'able to hear with indifference both 'the good and the bad; all my sub'jects, Lemack, are not merchants.'

As they walked onward, they met several young Persians, intoxicated with the forbidden juice of the vines of Deran.

'These,' said Adhim, 'though rebels 'to government, will yet speak as they 'think; neither prejudice, nor private 'interest, hangs on the tongue of him 'who is drunken with wine.'

'Tell me not,' said the first, 'of the river Abutour; 'was I Sultan of Persia, 'it should run wine, and the walls of 'my vineyard should surround a province.'

'It is indeed a pretty place,' answered the second, 'and I believe there 'are better wines drank without the 'wall than within it.'

'It is only fit,' said the third, 'for 'the habitation of our sober friend the 'water-drinker.'

'Peace,' replied the fourth, 'his 'fame can never be blown upon by 'the breath of drunkenness; and with 'all my gaiety, I had rather be that 'sober water-drinker, than the brick'maker Adhim.'

The sultan hardly could conceal his rage at the opprobrious epither which the last young man had bestowed upon him; but being determined to prosecute his search, he left the riotous young men without endeavouring to confute them.

Lemack the vizir again attempted to divert the intentions of his sultan; but in the midst of his entreaties they were overtaken by an old man and his son.

'Gentlemen,' said the old man, 'be 'judges between me and my son; the 'young rogue broke loose from me 'this morning, and to-night he is re'turned hungry and cold; and though 'I set before him such food as his 'mother and myself have used from 'our infancy, yet he talks of nothing 'but the delicacies of those who eat 'in the palaces of the plains of Orez.'

'And my father,' answered the son pertly, 'would persuade me, that our 'neighbour lives better than Adhim 'the magnificent, and that he who 'eats little is happier than the prince 'of his people.'

'Lemack,' said Adhim, 'let these 'and the young men, and the mer'chants, be brought before me to'morrow, that we may know what 'they mean, by preferring their neigh'bour to their prince.'

Lemack promised to obey, and Adhim still pursued his walk.

And now they met a little family, following the heels of a man and woman in mean attire, who filled the streets with their piteous lamentations.

'Pity,

'Pity, good Muſſulmen,' ſaid the man, 'have pity on a poor family, 'who are oppreſſed by the hand of 'power, and who are ruined, that their 'ruin may add a needleſs ſplendour 'to thoſe who are capable of ſporting 'with the miſeries of mankind!'

'Of whom do you complain?' ſaid Adhim, kindly walking up to them.

'Alas,' anſwered the man, 'ſo 'wretched are we, that we dare not 'mention the name of our oppreſſor; 'and but for the bounty of one who 'this day relieved us, we had periſhed 'in the ſtreets.'

'Lemack,' ſaid Adhim, whiſpering his vizir, 'relieve them to-night, and 'to-morrow let them be brought with 'the merchants, and thoſe we have al-'ready met.'

'Commander of the faithful,' replied Lemack, 'thy ſlave will obey 'the voice of his lord: but the un-'wholeſome dew falleth from the hea-'vens, and my lord will be wet by the 'ſickly ſteam.'

'Lemack,' ſaid Adhim, 'we will 'enquire what means that crowd be-'fore us, and then return to the royal 'palace.'

'Alas! alas!' cried a frantick female, who preceded the crowd, 'Queſ-'ſhad, the faithful Queſhad, who ſup-'ported my tender infants with the 'ſweat of his brow, is no more! Thy 'limbs, O Queſhad, are broken, yet 'not by toil! Thy life is waſted, while 'as yet thou haſt ſtrength to go forth 'to the labours of the day!'

'Unfortunate wife of Queſhad,' ſaid one, who endeavoured to alleviate her afflictions, 'mitigate thy grief; and 'know, that Alla hath, for wiſe pur-'poſes, made this trial of thy faith. 'Queſhad, O mourner, was indeed a 'tender huſband to thee; but Queſhad 'was not thy God. There are yet left 'thoſe who can pity thy misfortunes, 'and relieve thy diſtreſs; and doubt-'leſs the righteous Adhim, when he 'hears thy huſband loſt his life in fi-'niſhing the mighty buildings he hath 'erected, will pour the bounties of a 'monarch into thy widowed arms.'

'O mighty Alla,' ſaid Adhim, ſighing in ſecret to his vizir; 'are theſe the 'glories I propoſed, when I employed 'all my ſubjects in ſuch works of 'magnificence! O Lemack, Lemack, 'I fear I am wrong! However, bring 'this widow and her friend, who has 'ſo juſtly anſwered for his ſultan, be-'fore me to-morrow.'

Lemack employed the greateſt part of the night in finding out thoſe who were the next morning to appear before his prince, while Adhim lay extended and reſtleſs on the downy ſopha.

In the morning, the divan was crouded, and the people were in tumults to know for what cauſe ſo many priſoners were brought before the throne of Adhim.

No ſooner was the ſultan ſeated, than Lemack preſented the two merchants before him.

'Merchants,' ſaid Adhim, 'what 'I heard not as a prince, I ſhall not 'puniſh as a prince; only be cautious 'for the future, not to load your go-'vernors with undeſerved calumnies; 'and tell me truly, whom you dared 'wiſh in the throne of Adhim your ſul-'tan?'

The merchants were confounded at the ſpeech of Adhim; but perceiving he had over-heard them the night before, they fell at his feet, and beſought his pardon: and the ſecond merchant ſaid—

'Alla forbid thy ſlave ſhould ſee 'any other than Adhim, my lord, on 'the throne of his forefathers; not-'withſtanding, I confeſs, I meant to 'praiſe the temperate virtues of Mirglip 'the Perſian.'

'Lemack,' ſaid Adhim, 'bring for-'ward the young men, who deſpiſed 'the law of Mahomet—and, vizir, re-'member, that when all theſe are diſ-'miſſed, ſeek out this Mirglip, and 'bring him before me.'

The young men, aſhamed of their debauch, fell with their faces before the throne; and Adhim, gently chiding them for their exceſs, enquired of them, who they meant to praiſe for his temperate behaviour.

The young men returned their thanks to the ſultan for his clemency; and the third ſaid—

'Next to our ſultan, Mirglip, the 'Perſian, is beloved in the ſtreets of 'Raglai.'

Lemack frowned at theſe words, and he curſed the ſpeaker in his heart: but the vizir diſſembled his rancour, and brought the old man and his ſon before the throne of Adhim.

'From whence, O young man,' ſaid

the sultan, 'hast thou learned to de-
'spise thy parents, and to disregard the
'authority of those who are set over
'thee?'

'Prince of thy people,' answered the young man, trembling, 'forgive the
'follies of an inexperienced youth, and
'I will ever hereafter frame my con-
'duct from the example of the temper-
'ate Mirglip.'

'What!' said the king, astonished,
'is Mirglip the neighbour of all my
'subjects?'

'He was indeed,' answered the old father, 'that bright pattern of tempe-
'rance which I last night proposed as
'an example to my son.'

The old man and his son retiring, Lemack, the vizir, brought the poor man and his family before the sultan.

'Of whom didst thou complain last
'night, 'said the sultan to him, 'when
'thy dark words did seem to cast a
'shadow on thy prince?'

'Forgive me, glory of Persia,' answered the poor man, 'if an heart,
'overloaded with sorrows, poured
'forth a part of it's distress in the ear
'of it's prince: indeed, commander of
'the faithful, the miseries which my
'little ones have suffered, since my
'cottage in the valley was destroyed, to
'make room for the mighty engines
'which drew down thy cedars from
'the mountains, forced me to com-
'plain in the bitter anguish of my
'woes.'

'Slave,' answered the sultan, 'thou
'mayest well ask forgiveness for thy
'presumption; but I have resolved not
'to punish; and even thy slander shall
'not make void the purpose of my
'heart: but who was this stranger
'that relieved thee, of whom thou
'spakest in such terms of praises?'

'Master of my life,' answered the poor man, 'to the good Mirglip do I
'owe my own and my children's ex-
'istence.'

'These slaves,' said Lemack, 'are
'confederates in their tale; and some
'enemy of thy peace, O royal Adhim,
'means to set up this hypocrite above
'his lord.'

'Thy surmize, O Lemack,' said the sultan, 'is just: but let us hear these
'last whom we met yesternight, ere
'we proceed to pass on this upstart
'Mirglip such judgment as his inso-
'lence deserves.'

The poor man and his family being dismissed, he who had comforted the wife of Queshad came forward, with the sorrowful widow on his right-hand, whose distresses he endeavoured to alleviate, by representing to her the amiable generosity of Adhim, before whom she was about to appear.

The disconsolate widow fell trembling at the feet of Adhim, and her words, which strove for utterance, were stopped by heavings sighs, and an heart swelled with affliction.

The stranger who attended the widow, viewed with compassionate eyes the sorrows of her soul, and with silent respect, seemed to wait the commands of Adhim, to speak in her behalf.

'Stranger,' said the Sultan Adhim to him, 'I applaud your compassion,
'and as you have been the support, be
'also the voice of your female friend.'

'Guardian of our faith,' answered the stranger, 'this widow is indeed
'my friend, for she is a Persian, and
'also a follower of our holy prophet;
'and although I never beheld her till
'yesterday, yet hath her necessities knit
'us together in the bond of friendship.'

'Stranger,' said the sultan, smiling,
'I understand you; you are charmed
'with the beauteous sorrows of this
'amiable widow, and you are ready
'to renew the vows which Queshad
'doth now remember no more.'

'Prince of thy people,' replied the stranger, 'thy slave would never wish
'to countenance ingratitude to those
'whom we have lost. Grief is the na-
'tural tribute of a fond heart, to the
'memory of the beloved. And though
'I have besought the widow of Que-
'shad to moderate her affliction, yet
'should I grieve to see her change her
'pious tears for wanton dimples. No,
'prince, moved only by humanity, I
'met, and as my poor endeavours
'could, I succoured the distressed;
'and now, by royal Adhim's kind
'permission, I kneel before my prince's
'throne, an humble suppliant for an
'helpless widow.'

'Lemack,' said the sultan, turning hastily toward his vizir, 'thinkest thou
'the new favourite, Mirglip, has
'half the virtues of this man before
'me? haste, vizir, and bring him here,
'and I will engage our stranger shall
'in every grace exceed this upstart
'Mirglip.'

As

As the Sultan Adhim ſpake thus, the ſtranger fell with his face before the throne, and he ſaid—

'If Mirglip hath offended his prince, 'let thy guards, O ſultan, here ſtrike, 'and ſacrifice him to thy juſt reſentment.'

'What,' ſaid Adhim, ſtarting, 'art 'thou too Mirglip? Officious ſlave! 'was it not ſufficient to ſend this flattering crew before me, but muſt thou 'alſo act thy baſe hypocriſy in perſon 'here?'

'Merciful Adhim,' ſaid the Vizir Lemack, 'let this truſty ſcymitar lay 'bare the traitor's boſom, and relieve 'my prince from ſuch daring rebellion.'

'Hold, Lemack,' ſaid the ſultan ſternly, 'and defile not my reign with 'ſo mean a ſacrifice: no, let him live; 'and if indeed he be the man fame 'ſpeaks him, he well were worthy of 'a monarch's favour.'

The ſubjects of Adhim hearing the noble ſentence of their prince, made the vaulted divan echo with their praiſe, and every eye but Lemack's ſparkled with a joyous tear.

However, the cautious vizir perceiving the purpoſe of his maſter Adhim, and the ſatisfaction of the populace, veiled his malice with a courtier's ſmile, and deſcending from his ſeat, he gave his hand to Mirglip, and raiſed the proſtrate Perſian from the earth.

'O royal Adhim,' ſaid Mirglip, ere he roſe, 'if with a view to worldly 'honour only I had done my duty, or 'to court the ſoft air of gentle breath-'ing flattery, then might my prince 'with indignation view the rebel Mir-'glip; but ſurely, prince, to follow 'the holy precepts of our law, in ho-'nour of my prophet, is not a deed 'deſerving royal Adhim's hatred!'

'Mirglip,' ſaid Adhim, 'riſe; thy 'prince applauds thy holy zeal, and 'thou ſhalt live within my ſpacious 'walls, that daily I may hear thy vir-'tuous converſe.'

'Bountiful ſultan,' anſwered Mirglip, 'in humble meanneſs bred a na-'tive of the foreſt, the honours of my 'lord would wear unhandſomely upon 'thy ſlave, and I ſhould act the cour-'tier with an aukward grace: rather, 'if it pleaſe my prince, let Mirglip ſtill 'among the meaneſt wander, ſufficiently rewarded for his labours, that 'Adhim once hath deigned to bleſs his 'life with an approving ſmile.'

'What,' ſaid the ſultan, aſtoniſhed, 'canſt thou reſiſt the offers of thy 'prince? Are not the tribes of Xemi 'the mightieſt of my ſubjects? Are 'not the captains of the hoſt of Feriz 'in the long toils of war renowned? 'Are not theſe all anxiouſly ſoliciting 'to be admitted into the palaces of the 'plain of Orez, and ſhall Mirglip, a 'baſe peaſant, dare refuſe the boun-'ties of his lord? Yes, peaſant as 'thou art,' continued the ſultan, 'thy 'folly be thy puniſhment; go, live in-'glorious, in the cottages of the foreſt, 'and every hour lament the loſt affec-'tions of thy prince.'

Thus ſaid the ſultan, nor ſuffered a reply, but haſtily withdrew with Lemack from the divan; while the populace with tears departed, all wondering at the abſtinence of their favourite Mirglip.

The pride of Adhim was ſeverely rebuked by the indifference of Mirglip, and he looked on his palaces with contempt, ſince they were unable to raiſe his fame among his ſubjects, or to tempt the admiration of a rude peaſant.

Lemack with pleaſure ſaw the emotion of his maſter; the peace of Adhim was indifferent to the vizir, ſo long as no upſtart favourite was likely to deſtroy his intereſt with his prince.

'The well inſtructed and the inge-'nuous mind alone,' ſaid the vizir to Adhim, 'can admire the extenſive 'works of Adhim, my lord; to Mir-'glip, and his tribe of peaſants, theſe 'beauteous piles look like the ſteep 'mountains, which the labouring hind 'toils over, without reflecting on it's 'mighty founder: as the bird, with 'out-ſtretched wing, poiſed on the 'buoyant air, obliquely ſkims upon a 'palace or a cottage, and in it's na-'tive ignorance, knows not the Sultan 'of Perſia from the peaſant of the 'mountain.'

'Thy words,' replied Adhim, 'though meant to ſoothe my gloom, 'do truly add a poignant ſting thereto; 'I have ſeen, O Lemack, the buſy 'thruſh with impotent anxiety fram-'ing it's little neſt, and I have ſmiled 'to view the inſignificant beams of it's 'dwelling-place: yet, Lemack, that

'thrush, perhaps, is now regardless 'of my palaces, with a few airy cir- 'clets circumscribing thy Adhim's 'magnificence; and, should I venture 'forth, might chirrup out a careless 'note above, and mute upon thy 'prince, whom all the armies of the 'Persian empire might vainly follow 'to revenge his pastime.'

'My prince,' answered Lemack, 'is 'merry with his slave.'

'Thy prince,' answered Adhim, 'is dissatisfied with his own magnifi- 'cence, when he sees that a peasant 'may be more esteemed for his private 'virtues, than the Sultan of Persia for 'his stately palaces; nay, Lemack, I 'myself esteem this Mirglip, and thou 'shalt haste, and pay that widow, 'whom he so charitably supported, an 'hundred sequins.'

'Alas, glory of the east,' answered the vizir, 'shall Adhim, then, the Sul- 'tan of Persia, stoop beneath a peasant? 'Shouldest thou heap half the wealth 'of thy kingdom on this woman, not 'thine, but Mirglip's, would be the 'praise, and the hypocritical peasant 'should seem to make thee but the 'treasurer of his coffers.'

'Sooner let the widow waste like 'the live ember,' said the sultan, 'than such reflections glance on Ad- 'him.'

'But why, O prince,' said Lemack, 'should a peasant's follies haunt thy 'fancy? Hath not my lord ten thou- 'sand slaves that wait upon his plea- 'sure? For thee the undaunted hunts- 'man rouzes with his well-poised 'spear the tawny monarch of the fo- 'rest, or with dexterous eye marks 'where the panther hides it's callous 'offspring; or drawing with keen aim 'the feathered arrow, buries it's 'bearded point within the spotted ty- 'ger's back; for thee the clarion 'sounds, and the brisk trumpet blows 'it's lively note to mark thy footsteps; 'for thee, returning from his watry 'bed, the sun lights up the grey morn, 'and kindles for thy pleasure the ge- 'nial face of day; for thee the bloom- 'ing virgins of the east dissolve in 'amorous sighs; while every eye, at- 'tendant on thy will, beams not, un- 'less thy favour light it up, and give 'it life.'

'And where is the joy,' said Ad- him, 'that, tyrant of the wood, I 'spread destruction? that, cursed by 'me, the lordly lion dies; or that the 'tender progeny, which Heaven gives 'the panther, I destroy? What praise 'shall Adhim challenge, Lemack, that 'the tyger writhes his bloody back, 'and groans out beastly signs to give 'me pleasure? That my fame hangs 'upon the filthy blast of some swoln 'trumpeter? Or shall I think the sun 'awaits my call, who long before my 'realms receive a distant ray, is listen- 'ing to the whittle of some eastern hus- 'bandman? Yet worse than all these, 'thou settest my honour on a woman's 'smile; and wouldest persuade thy Ad- 'him, that greedy eye glistens at me, 'which glistens at my gold. No, Le- 'mack, without a self-approving con- 'science, and a virtuous mind, base 'are the pleasures of an human soul; 'and Mirglip, by one righteous deed, 'shall gain more solid comfort, than 'royal Adhim on the Persian throne.

'Lemack,' continued the sultan, 'this Mirglip shall be our friend; and 'thou, ere morning dawns, shalt court 'him to thy prince.'

'The will of Adhim,' replied Le- mack, 'be his vizir's law.'

Thus said the jealous vizir, and re- tired from the palace of Adhim, un- willing to execute the commands of his master, and yet fearful of disobeying his orders.

'This villainous slave,' said Le- mack, as he went from the presence of Adhim, 'has, by his stale virtues, cor- 'rupted the magnificent heart of Ad- 'him, my lord. While Adhim led 'his rivers through the rocks, I led 'Adhim through the blind vallies of 'deceit; and when ambition stirred, I 'set my royal builder to rise from 'stone to stone, and scale the clouds: 'long with such fruitless toil, he pleased 'his infant mind, and big with mighty 'plans of moving barren mountains, 'he left the lower offices of govern- 'ment to me: then luxurious plunder 'filled my chests; and as I passed, the 'children cried, the widows shrieked, 'and the astonished populace hid their 'heads, and cried, "Hush! prostrate "fall, the Vizir Lemack comes!" Then 'every step I took, great Lemack trod 'upon some abject neck, and the delud- 'ed Persian thought death by my hand 'was a safe passport into Paradise: if 'with hot eye I caught a female glance,

'the

'the husband trembling came, and of-
'fered me his wife, proud that from
'Lemack's loins should rise his future
'progeny; or if the cold senseless ma-
'tron sighed out a denial, her house
'erased, her children slaughtered, and
'her husband pierced with the bloody
'stake, were the first tokens of my
'least displeasure.

'Such Lemack was, while Adhim
'was a builder; but now his plan com-
'pleat, his tower erected, and his plain
'inclosed, his busy mind unsatisfied,
'seeks new diversion, and for want of
'vice, virtue has made a faint attempt
'upon his heart. But I will stir the
'infernal race, and raise up phantoms
'to elude his search; and chiefly, that
'no starch example lead him forward,
'this Mirglip shall find a ready way
'to that heaven which he longs for;
'that every pious fool may know, how
'dangerous it is to ape a saint, where
'Lemack reigns.'

Such were the thoughts of Lemack, the Vizir of Adhim, as he passed from the presence of his sultan, to his own palace on the plains of Orez; and in the rancorous malice of his heart, he resolved to send forth a midnight executioner to destroy the virtuous peasant Mirglip, whose actions had made such an impression on the mind of Adhim.

But the crafty vizir soon considered, that the blast of opposition would increase the reviving flame of Adhim's virtue, and that to destroy one vigorous plant, would be to raise a thousand shoots around the expiring stock; he therefore resolved to work in secret craftiness, and that very night to go in search of the Sorcerer Falri, under whose tuition he had been bred in the dark caves of Goruou.

For this purpose, the Vizir Lemack exchanged his gorgeous robes of state, for the religious weeds of a poor devotee; but that his sanctified appearance might not have too much of the reality of religion, he hid under his outward rags a meal of royal delicacies, and a flaggon of the delicious produce of the vintage of Tihi.

Thus equipped, he walked forth toward the caves of Goruou, which were in a secret part of the forest about three leagues from the royal buildings; and, fearful of a discovery, he avoided every Persian in his walk, lest they should know the disguised vizir, and revenge themselves on the publick author of all their wrongs.

The cave of Falri was surrounded with unhallowed swine, who grunted on the dark and filthy leaves of corn, which the sorcerer had prepared for their sustenance and their bed: an ill-savoured steam arose from their hides, and the neighbouring woods were filled with the loud snarling of the guards of Falri.

As Lemack, pressing the beastly muck with his wet sandals, passed the hot-smelling swine; they all, with erected bristles, endeavoured to oppose his passage, till scenting the delicacies which were hidden beneath his rags, they ran upon him, and unless he had suddenly entered into the presence of Falri, they had destroyed the vizir.

The cave of Falri smelt not more delicately than the swine before it; on every side appeared the disgorged marks of drunkenness and gluttony, and the sour steam which issued from the covered pavement, assured Lemack, that he came too late to partake of the debauch of Falri.

At the upper end of the cave, the sorcerer lay extended, pressing his aching forehead with an hand besmeared with grease, and with the lees of wine; his little red ferret eyes were half squeezed by anguish from their bleared sockets, and his cheeks scalded with the fiery rheum, and bloated by excess, shone discoloured with a thousand hues. Blotches, carbuncles, and warts, adorned his glowing nose, and in his filthy beard, the different sauces of a week's extravagance were closely matted: his lips, chapped and divided by the burning steam of his overloaded stomach, discovered his foul teeth, clogged by corrupted food, and black with rottenness; and on his furred and fever-parched tongue hung not a drop of moisture. Over his unwieldy paunch, and lifeless limbs, were thrown a few disordered garments, but in contrary fashion to their real use; the turban, unfolded, covered his feet, and the vest was wrapped round his head, while his unseemly parts were left exposed, and emblems of his beastlihood. Beside him stood his tube, burning with the fœtid herb tobacco, filling the cave with it's poisonous odour, and on his right-

right-hand was placed a calabash of the spirituous juice of rice.

'As the Vizir Lemack entered, the Sorcerer Falri filled the cave with curses and execrations; but when he perceived it was his pupil in disguise, the wretch arose with many a stagger on his tottering legs, and ran with out-stretched arms to hold him in his nauseous gripe.

'What bringeth Lemack,' said the ferret-eyed sorcerer, 'from the feasts 'of Raglai to the caves of Falri? Are 'all the oxen of the plains of Orez de'voured? or are the royal flaggons of 'Adhim exhausted?'

'Thy son,' answered Lemack, sighing, 'was once the pride of Orez, and 'the voice of his mouth was a law in 'Persia; Adhim was magnificent, and 'Lemack was absolute; my days were 'crowned with festivals, and my nights 'with debauch; but soon these joyous 'carousals shall be no more, Adhim 'awakes to virtue, and an abstemious 'peasant will shortly be his guide, un'less the power of Falri shake from his 'security the abstemious Mirglip.'

'What, Lemack,' answered Falri, 'art thou a vizir in Persia, and comest 'thou to me to destroy a peasant for 'thee! Let thy guards this night dis'member the abstemious Mirglip, and 'to-morrow rise, and fear not to meet 'thine enemy in thy paths.'

'The nature of Adhim, my sultan,' replied Lemack, 'will not be deceived; 'when Mirglip shall be missing, his 'whole pursuit shall be after the mur'derer, and Lemack at length be sa'crificed.'

'Then,' answered Falri, 'leave him 'to thy friend; return in peace to thy 'palace, and to-morrow, when thou 'goest into the presence of thy prince, 'boldly declare that Mirglip could 'not appear before him, because he 'was drunken with wine.'

'Alas,' replied Lemack, 'the sultan, jealous of my tale, will haste to 'summon Mirglip before him; and I, 'detected in my falshood, shall fall 'for ever from before my prince.'

'If such suspicions,' answered Falri, 'rise, do you engage, by the succeeding night, to shew your sultan, Mir'glip drinks the forbidden wine, and 'leave the rest to me.'

'To Falri's artifice,' replied the vizir, 'I will leave it all; and haste 'again to Raglai, and the plains of 'Orez.'

Thus said Lemack, and departed, not forgetful of the viands which he kept concealed in his garments; but willing to feast alone in the wood, after he had left the sorcerer: for his purpose gained, the vizir, who was exhausted by his journey, wished for no partaker in his gluttony.

In the morning, when Lemack appeared before Adhim the sultan enquired after Mirglip the Persian.

'Glory of the earth,' said the vizir, bowing, 'who is he, that is like Ad'him in the greatness of his mind! 'over whom custom hath no chain, 'and who knows not the sceptred 'power of appetite and passion! Mir'glip, O sultan, hath won the hearts 'of all the people; he riseth and scat'tereth abroad the gifts of benevo'lence; he healeth the breaches of 'neighbours; he comforteth the af'flicted: but, fatigued with the severe 'duties of the day, his wasted strength 'requireth recruit; and at night, after 'all his toils, he is renewed with the 'precious tears which fall from the 'luscious grape.'

'Hah! Lemack,' said Adhim, starting, 'is Mirglip, the wise, the tem'perate Mirglip, the slave of wine! 'No, Lemack, it cannot be.'

'O thou,' answered the vizir, 'be'fore whom hypocrisy flieth dismayed, 'and in whose presence falshood dare 'not stand, forgive the tongue of thy 'slave, which wisheth not to utter the 'failings of it's brother! To me, O 'Adhim, Mirglip is allied by the ties 'of virtue and religion; and not with'out my own distress, do I discover 'the little spot which sullies the glory 'of Persia: but my prince requireth 'truth from his slave. Know, then, 'O sultan, that in obedience to thy 'command, I entered this morning 'the cottage of Mirglip; where I saw, 'O piteous sight! his out-stretched 'corse unwashed on the ground, and 'the empty flaggon which stood beside 'him. Struck dumb with the sight, 'I hasted away before Mirglip awoke, 'to relate to my prince the disagree'able tale; and having heard from his 'neighbour, that this is the only fail'ing of Mirglip, which he repeats

'every

'every night, my prince may himself 'to-night discover the truth of my as-'sertion.'

'That,' answered Adhim, 'I mean 'to do, in the same disguise which we 'lately assumed. Wherefore, Lemack, 'leave me now, and prepare to con-'vince me this night of what you have 'said.'

Lemack obeyed; and night being come, Adhim and his vizir departed silently from Orez, to the cottage of Mirglip.

In the mean time, Falri, disguised in the habit of a merchant, entered the city of Raglai, and knocked, in the dusk of the evening, at the cottage of Mirglip; who invited him into his house, and understanding he came from a far country, set before him such plain provisions as he used himself.

The pretended merchant having eaten his fill, sighed; and telling Mirglip that he was greatly fatigued with his journey, he desired him to bestow one cup of wine upon him.

Mirglip started at the request of the merchant. 'What,' said he, 'have 'I received under my roof one who 'despiseth the precepts of Mahomet, 'and the command of Alla?'

'Alas,' answered the pretended merchant, 'Mahomet knows what a force 'I put upon my conscience, when I 'besought thee to favour me with the 'cordial of the vintage; but surely, 'when my nerves quiver and my 'strength fails, Mahomet will approve 'of your righteous deed.'

As the false sorcerer spake thus, he tumbled from the sopha whereon he was placed, and he sighed aloud, 'O 'prophet, save my exhausted frame!'

Mirglip perceiving the distress of the sham merchant, and supposing it real, ran to those who dealt in sherbet, and bought a pitcher of wine, which he carried home and set on the ground before the sorcerer.

It happened, that as Mirglip was entering his cottage, Adhim and Lemack passed him in disguise; and the sultan saw plainly, that Mirglip was carrying into his cottage a pitcher of wine.

The enraged sultan at first resolved to sacrifice the hypocrite, as he supposed, to his just resentment, which Lemack the vizir advised. But a few moments reflection made the sultan rather chuse to condemn him publickly, than to gain the hatred of his people by a precipitate execution.

Adhim, disgusted, returned to his palace, ordering Mirglip to be brought before him in the morning; and Lemack retired to a joyous banquet, of which he partook with a new relish, as he doubted not but the fate of Mirglip was determined.

Early in the morning, the guards of the sultan surrounded the cottage of Mirglip; and the vizir Lemack commanded a few chosen guards to enter, and seize on the hypocritical peasant.

Mirglip, though surprized at the tumult, yet shewed no marks of fear; conscience spread no alarm within, and he was satisfied that the sword which might deprive him of his existence, could not destroy the inward peace of his soul.

The guards, who were accustomed to strike terror into their captives, supposed they had been mistaken; and that the man who kneeled not for mercy, nor trembled through fear, could not be Mirglip, whom they were commanded to seize.

Being assured from his own lips, that he was Mirglip the Persian, they brought him before Lemack; whose eyes were swoln with intemperance, and whose brow was laden with malice.

'What calm hyprocrite,' said Lemack roughly, 'have we here, who 'has so soon forgot the revels of the 'night, and the fumes of wine? but 'Adhim, the royal Adhim, shall judge 'thee, thou vile sycophant!—Guards,' continued the vizir, 'were there no par-'takers with this Mirglip? Was no 'one with him in the cottage, where 'ye found him extended on the floor 'with drunkenness?'

'Just judge of Persia,' answered the false sorcerer, who then came forward, 'let my pardon be sealed by the lips 'of the righteous Lemack, and I will 'speak.'

'If thou declarest truly before our 'sultan what passed betweeen thee and 'Mirglip last night,' answered Lemack, 'thou shalt be forgiven; but 'till then, guards seize on him, and 'let us bring them both before our 'sultan.'

The crowd gathered as Mirglip and the vizir passed; and when they entered before Adhim, the divan was crouded with anxious spectators.

The

The ſultan ſat on his throne, when Lemack brought Mirglip in fetters before him.

'This, O royal Adhim,' ſaid Lemack, bowing, 'is the man whom 'Perſia loveth more than her prince; 'who in his midnight haunts pours 'out the ſpacious goblet; who cheats 'the deluded populace by ſanctified 'expreſſions in the day, and at the de'cline of the ſun curſeth Alla and his 'prophet, in the cups of his drunken'neſs.'

The populace ſhuddered at the malicious expreſſions of Lemack; and they doubted not but the vizir would prevail, and deſtroy their favourite.

'Vizir,' replied the ſultan, 'we ſit 'here to judge from real facts, and 'not from the warm expreſſions of 'zeal. Who is it that accuſeth Mir'glip?'

'This merchant,' anſwered Lemack, 'whom he entertained laſt night, ſhock'ed at Mirglip's hyprocriſy, and peni'tent for his own accidental ſhare in 'it; he, without compulſion, offered 'to diſcloſe the truth, if Adhim would 'forgive the partakers in the crimes 'of Mirglip.'

The vizir then brought the ſham merchant forward before the throne.

'Son of Perſia, and guide of the 'faithful,' ſaid the ſorcerer, proſtrate before Adhim, 'let my lord forgive, 'and I will ſpeak.'

'Speak, then,' anſwered Adhim, 'the truth, and juſtice ſhall for this 'offence forget to ſtrike.'

'As I entered this city laſt night,' ſaid the ſham merchant, 'yon Perſian 'accoſted me, and willed me to par'take with him of the plain food of 'his cottage; thankful for his offer, 'I followed him, and he ſet before 'me ſome roots, and ſome boiled rice. 'After which, "Merchant," ſaid he, "can you be ſecret? You are fatigued "with your journey, and a cup of "wine will enliven you." It was in 'vain that, in anſwer, I urged the com'mandment of our prophet, and the law 'of Adhim; Mirglip would be obeyed; 'and he gave me a ſmall cup, but in 'his own hands he held one large 'enough to contain a meaſure of rice. 'By frequent pledges we ſoon emptied 'our firſt pitcher of wine; and Mir'glip, not content, went forth to thoſe 'who ſell ſherbet, and purchaſed a 'ſecond.

'The more we drank, the more 'lively we grew, and Mirglip waxed 'communicative; "Merchant," ſaid 'he, "I invite only ſtrangers, and af"ter the firſt night I ſee them no "more: you will, perhaps, be ſur"prized to think that I, but a mean "cottager, can every night ſupport "ſuch an expence; but your wonder "will ceaſe, when you ſhall hear that "I am bountifully ſupplied by the "rich merchants and widows of Rag"lai with money to diſtribute among "the poor; half of their ſupplies I re"gularly diſtribute every day; and the "populace have made a ſaint of me "for my labour; the other half ex"actly ſupplies me with an entertain"ment and wine each night for my"ſelf and a ſtranger."

"And how cometh it to paſs," anſwered I, "that none of theſe ſtrangers "diſcover you?"

"That," anſwered Mirglip, "is a "ſecret which you never muſt know."

'This, O ſultan, made me ſuſpect 'that Mirglip at laſt gave ſome potion 'to his gueſts, to take from them all 'memory of his feaſt; and therefore 'I reſolved to taſte nothing more in his 'houſe.

'What I ſuſpected was true; when 'I was about to depart, he brought 'out a ſmall ſtone bottle: "This," 'ſaid he, "O ſtranger, is a wine of "the moſt exquiſite flavour; I can "afford you but little of it; to every "gueſt I give a cup and no more."

'Mirglip then poured forth a cup 'full, and I pretended to drink there'of, but in truth I turned aſide, and 'poured it ſecretly into my boſom; 'by which means I preſerved my me'mory, and have been enabled to de'tect the hypocriſies of Mirglip.'

As the ſham merchant uttered theſe words, a deep groan was heard through every part of the divan, and the populace incenſed, cried out, that Mirglip, the deceitful Mirglip, might be delivered to their fury.

'The words of the merchant,' ſaid the ſultan, 'are too true; a part of 'his tale I myſelf did witneſs, when 'going through the city in diſguiſe, I 'met this Mirglip with a pitcher of 'wine in his hand.'

The

No more proof ſeemed wanting, nor would the ſultan ſuffer Mirglip to anſwer for himſelf.

'Thy tongue,' ſaid he, 'is uſed to 'deceit, and I will not hear the hypo- 'criſies thou art prepared to utter.'

Lemack, rejoicing, ſeized inſtantly on Mirglip, and commanded the guards to gag him, that he might not, in the malice of his heart, utter any blaſphemy againſt Alla, or rebellion againſt his prince.

The unfortunate Mirglip, overpowered by force and tumult, was led away, Lemack hoped, to inſtant execution; but the ſultan, in the midſt of his anger, felt his heart yearn toward him, and he commanded, that, till his ſentence was pronounced, he ſhould be caſt into a deep dungeon, at the foot of the rock on which ſtood the palace of the king.

Mirglip peaceably ſubmitted to his fate; and, ſeeing no preſent hope of anſwering for himſelf, meekly followed the guards of Adhim to the dungeons of the mountain.

The Vizir Lemack, having thus blaſted the reputation of Mirglip, reſolved to divert the thoughts of Adhim by ſome ſudden ſcheme, that he might the eaſier deſtroy the unhappy peaſant in ſecret.

For this purpoſe he commanded his emiſſaries to procure ſome of the moſt beauteous ſlaves; that, if poſſible, the king might be moved from his preſent thoughts on temperance and virtue, to the looſer phantaſies of dalliance and love.

The orders of Lemack were always executed with precipitation; the vizir, impatient in his purpoſes, would brook no delay; ſo that neither rank nor condition was conſidered, but every beauteous female within the Perſian empire was ſuddenly dragged to the royal ſeraglio.

Out of theſe the artful Lemack choſe thirty, who ſurpaſſed the reſt in proportion, beauty, elegance, and grace, and led them, adorned with the ſumptuous luxury of the eaſt, to the painted dome, where the royal Adhim conſtantly refreſhed himſelf as ſoon as he aroſe from his mid-day ſlumbers.

The ſultan, who, though he had baniſhed Mirglip from his preſence, could not baniſh him from his thoughts, was diſpleaſed at the officious zeal of his vizir, and ordered Lemack to retire with his females.

Lemack ſeeing the determined countenance of his ſultan, was obliged to obey, and he made the ſignal for the virgins of Perſia to retire from the painted dome.

The ſultan, though indifferent, could not help obſerving the joy which one of the females expreſſed at the ſignal of Lemack the vizir. During the time of their ſtanding in the painted dome, her eyes were caſt on the ground, and her arms were folded in deſpair; but when ſhe heard the voice of Lemack commanding them to retire, ſhe alone lift up her ſparkling eyes in tranſport to Heaven, while every other female was diſguſted at their ſultan's neglect.

'Vizir,' ſaid Adhim, 'who is ſhe 'among the virgins of Perſia, that re- 'joiceth to be driven from the preſence 'of her ſultan?'

The fair Nourenhi (for that was the name of the virgin) ſtarted at the voice of Adhim; ſhe perceived that the ſultan had noticed her tranſports, and the pale mantle of fear overſpread her cheeks.

But the fear of Nourenhi could not deprive her beauteous frame of it's delicate ſymmetry, nor her lovely black eyes of their radiant luſtre.

'O Alla!' ſaid Adhim, as he beheld her, 'who art thou, O virgin of 'Perſia, whoſe limbs are like the po- 'liſhed pillars of the temple? whoſe 'breaſts heave like the roe panting for 'the thicket? and the arch of whoſe 'forehead is glorious as the enlighten- 'ed hemiſphere?'

'Lord of thy ſlaves, and terror of 'the earth,' anſwered Nourenhi, 'thou 'ſeeſt at thy feet the daughter of a 'poor countryman, whoſe age and in- 'firmities are now without ſupport; 'ſince ten days was my dear ſiſter Ka- 'phira ſtolen from his embrace, and 'now is thy handmaid dragged from 'his trembling arms.'

'The man who, but in thought, 'hath injured him who gave thee life, 'O daughter of Heaven!' ſaid Adhim, ſtooping to raiſe her, 'ſhall meet the 'fierce reſentment of this arm.—

'Lemack,' continued Adhim, haſtily, 'from whence came this fra- 'grant flower? Has ſhe been plucked 'by force, O vizir, from her parent 'ſtock? or, by her beauties awed,

'led ye her hither as the queen of 'Perſia?'

'Author of mercy,' anſwered the vizir, 'this flower by chance we found, 'and who her parents are, thy Le-'mack knows not.'

'To thee, then, muſt I kneel,' ſaid the fond Adhim, 'thou maſter-piece of 'nature, to know, from what deep 'mine thy artleſs luſtres ſprang; that 'in the plains of Orez I may plant 'the whole family of my beloved, and 'heap ſuch honours on them, as Per-'ſia's throne may give, and thy fair 'beauties merit.'

'To frugal virtue long inured,' anſwered the fair weeping Nourenhi, 'my 'aged ſire would curſe his daughter, 'ſhould you tranſplant him here. 'Curſe! ſaid I; alas, I wrong my 'gentle ſire! No, ſultan, ſweet endear-'ing ſmiles hang ever on his cheek, 'and what he thinks amiſs, in ſuch 'ſoft accent is pronounced, that even 'guilt is pleaſed to hear itſelf con-'demned.'

'By the great founder of our faith,' ſaid Adhim, 'deſcribed by ſuch fair lips, 'and ſuch ſoft words as thine, thy 'peaſant father ſeems a ſaint to me! 'O what power is in thoſe lips, to 'make whomever you pleaſe as amia-'ble as you are! But name him, 'beauteous virgin, that Lemack, with 'a ſumptuous embaſſy may court him 'to our preſence.'

'Forgive me, mighty ſultan,' ſaid the fair Nourenhi, 'but I dare not; 'for when the panders of thy royal 'court came to the happy grove which 'late, in vain, concealed thy ſlave, 'Nourenhi," ſaid my ſire, "let no "man know this ſafe retreat, which "long hath hid thy father from the "eyes of power."

'If ſuch were his commands, thou 'ſhalt obey him, fair Nourenhi,' ſaid the ſultan; 'and hereafter, when the 'imperial diadem of Perſia glitters on 'thy brow, thou ſhalt ſurprize him 'with thy preſence, and tell his aged, 'unbelieving heart, that Adhim is his 'ſon in law.'

'Alla forbid,' replied Nourenhi firmly, 'that e'er his daughter ſhould 'ſo ſoon forget the temperate leſſons 'of her tender ſire! No, royal Adhim, 'Nourenhi long hath learned to va-'lue the chaſte Mirglip's virtues, more 'than all the ſplendours of the Perſian 'throne.'

'So,' ſaid Adhim, pauſing, 'vizir, 'this is well; unſatisfied with his 'drunken luſts, this hypocrite hath 'alſo gained the Perſian females to his 'intereſt.'

'Bred from our infant years to-'gether,' ſaid Nourenhi, 'we long 'have lived with an holy love, and 'Alla and his prophet oft have heard 'our plighted faith.'

'No more!' ſaid Adhim.—'Slaves, 'remove this daring female from my 'ſight.—And, vizir,' continued the ſultan, 'let the ax this moment fall, and 'free the realms of Perſia from the hy-'pocriſies of Mirglip.'

The mutes and the vizir both haſted to obey the ſultan. Nourenhi, with folded hands and ſtreaming eyes, in vain beſought his pity; the mutes hurried her from the preſence of Adhim, and the ſultan was left alone in the painted dome.

Adhim, enraged, ſeated himſelf on his ſopha, and impatiently deſired the return of the vizir with the head of Mirglip; but hearing a noiſe in the court beneath, he looked forth through the lattice-work of the dome, expecting that Lemack, to pleaſe him, had ordered the execution of Mirglip within ſight of the dome.

But the corpulent ſides of the vizir had ſo far retarded the ſpeed of his malice, that he hardly reached the middle of the court, when Adhim looked forth through the lattice-work of the dome, where he ſaw Lemack ſtopped in his courſe by two reverend imans, who kneeled before him.

'Vicegerent of Perſia,' ſaid the firſt to Lemack, 'we come to inform our 'ſultan of one who has dared to abuſe 'the ſacred ears of juſtice with the 'tales of falſhood.'

'Vile, doating prieſts,' ſaid the Vizir Lemack, panting for breath, 'avaunt! 'our ſultan is too wiſe to liſten to the 'dreams of prieſts: and mark me, re-'verend grey-beards, if again, with 'ſtep officious, you enter the palace 'of our royal maſter, I will ſend your 'heads aloft above the gates, to preach 'without your bodies.'

'Vizir,' ſaid Adhim, opening the lattice of the dome, 'I will not have 'the ſervants of my God diſgraced 'without

'without a cauſe; if, contrary to their 'faith, they have offended againſt our 'laws, I bid thee, vizir, be ſevere; as 'they who teach, ſhould practiſe firſt 'the duties they enforce; but if led 'alone by honeſt truth, they come to 'warn me of ſome ſecret falſhood, 'they, vizir, act as duteous ſervants 'to their prince, and I will honour 'them.—Venerable imans,' continued the ſultan, 'you, who have a free ac'ceſs to Alla, ſhall never want acceſs 'to me: yet take heed, and uſe theſe 'ſacred freedoms as becomes the mi'niſters of truth; a flattering prieſt, 'who bids us look to Heaven, that he 'may ranſack the earth, ſhall meet 'with Alla's curſe, and man's abhor'rence.'

The vizir Lemack, finding he was overlooked, endeavoured to retract from his ſeverity.

'Glory of the earth,' ſaid he to Adhim, 'I have, indeed, injured theſe 'children of our prophet; warm with 'indignation, that Mirglip ſhould ſo 'often offend my prince, not even the 'meſſengers of Heaven could ſtop my 'fury, and thoſe whom in my cooler 'hours I love to honour, the favou'rites of Mahomet, theſe holy imans 'of our faith, have I with haſty words 'abuſed.'

'It is enough, O Lemack,' ſaid Adhim, from the window; 'I know thy 'temper is jealous of thy prince's ho'nour: but bring theſe holy men be'fore me, and till their audience be 'paſſed, let Mirglip live.'

Lemack obeyed with a diſſembled alacrity, and taking each man by the hand, he led them upwards towards the painted dome, bleſſing Alla aloud who had placed him in the midſt of two ſuch holy ſupporters.

The imans, entering the dome, fell proſtrate before Adhim, who comanded them to declare the cauſe of their coming.

'O thou prince,' ſaid the elder, 'to 'whom Alla hath committed the go'vernment of thy people, forgive the 'boldneſs of thy ſlaves, who come to 'declare to thee the innocence of thy 'ſervant Mirglip.'

'Good old man,' ſaid the ſultan to them, 'look well that you do not utter 'falſhood before me; the villanies of 'Mirglip are too glaring to be covered 'over by a ſpecious tale.'

'Lord of Perſia,' anſwered the firſt inman, 'it is now ſix days ſince the 'vizir and his guards came into our 'diſtrict to ſeize on Mirglip; and we 'knew not till yeſterday that he was 'accuſed of drunkenneſs, by a mer'chant who lodged at his houſe, or we 'might long ere this have refuted the 'calumnies of the merchant.

'Mirglip, O prince, the night be'fore his impriſonment, came to us, 'and with diſtreſſed looks informed 'us, that a ſtranger was taken ill un'der his roof, who was ſo overpow'ered with fatigue, that he beſought 'him to give him a cup of wine, leſt 'he ſhould die. "Wherefore, good "iman," ſaid the charitable Mirglip, "let me beſeech you to haſte to his "aſſiſtance, that ere the veil of death "be drawn over him, his ſoul may be "comforted by your religious pray"ers."

'The words of Mirglip were ſo ur'gent, that we both haſted to gird 'ourſelves, to follow him to the houſe, 'where we found a merchant on the 'ground, who aſſured us that he had 'but a few moments to live.

'Mirglip joined in our devotions, 'and we ſpent the greater part of the 'night in prayers to our prophet; till 'the baſe merchant, pretending to be 'relieved by our prayers, aroſe from 'the ground, and begged leave to re'poſe himſelf on the ſopha.

'Mirglip yielded to his intreaties, 'and we departed from our friend's 'houſe; but not till he had poured 'forth into the yard, the remainder of 'the wine which the merchant had left, 'leſt his ſlaves ſhould taſte of it, and 'break the law of their prophet.'

'Vizir,' ſaid Adhim, as the firſt iman had finiſhed his relation, 'let 'theſe good men be detained in the 'palace, till the cryers of the city have 'given the merchant notice to appear 'before my throne; and in the mean 'time, defer the execution of Mirglip, 'till the truth of this tale be made 'manifeſt.'

Lemack went forth to obey his ſultan with an heavy heart, for he ſuppoſed that his friend the ſorcerer was returned to his cave, and he knew there was no opportunity of ſeeing him, till night had cloſed the eyes of the inhabitants of Raglai.

The cryers having in vain ſummoned

the fictitious merchant, returned to the palace, and assured the sultan, that no one could discover to them the merchant who had accused Mirglip.

'There is yet,' said Adhim, 'one 'circumstance that may declare the 'truth. For as none have had access 'to Mirglip, whom in our hasty zeal 'we would not hear, he cannot know 'these imans tale, if out of kindness 'they have forged it to release their 'friend.'

The Sultan Adhim then commanded the prisoner Mirglip to be brought before him.—'But,' said he to Lemack, 'vizir, attend him to our presence, 'that no officious look or speech be'tray the purport of our calling him. '—And imans,' said he, 'do ye retire 'into that apartment; where, unseen, 'you may be witness to your friend's 'defence.'

As Lemack entered the dungeon of Mirglip, the unfortunate youth doubted not but that he was the messenger of his death; for Lemack seldom visited the royal prisons, except he came on some malicious errand.

But the vizir, who began to fear, lest he should have appeared too officious in condemning Mirglip, and doubting not but that the love of Nourenhi would soon work his destruction, resolved to put on the appearance of friendship; that, should every engine fail, the promotion of Mirglip might not be the means of his own discredit.

Wherefore Lemack endeavoured to divest himself of that surly frown, which usually hung upon his bloated face, and with awkward flattery, he addressed the unfortunate prisoner—

'They that are all goodness, need 'not fear the malice of their enemies; 'for Mahomet will guard them from 'hurt, and make the worst of men 'their friends. As to my part, Mir'glip, I am astonished at your good'ness, and have severely chid all the 'officers of the state, that they did not 'tell me of your virtues, that while 'my royal master Adhim had been 'employed in the glories of creation, I 'might have had the satisfaction of 'preferring the most religious of man'kind.'

'Whatever is my sultan's pleasure,' said Mirglip, bowing, 'I submit.'

'My sultan,' said Lemack, somewhat offended, 'hath, at my request, 'resolved to hear thy defence; there'fore haste with me to the royal pre'sence; and as you well are able, tell 'some well-coined tale before him, 'till his soft heart relent, and pardon 'follow.'

'If truth deserves no pardon,' said Mirglip, firmly, 'falsehood must ever 'deserve it less.'

The vizir replied not, but led Mirglip through the dungeon into the painted dome; for he perceived the young Persian suspected his sincerity, and pride and resentment prevailed over his hypocrisy.

Adhim having examined Mirglip, found by his answers, that the imans had declared the truth, and that the strange merchant had belyed the innocent Persian.

Lemack, who feared the truth would prevail, was confounded at the noble simplicity of Mirglip; yet was he the first, at the permission of Adhim, to release the two imans, and congratulate them on the success of their information.

Adhim was also confounded at the patience and submission of Mirglip, who neither betrayed any fear in his condemnation, nor seemed elated by the gracious acquittal of his prince.

But in the midst of his admiration, the beauties of Nourenhi possessed his soul; and the sacrifice which he dared not make to his pride, the sultan resolved to offer to his love.

'Lemack,' said the sultan, 'dismiss 'these venerable imans with costly pre'sents; that my subjects may know, 'that Adhim will honour those who 'will boldly endeavour to relieve the 'oppressed.'

The imans being dismissed, 'Vizir, said the sultan, 'bring the fair Nou'renhi into my presence, that I may 'know by what arts this base man 'hath practised on her innocence.'

At the mention of Nourenhi's name, the pale Mirglip sighed; and all his precaution could not prevent the visible marks of fear which possessed his countenance.

'Ah, base peasant!' said Adhim, 'thy guilty conscience has taken the 'alarm; well mayest thou sigh to think 'thy iniquitous purpose is revealed, 'and that thy prince is witness of thy 'fraud.'

'If to love the fairest of her sex,

said

said Mirglip; 'if to engage in vows 'of conſtancy, with thoſe whom Alla 'gave as ſocial bleſſings to mankind; 'if in obedience to the laws of nature, 'to follow thoſe affections which re- 'ligion ſanctifies; if theſe be crimes,' ſaid Mirglip, 'then hath Mirglip greatly 'erred.'

'I did ſuppoſe,' ſaid Adhim, 'that 'a man poſſeſſed like Mirglip with a 'temperate ſoul, had no occaſion for 'the dreams of love: though to the 'world you ſeem auſtere, yet to Nou- 'renhi you can relent, young man; 'and while you preach of virtue, teach 'her dalliance.'

'Virtue, I have heard, O ſultan,' ſaid Mirglip, 'reaches not the rigid, 'nor the ſoft extremes: ſhe never diſ- 'ſolves in wanton luxury, nor plants 'her foot, without occaſion, on the 'prickly thorn: with the fair Nou- 'renhi, I firſt imbibed the leſſons of 'our prophet; and while we hung at- 'tentive on the honeyed lip of her dear 'father Fincal, we both reſolved to 'aid each other through life's rugged 'trial.

'The good old derviſe ſaw our ri- 'ſing love, and checked it not: "But, "children," ſaid he, "reſtrain it's "bounds, and let prudence and reli- "gion lead it onward to your mutual "peace."

'From that hour, O ſultan, we gave 'our plighted faith; and had not theſe 'unforeſeen misfortunes hindered us, 'to-morrow's ſun was deſtined to be- 'hold our marriage rites.'

'Falſe ſlave,' ſaid Adhim, 'amuſe 'me not with ſuch a ſenſeleſs tale: but 'here comes our faithful vizir, with 'his beauteous charge.'

Lemack then entered the painted dome, leading the fair Nourenhi, ſup- ported by a female ſlave.

The ſtately Nourenhi entered with downcaſt eyes; and beheld not her be- loved Mirglip, till the ſultan command- ed her to look up, and caſt her eyes upon her prince.

Nourenhi ſhrieked at the ſight of Mir- glip, and Lemack rejoiced to ſee the agi- tation of his ſultan, when he perceived the love-ſick eyes of the beauteous vir- gin.

'Virgin,' ſaid Adhim, 'take thy 'ſultan to thy arms, or ſee my vizir 'make an inſtant ſacrifice of Mirglip.'

The eyes of Lemack ſparkled at the ſpeech of his ſultan, and he ſtretched forth his hand to ſeize on his ſcymitar.

'If my perpetual abſence from this 'loved image will pleaſe thee, ſultan,' ſaid Nourenhi, 'I conſent; but never 'can my heart deſert it's vow.'

'Then, Mirglip,' ſaid the ſultan, 'yield her to me, and I will place thee 'next myſelf upon the throne of Per- 'ſia.'

At theſe words the heart of Lemack failed; for he doubted not but Mirglip would conſent.

'Prince of thy people,' anſwered Mirglip, 'how ſhall I anſwer the pro- 'poſals of my ſultan, who wiſhes Mir- 'glip to falſify his oath?'

'It is enough,' ſaid Adhim, 'I per- 'ceive both are fixed.—Lemack, invent 'ſome puniſhment that may reach their 'crimes.

'For Mirglip,' ſaid the vizir, draw- ing forth his ſcymitar, 'this ſhining 'blade ſhall ſoon ſuffice; but Lemack 'leaves the beauteous female to her 'maſter's mercy, who yet may ſee, 'when this baſe peaſant is deſtroyed, 'new beams of ſprightlineſs awake 'within her.'

'Hold, vizir,' ſaid the ſultan, 'for 'Adhim likes not the meanneſs of thy 'poor revenge; no, Lemack, thy ſul- 'tan only can deviſe a puniſhment ade- 'quate to their crimes.'

'Mirglip,' continued the ſultan, '—and you, proud haughty fair, draw 'near.'

Mirglip and Nourenhi ſlowly obeyed the commands of Adhim, falling pro- ſtrate before him, and both ſeemed more to fear for each other, than for themſelves.

'Love, vaſſals,' ſaid Adhim, draw- ing forth his ſcymitar, 'was your 'crime; be love your puniſhment: 'riſe, and enjoy each other, and ſo 'far ſhall Adhim be from ſeparating 'your conſtant hearts, that now I draw 'this ſhining ſcymitar againſt your 'enemies, and he who loves not Mir- 'glip and Nourenhi, is a traitor to his 'prince. Nor think it, conſtant pair, 'a ſmall conqueſt I have made; for 'even yet, while reaſon and while 'juſtice perſuade me to bleſs you, in- 'temperance and paſſion urge to your 'deſtruction; therefore withdraw, leſt 'ſome fond ſigh from fair Nourenhi's 'breaſt kindle anew the fever of my 'blood.'

Lemack,

Lemack, who was thunder-ſtruck at the unexpected change, had time, in ſome meaſure, to recover, while Adhim ſpoke; and, courtier-like, he employed it in framing a compliment; which, though true, yet came but awkwardly from the mouth of the fat ſpeaker.

'Thou haſt, indeed, moſt noble ſultan, bleſſed this happy pair: now let not Mirglip's temperance be more remembered; for thou, O Adhim, by this ſingle deed, haſt ſhewn more maſtery of thy paſſions, than this Perſian has atchieved in all his life.'

'True, noble vizir,' anſwered the thankful Mirglip, 'to obey the dictates of temperance and virtue, where obedience is our greateſt pleaſure and our beſt reward, argues but little merit; to boaſt in ſuch a cauſe, were to call natural appetite a virtue; but to give up deſire, poſſeſſion, and a hundred fancied charms, to follow rigid virtue; this indeed ennobles man, and makes the prince his people's parent, and his ſubjects joy.'

'Nor think, O virtuous ſultan,' ſaid the fair Nourenhi, falling at his feet, 'that thy ſlave's beauties are too great to gaze on, though glowing with a ſenſe of royal Adhim's generous kindneſs; ſhall not theſe watery eyes, which thou haſt bleſt, O ſultan, reflect more pleaſure on thy ſoul, than all the brutal joys which force could give thee? Yes, noble Adhim,' continued ſhe, claſping his knees, 'thou art our father and prince, and from thy bounties, as from the lofty mountains, flow the ſtreams of goodneſs on thy lowly ſlaves.'

The generous Adhim, overcome by the gratitude of his ſlaves, dropped his arms on them, as they kneeled at his feet, and wept over them; and ſaid to his vizir, with a ſigh, 'Lemack, I feel more joy in this one action, than all my labours paſt have ever given me; but I long to ſee the reverend father of this beauteous virgin, from whom ſuch virtues are derived.'

'Joy of thy ſlaves, and ſovereign of hearts,' anſwered Mirglip, 'we are bound by every tie to do as thou commandeſt; and the good Fincal, when he hears how greatly Adhim has condeſcended to bleſs his ſlave, will doubtleſs haſte to fall proſtrate before thy footſtool.'

'There is no need of that,' anſwered Adhim, 'your father, doubtleſs, wiſhes not again to enter the buſy ſcenes of life, and mix with anxious courtiers; and much inſtruction ſhall thy ſultan loſe, if Fincal regards me as the Prince of Perſia; for though the ſovereign of a kingdom, I am not yet above the wiſe direction of a temperate ſage, whoſe heart, uncankered with the ruſt of gold, ſends forth the pureſt ſtreams of piety and truth: yes, Mirglip, I am reſolved in ſecret guiſe to tread thoſe paths where thou haſt learned the firſt great wiſdom, to be good; that I may kindle at the glorious preſence of your animating ſage, and treaſure up ſuch knowledge as ſhall bleſs my people.'

The aſtoniſhed Lemack heard the reſolutions of Adhim with ſurprize, and feared leſt his ſultan ſhould require his preſence, at the mortifying lectures of the good derviſe of the groves; but his grim countenance ſhone with joy, when Adhim, taking him aſide, declared his intentions of leaving the reins of government in his hands till his return.

The ſubtle vizir hearing his reſolutions, fell at his ſultan's feet, and beſought him not to think of hazarding his life alone amongſt ſtrangers; and that if he was reſolved to perſiſt, at leaſt he hoped that he would take him to the derviſe, that he might enjoy both the company of his prince and the leſſons of the ſage.

The unſuſpicious ſultan aſſured his vizir, that he ſhould take all neceſſary precautions, but that Lemack muſt ſubmit to hold the reins of government till his return; and in the mean time, he commanded his vizir to ſend for a cadi, and to make all preparations in the palace for the nuptials of Mirglip and Nourenhi.

The city of Raglai, and the inhabitants of the plains of Orez, were ſurprized at the ſudden alteration in Mirglip's favour, which was ſoon publiſhed about the palaces and cities; and every wiſh was, that Adhim would reſume the power of adminiſtering juſtice to his people, and not leave his ſlaves in the hands of the vizir Lemack.

Adhim cauſed the nuptials of Mirglip and Nourenhi to be celebrated with

Stothard del. Wedgwood Sculp.

Plate I.

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with all magnificence; and Mirglip, who had received so much from the hands of his prince, easily submitted to the pageanty of the court.

Two moons after the marriage of Mirglip, Adhim sent for his favourite, and reminded him of his promise; and told him, that he intended to pass for the son of a nobleman, who was desirous of enjoying the instructions of his father-in-law.

Mirglip and Nourenhi were rejoiced to hear that Adhim intended to put his former resolution in execution; for they were both anxious to see the good dervise of the groves, and to acquaint him with the unexpected liberality of their prince; and the constraint of a court was disagreeable to both, as Nourenhi had too much virtue to give encouragement to every fop that endeavoured to entertain her, and Mirglip was too temperate to join in the pleasures or the scandal of the emirs around him.

The time of their departure shortly arrived, and the sultan and his two companions, Mirglip and Nourenhi, passed through the eastern gate of the citadel in palanquins, as part of the family of the old emir Holam, whom the sultan had intrusted with the secret of his departure.

For three days they travelled eastward; and on the fourth, they entered a plain, on the right of which stood a noble grove of cedars and palms.

'It is now time,' said Mirglip, (who was their guide) 'for us to send away 'these slaves back to Raglai, that none 'may know the recess which hides 'our father Fincal from the eyes of 'power.'

The slaves being dismissed, Mirglip, and his sultan, and the beauteous Nourenhi, walked forward into the grove; and the young Persian, by secret marks, led them about two miles into the center of the grove.

The walk under the cedars and palms, though irregular, was pleasant and easy; and the surface of the earth was covered either with moss or sand, which, as no sun could penetrate, was cool and refreshing to the feet of the travellers.

Having reached the center of the grove, they beheld a small irregular lawn, through which ran a narrow clear stream; over this they passed, by the assistance of a rough bridge, made of unhewn timber, which brought them toward a plantation of laurels, plantanes, youthful cedars, and small flowering shrubs.

Through this delightful recess they trod in mazy paths, till they beheld a second lawn, smaller than the former, at the end of which appeared a neat and plain cottage, yet light and airy.

'Yonder,' said Mirglip, 'O sultan, 'is the retreat of the happy Fincal; 'and now permit me for a time to for-'get the honour due to my prince, and 'to look upon Adhim the magnificent, 'as the pupil of the poor dervise of 'the groves.'

'The pupil of virtue, O Mirglip,' said the enraptured Adhim, 'is more 'glorious than the monarch of vice; 'and the soul of Adhim has more ar-'dent longings in this little spot, than 'ever it has experienced on the towers 'of Orez.'

To this the good Mirglip could make no reply; for he perceived the dervise coming forth from his cottage, and he ran and embraced the knees of his friend and his father.

'My good Mirglip,' said Fincal, with a joyous smile, 'you have made 'the heart of a poor dervise flutter 'within him; a pleasing distress hangs 'on me, and the bright beams of good-'ness on thine eyes, revive my sinking 'soul.'

'Thou art indeed all goodness,' said Mirglip, washing his trembling hand with tears; 'and so full of vir-'tue and wisdom, that you seem to 'behold your own perfections in the 'meanest of your friends; if Mirglip 'has a thought that rises towards Hea-'ven, thou, with thy pious breath, hast 'blown it thither; from thee flows all 'the comfort I enjoy, to thee be all my 'praise.'

'Mirglip,' said the dervise gently, 'you have a courtly phrase, and would 'soothe my ears with prayers instead of 'praises; indeed, my good friend, I 'am neither Alla, nor his prophet, 'but a weak old man, who cannot, 'by his taste, distinguish sweet from 'sour, and therefore you do play upon 'my weakness, as though I had for-'gotten that God were alone the giver 'of every blessing.'

Mirglip

Mirglip blushed at the gentle reproof of the good-natured dervise, and was ashamed of that part of his salute which love, rather than reason, had dictated.

'It is enough,' said Fincal: 'forgive me, Mirglip; you know I seldom chide, unless my God be slighted; in his cause, though weakness be our strength, yet must we ever arm, not to support his power, but to declare our own obedience; for all the host of Persia could not create a grain of sand to swell his seas, or his fleeting clouds suspend one falling drop.'

'Lost in attention, I could ever hang upon the honey of those lips; but thy fair daughter, the beauteous Nourenhi,' said Mirglip, 'is at hand, and waits, with a young Persian nobleman, who pants to hear thy sweet instructive tongue.'

'My daughter, saidst thou, kind Persian, my lost Nourenhi! is she with thee on the plain? O bring her to my arms, and thou shalt see me weaker still than e'er thou hast known me!'

Mirglip was strongly affected at the passionate expressions of the tender dervise, and he feared he had been too precipitate in disclosing to him the return of his daughter; but the fears of Mirglip were unjust, for the tenderness of the father, when Mirglip led his daughter to the dervise, did but increase his piety to Alla.

'O righteous Alla,' said the affectionate parent, as he embraced his daughter in his arms, 'blessed be thy name, for thy comforts have refreshed my soul! Nevertheless, teach me, O Father of Life, to love thee above all things!'

Adhim was not an idle spectator in this tender interview, for the piety of the dervise enlarged his soul, and he looked upward toward the heavens, and contemplated his own meanness, and the glories of Alla.

'I see! I see!' said the enraptured sultan, 'that neither riches, nor honour, nor power, nor might, nor beauty, nor dominion, can ennoble the soul of man; which then only is most glorious, when it is most humble in itself, and most grateful to Alla!'

The dervise, whose joy and pious sentiments at the recovery of his daughter had for a few moments taken his thoughts from the stranger, was startled at his noble exclamation, and excusing himself to him, said—

'Pardon me, noble stranger, in that I have neglected to thank you for the honour you do this poor cottage by your presence; but the calls of nature are strong, and she will strive to be obeyed: in our weakness is her strength, and happy are they who do not always blindly follow her undistinguishing impulse. Attempered by reason, and awed by religion, her lively sallies are the great spring of human actions; and had we no passion, we should need no instruction.

'Alas!' continued the sage, 'I forget that your natures, my children, (for so, O stranger, I esteem all who enter under this roof) are harrassed and exhausted by the fatigues of your journey; rest, I pray you, on these mossy seats, and I will let a few roots, and a bowl of water, drawn fresh from the stream, before you; the poor dervise of the groves has nothing more to offer you; but even these, perhaps,' said he, setting them before his guests, 'may become more grateful to you, when you reflect, that they are all the bounties and blessings of Alla; and that there is more wisdom discovered in the growth of a root, than is displayed in the most sumptuous entertainment of the Sultan of Persia.'

Adhim was pleased at the easy conversation of the good dervise, who on every subject found an agreeable method of mixing his instructions with his hospitality and good-humour.

After their frugal repast was finished, Mirglip told the dervise by what means he became possessed of his daughter, and that the Sultan of Persia ordered the nuptials to be celebrated in his palace at Orez; and the good Persian was happy in the opportunity of displaying his generous sentiments before Adhim, who was unable to suppress the relation.

Fincal was so much enraptured with the description of Adhim, that he told the disguised monarch, he was sure the sultan must be like him; which so con-

confounded Adhim, that he had discovered himself to one whose eyes had not been dimmed by study and age.

The fair Nourenhi then began her tale, from her separation from the good dervise her father, to her meeting with Mirglip in the palace of Adhim.

'You may remember, Sir,' said she, 'we were walking at the extremity of 'the grove of palms and cedars, and 'sighing at the loss of my dear sister 'Kaphira, when the minions of the 'Vizir Lemack arrived at the entrance 'of the wood, and seeing a female, 'pursued me through the groves; it 'was in vain that you called upon me 'to stop, I feared that even the elo-'quence of my father would be dis-'regarded by the merciless brutes who 'were sent by the proud vizir, to ran-'sack the provinces of Persia, and 'therefore I fled; and with reluctance 'returned when two of them had over-'taken me in the wood: after we 'reached your presence, the distress 'of my father hung more heavy on my 'imagination than the evils I was 'likely to suffer; and even Mirglip 'was forgotten, when I saw the trick-'ling tears steal softly down the cheeks 'and the silver beard of my honoured 'parent.

'The officers of the vizir shewing 'their orders, to seize on every female 'they thought capable of pleasing their 'master, my father found it in vain to 'resist, and therefore only begged 'leave to speak a few words in private 'to me, which Nourenhi never can 'forget.

"My child," said he, "we are the "creatures of Alla, and whatever the "hand of power or oppression worketh, "is by his permission; therefore bear "with calmness and moderation the "afflictions of life, and in whatever "station it shall please the Just One to "place thee, let this retirement of thy "father be never revealed."

'This was all I was suffered to 'hear; the officers surrounded me, 'and carried me shrieking and crying 'across the plain, toward the city of 'Raglai.

'In a few days we reached the vi-'zir's palace, and I found several 'hundred other virgins in the same 'situation with myself; but they re-'joiced at their fortune, and what 'threw me into the greatest distress, 'was to them the highest enjoyment.

'The Vizir Lemack selected but a 'few of our number, among which 'I unhappily, as I then thought, was 'placed in a foremost rank: but the 'gracious Alla, whose ways are un-'searchable, made me happy, by deny-'ing me what most I wished for; and 'by sending me into the palace of the 'sultan, gave the virtuous Mirglip to 'my constant arms.'

'And I,' said the good Fincal, embracing his daughter, and the virtuous Mirglip, who arose to kneel before him, 'I will constantly beseech the 'Father of all men, to sanctify and 'bless you; nor shall ye, my good chil-'dren, despise the blessing of your fa-'ther, which Alla hath ever honoured 'with peculiar efficacy.'

The good old man then entered warmly into the praises of the generous Adhim; and the disguised sultan was obliged to bear a disagreeable part in his own praises, till evening warned the happy family to retire to their respective couches.

Two slaves were all that Fincal employed in his household; one had formerly preserved his master's life beside a dangerous precipice; and he, the good dervise would say, claimed a constant return of tenderness, while that life remained which he had preserved: the other, animated by the bright pattern of his master's virtues, preferred the enjoyment of the good dervise's presence, to the liberty he had frequently offered him.

These attended the disguised sultan and the happy Mirglip to their separate apartments, where nothing luxurious or inconvenient appeared.

Early in the dawn of morn, when the birds of the grove began their natural hymns of praise for the returning bounties of the day, the dervise arose; and dressed in neat and artless simplicity, he entered a small mosque, which was built at one extremity of his cottage, and where Mirglip, knowing the custom of his father-in-law, had before brought Adhim and Nourenhi.

The dervise first saluted his guests with a pleasing chearfulness; and then, putting on the robes of religion, he began the morning devotions of the faithful; mixing a lively sense of the

mercies of Alla, with an humble dependance on his will, and diffuſing the heart-felt joy which poſſeſſed his ſoul, into the minds of his attentive family.

As he had finiſhed his devotions, the much-affected Adhim went toward him, and embracing him in his arms—

'O holy derviſe,' ſaid he, 'forgive my emotions, but I muſt thank thy good religious heart, for carrying me ſo near the heavens of my God! Could every Perſian hear thee pray, the moſque would be the ſeat of pleaſure, and Adhim our ſultan would leave the palace of Orez, to live with thee in the temples of Alla.'

'My good and noble pupil, ſaid Fincal, gently ſqueezing his hand,' 'I am pleaſed to find you animated by the holy truths of religion; but your tranſports incline me to believe, you have not heretofore thought ſo frequently on the ſubject; the voice of religion, my good friend, is ſtill and calm, is gentle and ſerene, nor elevated by paſſion, nor depreſſed by deſpair, but conſtant and uniform; the reſult of reaſon, and the daughter of truth; born for the world, and living for each other: religion aims not to hide us from mankind, but to teach us the amiable leſſons of ſocial harmony, as well as the humble expreſſions of religious hope; each morn we riſe, our duty firſt to God we owe, and next to man; and to enter not the moſque with prayer and thankſgiving, is an unpardonable neglect: but to hide ourſelves always in it, from the uſeful duties of life, would be to bury thoſe talents which Alla hath given us to improve.

'I ſee you ſmile,' continued the derviſe,' and I gueſs your thoughts; ſequeſtered in this pleaſant valley from mankind, you look on Fincal as a rebel to his own inſtructions: but different ſtations beſt become the different ſtages of our life: once, like yourſelves, youth ſtrung my nerves, and health gave vigour to my arm; my voice was heard among the people, and I read continually the law of our prophet in the moſques of Iſpahan; till ſome of our reverend fathers ſent me forth with certain of the ſons of the emirs of the Perſian court, to travel over the kingdoms of the earth, and guide their opening minds to uſeful knowledge; that like the induſtrious bee, gathering the honey of each various clime, they might return laden with the beſt riches of a nation, ſound policy, and experienced wiſdom; nor bluſh I to declare, O noble gueſt, that Adhim owes the wiſeſt of his emirs to my foſtering care, though little be the praiſe to Fincal due, who but in gentle whiſpers guided thoſe ſtreams of virtue which appeared in the minds of the young nobles committed to his charge. Theſe offices diſcharged, a private duty led me to this bliſsful ſeat, the gift of one, who fondly glories in the name of pupil. Here an aged parent, depreſſed by years, though chearful and reſigned, called for the fond duties of a tender ſon; and here my long-loſt Marinak bleſſed my arms with two fair beauteous daughters, whoſe minds, like opening buds of faireſt bloſſoms, I have watched; and as each beauteous tint diſplayed it's charms, I with ſoft hand gave every leaf it's place and order, till my dear-loved Kaphira ſtrayed, I know not how, from her fond parent's hut, and ſince no traces of her footſteps can we find.'

Here the good derviſe pauſed; the dear remembrance of his happy family drew pious tears adown his reverend cheeks: but turning quickly toward his royal gueſt—

'Stranger,' ſaid he, 'theſe are not tears of weakneſs, but of love, and theſe I glory in; the heart which cannot feel the tender ties of ſocial harmony, is more or leſs than human; to be above the calls of nature I boaſt not, to be beneath them I ſcorn; as Heaven gave me appetites and paſſions, theſe ſhall I wiſh to wear, and guide aright, nor aim at that vain philoſophy, which would give to feeble man the unfeeling attributes of ſtone.'

'But, reverend ſage,' ſaid Mirglip, thou haſt taught thy gueſt but half thy virtues—for know, O noble ſtranger, there is not a family within ten leagues of this plain cottage, but feels the good effect of Fincal's preſence; the youth of either ſex he places under proper tutors and directors, and makes the riſing progeny of Perſia both loyal to their prince, and duteous to their God. Theſe ſtreams indeed in ſecret flow; and as the,

'moon

'moon by night, which though ſhe
'but reflects the vigorous rays of the
'overſhadowed ſun, ſeems not to bor-
'row, but to give her light; ſo are
'the minds of all this ſage's neigh-
'bours cultivated, while few can ſee
'the light which kindles up their vir-
'tues.'

'Fye, Mirglip,' ſaid the good derviſe,
'to deſtroy the little merit of thy
'friend, by blazing it abroad. What
'we give in ſecret, we give as Alla's
'ſtewards; and, unknown ourſelves,
'on Alla, where alone it is due, the
'honour is reflected: but when our
'charities go forth, confeſſed as our
'own meritorious ſervice, we bid man-
'kind give praiſe to us, for what is
'not our own.'

'Nay, but,' ſaid Mirglip, 'to ſpeak
'before our friend, is not to give our
'voice to publick fame, though Fin-
'cal's virtues well deſerve it's loudeſt
'blaſt; but ſhall not this generous
'ſtranger hear how much the derviſe
'of theſe groves exemplifies the vir-
'tues which he teaches, when, with a
'fond generous affection, he made the
'life of his dear honoured mother
'ſmile in age, and happy in affliction;
'when the chief glories of his youth-
'ful ſoul were to pleaſe her that gave
'him birth; when, like the ſtork, he
'made the neſt of comfort for his pa-
'rent, and bore her into light and life
'on his induſtrious wings; then,
'pleaſed alone with all mankind, when
'they were pleaſed with her. Or view
'him in his friendſhip unreſerved, and
'bleſſing all around him, the virtuous
'ſmile light up wherever he ſtepped,
'and peace and joy attending at his
'ſide. Or ſee him condeſcending to
'the meaneſt of mankind, diffuſing
'comfort and enlightening ignorance,
'pleaſed at each reflected ray of know-
'ledge which he ſhed, and healing
'what the rage of poverty or vice had
'maimed. Or view him in a ſtronger
'and a pious light, his ſoul in tranſ-
'ports riſing to the throne of grace,
'his body humble, proſtrate, and ſub-
'miſſive; no thought of his own merit
'intervening, to damp religion with
'the cloak of ſin.'

'O my friend,' ſaid Fincal, inter-
rupting Mirglip, 'it is rude indeed
'to break upon thy ſpeech, and I have
'ſuffered while my pupil praiſed me,
'becauſe this noble ſtranger will be-
'lieve, O Mirglip, that midſt the
'leſſons of the grove, the voice of
'flattery has not been ſhunned; adu-
'lation is intemperate love, or baſe
'hypocriſy; the laſt can never be
'Mirglip's vice, the firſt is his mis-
'fortune; generous in his ſoul, he
'over-rates the little favours which
'his friend has ſhewn him, and ſeek-
'ing to make him great, he makes
'him mean.'

'Indeed,' anſwered Mirglip, 'it
'grieves me, pious derviſe, in aught
'to differ from thy amiable ſenti-
'ments; to nothing but his own per-
'fections is Fincal blind, and rather
'had his modeſty conceal the brighteſt
'pattern of humanity, than that the
'world in whiſpers ſhould declare from
'whence they caught the virtues of
'their heart.'

'The world,' ſaid Fincal, 'gentle
'Mirglip, is unconfined by language
'or by ſeas; and Perſia, to this earth,
'appears but as a ſpot; yet even in
'Perſia, the derviſe of the groves at
'preſent is unknown; how weak then
'for the idle pigmy to ſtretch his
'ſlender neck the diſtance of a grain
'of rice, and fancy all men muſt ad-
'mire him.——But I ſtop, for much
'I fear, my words are but an exerciſe
'for farther flattery: let us walk, my
'friends, around the little ſpot, which
'I, with nature, jointly cultivate.'

The friendly company obeyed the voice of the derviſe, and the good Fincal croſſing the lawn, led them into the riſing plantation before his cottage.

Here, in the irregular walks, they beheld ſeveral ſeats, on which the derviſe looked with a pleaſing complacency, and ſeemed at ſight of each to ſmother in his mind ſome private thought.

'Royal Adhim,' ſaid Mirglip, whiſ-
pering the ſultan, 'we ſhall loſe a
'great part of our pleaſure, in this
'ſhort excurſion, if you do not notice
'the ſilent tranſports of our friend.'

Adhim, obeying the impulſe of Mirglip, went toward the derviſe, and ſaid—

'Forgive me, generous derviſe, if
'I a moment interrupt your pleaſing
'meditations; but I ſee your counte-
'nance glow with peculiar pleaſure at
'each ſeat we viſit; ſure ſome fond
'remembrance ſtrikes you, and if it
'were juſt in us to aſk it, that which

'gives such joy to Fincal's virtuous 'soul, cannot but enliven the hearts 'of his obedient and attentive pupils.'

'These seats,' said the good dervise of the groves, 'which first I raised to 'rest my wearied limbs, reflection de- 'dicated to the memory of my virtu- 'ous friends, whose loved images al- 'ternately strike my fancy as I walk. 'Perhaps, to hear their different trials, 'and their constant victories over life's 'uncertain passions, may be no un- 'pleasing entertainment; at least, in- 'dulge my friendly zeal, which loves 'to shew deserved honours on religious 'actions.'

Thus spake the dervise, and seated his company beside him.

'The first memorial of friendship,' said he, 'we have already passed, and 'though dedicated to my chief affec- 'tions, I shall not affront my second 'friend, whose idea here, by constant 'practice, fills my mind, to sound 'another's praises in his little temple. 'This seat, O Ellor, was raised to 'thee! Sweet Ellor! gentle compa- 'nion of my former years! with thee, 'I trained my early mind to piety and 'virtue; and, polished by thy inviting 'converse, life lost her rough ungrate- 'ful sting, and every change brought 'comfort to my mind.

'This next sequestered seat,' said the good dervise, walking onward, 'revives the memory of peaceful Ye- 'liab, a name sacred to every social 'virtue; whose heart, untroubled by 'ambition, yields only to the tender 'calls of nature and humanity; nor 'though secreted from the world, as 'is this bench from the sun's fiery heat 'by the overspreading cedar, is Yeliab 'therefore lost to publick duties; the 'orphan claims, without a fee, his 'just assistance, nor claims in vain; 'and the poor do bless him daily for 'benevolence unsought.'

The dervise then passed out of the rising plantation with his company, and led them beside the small stream, till they arrived opposite two little islands, which were planted with the overspreading larix; between which islands, a rock, covered with shells, lifted up it's irregular head.

'These islands once,' said the good dervise, 'were barren and uncovered, 'but with assiduous care, I raised 'these waving heads upon them, and 'gave their naked surface the honours 'of the forest.'

'Why, dervise,' interrupted Adhim, 'it would require the mightiest en- 'gines to move these trees.'

'Now,' replied Fingal, 'it might; 'but thy servant was content to raise 'their infant shoots from the bursting 'seed, and every year hath blessed me 'with a new appearance; improving 'hourly on my admiring fancy, I force 'not nature, gentle pupil, but I court 'her, and see her wide-extended arms 'return my love.'

The sultan stood some time admiring the magnificent appearance of each island of larix, and it damped his pride, to reflect that the plantations of the dervise were gaining new vigour from every returning sun, while his exhausted cedars were drooping their majestick heads in the plains of Orez.

They had now reached a third seat, which looked on the rock and the islands.

'Lively Symac,' cried the dervise, somewhat elevated, 'here do we recol- 'lect thy bright and humorous con- 'verse, where sprightliness took hand 'with virtue, and laughter only point- 'ed it's keen raillery at impudence and 'vice: nor laughter bred intempe- 'rance, but was employed to elevate 'the soul, and not misguide the pas- 'sions; knowing that our wise all- 'seeing Master gave us smiles to sweet- 'en life, thou dost make goodness 'chearful, and restore to slighted vir- 'tue the joys which sin hath long in 'vain usurped; nor, loaded with the 'grievous pains of sickness or affic- 'tion, sinks thy generous mind, but 'while torture wrecks thy face, thine 'eye still sparkles, and like the smo- 'thered flame, breaks forth, and con- 'quers every weight above it.

'When life's amusing scenes are 'past, when anguish cometh, and the 'dark long day is lengthened out by 'bitterness of woe, even then my 'Symac can enjoy in fancy what is 'past, and in patience wait the future 'mercies of the bounteous Alla.

'And here,' continued the good dervise, 'beside him is the seat of 'Eloc, calm and affable; a constant 'worshipper of Alla and his prophet; 'one, whose mild instructions sink 'deep, whose reason pleases, and whose 'speech informs; unsuspicious, easy,

'and

'and reſigned, he views the ſtormy 'world with ſteady eye, nor ſtudies to 'avoid, by flight ungenerous, the ca- 'ſual ills of life, nor fears to meet 'them.'

The good derviſe then led his pupils forward toward the grove; where, mixed with opening ſpots and ſheltered walks, he brought them onward to another ſeat.

'Friend of my boſom! here Serahi 'holds my heart; our mutual eſteem 'from early confidence aroſe, and happy 'I beheld him the favourite of for- 'tune, till a ſudden blaſt overſet his 'proſperous bark, and every former 'hope was loſt. Then moſt I loved 'him, riſing from the furnace of af- 'fliction with a noble mind, and leav- 'ing every tie of nature and of friend- 'ſhip, to ſeek alone his means of living 'in a diſtant clime; where now, obe- 'dient to his prophet's precepts, he 'teaches thoſe around him not to truſt 'the flattering dreams of preſent life.'

Mirglip perceiving the ſage had fi- niſhed his encomiums on Serahi, pro- ceeded to the ſeat of Norloc, which was artfully hidden beneath the ſur- rounding branches which roſe above it.

'Concealed by ſtudious labours from 'the world,' ſaid Fincal, 'yet never 'from my mind ſhall Norloc's righte- 'ous image ſtray, whoſe opening mind 'ſurmounted all the obſtructions pe- 'nury could caſt upon it, and with 'eager and induſtrious toil fathomed 'the depths of learning and of ſci- 'ence. But what, alas, avails thy 'learned ſtores! Thoſe whom thou 'haſt taught ſhall riſe above thee, 'and thou find no reward on earth, 'that the juſt Alla may reward thy 'patience more hereafter!'

THE CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF MIRGLIP THE PERSIAN, OR FINCAL THE DERVISE OF THE GROVES.

'BUT if the ſeat of Norloc,' ſaid Mirglip, 'is concealed, yon- 'der bench, however, is ſufficiently 'exalted, which looks upon half the 'provinces of Perſia, from the emi- 'nence of that ſteep and lofty rock.'

'We will aſcend the mountain,' ſaid the good derviſe, 'and examine 'the proſpects which lie before it; 'and when our minds are filled with 'the wide-extended ſcenes in view, 'we will ſtill increaſe our aſtoniſhment, 'by conſidering the extent of his learn- 'ing, to whom the ſummit of that 'rock is juſtly dedicated.'

A ſpiral path winding eaſily round the mountain, ſoon brought the derviſe and his company to the ſeat of Stebi; from whence appeared on the left-hand the Caſpian Sea, and before them, and on the right, lay extended the wide dominions of Adhim the magnificent.

'The view of this territory,' ſaid the diſguiſed ſultan, 'would fill me 'with ſurprize, did I not recollect the 'promiſe of the derviſe, to lay open 'before me the wonderful acquiſitions 'of his friends.'

'The realms you ſee before you,' ſaid Fincal, 'contain a people, among 'whom the Perſian language alone is 'uſed; but Stebi, the friend of my 'boſom, is maſter of every various 'ſpeech which Aſia knows; nay, more, 'doth underſtand the different lan- 'guages, both of ancient and of mo- 'dern Europe. But to him, language 'is only the handmaid of knowledge; 'fraught with all the ſcience of each 'various clime, with all the wonderous 'truth philoſophy can teach, he climbs 'the heavens, and explores her ſpark- 'ling ſtars; from orbs eccentrick draw- 'ing uſeful learning, and reading in 'the wide expanſe the mighty work 'of him whoſe wiſdom planned the 'harmonious ſyſtem of unnumbered 'worlds.'

'He then,' ſaid Adhim, 'is worthy 'of a monarch's notice, and fit to take 'his ſtation on the towers of Orez, 'where Adhim hath invited the learned 'ſages of his empire to improve that 'uſeful ſtudy of the heavenly bodies.'

'Alas!' ſaid the good derviſe, 'what 'is merit, when unaſſiſted by a cour- 'tier's ſmile?'

'True,' anſwered Adhim, (who well underſtood the artifices of courts) 'the officers of ſtate eſteem each place 'their perquiſite, and monarchy itſelf 'muſt yield to them, and give his 'courtiers friends thoſe honours, which 'more juſtly, in his private mind, he 'would confer on modeſt merit.'

Mirglip ſmiled at the obſervation of the diſguiſed ſultan; but he, willing to wave the diſcourſe, deſcended from the mountain, and looking forward, ſaid to the good derviſe of the groves—

'To

'To whom is that ſeat dedicated, 'which I perceive is formed of rugged 'roots, and ſeems to offer but little 'comfort to thoſe who will venture 'to ſeat themſelves upon it?'

'This place,' ſaid Fincal, walking up to it, 'myſelf did raiſe, in fond 'remembrance of Smadac's zealous 'friendſhip and unhappy fate, that I 'might not enjoy an ungenerous eaſe, 'while my anxious thoughts did wan-'der o'er his cruel fortunes. But 'why do I call them cruel, ſince the 'abſtemious youth has but increaſed 'his virtues by forbearance? The 'trials and the conflicts of life are no 'misfortunes, when victory ſucceeds; 'and Smadac's fame ſhall ever be re-'membered, who dared with filial 'piety encounter love.'

'And love ſo chaſte and temperate,' ſaid Mirglip, interrupting the good derviſe, 'that might do honour to the 'breaſt of purity itſelf; and which, 'nor vain my augury, our holy pro-'phet ſhall ere long reward.'

'It muſt then,' anſwered the good derviſe, 'firſt meet with parental bleſ-'ſings, for Heaven ſeldom ſmiles when 'parents frown. Sometimes, indeed, 'by fortune blinded, or by age miſled, 'forgetful of their offspring's real 'happineſs, the parent urges his au-'thority beyond the laws of God or 'man, commanding breach of oaths, 'or forced unnatural union: then 'Alla muſt be firſt obeyed, for parents 'who derive their power from him, 'can plead no power to break his holy 'laws; but oftener far, thoughtleſs 'affection ſpringing from fancy or 'from chance, the preſent good un-'felt, the world untried, and dreams 'of happineſs which never ſhall be 'found, ſtir up the children to engage 'in miſerable alliance; theſe to pre-'vent with tender care by mildneſs 'and affection, doth well become a 'parent's thought, whoſe riper judg-'ment hath already tried the various 'ſcenes of life; whoſe expectations, 'checked by the cold hopeleſs whiſ-'pers of experience, lead not to the 'air-built fancies of a love-ſick brain.

'Yet far from me be ſpeech which 'aims diſhonour on the nuptial vow, 'by ſoundeſt policy approved, by 'every wiſe man honoured, and by 'Alla ſanctified; the lawleſs voice of 'wild diſorder ſhall caſt it's ſcoffs in 'vain againſt connubial truth, where 'friendſhip holds it's pureſt empire 'o'er the ſoul; where love triumphant 'reigns; and from whoſe fruitful pro-'geny ſpring all the ſweet endearing 'bleſſings of ſociety, the harmonies 'of nature.

'But let us quit,' ſaid the good der-viſe, 'this melancholy ſcene, and reſt 'awhile in yonder comfortable bower, 'with eaſy ſmiling Rezaliph; who, 'were he here, would join his ready 'voice to deck our matrimonial tri-'umphs.'

'He is then,' ſaid the diſguiſed Adhim, 'the father of a family.'

'Yes,' continued the good derviſe, 'two ſmiling boys hang on his knees, 'like cluſters on the vine; and Reza-'liph is ever ſtudious to implant his 'virtues on their infant minds.'

'The man who trains his children 'in the paths of virtue,' ſaid Adhim, 'is the beſt ſubject that a monarch 'knows.'

'And feels,' ſaid Mirglip, 'the 'moſt exalted pleaſures of the human 'heart; nor when out-ſtretched upon 'the bed of death, can he be ſaid to 'die, whoſe virtues multiplied through 'all his race, reflect his righteous image 'to ſucceeding worlds.'

The happy family of Fincal paſſed onward from the ſeat of Rezaliph, through a narrow path, ſhaded with the nobleſt trees of the grove, and ad-vanced toward a ſmall but beautiful lawn, round which were planted ſe-veral lofty trees, under each of which the diſguiſed ſultan beheld the ſeats of friendſhip, and at the extremity of the lawn he perceived the cottage of the good derviſe of the groves.

The ſultan ſtood ſome time amazed, not conſidering that his walk had been circular, and that he was again re-turned round to the lawn which he had left; but he was ſatisfied of the de-ception, when he obſerved on one ſide of the lawn, the bench which they had firſt paſſed, without being acquainted with the virtues of him to whom it was dedicated.

'I ſee,' ſaid the good derviſe to him, 'that you are reſolved I ſhall not for-'get my friend, whom I have placed 'under yonder ſpreading cedar of Le-'banon, firſt in my eſteem, though 'laſt in the order of our walk. But 'here is alſo one under this dark and

'majeſtick

'majeſtick cork-tree, whom even Adhim, our ſultan, would rejoice to know. Nael Ecaf, the friendly and the upright; in juſt integrity of heart and ſteady virtue ſecond to none.

'Nor is Talpar the mild and affable to be forgotton: nor the tender bounteous heart of Gapſac, ever ſmiling on his friend; or the noble ſpirit of Eirruc, indefatigable in his generous attachments; theſe each doth Fincal acknowledge as his friends, and holds their kindneſs as Alla's choiceſt bleſſing; who gave us ſocial virtue, that in ſome degree we might experience Heaven's holieſt attribute, unbounded love.'

'The next ſeat,' ſaid Mirglip, paſſing onward, 'is unworthy of our good derviſe's notice.'

'What,' replied Fincal, ſmiling, 'ſhall I forget my ſon-in-law, whom I have placed under this ſhady and elegant tulip-tree? No. Kind ſtranger, this tree is dedicated to the memory of my dear Mirglip; and ſee how I have ſuited the temple to the inhabitant; how open and expanded are the leaves of this tree, like the generous actions of him they are deſigned to repreſent! how noble and erect, and yet how pleaſing! the ſtem, like the reſolute virtues of the affable Mirglip; and ſee, to mark him more, how exactly are the leaves of this tree indented!'

Adhim ſmiled at the chearful ſallies of the good derviſe, and walking forward toward an acacia—'To whom,' ſaid the diſguiſed ſultan, 'is this airy tree dedicated? whom are we to recollect under it's ſhade?'

'One,' ſaid Fincal, 'who is, like that tree, both pleaſing and agreeable while the ſun-ſhine of life is upon him; but when the clouds ariſe, and the winds prevail, the acacia is not more torn and broken with the blaſt, than Maroh is by the violence of his paſſion; yet who is free from weakneſs, or releaſed from error; who can through every ſcene of life, with action juſt and manner blameleſs, ſupport the perfect character of faultleſs man?

'If ſuch there be,' continued the good derviſe, going up to the wide-ſpreading cedar, and bowing before the ſeat, 'here, O ſtranger, ſhall we find the picture: yes, friend of my boſom, bright example whom I wiſh to copy, holy derviſe of Sumatra! thou art he whom genius with her choiceſt ſtores hath not honoured more, than virtue hath adorned with every godlike quality of mind; to thee I look, as to the ſpring and fountain of all the knowledge I enjoy; but chiefly haſt thou taught my wondering ſoul the mighty depths of Alla's law; raiſed and inſtructed my darkened ſight, and o'er my wandering thoughts caſt all the amiable light of heavenly love. But who can paint the various virtues of thy ſoul, or give thy full idea to the admiring world, as parent, huſband, friend, as citizen of earth, as worſhipper of Alla, or teacher of mankind? Though fraught with all the uſeful knowledge of the world, yet eaſy, gracious, and mild, you ſeem to learn from thoſe whom you with ſweet complacency inſtruct. Nor though by every good man loved, admired, and reverenced, can pride overwhelm thy modeſty of thought!'

'What,' ſaid Adhim, ſtarting, 'who is this of whom you ſpeak in ſuch fond raptures? By Mirglip's fame I was firſt rouzed to love of virtue, and looked on him as the great pattern of ſuperior excellence; but he ſtill onward led me, and deſcribed the temperate leſſons of his father Fincal, as the ſeed from whence his virtue ſprung. And now, that I attentive watch thy much-inſtructive ſpeech, thou again doſt raiſe my fancy upward to the pious derviſe of Sumatra's rocks.'

'And he,' ſaid the good derviſe Fincal, 'were he here, would raiſe thy admiring paſſions higher ſtill, and fix them on that God, whoſe worſhip he beſt knows, and beſt can teach mankind.'

Mirglip was alike ſtruck with the aſtoniſhment of Adhim, and the friendſhip of the good derviſe; and he every moment expected, that in the midſt of his emotions, the diſguiſed ſultan would diſcover his quality to Fincal.

The ſun now had nearly attained the ſummit of his courſe, when the derviſe led his company from the cedar to his homely cottage, where, after a frugal meal, they retired to their repoſe.

The evening was ſpent like the morning,

morning, in viewing the delightful proſpects around the cottage of the derviſe, and ſometimes reſting on the ſeats which he had placed in the different parts of the country for the reception of his gueſts.

But each ſeat ſupplied the good derviſe with an opportunity of inculcating ſome moral or religious truth, or holding to the view of his pupils ſome eminent example of virtue or friendſhip: ſometimes firing their emulous ſouls with a deſcription of publick patriots; and then, at others, recommending the amiable patterns of private and domeſtick virtue; among the latter, none was more engaging than the character of the mild and blameleſs Stevar, to whoſe memory the good derviſe had erected a ſeat among his departed friends.

'Stevar,' ſaid Fincal, 'though bred 'where virtue more is blaſted by the 'rude attack of ſin, than countenanced or cheriſhed, yet, amidſt the 'boiſterous elements of wind and ſeas, 'preſerved an heart untainted with his 'comrades vices; nor clime, nor cuſtom, could pervert his honeſt ſoul; 'nor ſpecious argument, nor certain 'proſpect of unbounded wealth, could 'ſhake his firm unalterable virtue.'

The remembrance of the tender Stevar drew tears of friendſhip from the derviſe and his ſon-in-law, while Adhim, who never in his court had experienced the amiable effects of that ſocial paſſion, gave thanks to Alla, who had kindly introduced him to thoſe who were thus capable of elevating his nature, and giving him an higher reliſh of life, than the pompous luxuries of the court of Perſia could teach him.

Several weeks paſſed thus agreeably, and the ſultan was every day ſo much enamoured with the delightful receſs of the good derviſe, that he had little deſire to return to his palace at Orez: however, the more he admired the leſſons of virtue, the more he ſaw the neceſſity of putting her maxims in practice, where Providence had placed him as a light to others; and he was about to diſcloſe himſelf to the good derviſe, and require his farther counſel in the arduous affairs of publick juſtice, when an haſty meſſenger arrived in the grove where the family of Fincal was retired.

This meſſenger was no other than Bereddan, the ſon of the Emir Holam, who in the garb of a poor peaſant, had wandered from Raglai in ſearch of his maſter.

'Ah!' ſaid the ſultan, ſtarting, 'who art thou, O young man? why 'art thou cloathed in theſe mean garments? and why doth thy face betray ſo much anxiety of heart?'

'Alas,' anſwered Bereddan, 'once 'lord of all thy ſlaves, but now a traitor deemed in his own realms, flight 'only can preſerve my royal maſter 'from the fury of his uſurper Lemack, 'who hath bribed the tribes of Xeri, 'and the captains of thine hoſt, to call 'him Sultan of Perſia. The cities of 'Raglai groan under the tyrannies of 'thy vizir, while a choſen ſet of villains, the creatures of Lemack, were, 'four days paſt, commanded to ſeek 'thee in theſe groves, and bring thy 'head a tribute to their proud uſurper. One of their number, repenting 'of his intended crime, came haſtily 'to me, and told me, ere an hour 'was paſſed, the troops to which he 'belonged, were ordered to ſurround 'my father's dwelling, and having 'made him their guide to you, my 'lord, they were to ſtrike off his head, 'with the head of my ſultan, and 'bring them both to Lemack's court 'at Orez.

'Aſtoniſhed at the vile command, I 'called a peaſant into my father's palace, and changing garments with 'him, while Holam eſcaped in a different diſguiſe, I bid him make what 'uſe he pleaſed of my more dangerous 'trappings, and mounted on an Arabian 'courſer, I rode both day and night to 'ſave my royal maſter's life. The fleet 'and noble beaſt bore me with what 'ſpeed he could, till I arrived within 'two leagues of this habitation, where 'fainting through loſs of ſtrength, I 'was conſtrained to leave him, and 'have happily explored this deep re'ceſs, which, with all it's ſecreſy, 'can never long hide my prince from 'Lemack's malice.'

The aſtoniſhment of Adhim the ſultan was not greater at the recital of Bereddan's tale, than was the wonder of the good derviſe, when he perceived that he had been entertaining the Sultan of Perſia in his humble cottage; he fell immediately at the feet of Adhim, and beſought his pardon for the boldneſs

boldneſs of his ſpeech; but the generous ſultan, ſeeing him on the earth, ſtooped to raiſe him up, and aſſured him he ſhould ever hold him chief in his eſteem.

A hollow noiſe, like the feet of horſes haſting through the wood, increaſed the conſternation of Adhim and his friends; and they all adviſed him to ſtrike through the utmoſt unfrequented paths, and conceal himſelf in ſome remote part of the foreſt, till the rebel troops ſhould be withdrawn from the groves and country which ſurrounded the good derviſe Fincal.

'The love of life,' ſaid Adhim, 'is ſmall inducement to my flight, 'which, were I unprepared to loſe 'when fate ſhall take it, I were indeed unworthy of a crown, and moſt 'unfit to ſtand upon the tottering verge 'of power; but to deſert my ſtation, 'or yield to evil when virtue bids me 'draw the avenging ſteel of juſtice, 'this were baſer flight than to avoid 'prevailing multitudes, and hide me 'for a time from ſuperior malice; 'wherefore, friends, adieu! and Heaven grant my preſent flight bring 'future victory and peace to Perſia.'

Thus ſpake the monarch, and haſted from the preſence of his friends, while Bereddan and Mirglip were diſputing which ought to follow their lord, and which remain with the good derviſe of the groves. At length, Bereddan prevailed on Mirglip to remain with Fincal and his wife Nourenhi, and the ſon of the emir endeavoured to follow the footſteps of his wandering lord.

Adhim flew ſwiftly through the walks of Fincal to the neighbouring woods, where penetrating into the thickeſt part of the foreſt, he wandered onward, but not without frequent alarms from the wild beaſts that ſurrounded him.

At the cloſe of the evening he entered a deep valley, ſheltered on all ſides with noble and majeſtick cedars; and on the foot of a mountain found a ſmall opening, which led him under it's ſide.

Dubious of his courſe, he knew not whether he might ſafely enter the cavern or not, as it was probable ſome beaſt of the foreſt did uſe it as it's den.

In the midſt of his doubt he heard a voice calling unto him—

'Adhim! thou lord of Perſia, fear 'not!'

The voice from the cavern did rather increaſe the dread of Adhim than encourage him to enter; and he eſſayed to run from it's mouth, when a ſmall figure appeared at it's entrance.

'Adhim,' ſaid Nadan, 'fear not; 'I am Nadan, the guardian of this 'foreſt, and the friend of virtue.'

'Whate'er thou art,' ſaid Adhim, 'if thy heart is warmed by virtue's 'ſacred flame, thou canſt not deal inhoſpitably by a ſtranger; though, by 'thy ſpeech, the wretched Adhim is 'no ſtranger to thee.'

'Adhim indeed,' ſaid Nadan, 'is 'wretched, and though deſerving of 'compaſſion, yet not free from error: 'born for thy people's happineſs, thy 'noble heart did much miſtake it's 'pleaſures, when it ſought renown 'and comfort in the deep-dug quarry, or the mouldering turret; theſe 'can no more ennoble man, than may 'the barren towery rock boaſt more 'utility than the fertile vale: be uſeful, and be great! From hence alone can juſtice raiſe thy fame, and 'millions bleſs thy foſtering care; 'from hence alone can ſpring the 'heart-felt pleaſures of a noble mind; 'which never, unleſs in bleſſing others, 'can be bleſt itſelf. Survey the wide-extended earth, it's ſteep-formed 'rocks and mountains raiſed beyond 'the clouds; yet theſe, tremendous 'to a human eye, are to the globe, 'no more than inſects on the rind of 'yon majeſtick cedar; what then are 'all the labours of thy puny race, unleſs ſome future good to man do 'ſanctify the builder's toil! What, 'but the weak effect of blind, erroneous pride, miſtaking both the means 'and end of what it aims to compaſs! 'Pride, indeed, directed to it's proper object, is noble; or rather, to 'form my ſpeech in fitter terms, I 'ſhould call it emulation, and the brave 'ſpirit of a godlike ſoul, which ſtirs 'your race to every exerciſe of virtue; 'which marks the life of him who 'wears it with diſtinguiſhed honour, 'and gives mankind that beſt of characters, a virtuous patriot. For 'think not, ſultan, that in the ſequeſtered vale alone, dwells virtue, and 'her ſweet companion with extenſive

'eye, mild, affable benevolence: no, 'the first great gift we can bestow on 'others, is a good example; and he, 'who in his private life doth combat 'every duty, and lives at variance with 'domestick virtue, shall vainly ape 'the generous figure of his country's 'patriot; for what are the blessings 'of society, but those, which in a lesser 'scale we meet at home, peace, ho-'nour, faith, and love! Will he, then, 'prince, who gives up these within 'his house, cherish and extend their 'influence abroad? or can the man 'who rives a parent's heart, and curses 'those whom first he's bound to bless, 'be ever deemed a friend sincere by 'those he knows not! Sooner shall 'the stork, leaving it's nest, regardless 'of the calls it's little offspring vainly 'utter to demand it's care, roam to 'some distant rock, and nurse offici-'ously the eagle's brood: sooner shall 'man stab man to feed the hungry 'lion's mouth, and call his murder 'charity.

'Then learn, the first advance to 'real fame is private virtue; which, 'though rooted in domestick love, must 'yet extend it's branches till it reach 'the fartheſt boundaries of nature. 'Hence springs temperance in your-'self, to others justice. Hence, the 'sweet calm of an approving conscience, more valuable than the loud 'applause of tumult or of multitudes.

'Nor yet, O prince, despise the 'voice of fame: which, though over-'bearing in it's first career, grows 'calm as it extends, and mellows into truth; it is noble to deserve applause, and he who scorns the censure of mankind, is more the slave 'of sullen pride, than conscious of 'desert; the best may pity, when deluded men affront the virtue which 'deserves their praise; but fools alone 'deride the publick clamours of misguided subjects, whom it were better far by mildness to convince, than by 'neglect enrage.'

'Noble stranger,' answered Adhim, 'I admire thy gentle and deserved reproofs, and doubt not but some superior being animates thy frame.'

'I am, indeed,' said Nadan, 'of that 'celestial race, which watches over 'the actions of mankind; who may 'advise, but cannot force the human 'will. But, prince, awhile forget the 'base pursuit of Lemack and his ruf-'fians; to-night within this cavern 'rest your wearied limbs, secure from 'danger or surprize; for this retreat 'is impervious to all, but those who 'are the friends of virtue.'

Thus saying, the Genius Nadan led the Sultan Adhim into his cavern; which, though narrow in it's entrance, was within both beautiful and spacious.

Elegant spars and stones polished by nature, formed the inside of the cavern, which was enlightened by a magnificent diamond that hung in the middle, and which reflected it's bright lustre on the stones around it.

Nadan set before his guest the fruits of the forest, and entertained him with his conversation, so that the sultan seemed still to be in the company of the good dervise of the groves.

'My sultan,' said Nadan, 'has been 'misled by his courtiers, Alla, O 'Adhim, gave thee the command of 'his faithful people, the inhabitants 'of Persia, and thou hast given thine 'inheritance to another, to one who 'was unworthy of the seat beneath 'thee, yet hast thou exalted him above 'thyself; he who seeth only through 'a favourite's eye, shall soon have no 'other sight to guide his ignorant un-'instructed will; the counsel of the 'wise and good is a prince's best secu-'rity; yet even the best counsellor 'shall not always advise what is right, 'but in the multitude of sages is the 'truth. It is not the sun, though 'glorious in his course; it is not the 'air, though sweet and salubrious; it 'is not the earth, though the great 'womb of nature; it is not the water, 'though refreshing and cooling; it is 'neither of these alone which giveth 'life and health to the corn; but all, 'in their several degrees, combine to 'form the blade, and fill the bursting 'seed.

'But,' continued the Genius, 'those 'limbs, unused to toil, require repose; 'and see, Adhim, at the extremity of 'my cavern are the sophas of rest.'

The sultan obeyed the Genius, although his mind was desirous of still farther converse, and extended his wearied limbs upon the sophas of Nadan.

The sun, which, at the first approach of day, cast it's bright beams into the cavern of Nadan, awakened the sultan, and

and he ſprang upward, revived by the wholeſome entertainment of the Genius, and ſearched for him in the cavern, that he might thank his benefactor.

But Adhim, having in vain ſought for the friendly Genius, iſſued out of the cavern, and began his courſe toward the city of Raglai, directing his ſteps by the ſun.

The ſultan travelled all day, and at night he aſcended a broad ſpreading palm, and reſted on his boughs.

Adhim continued his journey two days more, ſubſiſting on wild fruits; and at noon he reſted under the ſhade of the trees of the foreſt, and at night ſlept upon the wide-extended branches.

On the fourth day, as he finiſhed his repaſt, and was about to compoſe himſelf on a bed of leaves, he heard a ruſtling among the trees, and ſtarting up, he perceived a female walking in the ſolitary paths of the wood.

The ſight of the female ſtirred up the paſſions of Adhim; but his heart beat with double violence, when he perceived the form of the beauteous fair-one, was as the form of Nourenhi, the wife of Mirglip.

'Ah!' ſaid the panting ſultan, 'doſt 'thou wander, O elegant Nourenhi, 'among theſe ſecreted paths! Doſt 'thou ſeek me in the foreſt! Doſt thou 'force me to thy irreſiſtleſs charms! 'Then juſtice ſleep, and paſſion lead 'the way; nature is frail, and thou 'with a new blaze of beauty doſt call 'me forth to love.

'Yet hold, O trembling Adhim, 'ſtop thy forward limbs while virtue 'yet commands them, nor yield thy 'body up a prey to violence and baſe 'ingratitude; thy pleaſure will be 'fleeting like the paſſing clouds, and 'mixed with paſſion, cruelty, and hor'ror; then ſhame, with all her ſtings, 'and dark remorſe ſucceeds; thy friend 'diſtreſſed, thyſelf abandoned, and 'life's fair bloſſom nipped by cankered 'thoughts; and conſcience keen re'monſtrance: but how to move from 'ſuch a ſcene of beauty! theſe ſlug'gard limbs rebel, and every paſſion 'urges to poſſeſſion. Ah! Adhim, 'thou art but half converted by the 'derviſe good example, or Nadan's 'firmer ſpeech; to thee the baſe uſurper 'Lemack is a ſaint, and thou doſt ſeek 'to turn thy Mirglip's only ſubject 'from her loyalty.'

As paſſion and honour thus took alternate poſſeſſion of the breaſt of Adhim, he obſerved the fair-one marked his advance, but ſeemed not fearful of his approach.

This rekindled the fires of his heart, and he ran, and fell at the feet of the lovely female.

'O Nourenhi,' ſaid the admiring Adhim, 'fly from the baſe Adhim, 'who, forgetful of himſelf, of Mir'glip, and the good derviſe, doth wiſh 'his nobleneſs of heart had never given 'thee from his longing arms. Ah! did 'I call it nobleneſs, to yield to the ſlave 'Mirglip ſuch grace and elegance of 'form, as nature made to bleſs a ſo'vereign's love! No; by my ſoul, it 'was baſely done, to ſacrifice thy beau'ties to the cold, dull dictates, of that 'phantom juſtice, which, when rigidly 'exerted, doth rather turn to injury 'than bleſſing!

'Ah,' continued the ſultan, pauſing, 'ſee, Nadan! Fincal, calls! See, Mir'glip bares his bleeding breaſt, and 'warns me to deſiſt! and, oh! me'thinks the gracious Alla, too, looks 'down upon me; and awed with ter'rors and with vengeful thunder, 'writes his perfect law in vivid flaſhes 'on the clouds. I yield! I yield! O 'holy ſpirits of my friends! and thou, 'far holier God, I yield. O frame 'not ſuch tremendous vengeance for 'a worm; but ſpare, and I obey!'

The beauteous female was aſtoniſhed at the proſtrate ſultan, who having caught the hem of her garment, held it while he ſpake.

'Whate'er thou art,' ſaid ſhe, 'O 'ſtranger, (whom by thy ſpeech and 'nobleneſs of ſoul, I judge no deſpica'ble parent claims) fly ſwiftly from 'this dangerous place, where dark in'viſible ſpells ſurround thee, and where 'Falri holds his uncontrouled reign. 'But if I judge aright, you called 'yourſelf the royal Adhim, or fancy 'did beguile my credulous ear. Alas, 'Sir, here too doth vicious Lemack 'oft reſort, and ſuch ſad ſcenes of 'horrors have theſe eyes beheld, as 'makes me tremble at your fate, 'ſhould Falri or his friend diſcover 'where you wander.'

'Who, then,' ſaid Adhim, in amaze,

'art thou, O daughter of the earliest 'light! for as I gaze, new beauties 'break upon me, and you seem most 'fair to make your friend most miserable! Art thou not Nourenhi, the wife 'of Mirglip, the daughter of the dervise of the groves?'

'I am,' replied the fair-one, 'daughter of the dervise of the groves, the 'sister of Nourenhi, the friend of Mirglip, the wretched, lost, unfortunate 'Kaphira!'

'Then,' answered Adhim, 'O holy 'prophet, I do thank thee; my friend 'is satisfied, and I am blessed.—Yes, 'fair Kaphira,' continued he, 'I am 'Adhim, once lord of Persia, but now 'thy humblest slave; and rather had I 'live with thee in this dark gloomy 'forest, than again ascend my throne, 'and leave thee to another.'

'Alas, Sir,' answered the lovely Kaphira, 'my deep concern lest Falri 'should approach, does make me hear 'you with an aching heart.'

'Sure, lovely maid,' answered the sultan, 'if thou canst escape his rage, 'Adhim has but little to fear from this 'vile sorcerer.'

'Noble Sir,' replied Kaphira, 'my 'tale might seem too tedious to gain 'the attention of a monarch's ear; and 'at present we are unsafe, as much I 'fear some secret spies do watch your 'footsteps, for on every tree hang some 'foul imps of Falri's, ready to execute 'his horrid purpose.'

As the fair Kaphira spoke, Adhim looked around, and saw the bloated Falri approach, surrounded by satyrs and monsters of the forest, the sight of whom created both horror and disgust.

'If,' said the resolute sultan, drawing his sabre, 'I cannot conquer, yet to 'yield were base: wherefore, fear not, 'adorable Kaphira, for while this arm 'retains it's wonted strength, nor 'Falri, nor his vile associates, shall 'approach to hurt thee.'

'I would to Heaven, O kind Sir,' answered Kaphira, 'you were as well 'secured as I am. But see, the monsters stop, as if they saw you not, 'and seem to wind toward the left, 'and seek the cave of their beastly 'master.'

'By my honour,' said the sultan, 'their base neglect bears harder on 'my pride than would their utmost malice, had they dared my fury! 'What can this mean? Is every feature then of royalty destroyed, that 'the fell ruffians knew not whom they 'fought? Or, feared the cowards to 'meet an angry and offended prince?'

'Majestick Adhim,' answered Kaphira, sweetly, 'thy form, alas! would 'instantly betray it's noble master, 'did not some secret Power defend 'thee.'

'Perhaps,' said the sultan, recollecting himself, 'I derive my safety 'from this curious ring, which, on the 'morning, when I waked on the sophas 'of the Genius Nadan, I found upon 'my finger.'

'Kind Genius Nadan,' answered Kaphira, 'hast thou too given thy 'just protection to this noble prince? 'Yes, royal Sir,' continued the fair-one, shewing him a ring like that he wore, 'these both, I am assured, are 'Nadan's presents, and we are safe 'alike from Falri and his charms.'

'If such security attend us,' answered the Sultan Adhim, 'permit me 'to ask by what strange misfortune 'were you brought into these confines 'of the cave of Falri?'

'Prince,' answered the fair Kaphira, 'as I was walking in the grove of my 'good father the dervise Fincal, I observed a small golden ball before me 'in the path: pleased with the shining 'novelty, I endeavoured to take it up; 'but as I stooped, it rolled forward 'before me; and I, eager to obtain it, 'followed it beyond the limits of my 'father's grove.

'No sooner had I set my foot upon 'the plain, which is the boundary of 'the grove, than I perceived the ball 'to swell; startled at the sight, I endeavoured to run back into the grove, 'but either fear or magick deprived 'me of motion, and I was constrained 'to stand, and view the farther wonders before me.

'The ball continued to swell for several minutes; till it hid the distant 'hills from my sight, when bursting 'with a violent noise, it flew into ten 'thousand pieces, and discovered a 'bloated, ferret-eyed wretch, mounted 'upon a bristly boar.

"The wild intemperate love of novelty," said the wretch to me, "has "ever been the ruin of your sex: at "first, allured by shining trifles, they "pursue in wantonness, and inatten-

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" tive follow beyond the prudent limits
" of paternal care. While Kaphira
" was contented with her father's
" grove, Falri in vain attempted to
" moleſt her; but now fate has re-
" ſigned thee to my arms, and thou
" ſhalt bleſs my nuptial bed with many
" a monſter like myſelf."

'I ſhrieked aloud at the voice of
' Falri, but in vain; the monſter de-
' ſcending from his beaſt, ſeized me
' round the waiſt, and putting me upon
' the briſtly boar, he ſeated himſelf be-
' hind me, and we were borne away
' with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that I knew not
' how we went.

'In a few hours we entered this
' foreſt, and through winding paths
' were brought in view of Falri's filthy
' cave.

'New horrors ſeized me at the ſight
' of ſuch variety of filthineſs; which
' were ſtill increaſed, when Falri bid
' me welcome to his native palace, and
' told me the marriage rites were need-
' leſs, as he doubted not his love would
' laſt, at leaſt as long as mine.

'As we entered the cave of Falri,
' I was ſurprized to ſee a little per-
' ſonage ſtanding at the upper end;
' and ſuppoſing it was ſome relation
' of the ſorcerer's, I caſt my eyes on
' the ground, and would not look
' upon him.

" Fair ſlave," ſaid Falri, as we en-
' tered, to me, " for I allow no higher
" character to your ſex than that of
" miniſtering to our pleaſures; here
" you are ſecure, as by my magick
" power I do forbid your regreſs from
" this foreſt, unleſs Falri approve your
" flight."

'Thunderſtruck at the words of
' Falri, and at his countenance, which
' ſhone with beaſtly luſt, I ſighed, and
' returned no anſwer to his imperious
' commands.

" Fair Kaphira," ſaid the little per-
' ſonage, " fear not; I am the Genius
" Nadan, and no relation of Falri's,
" as you ſuppoſe. I am here inviſible
" to that beaſtly ſorcerer, neither can
" he hear the words of my mouth.
" I cannot, indeed, releaſe you, be-
" cauſe your intemperate curioſity has
" miſled you; but ſince you erred in
" innocence, I can baffle the deſign of
" Falri.

" Here," continued he, extending
' his hand, " put on this ring, and you
" ſhall be inviſible to Falri and his
" accurſed friends, ſo long as you re-
" main in this foreſt of the enchanter."

'I inſtantly took the ring from the
' gentle Nadan with thankful eyes;
' and fixing it on my finger, I perceived
' the countenance of Falri to change.

" Ah!" ſaid he, " art thou fled,
" proud child of Fincal? then are my
" enchantments vain, and the power
" which I worſhip is accurſed."

" No," anſwered the Genius Na-
' dan, " thou accurſed ſlave, Kaphira
" is held in the foreſt of Falri by the
" ſorceries of thy art; but ſhe ſhall,
" if ſhe pleaſe, be ever inviſible to thee
" and thy friends, ſo long as thou
" doſt detain her in this foreſt."

'The ſorcerer, enraged, felt about
' the cavern, hoping to ſecure me;
' but I eaſily eluded his ſearch, and
' walked out into the foreſt; where I
' have ſupported myſelf till this time
' on the wild fruits of the place, and
' have too frequently been witneſs of
' the debaucheries and immorality of
' it's prophane and wicked inhabitants.'

'Beauteous Kaphira,' ſaid the Sul-
tan Adhim, 'I pity your misfortunes,
' nor am I able at preſent to relieve
' them; you, doubtleſs, have heard my
' unhappy fate from Falri and his
' crew; who, as Nadan informed me,
' has ever been the friend of Lemack
' my deceitful vizir; and if it ſuit
' you to reſt under this ancient palm,
' you ſhall be acquainted with ſuch par-
' ticulars concerning Nourenhi, Mir-
' glip, and Fincal, your honoured
' father, as will doubtleſs be pleaſing
' to one ſo nearly intereſted in their
' fortunes.'

The Sultan Adhim then informed his beauteous friend of Mirglip's fame, of Nourenhi's captivity, of the fortunate iſſue of her love, and of his ſecret expedition to the groves of the good derviſe: and having finiſhed his relation, and aſked the fair Kaphira's permiſſion to love her with undiſſembled affection, he ſet forward to the city of Raglai and the towers of Orez.

But the night advancing, he was obliged to reſt again in the foreſt; which gave him an opportunity of recollecting that his ring might poſſibly be of no farther ſervice to protect him, when he was paſt the confines of the foreſt of Falri.

This reflection made him reſolve to

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ſtain his face with ſome berries, to cut his beard like a Calendar, and to procure, in the ſuburbs of the city, a garment ſuitable to the profeſſion which he had aſſumed.

As the diſguiſed ſultan entered the city, he perceived a crowd, and mixing with the multitude, he ſaw at a diſtance the publick cryer.

'Friend,' ſaid he to the bye-ſtander, 'what doth this cryer offer to the publick?'

'Ten thouſand ſequins,' anſwered the man, 'to him who will bring the 'head of the traitor Adhim to our 'lord the Sultan Lemack.'

'Alas!' anſwered the ſultan, 'when 'I laſt viſited your city, Adhim was 'ſultan; how then is he become a 'traitor?'

'It is well,' replied the man, 'that 'a friend of Adhim hears you talk 'thus; half what you have ſaid would 'have coſt you your life, had any of 'the emiſſaries of Lemack heard you.'

'How then dare you confeſs,' anſwered the ſultan, 'that you are the 'friend of Adhim?'

'I dare not,' anſwered the man, 'hold farther converſation with you 'here; but if you will follow me, and 'ſubmit to the terms which I ſhall 'require, you ſhall hear more than you 'imagine.'

The diſguiſed ſultan rejoiced at the fortunate event, which brought him acquainted with one who ſeemed ſo ready to ſerve him though unknown, and haſted after the ſtranger through ſeveral ſtreets and lanes.

At length the ſtranger ſtopped at a baker's ſhop.

'Here,' whiſpered he, 'friend of 'Adhim, thou ſhalt have ſecurity and 'eaſe. Enter fearleſs, and partake of 'ſuch poor entertainment as I have; 'while I unravel to you ſome myſte'ries, which will ſurprize and rejoice 'you.'

The ſultan entered with pleaſure the houſe of the baker, who ſet before him ſome cakes and ſherbet, and begged of him to eat freely, for his company was ſufficient recompence for what he ſhould conſume.

Adhim, ſuppoſing he ſhould ſhortly be able to reward the baker very amply for his ſervices, eat heartily of what was ſet before him.

'Our good Sultan Adhim,' ſaid the baker, as they ſat together, 'had won 'the hearts of all his ſubjects; and 'the whole city laments the tyrannies 'of Lemack.'

'Was Adhim, then,' anſwered the diſguiſed ſultan, 'ſo much beloved?'

'You know but little of Adhim the 'magnificent,' anſwered the other, 'to 'aſk ſuch a queſtion.'

'Yes,' replied the ſultan, 'I think 'I know him now; though I confeſs 'I knew him but lately.'

'And where, then,' replied the baker, elated, 'where is our beloved ſultan 'concealed?

'I perceive,' continued he, 'I am 'deceived in you, Sir; I thought to 'have communicated ſomewhat to you, 'but you are better able to inform me. 'Now, by my faith, Sir, you muſt 'bring me to our royal maſter, that I 'may honour him as I ought; and, 'doubtleſs, many will be found in the 'city, who will be happy in falling 'proſtrate before him.'

'Perhaps,' ſaid the diſguiſed ſultan, 'ere long we may be able to ſhew him 'to his injured ſubjects: but, at preſent, I do long to know what numbers eſpouſe his cauſe, and wiſh him 'again on the Perſian throne.'

'It is enough,' replied the baker; 'I will go and bring ſeveral with me, 'who are as much the friends of Ad'him as myſelf. In the mean time, 'kind ſtranger, ſolace yourſelf here in 'my houſe; and, believe me, I am truly 'happy in meeting with one of your 'way of thinking.'

The baker then haſted out of his houſe, and left the ſultan, ſurprized at his free and voluntary offer to ſupport the cauſe of a prince whom perhaps he had never ſeen.

'I was wrong,' ſaid the ſultan to himſelf, 'that I did not at once diſco'ver myſelf to this baker; he frankly 'and openly aſſured me he was my 'friend; why then is the ſpirited Ad'him more cloſe and mean than an 'illiterate and narrow-bred peaſant? 'But I will, however, let the good 'man enjoy the firſt diſcovery; I will 'take him apart from the friends he 'ſhall bring with him; and he ſhall 'have the honour of introducing his 'ſovereign to his faithful ſubjects; 'and if ever I again aſcend the Perſian 'throne, not Mirglip, nor Fincal, ſhall 'enjoy a ſeat above this honeſt baker.'

It

It was almoſt night before the baker returned to his ſhop: the ſultan ſaw him coming with a crowd at his heels; and he blamed him in his heart, that he had thus imprudently ſubjected his friends to the ſuſpicious eyes of the vaſſals of Lemack.

The baker entering his houſe, enquired for his friend the ſtranger, whom he brought with him in the morning; and Adhim haſted to meet him at the threſhold.

'There, my friends,' ſaid the baker, 'this is the man who was born to make 'a holiday at Raglai; ſeize him,' continued he, 'O ye guards of Lemack, 'and carry him before our ſultan, as 'one who dares prefer the ſlothful Ad- 'him to Lemack the lord of Perſia.'

Adhim was thunderſtruck at the perfidy of the baker, and the guards inſtantly ſeized on him, and having fettered him with heavy irons, dragged him toward the towers of Orez.

The crowd gathered as he paſſed along. 'Whom have we here?' ſaid they. 'A friend,' anſwered the guards, 'of rebels and traitors, whom to-mor- 'row's ſun will, at it's firſt appearance, 'behold on the publick ſcaffold of 'execution.'

The guards having conducted Adhim to the palace, enquired for their ſultan; but Lemack, who was ſolacing himſelf in the ſeraglio, ordered the priſoner to be caſt that night into the dungeon at the foot of the rock, and the next morning to be brought before him.

The captive ſultan entered the gloomy dungeon with firmneſs and intrepidity; and the guards having chained him to the wall, barred up the priſon doors and retired.

'Monarch of Aſia! Light of man- 'kind! Terror of the earth! Glory 'of the eaſt!' ſaid Adhim to himſelf, 'awake! Put on thy frowns, and make 'the nations ſhake; open thy mouth, 'and be thy ſpeech a law; nod, and 'let the inhabitants of Perſia fall pro- 'ſtrate at thy feet. Yet huſh, thou 'man of might, ſultan of Perſia be- 'ware, leſt ſome baſe peaſant come, 'and with a feigned tale, delude thy 'ready ears, and ſnatch the glories of 'of thy kingdom from thee! Oh, Pro- 'phet,' ſaid the enraged ſultan, ſtarting, 'aught but this I could have 'borne; after having heard the wiſe 'dictates of Fincal; after enjoying 'the inſtruction of Nadan, the tutelary 'Genius of my kingdom; after the 'reception of a magick ring which 'preſerved me from the brutal force 'of the ſorcerer Falri, and having 'eſcaped the guards of Lemack: after 'all this, to be cheated of every pur- 'poſe by the low cunning of a baſe- 'born peaſant! O prophet, either 'take from me the pride of nature, 'and humble my conceits, or let me 'periſh by ſome glorious feat, worthy 'the ſtation to which thou once hadſt 'raiſed me.—Yes,' ſaid he pauſing, 'I will be cool; weak are theſe joints 'to work deliverance, and theſe limbs 'to gain my native freedom! Here 'immured, within theſe walls I once 'poſſeſſed, confined by dungeons which 'I raiſed myſelf, and ſtraitened by 'a chain I made for others, I'll learn 'the weakneſs and the pride of man, 'and bear with equal temperance, the 'evils and the ſmiles of life. "For "me the ſun did riſe,' ſaid Lemack, 'but forgot to ſay, "for me the dun- "geon gaped:" the fool of fortune "once, like the green leaf growing on 'the topmoſt branch, I now am caſt by 'ſtormy winds beneath the traveller's 'foot; once lord of Perſia, now an iron- 'fettered ſlave; yet even now poſſeſſ- 'ed of greater liberty than all the an- 'cient ſultans of the eaſt, whoſe 'mouldering duſt would little more 'than fill the hollow turban. Peace 'then, thou lively ſpirit, which doſt 'guide the trifling atoms of this mortal 'being, the little that I am is Alla's 'gift, be he then lord and chief diſ- 'poſer of my paths.'

With ſuch thoughts did Adhim calm his hot, impetuous temper, waiting with coolneſs the return of the morning, which was to bring life to others, but death to him.

But ere the moon, which glimmered through the bars on the damp walls of the mould-fretted dungeon, was fallen from it's midnight watch, the ſultan heard the doors of the dungeon grate, and preſently he beheld the reflection of a light on the winding paſſage, and could diſtinguiſh the fall of feet treading ſoftly on the pavement. Fear for a moment poſſeſſed his breaſt, as he expected death was haſting to him before it's appointed time; and his firm mind was ſcarcely recovered from

from the boding ſhock, when he ſaw a female enter the place where he lay, with a lamp burning in her hand.

The gloomy cavern, and the cold midnight air, had chilled the blood and terrified the mind of the affrighted damſel, and ſhe ſtood ſhivering before the ſultan, unable to utter the motives of her viſit.

The ſultan, not leſs alarmed, though leſs fearful than before, aſked her on what errand ſhe came through the horrors of the night.

'Firſt,' ſaid the damſel, kneeling, 'let me, O ſtranger, looſe you from 'theſe ignominious chains.'

Upon which ſhe took from her boſom the keys which unlocked the fetters, and releaſed the ſultan from his confinement.

'Gentle damſel,' ſaid Adhim, 'what 'means this unexpected kindneſs?'

'I am,' anſwered ſhe, 'the only 'daughter of Colac, the keeper of 'theſe dungeons, and I am called Ku'fan, becauſe of the blackneſs of my 'eyes: but were my eyes like jet, and 'more brilliant than the diamond, yet 'never can they be fixed on a more 'lovely object, than on him who now 'ſtands before me.'

'What,' ſaid Adhim, 'O wretch'ed Kufan, has none of thy father's 'friends demanded thee, that thou 'comeſt at midnight among theſe damp 'walls to find thy paramour, and one, 'or I much miſtake, whom thou haſt 'never yet ſeen?'

'O fooliſh young man,' ſaid ſhe, 'tis enough for you to know, that 'Kufan loves, and you are happy; 'happy, indeed, when love's the price 'of liberty!'

'Diſgrace to your ſoft ſex,' ſaid Adhim, ſtarting from her, 'avaunt! 'for rather had I bear my chains, than 'meet a monſter who belyes her nature.'

'Yet hear me, fool,' ſaid ſhe 'ere 'day break in upon us, and cut off 'all future hope. I have the keys of 'every barred door which ſhuts you 'from mankind, and freedom waits 'without to lead you into ſafety, if 'my love be firſt preferred.'

'I would not wiſh to live,' ſaid Adhim, 'on ſuch mean terms: no, 'Kufan, baſe minds alone can love 'for profit; but thou haſt caſt thy 'ſex's decent virtues far away, as I 'have heard in Europe's colder clime, 'where ſome bold females walk abroad, 'uſurping manly vice, and caſt their 'nauſeous wild embrace on every paſſer 'by.'

'Then,' ſaid Kufan, her eyes flaſhing with indignant malice, 'die, cold 'ſenſeleſs wretch, and cheap thy ſacri'fice of life, which is already more 'than half extinct.'

As Kufan uttered theſe words, the arched paſſages of the dungeon echoed with an uncommon noiſe.

The Sultan Adhim, conſcious of his ſituation, was vexed in his heart that he had ſuffered Kufan to unlock his fetters; and he doubted not but thoſe who were entering, would ſuppoſe that he had conſented to the damſel, who was thus manifeſtly aiding his eſcape.

In the midſt of his anxiety and diſcontent, the vile Lemack entered the dungeon, ſupported by Colac the keeper, holding a bloody ſcymitar in his hand.

'Slave,' ſaid he to Colac, 'where 'is this rebel whom juſtice wakes to 'puniſh at this ſilent hour of night; 'other ſultans leave the execution of 'their orders to the meaneſt of man'kind, but they who hope to have 'them well performed, ſhould act 'the executioner themſelves. Yes— 'ah!' continued Lemack, ſtarting, 'who have we here! damned Colac, 'doſt thou ſolace thus thy priſon'guefts, and makeſt a ſeraglio of my 'dungeon!'

Colac, no leſs ſurprized at ſeeing his daughter with his priſoner than Lemack, was about to anſwer him, when the tyrant ſtruck his ſcymitar into his heart, and fell with the murdered Colac on the ground.

Kufan ſcreamed at the ſight! for Kufan loved her dear parent with a noble fondneſs; and though vicious in her mind, was yet tender and grateful to the father of her life.

Lemack ſtruggled on the pavement to recover his feet, but the fumes of wine overpowered him, and in broken accents he ſtammered forth execrations on the author of his misfortune.

Adhim perceiving no one came to the aſſiſtance of Lemack, ſeized the ſcymitar which the tyrant had plunged into the breathleſs body of Colac, and was about to ſtrike it into the heart of Lemack; but ſeeing him breathleſs

and

and extended, the ſultan forbore: 'No,' ſaid he, 'thou art not fit to die, 'nor would it well become a noble ſpi-'rit to finiſh that little of thee which 'vice hath ſpared.' Then ſeizing on Kufan, as ſhe knelt before her expiring parent—

'Damſel,' ſaid he, 'I admire your 'filial piety and tenderneſs, but the 'time is big with ſtrange events, and 'will not yield her precedence even 'to nature; wherefore riſe, and help 'me to drag this unweildy corſe to 'yonder chains; and hear me, dam-'ſel! be obedient, and I will pardon 'and reward thee; for know, O Ku-'fan, it is Adhim that directs your 'arm.'

Kufan, aſtoniſhed at the words of Adhim, fell at his feet, and was about to reply; but he obliged her to ariſe, and by degrees they pulled along the ſtupified body of Lemack, and ſecured him with fetters and chains; then taking off his royal veſtments, Adhim put them on himſelf, and commanding the virgin to continue in the dungeon, without making any alarm, he paſſed through the arched paſſages, locking and barring the doors, and aſcended into the court of the palace with the bloody ſcymitar in his hand.

What Adhim expected, came to paſs, none dared meet him, as they ſuppoſed it was the drunken, blood-thirſty tyrant; and he arrived at the ſeraglio unmoleſted, where he beheld ſeveral females weltering in their blood.

'Theſe,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'are 'the victims of Lemack's rage; but I 'muſt yet diſſemble.'

The ſultan then aſcended the royal couch, and having covered himſelf, he ſtamped on the ground, to call the eunuchs before him.

It was ſome time before any durſt venture into the chamber, ſuch dread had they of Lemack's drunken madneſs; but after a time, ſuppoſing him fallen aſleep, the chief of the eunuchs entered the chamber.

'Abelidah,' ſaid Adhim to him, counterfeiting the voice of Lemack, 'call Holam, Pherizar, Humlack, 'Eupordi, and Melan, before me.'

Abelidah, the chief of the eunuchs, was aſtoniſhed at the commands of the ſham Lemack, eſpecially as three of thoſe emirs whom he had mentioned, had fled as ſoon as Lemack was proclaimed ſultan.

However, the prudent eunuch ſuppoſed remonſtrances would be in vain, wherefore he ſent for Pherizar and Eupordi, and acquainted them with the ſultan's order.

Pherizar and Eupordi were thunder-ſtruck at the command; and they doubted not, but the priſoner who was betrayed by the baker, had diſcovered their ſecret attachment to their lawful prince.

Wherefore the good old emirs came trembling into the chamber, and fell proſtrate before the royal couch.

'Abelidah,' ſaid Adhim, ſtill counterfeiting the voice of Lemack, 'with-'draw with thy fawning mutes and 'eunuchs.'

Abelidah obeyed, and left Pherizar and Eupordi alone with the ſultan.

Adhim then roſe from his couch, and diſcovered to his wondering friends their long-loſt ſultan.

For ſome moments the emirs gazed in ſilent tranſports, and knew not how to give credit to their eyes; but recovering from their aſtoniſhment, they did obeiſance to their royal ſultan.

'Pherizar,' ſaid the Sultan Adhim, 'it is not now a time to unfold to you 'the miracle which brought me here; 'we muſt be inſtant in ſeizing the cap-'tains of the army, who firſt ſupport-'ed Lemack, and the vizirs of the 'court, who have baſely deſerted me, 'to fawn upon a vile uſurper. Give 'me, then, faithful emir, the names 'of theſe rebels, that we may, ſtill 'counterfeiting Lemack, ſend for them 'into the palace, and ſecure them with 'thoſe chains they meant to fix on us.'

Pherizar, in obedience to his ſultan, gave in a liſt of the ringleaders of the rebellion, and Abelidah was called in, and ſent to bring them ſingly before the counterfeit Lemack.

The vizirs and captains, each expecting ſome farther preferment, obeyed with great alacrity the royal ſummons; and as they entered, the emirs ſeized on them, and led each of them through a back way, into a ſeparate place of ſecurity.

The firſt movers of the ſedition being confined, Adhim diſcovered himſelf to Abelidah and his eunuchs, and commanded the trumpets to ſound,

and the criers to go forth, and proclaim the arrival of Adhim, the lawful Sultan of Perfia.

This was done fo fuddenly, that the foldiers who had loft their captains knew not which way to move, but throwing down their arms, many ran out of the city, while others repaired with great fubmiffion to the outer gates of the palace.

Pherizar and Eupordi went out to meet the penitents, and putting themfelves at their head, they feized on all the ftrong places of the city, and fent around to the friends of Adhim, to repair under their ftandards.

The citizens in general rejoiced at the happy exchange, and thofe who were as wickedly inclined as the tyrant Lemack, were obliged to join the general voice, and cry, 'Long live Adhim the magnificent, our lawful fultan!'

The imams who had been driven out of their mofques by the tyrannies of Lemack, entered them again with joy, and gave praife to Alla, for the return of their fultan.

Pherizar was now fent to the good derviſe of the groves, requefting his attendance, with the excellent Mirgiip.

When the faithful emir reached the grove, he found the mild Fincal weak and infirm, and with difficulty brought him forward in a palanquin towards the towers of Orez, fo that the emir feared they fhould not reach Raglai by the tenth day, which was appointed for the trial of Lemack.

As foon as Pherizar was gone forth, couriers were difpatched alfo, with all haſte, to the different provinces, to order their refpective governors to repair to court, and men well affected to Adhim were fent in their ſtead; and this was done fo quickly, that the fultan had placed proper men all round his empire before the news of his return was known.

Theſe things being well executed, Adhim committed the keys of the dungeon to Eupordi, and informed him of Lemack's ſituation, and the aſſiſtance he had received from Kufan, commanding him to leave Lemack fettered, and to bring Kufan before him.

The damſel, who had received no nouriſhment during her confinement, which laſted till the evening of the day following her midnight adventure, was weak, and faint with hunger and terror, and the preſence of Eupordi added to her fright, ſo that ſhe fell motionleſs at his feet.

Eupordi ſeeing Kufan fall, ordered his attendant guards to raiſe and ſupport her; then going forward toward the uſurper Lemack, who lay ſnoring on the ground, he cauſed double chains to be faſtened on him.

Lemack awaked not till the chains were hung around him; when ſhaking his huge corſe, and grunting forth a groan, he eſſayed to riſe, but found himſelf pinioned to the earth.

'In what curſed region am I wandering?' ſaid he, rubbing his eyes; 'and who are theſe imps before me, 'who ſeem to perſonate the ſpirits 'of the damned? ſurely death is paſſed, and hell awake! Ah! I ſhall eat 'no more! nor taſte again the luſcious 'grape! I muſt exchange the ſoft carpet, for this damp, ſlippery cave; 'and for the lively female, theſe cold, 'adamantine chains! O Alla, never 'did I pray before, but give me life 'and luxury again, and I will worſhip 'thee!

'Gods!' continued he, looking on the emir, 'is not that Eupordi; 'whom I meant, had life, dear pre'cious life, been given me but a day, 'to have ſacrificed for his curſed re'bellion! Art thou too here,' ſaid he, 'cold canting emir, loyal ſlave! 'and could not Adhim and his virtues 'ſave thee! Then virtue was a farce 'as e'er I thought it, and he the wiſeſt 'that made his paradiſe on earth. 'Come, friend of prieſts, religious, 'good Eupordi, come learn to curſe, 'of me, and laugh at holy cheats, 'who have deprived thee of life's 'bleſſing, and now do leave thee here, 'a prey to this dark grave.'

'Blaſphemous ſlave,' anſwered Eupordi, 'thou art yet alive, if that be 'called life which thou poſſeſſeſt; which 'is indeed but life's ſlavery, a fearful 'vaſſalage to diſordered appetite, and 'craving paſſions; to live like thee, 'the drudge of luxury, were a curſe, 'and not a bleſſing, a grievous burden, and no gift to be deſired; but 'haply life with thee is ſhort, for 'now our royal maſter reigns again, 'and thou art Adhim's priſoner.'

'Priſoner!' ſaid Lemack confound-

ed,

ed, his countenance falling, and his limbs convulsed with fear; 'righteous 'Eupordi! is then my royal master 'living, and returned to his long ex-'pecting subjects? O let me haste to 'kiss that garment which enrobes him, 'and to lick the dust which bears the 'pride of Persia on it's surface; happy 'for me, my lord again vouchsafes to 'rule his wide domain. Poor weak 'old man! the cares of state depressed 'my unpenetrating mind; and every 'day convinced me, none but our 'royal master could sway with just 'impartial balance the royal sceptre 'of the Persian throne.'

'I now retort that canting phrase 'thou gavest me,' said Eupordi, 'and 'from thy example judge, the vicious 'tyrant, when deposed, becomes a slave 'most abject.'

'Good Eupordi,' replied Lemack in tears, 'hast thou no compassion on 'a fallen brother? Did I then suffer 'thee to live for this? O fly, kind 'emir, and at Adhim's feet beg mer-'cy for thy friend.'

'Whatever our royal master shall 'command, Eupordi must obey,' said the emir; 'but think not that he means 'in secret silence to deprive thee of thy 'life; no, Lemack, just and noble in 'his soul, he has called the solemn 'divan, and means to judge thee for 'thy crimes. Ten days are yet ap-'pointed to assemble the vizirs and 'emirs to the divan.'

'Then am I lost indeed, poor wretch-'ed man,' said Lemack, 'to meet the 'frowns of our offended nobles, who 'will rejoice to spurn the man they 'saw with envy the favourite of our 'sultan.'

'Speak not thus hastily, Lemack,' said the emirs, 'of our Persian nobles; 'above the low conceits of envy or of 'malice, they will judge thee as their 'brother; and where doubt hesitates, 'there mercy shall prevail.'

Thus said Eupordi, and retired, commanding the guards, who had in vain endeavoured to recover Kusan, to lay her body beside her father Colac.

Adhim having heard the dismal tale of Kusan, ordered all funeral honours to be paid her and Colac, and continued to their family the post which the father enjoyed; commanding his treasurer, moreover, to pay the widow a thousand sequins.

In the mean time Falri, surrounded by sorceries, had rendered the forest of Goruou impervious to the troops of Adhim; who, in the midst of his cares, had not forgotten the beauteous Kaphira; baffled by his enchantments, the monarch wished himself to seek her in the forest, but he considered that his life was his people's, and that publick utility must be preferred to private happiness.

Falri, knowing by his art the overthrow of Lemack, cursed the foolish drunkard in his mind; and he had left him to himself, to perish by the hand of Adhim, had not the success of the sultan been a canker to his own breast.

Wherefore he resolved, by some secret contrivance, to ruin the happiness of Adhim; and as Nadan protected the sultan from enchantment, Falri hoped to make his new-fangled virtues, as he called them, the sources of his misery.

The following night he stood before Lemack in the dungeon, but the dispirited wretch could scarcely speak to his adviser Falri; and when he found the enchanter was not able to release him, he wept like an infant.

'Wretched Lemack,' said Falri, 'craft shall prevail where force may 'not; did I not sacrifice Mirglip to 'calumny! then fear not but Adhim 'shall be snared by the deceits of 'Falri.'

Thus said the sorcerer, and disclosed to Lemack the foul purpose of his heart; but Lemack, to whom revenge was of little value, when his life was forfeited, answered the sorcerer only with his groans.

On the tenth day arrived the faithful emir Pherizar, with Fincal the dervise of the groves, and the temperate Mirglip; but the good dervise, fatigued with his journey, was unable to attend his royal master; and when Mirglip came into the presence of Adhim, the sultan having welcomed him to Orez, ordered him to watch his father's health, and excused every kind of attendance on himself.

The sultan then entered the divan, and being seated on his throne, with his surrounding vizirs and emirs, he commanded the rebel Lemack to be led forth from the dungeon.

The unweildy Lemack moved slowly

through the ranks of guards, who were placed on each ſide to ſecure him, and his chains rattled on his limbs, as he heaved his diſtempered ſides with heavy ſighs.

An horrid gloom overcaſt his brow, and fear and diſmay trembled on his eye-lids; foul tears ran trickling down his furrowed cheeks, and his jaw, falling from it's worn-out ſocket, reſted on his protuberant paunch.

As he came into the preſence of Adhim, he fell at the foot of the throne, and groaned for mercy, vowing everlaſting fidelity to his lord, and penitence for the crimes he had committed againſt Adhim and his ſubjects.

The royal Adhim, though enraged at his hypocriſies, was nevertheleſs moved at his abject vizir; and in the nobleneſs of his heart, he would have forgiven his crimes, had he not called the ſolemn divan to judgment.

The rebellion of Lemack was too glaring to admit of any palliation; and Adhim found that none of the vizirs choſe to ſpeak in his behalf.

'My ſubjects and my ſafeguard,' ſaid the royal Adhim, 'fear not to 'ſpeak in behalf of this poor priſoner, 'for I ſwear on my ſceptre, the man 'who pleads beſt for Lemack, ſhall 'have thanks from me.'

The divan ſtill continued ſilent.

'Then,' ſaid Adhim, 'I will ſpeak, 'and aſk ye, nobles, whether this Le'mack be guilty of death, who uſurped 'not our authority, ſince it was dele'gated to him? and if he abuſed it, 'mine was the fault, not his.'

'Juſt, and generous ſovereign,' anſwered Pherizar, 'more lovely to the 'guilty than to thoſe who have never 'offended, you have called me here to 'ſpeak the juſt ſentiments of my heart, 'and therefore, I conceive Lemack had 'been acquitted by your voice, had he 'not publickly offered a reward for the 'life of his prince.'

The divan rang with applauſe at the words of Pherizar, for Lemack was ſo abhorred by the people, who knew more of his wretchedneſs than the generous Adhim, that the mildeſt of them thought his death was abſolutely neceſſary to the general peace.

Adhim, overcome by the reaſonings of his counſellors, yielded up Lemack to their will; and the wretched vizir ſunk to the ground, while he heard on every ſide the ſentence of his death pronounced.

The royal Adhim having determined the fate of Lemack, commanded him to be detained in the divan, during the trial of ſeveral innocent perſons, who in the uſurpation of the vizir had met with no redreſs.

The nobles in the divan were amazed to ſee with what candour and perſpicuity the ſultan decided; diveſting himſelf of every prejudice, and not pemitting royalty on the one hand, nor popularity on the other, to bias his judgment, or influence his decrees.

Lemack beheld theſe tranſactions with a different eye. The juſtice of Adhim ſtruck the ſharpeſt ſtings in his conſcience; he ſaw with contempt, virtue triumph, and vice abaſed; he ſaw private advantage yielding to publick juſtice, and the law triumphant over partiality and affection.

And now the different parties were retreating, every one ſatisfied with the equity of their ſultan; and the publick crier gave notice, that the cauſes were all determined, when a young man from the extremity of the divan, called out and deſired to be heard.

The aſſembly were ſo much charmed with the addreſs of their ſultan, who ſeldom before had attended the divan, but left the management of juſtice to Lemack, (except where humour or caprice led him to be particular) that they were pleaſed to find there was yet another cauſe to be tried; wherefore, making room for the young man, they let him paſs toward the foot of the throne.

The young man led in his hand a veiled virgin, and falling proſtrate at the footſtool of Adhim—

'Pattern of every human excel'lence, juſt law-giver of Perſia,' ſaid the young man, 'I beſeech thy pa'tience to hear me a few words.

'I am, O Sultan of Perſia, the ſon 'of a noble emir of thy court, and 'being ſmitten with the beauties of 'this fair damſel, I aſked her conſent 'to marry me, provided I could pre'vail with her father to receive me 'for a ſon-in-law. The damſel con'ſented to the terms I propoſed, and 'I went in ſearch of her father, who 'yielded to my entreaties. And now, 'O ſultan, that I have done all that 'was required of me, the damſel re-

'fuſes

'fuſes to go before the cadi, and take 'me for her huſband.'

'Damſel,' ſaid the ſultan, to the virgin who ſtood veiled before him, 'has this young man ſpoke the truth, 'or has he decieved thee into a pro-'miſe?'

The damſel held down her head, her hands fixed on each other, and anſwered nothing.

'If,' continued the ſultan, 'you 'make no anſwer, virgin, I muſt con-'ceive you guilty, and enforce the 'promiſe which you ſeem now ſo un-'willing to fulfil.'

The damſel ſtill continued ſilent, yet her breaſt heaved with ſighs, and her knees ſhook with fear.

'The modeſt diſtreſs of the virgin,' ſaid Adhim, 'will not ſuffer her to 'ſpeak, and her fear ariſes from fe-'male delicacy.—Lead her forth, 'young man,' continued the ſultan, 'and let the cadi ratify your vows.'

As the ſultan ſpake theſe words, the beauteous virgin fainted in the arms of the young man, and the attendants of Adhim haſtening to unveil her, and give her air, diſcovered to the aſtoniſhed ſultan the features of the long-loſt Kaphira.

Adhim haſted from his throne, and was about to aſſiſt in recovering her; when checking himſelf, and ſtopping—

'Hold,' ſaid he, aloud, to himſelf, 'Sultan of Perſia, forbear; for by 'Fincal's conſent, by Kaphira's ſilence, 'and by thy own decree, ſhe is the 'wife of another.'

The Sultan Adhim ſpake this with a firmneſs and reſolution which aſtoniſhed every hearer, though they were ignorant of the cauſe; and as he left off ſpeaking, he aſcended the throne, commanding the eunuch to ſpare no pains in ſuccouring the beauteous Kaphira.

In the mean time he diſpatched Abelidah, the chief of the eunuchs, to requeſt the preſence of Mirglip in the divan; and as the good young man entered, 'Mirglip,' ſaid he, 'behold 'thy ſiſter Kaphira!'

Mirglip, elated at the words of the ſultan, ran towards his ſiſter, who was then reviving from her faintneſs; and taking her from the arms of the young man, he embraced his ſiſter Kaphira.

Kaphira looked on him with a look of tenderneſs, and with a deep ſigh ſaid, 'From whence comeſt thou, O Mir-'glip, my brother?'

After a tender interview between Mirglip and Kaphira, the ſultan aſked Mirglip whether he knew the young man who attended his ſiſter.

'Author of all my joys,' anſwered Mirglip, 'I remember well the face 'of this noble youth, and am ſurprized 'that my ſultan recollects not the fea-'tures of Bereddan, the ſon of Holam, 'who came to inform you, at the der-'viſe's, of the rebellion of Lemack.'

'Juſt Alla,' ſaid Adhim, ſtarting, 'I am indeed blind, not to acknow-'ledge the friendly offices of Bered-'dan, to whoſe faithful ſervices I owe 'my crown and life.

'Bereddan,' continued the ſultan, 'lead away the beauteous Kaphira, I 'aſk no more; doubtleſs you have the 'permiſſion of Fincal, and to ſuſpect 'your faith were cruelty and injuſtice.'

'Indeed,' replied Mirglip, 'he has; 'ten days ſince, the young nobleman 'returned to us in the groves of my 'father, and told us he had in vain 'followed the ſteps of Adhim his ſul-'tan; but that journeying through the 'foreſt of Goruou, he had eſpied the 'fair Kaphira a priſoner to enchant-'ment; and engaged, if my father 'would reward his love, to releaſe her 'from the tyrannies of Falri.

'The good old derviſe willingly 'conſented, and Bereddan flew from 'the groves in ſearch of Kaphira; his 'ſucceſs we know not, but ſeeing him 'here with Kaphira, we doubt not but 'he hath well deſerved the love of 'our ſiſter.'

The fair Kaphira looked in amaze on Mirglip as he ſpoke, and claſping her hands, and lifting them to Heaven, 'O Alla,' ſaid ſhe, 'defend me!'

The ſultan, who would not truſt his eyes toward her, fearing their well-known influence, was however ſomewhat confounded at the preference which Kaphira had payed to Bereddan, after the ſweet converſe he had enjoyed with her in the foreſt; but he concluded, that gratitude, and her father's promiſe, had bound her to Bereddan, and he reſolved to ſuſtain the mighty ſhock with firmneſs and intrepidity.

But the reſolutions of Ahhim were vain; love, mighty love, poſſeſſed his frame;

frame; and though his mind resolved to suffer, yet his body sunk a prey to his contending passions.

The emirs seeing their sultan fall, crouded eagerly to release him; and Kaphira shrieked aloud at his fate, and had Bereddan suffered her, she would have ran the first to support her lord.

By degrees the sultan recovered, and turning toward Bereddan, 'Cruel emir,' said he, 'forbear; far hence lead thy rich prize—and thou, O prophet, learn me to forget myself and her!'

The Sorcerer Falri, who had personated Bereddan, to deceive the good dervise, and destroy the peace of Adhim, exulted in his success, and led away the unwilling fair-one through the divan, blessing Adhim aloud for his disinterested justice.

The crowd saw with rage the sham young emir hasting away; and had not the noble virtue of Adhim awed their minds, they had sacrificed the false Bereddan to their resentment.

As Bereddan passed along, the abject Lemack rose from the earth, whither he had cast himself after his condemnation, and turning to Adhim—

'Dispose of my being, and just judge of Persia,' said he, 'swear to forgive thy slave his iniquities, and I will unravel to thee such a scene of sorcery, as shall release Kaphira from him who now bears her away.'

'Speak then, vizir,' said Adhim hastily, 'and relieve my doubts, and I swear to reward thee with thy life.'

'Seize on the sham Bereddan instantly,' replied Lemack.

The words of Lemack were needless, for the crowd in the divan had seized him the moment Lemack began to speak.

The Sorcerer Falri, perceiving that his false friend Lemack was about to betray him, began to mutter his enchantments, but he found a superior power witheld him, and the spirits who had served him remained deaf to his secret incantations.

Instantly the Genius Nadan appeared in the divan, and turning to Adhim—

'Prince,' said she, 'fear not; for Lemack having given up Falri, his sorceries will no longer protect him.'

'Speak then, O Lemack,' said the sultan to him, 'and discover to thy prince, by what artifice has Falri prevailed on the beauteous Kaphira to listen to him!'

'First,' answered Lemack, 'let these bonds be taken from me, which ill become the friend of Adhim, and the man who alone could restore Kaphira to his arms.'

The spectators were enraged at the insolent change, and saw again with fear the deadly spark of malice issue from his eye, and his brows knit with surly importance.

'Release him, guards,' continued Adhim; 'but watch well his malicious cunning, lest some of my subjects curse the hour of his freedom.—'But hear me, wretched Lemack,' said the sultan, 'take heed that truth, a long neglected guest, come from thy lips.'

'On truth,' said Lemack, 'hangs my just reward; then hear me, sultan: by thy arts o'erthrown, and bound in yonder dungeon, this Falri, by his enchantment, contrived to see me, and told me by what artifice he meant to ruin Adhim's peace.

'First, like thyself, arrayed with Adhim's visage and with Adhim's form, he wandered round his own domains, seeking Kaphira, whom, by her ring concealed, he sought in vain, till the artless virgin, supposing he was Adhim, discovered herself to him. By easy, smooth, and flattering discourse, he soon prevailed upon her to yield herself to him, and brought her in disguise beyond the power of Nadan. Then personating Bereddan, whom he had caught wandering in search of his royal master, and confined in his beastly cave, he went to Fincal's happy groves, and with a well-told tale, allured the unsuspecting dervise to promise him his daughter.

'His plan thus happily succeeding, he entered the cottage, where before he had left Kaphira; and now, no longer Adhim, but the sham Bereddan, he claims her vow of marriage; she, affrighted, declares her innocence; and Falri, under a pretence of justice, brings her to the solemn divan, hoping to blast the pleasures of my sultan, and to make his just

'resolves

'resolves the occasion of his future 'torment; a feat indeed well worthy 'of his malice, but of little comfort 'to poor Lemack's heart; who, bound 'by ignominious chains, was left to 'perish like a cast-off garment. In-'deed, he promised fair, bid me not 'doubt, and preached up faith to one 'who never yet would credit Heaven; 'told me I should again enjoy the Per-'sian empire, and fed me with an emp-'ty tale, thinking I would not help 'myself when fit occasion served.

'Yes, false deceiver,' continued Le-mack, shaking his hand at Falri, 'with 'all thy cunning, hast thou yet to 'learn, a wise and cautious man will 'never suffer to oblige his friend. Born 'for myself alone, I move not at ano-'ther's beck, unless I see my own ad-'vantage move where I do.'

'Base, wretched Lemack,' said Adhim sternly, 'blast not the face of jus-'tice with thy odious speech, nor 'triumph in the life which ingratitude 'has obtained thee. From self alone, 'and not from publick virtue, rises 'the informer's tale; a curse to those 'who trust him, and the scorn even of 'those his meanness benefits: go, then, 'vile wretch, detested by thy friends, 'despised by all mankind, with last-'ing infamy be branded, till sick of 'life, and weary of your vileness, you 'curse the ungenerous means which 'lengthened out your shame.'

As Adhim spake, Lemack looked pale with rage, and struck with just confusion, answered not; but limping forth, he left the divan, knowing not where to turn, or hide his head from the just fury of the multitude, who fol-lowed at his heels with hisses and im-precations.

In the mean time, the sultan pro-ceeded to pass judgment on the sorcerer Falri; but here the Genius Nadan in-terposed.

'Falri, O sultan,' said Nadan, 'though now confined by my charms, 'is nevertheless not subject to a mor-'tal's power; for he must ever live, 'while foul excess and bloated luxury 'controul mankind: however, prince, 'thus far thy sentence shall extend, to 'drive him from thy kingdom and the 'Persian empire.'

'If such my doom,' said Falri, 're-'lease me, Genius, and I will fly far 'hence away, to some European clime, 'where art and science shall but live 'for me, and commerce raise her swell-'ing sails, to bring varieties to feast my 'dainty palate.'

Thus spake the sorcerer, and changed into his natural form, he spread his foul black pinions to the air; then, wav-ing them aloft—

'Persia,' said he, 'farewel; high 'pampered by fair Albion's luxuries, 'I'll soon forget thy simple, uninviting 'diet!'

'And now,' said the Genius Nadan, leading Kaphira toward Adhim, 're-'ceive, O prince, the just reward of 'all thy toils, and haste to bless the 'lingering sight of the good dervise, 'with his daughter; and remember, 'that every joy you feel with fair Ka-'phira, was honest Mirglip's gift.'

Nadan having finished his tale, bow-ed before the throne of the sage Iraca-gem, and that faithful instructor arose, and returned his salute.

'Bounteous Nadan,' said the sage Iracagem, 'we are indebted to you 'for much instruction, who have blend-'ed the doctrines of temperance, with 'the exercise of justice; and taught 'our listening pupils the love of vir-'tuous friendship, and the sweet re-'wards which rise from generous and 'from noble actions. Nor have we 'more to teach, nor they more to hear. 'Hark, friendly Genii, the charm is 'broken! Our mansion totters on it's 'mouldering base! The fleeting scene 'rolls far away, and all the visionary 'dream dissolves.'

'Kind reader! the Genii are no 'more; and Horam, but the phantom 'of my mind, speaks not again; fic-'tion himself, and fiction all he seemed 'to write; nor useless shall his life 'be deemed by those who blush at 'worse than pagan vices in enlighten-'ed climes.

'In friendly guise these sheets were 'written, to lead thee unto virtue; and 'the proud, gaudy, trappings of the 'East, with all it's wild romantick 'monsters, have risen far above their 'usual sphere, to serve the cause of 'moral truth. But then perchance

'you'll

'you'll ask, what shall that truth 'avail, now all the beauteous wildness 'is no more, which was the spring 'and mover of this pagan virtue: the 'Genii are all fled, who watched attendant the virtuous mind, and crowned it with success; and the reward 'ceasing, the incentive to noble actions 'ceases with it?'

'If, then, you will yet spare me a 'few moments, and listen to me, I 'trust you shall not long lament the 'loss of Horam, and his friendly 'Genii; for were the foundations of 'morality laid only in phantom and 'imagination, persuasion would be so 'fruitless, that every moral writer, 'dissatisfied with his ill success, might 'justly cast his works into the flames.

'Prepare, then, for a scene more worthy of your sight than human fancy 'could conceive, a scene tremendous! 'wonderful! and great! full of mercy 'and of truth, where Heaven itself inclines to earth, and God becomes an 'offering for mankind!

'Behold the moral veil rent in twain, 'and from thick clouds of darkness, 'the Sun of Righteousness arise! Behold death nailed on the cross, and 'mercy springing from the grave! Redemption brought to man by an Heavenly Being, far superior to angels, 'or ministering spirits; and the voice 'of God declared to us by his Son, 'whom he hath appointed heir of all 'things; by whom also he made the 'worlds; who being the brightness of 'his glory, and the express image of 'his person, and upholding all things 'by the word of his power, when he 'had by himself purged our sins on the 'cross, sat down on the right-hand of 'the Majesty on High; being made so 'much better than the angels, as he 'hath by inheritance obtained a more 'excellent name than they.

'We then may make an happy exchange from pagan blindness to christian verities, and look upon ourselves 'as creatures dignified with Heaven's 'peculiar grace. For us cometh the 'Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty 'God, the Prince of Peace; travelling 'from Edom in the greatness of his 'strength, mighty to save, the Lord 'our Father, our Redeemer; whose 'name is from everlasting, whose arm 'brought salvation unto his people, and 'his righteousness it sustained him; 'who put on righteousness as a breast-'plate, and an helmet of salvation 'upon his head; the garments of vengeance for cloathing, and was clad 'with zeal as a cloak; who preached 'good tidings unto the meek, who came 'to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the 'opening of the prison to them that are 'bound: our sun shall no more go 'down, neither shall our moon withdraw itself, for the Lord is our everlasting light, and God our glory.

'Fear not then, worm of Jacob, and 'ye men of Israel; fear not ye who 'are come to the brightness of his 'rising; fear not ye who are the ends 'of the world, for your hearts shall 'be enlarged, and ye shall see the salvation of the Lord; for ye have an 'advocate with the Father, who is 'above all, even Jesus Christ, the righteous Son of God.

'To have God for our friend, is 'more noble and satisfactory than the 'mediation of departed souls or ministering spirits. To have Heaven for 'our comforter, and the Holy Spirit 'for our guide and director, is far superior to the assistance of Genii, or any 'intermediate being.

'The meanest christian is far above 'the most exalted heathen; though 'cloathed in poverty, he who sanctifieth 'upholds him, and he who justifieth 'hath been sacrificed for him. He is 'greater than kings, and mightier than 'the princes of the earth; for he is the 'temple of God, and the spirit of the 'Lord dwelleth in him.

'How greatly then are we beloved 'of God, and the children of mercy, 'through the light of that bounteous 'religion, which is the gift of an all-'powerful Father, of an all-merciful 'Mediator, and of an all-sanctifying 'Spirit! What new worlds of bliss 'do these sacred truths open to our 'dim, faded sight! What scenes of 'endless glory do they unfold before 'the faithful eyes of those who seek 'the christian law of truth! Thrones 'not tottering, but triumphant and 'everlasting! Powers, principalities, 'and dominions, not gained by con-'quest and the sword, but the sweet 'reward of duteous faith and love! 'Myriads of angels singing their heart-'felt hosannas of praise and thanks-'giving, and conquering armies o

'martyrs

'martyrs, who have ſubdued the world 'by patience, long-ſuffering, and faith 'unſhaken! All theſe, and glories un-'ſpeakable, inconceivable, bleſſings 'unbounded and everlaſting, ſhall be 'the portion of the pious and faithful 'chriſtian, when even the earth itſelf 'ſhall paſs away as a ſcroll before the 'wind, and moulder into atoms like 'a moth-fretted garment!

'In that awful moment, how glo-'rious ſhall the faithful appear, when 'the omnipotent Saviour, cloathed with 'a veſture dipped in his own meritori-'ous blood, and having on his thigh 'a name written, KING OF KINGS, 'AND LORD OF LORDS! ſhall ſay 'unto them, "Come, ye bleſſed of my "Father, inherit the kingdom pre-"pared for you from the foundation "of the world; enter into the eternal "joy of your Lord, and become the "*ſons and daughters of the Lord Al-*"*mighty!*"

FINIS.

THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES,

A

FOUNDLING.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

——MORES HOMINUM MULTORUM VIDIT——

LONDON:
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M DCC LXXXIII.

TO THE

HONOURABLE

GEORGE LYTTELTON, Esq.

ONE OF THE

LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE TREASURY.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING your conſtant refuſal, when I have aſked leave to preſix your name to this Dedication, I muſt ſtill inſiſt on my right to deſire your protection of this work.

To you, Sir, it is owing that this hiſtory was ever begun. It was by your deſire that I firſt thought of ſuch a compoſition. So many years have ſince paſt, that you may have, perhaps, forgotten this circumſtance: but your deſires are to me in the nature of commands; and the impreſſion of them is never to be eraſed from my memory.

Again, Sir, without your aſſiſtance this hiſtory had never been compleated. Be not ſtartled at the aſſertion. I do not intend to draw on you the ſuſpicion of being a romance-writer. I mean no more, than that I partly owe to you my exiſtence during great part of the time which I have employed in compoſing it: another matter which it may be neceſſary to remind you of; ſince there are certain actions of which you are apt to be extremely forgetful; but of theſe I hope I ſhall always have a better memory than yourſelf.

Laſtly, it is owing to you that the hiſtory appears what it now is. If there be in this work, as ſome have been pleaſed to ſay, a ſtronger picture of a truly benevolent mind than is to be found in any other, who that knows you, and a particular acquaintance of yours, will doubt whence that benevolence hath been copied? The world will not, I believe, make me the compliment of thinking I took it from myſelf. I care not: this they ſhall own, that the two perſons from whom I have taken it, that is to ſay, two of the beſt and worthieſt men in the world, are ſtrongly and zealouſly my friends. I might be contented with this, and yet my vanity will add a third to the number; and him one of the greateſt and nobleſt, not only in his rank, but in every publick and private virtue. But here, whilſt my gratitude for the princely benefactions of the Duke of Bedford burſts from my heart, you muſt forgive my reminding you, that it was you who firſt recommended me to the notice of my benefactor.

And

And what are your objections to the allowance of the honour which I have ſolicited? Why, you have commended the book ſo warmly, that you ſhould be aſhamed of reading your name before the Dedication. Indeed, Sir, if the book itſelf doth not make you aſhamed of your commendations, nothing that I can here write will, or ought. I am not to give up my right to your protection and patronage, becauſe you have commended my book: for though I acknowledge ſo many obligations to you, I do not add this to the number; in which friendſhip, I am convinced, hath ſo little ſhare; ſince that can neither bias your judgment, nor pervert your integrity. An enemy may at any time obtain your commendation, by only deſerving it; and the utmoſt which the faults of your friends can hope for, is your ſilence; or, perhaps, if too ſeverely accuſed, your gentle palliation.

In ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect, that your diſlike of publick praiſe is your true objection to granting my requeſt. I have obſerved that you have, in common with my two other friends, an unwillingneſs to hear the leaſt mention of your own virtues; that, as a great poet ſays of one of you, (he might juſtly have ſaid it of all three) you

'Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.'

If men of this diſpoſition are as careful to ſhun applauſe, as others are to eſcape cenſure, how juſt muſt be your apprehenſion of your character falling into my hands; ſince what would not a man have reaſon to dread, if attacked by an author who had received from him injuries equal to my obligations to you!

And will not this dread of cenſure increaſe in proportion to the matter which a man is conſcious of having afforded for it? If his whole life, for inſtance, ſhould have been one continued ſubject of ſatire, he may well tremble when an incenſed ſatiriſt takes him in hand. Now, Sir, if we apply this to your modeſt averſion to panegyrick, how reaſonable will your fears of me appear!

Yet ſurely you might have gratified my ambition, from this ſingle confidence, that I ſhall always prefer the indulgence of your inclinations to the ſatisfaction of my own. A very ſtrong inſtance of which I ſhall give you in this addreſs; in which I am determined to follow the example of all other dedicators, and will conſider not what my patron really deſerves to have written, but what he will be beſt pleaſed to read.

Without farther preface, then, I here preſent you with the labours of ſome years of my life. What merit theſe labours have is already known to yourſelf. If, from your favourable judgment, I have conceived ſome eſteem for them, it cannot be imputed to vanity; ſince I ſhould have agreed as implicitly to your opinion, had it been given in favour of any other man's production. Negatively, at leaſt, I may be allowed to ſay, that had I been ſenſible of any great demerit in the work, you are the laſt perſon to whoſe protection I would have ventured to recommend it.

From the name of my patron, indeed, I hope my reader will be convinced, at his very entrance on this work, that he will find in the whole courſe of it nothing prejudicial to the cauſe of religion and virtue; nothing inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt rules of decency, nor which can offend even the chaſteſt eye in the peruſal. On the contrary, I declare, that to recommend goodneſs and innocence hath been my ſincere endeavour in this hiſtory. This honeſt purpoſe you have been

pleaſed

pleaſed to think I have attained; and to ſay the truth, it is likelieſt to be attained in books of this kind: for an example is a kind of picture, in which virtue becomes as it were an object of ſight, and ſtrikes us with an idea of that lovelineſs, which Plato aſſerts there is in her naked charms.

Beſides diſplaying that beauty of virtue which may attract the admiration of mankind, I have attempted to engage a ſtronger motive to human action in her favour, by convincing men that their true intereſt directs them to a purſuit of her. For this purpoſe I have ſhewn, that no acquiſitions of guilt can compenſate the loſs of that ſolid inward comfort of mind, which is the ſure companion of innocence and virtue; nor can in the leaſt balance the evil of that horror and anxiety which, in their room, guilt introduces into our boſoms. And again, that as theſe acquiſitions are in themſelves generally worthleſs, ſo are the means to attain them not only baſe and infamous, but at beſt uncertain, and always full of danger. Laſtly, I have endeavoured ſtrongly to inculcate, that virtue and innocence can ſcarce ever be injured but by indiſcretion; and that it is this alone which often betrays them into the ſnares that deceit and villainy ſpread for them. A moral which I have the more induſtriouſly laboured, as the teaching it is, of all others, the likelieſt to be attended with ſucceſs: ſince, I believe, it is much eaſier to make good men wiſe, than to make bad men good.

For theſe purpoſes I have employed all the wit and humour of which I am maſter, in the following hiſtory; wherein I have endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices. How far I have ſucceeded in this good attempt, I ſhall ſubmit to the candid reader, with only two requeſts: firſt, That he will not expect to find perfection in this work; and ſecondly, That he will excuſe ſome parts of it, if they fall ſhort of that little merit which I hope may appear in others.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer. Indeed I have run into a preface, while I profeſſed to write a dedication. But how can it be otherwiſe? I dare not praiſe you; and the only means I know of to avoid it, when you are in my thoughts, are either to be entirely ſilent, or to turn my thoughts to ſome other ſubject.

Pardon, therefore, what I have ſaid in this epiſtle, not only without your conſent, but abſolutely againſt it; and give me at leaſt leave, in this publick manner, to declare that I am, with the higheſt reſpect and gratitude,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

Obedient humble ſervant,

HENRY FIELDING.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING AS MUCH OF THE BIRTH OF THE FOUNDLING AS IS NECESSARY OR PROPER TO ACQUAINT THE READER WITH IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS HISTORY.

CHAP. I.

THE INTRODUCTION TO THE WORK, OR BILL OF FARE TO THE FEAST.

AN author ought to conſider himſelf, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemoſynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a publick ordinary, at which all perſons are welcome for their money. In the former caſe it is well known, that the entertainer provides what fare he pleaſes; and though this ſhould be very indifferent, and utterly diſagreeable to the taſte of his company, they muſt not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good-breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is ſet before them. Now, the contrary of this happens to the maſter of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat, will inſiſt on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimſical theſe may prove; and if every thing is not agreeable to their taſte, will challenge a right to cenſure, to abuſe, and to d—n their dinner, without controul.

To prevent, therefore, giving offence to their cuſtomers by any ſuch diſappointment, it hath been uſual, with the honeſt and well-meaning hoſt, to provide a bill of fare, which all perſons may peruſe at their firſt entrance into the houſe; and, having thence acquainted themſelves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either ſtay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to ſome other ordinary better accommodated to their taſte.

As we do not diſdain to borrow wit or wiſdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condeſcended to take a hint from theſe honeſt victuallers, and ſhall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole

entertainment, but ſhall likewiſe give the reader particular bills to every courſe which is to be ſerved up in this and the enſuing volumes.

The proviſion then which we have here made, is no other than HUMAN NATURE. Nor do I fear that my ſenſible reader, though moſt luxurious in his taſte, will ſtart, cavil, or be offended, becauſe I have named but one article. The tortoiſe, as the alderman of Briſtol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience, beſides the delicious Callibaſh and Calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in *Human Nature*, though here collected under one general name, is ſuch prodigious variety, that a cook will have ſooner gone through all the ſeveral ſpecies of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhauſt ſo extenſive a ſubject.

An objection may, perhaps, be apprehended from the more delicate, that this diſh is too common and vulgar; for what elſe is the ſubject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the ſtalls abound? Many exquiſite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a ſufficient cauſe for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that ſomething was to be found in the moſt paltry alleys under the ſame name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham or Bologna ſauſage is to be found in the ſhops.

But the whole, to continue the ſame metaphor, conſiſts in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr. Pope tells us,

> True wit is nature to advantage dreſt,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſt.

The ſame animal which hath the honour to have ſome part of his fleſh eaten at the table of a duke, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and ſome of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vileſt ſtall in town. Where then lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the ſame ox or calf, but in the ſeaſoning, the dreſſing, the garniſhing, and the ſetting forth! Hence the one provokes and incites the moſt languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the ſharpeſt and keeneſt.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment conſiſts leſs in the ſubject, than in the author's ſkill in well dreſſing it up. How pleaſed therefore will the reader be to find, that we have, in the following work, adhered cloſely to one of the higheſt principles of the beſt cook which the preſent age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced! This great man, as is well known to all polite lovers of eating, begins at firſt by ſetting plain things before his hungry guests, riſing afterwards by degrees, as their ſtomachs may be ſuppoſed to decreaſe, to the very quinteſſence of ſauce and ſpices. In like manner, we ſhall repreſent human nature at firſt to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and ſimple manner in which it is found in the country, and ſhall hereafter hash and ragout it with all the high French and Italian ſeaſoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By theſe means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered deſirous to read on for ever, as the great perſon, juſt above-mentioned, is ſuppoſed to have made ſome perſons eat.

Having premiſed thus much, we will now detain thoſe who like our bill of fare, no longer from their diet, and ſhall proceed directly to ſerve up the firſt courſe of our hiſtory, for their entertainment.

CHAP. II.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF SQUIRE ALLWORTHY, AND A FULLER ACCOUNT OF MISS BRIDGET ALLWORTHY HIS SISTER.

IN that part of the weſtern diviſion of this kingdom, which is commonly called Somerſetſhire, there lately lived (and perhaps lives ſtill!) a gentleman whoſe name was Allworthy, and who might well be called the favourite of both nature and fortune; for both of theſe ſeem to have contended which ſhould bleſs and enrich him moſt. In this contention, nature may ſeem to ſome to have come off victorious, as ſhe beſtowed on him many gifts; while fortune had only one gift in her power;

power; but in pouring forth this, ſhe was ſo very profuſe, that others perhaps may think this ſingle endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various bleſſings which he enjoyed from nature. From the former of theſe he derived an agreeable perſon, a ſound conſtitution, a ſolid underſtanding, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largeſt eſtates in the country.

This gentleman had, in his youth, married a very worthy and beautiful woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: by her he had three children, all of whom died in their infancy. He had likewiſe had the misfortune of burying this beloved wife herſelf, above five years before the time in which this hiſtory chuſes to ſet out. This loſs, however great, he bore like a man of ſenſe and conſtancy; though it muſt be confeſt, he would often talk a little whimſically on this head: for he ſometimes ſaid, he looked on himſelf as ſtill married, and conſidered his wife as only gone a little before him, a journey which he ſhould moſt certainly, ſooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the leaſt doubt of meeting her again, in a place where he ſhould never part with her more. Sentiments for which his ſenſe was arraigned by one part of his neighbours, his religion by a ſecond, and his ſincerity by a third.

He now lived, for the moſt part, retired in the country, with one ſiſter, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now ſomewhat paſt the age of thirty, an aera at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may, with no impropriety, be aſſumed. She was of that ſpecies of women, whom you rather commend for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called by their own ſex, very good ſort of women—as good a ſort of woman, Madam, as you would wiſh to know. Indeed, ſhe was ſo far from regretting want of beauty, that ſhe never mentioned that perfection (if it can be called one) without contempt; and would often thank God ſhe was not as handſome as Miſs Such-a one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors which ſhe might have otherwiſe avoided. Miſs Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of perſon in a woman to be no better than ſnares for herſelf, as well as for others; and yet ſo diſcreet was ſhe in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard, as if ſhe had all the ſnares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole ſex. Indeed, I have obſerved (though it may ſeem unaccountable to the reader) that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readieſt to go on duty where there is the leaſt danger. It often baſely and cowardly deſerts thoſe paragons for whom the men are all wiſhing, ſighing, dying, and ſpreading every net in their power; and conſtantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women, for whom the other ſex have a more diſtant and awful reſpect, and whom (from deſpair, I ſuppoſe, of ſucceſs) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digreſs, through this whole hiſtory, as often as I ſee occaſion: of which I am myſelf a better judge than any pitiful critick whatever. And here I muſt deſire all thoſe criticks to mind their own buſineſs, and not to intermeddle with affairs, or works, which no ways concern them; for till they produce the authority by which they are conſtituted judges, I ſhall not plead to their juriſdiction.

CHAP. III.

AN ODD ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL MR. ALLWORTHY, AT HIS RETURN HOME. THE DECENT BEHAVIOUR OF MRS. DEBORAH WILKINS, WITH SOME PROPER ANIMADVERSIONS ON BASTARDS.

I Have told my reader, in the preceding chapter, that Mr. Allworthy inherited a large fortune; that he had a good heart, and no family. Hence, doubtleſs, it will be concluded by many, that he lived like an honeſt man, owed no one a ſhilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good houſe, entertained his neighbours with a hearty welcome at his table,

and was charitable to the poor, i. e. to those who had rather beg than work, by giving them the offals from it; that he died immensely rich, and built an hospital.

And true it is, that he did many of these things; but, had he done nothing more, I should have left him to have recorded his own merit on some fair free-stone over the door of that hospital. Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the subject of this history, or I should grossly mispend my time in writing so voluminous a work; and you, my sagacious friend, might, with equal profit and pleasure, travel through some pages, which certain droll authors have been facetiously pleased to call The History of England.

Mr. Allworthy had been absent a full quarter of a year in London, on some very particular business, though I know not what it was; but judge of it's importance, by it's having detained him so long from home, whence he had not been absent a month at a time during the space of many years. He came to his house very late in the evening, and after a short supper with his sister, retired much fatigued to his chamber. Here, having spent some minutes on his knees, a custom which he never broke through on any account, he was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the cloaths, to his great surprize, he beheld an infant, wrapt up in some coarse linen, in a sweet and profound sleep, between his sheets. He stood some time lost in astonishment at this sight; but, as good-nature had always the ascendant in his mind, he soon began to be touched with sentiments of compassion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman-servant to rise immediately and come to him, and in the mean time was so eager in contemplating the beauty of innocence, appearing in those lively colours with which infancy and sleep always display it, that his thoughts were too much engaged to reflect that he was in his shirt, when the matron came in. She had indeed given her master sufficient time to dress himself; for out of respect to him, and regard to decency, she had spent many minutes in adjusting her hair at the looking-glass, notwithstanding all the hurry in which she had been summoned by the servant, and though her master, for aught she knew, lay expiring in an apoplexy or in some other fit.

It will not be wondered at, that a creature, who had so strict a regard to decency in her own person, should be shocked at the least deviation from it in another: she therefore no sooner opened the door, and saw her master standing by the bed-side in his shirt, with a candle in his hand, than she started back in a most terrible fright, and might perhaps have swooned away, had he not now recollected his being undrest, and put an end to her terrors, by desiring her to stay without the door, till he had thrown some cloaths over his back, and was become incapable of shocking the pure eyes of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, who, though in the 52d year of her age, vowed she had never beheld a man without his coat. Sneerers and prophane wits may perhaps laugh at her first fright; yet my graver reader, when he considers the time of night, the summons from her bed, and the situation in which she found her master, will highly justify and applaud her conduct; unless the prudence, which must be supposed to attend maidens at that period of life at which Mrs. Deborah had arrived, should a little lessen his admiration.

When Mrs. Deborah returned into the room, and was acquainted by her master with the finding the little infant, her consternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could she refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look, 'My good Sir! what's 'to be done?' Mr. Allworthy answered, she must take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurse. 'Yes, Sir,' says she, 'and I hope your 'worship will send out your warrant 'to take up the hussy it's mother, (for 'she must be one of the neighbour-'hood) and I should be glad to see her 'committed to Bridewell, and whipped 'at the cart's tail. Indeed, such wicked 'sluts cannot be too severely punished. 'I'll warrant it is not her first, by 'her impudence in laying it to your 'worship.'—'In laying it to me, 'Deborah!' answered Allworthy; 'I 'can't think she hath any such design. 'I suppose she hath only taken this 'method

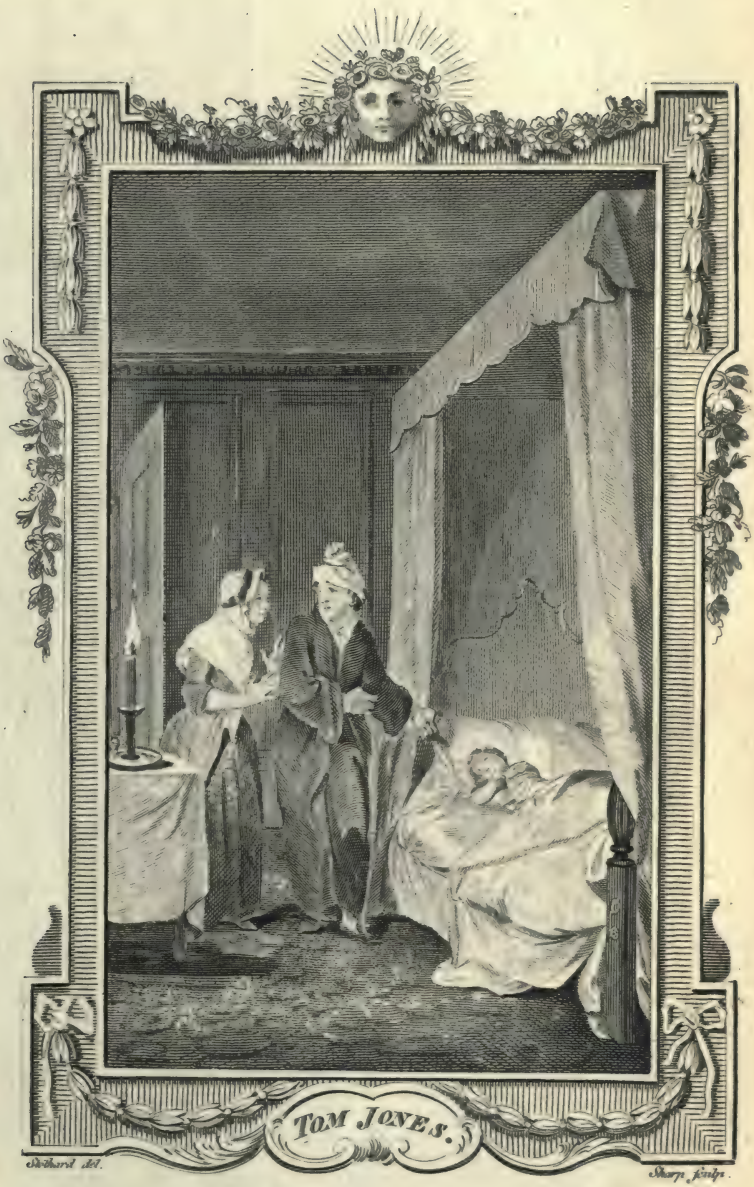

Plate XI.

Publishd as the Act directs, by Harrison & Cº Decr 9, 1780.

'method to provide for her child; 'and truly I am glad ſhe hath not 'done worſe.'—'I don't know what 'is worſe,' cries Deborah, 'than for 'ſuch wicked ſtrumpets to lay their 'ſins at honeſt men's doors; and 'though your worſhip knows your 'own innocence, yet the world is cen-'ſorious; and it hath been many an 'honeſt man's hap to paſs for the fa-'ther of children he never begot; and 'if your worſhip ſhould provide for 'the child, it may make the people the 'apter to believe: beſides, why ſhould 'your worſhip provide for what the 'pariſh is obliged to maintain? For 'my own part, if it was an honeſt 'man's child, indeed; but for my own 'part, it goes againſt me to touch 'theſe miſbegotten wretches, whom I 'don't look upon as my fellow-crea-'tures. Faugh, how it ſtinks! It 'doth not ſmell like a chriſtian. If 'I might be ſo bold as to give my 'advice, I would have it put in a 'baſket, and ſent out and laid at 'the churchwarden's door. It is a 'good night, only a little rainy and 'windy; and if it was well wrapped 'up, and put in a warm baſket, it is 'two to one but it lives, till it is 'found in the morning. But if it 'ſhould not, we have diſcharged our 'duty in taking proper care of it; 'and it is perhaps better for ſuch 'creatures to die in a ſtate of inno-'cence, than to grow up and imitate 'their mothers; for nothing better 'can be expected of them.'

There were ſome ſtrokes in this ſpeech which, perhaps, would have of-fended Mr. Allworthy, had he ſtrictly attended to it; but he had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by it's gentle preſſure, ſeeming to implore his aſſiſtance, had certainly out-pleaded the eloquence of Mrs. Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs. Deborah poſitive orders to take the child to her own bed, and to call up a maid ſervant, to provide it pap and other things againſt it waked. He likewiſe ordered that proper cloaths ſhould be procured for it early in the morning, and that it ſhould be brought to himſelf as ſoon as he was ſtirring.

Such was the diſcernment of Mrs. Wilkins, and ſuch the reſpect ſhe bore her maſter, under whom ſhe enjoyed a moſt excellent place, that her ſcruples gave way to his peremptory commands; and ſhe took the child under her arms, without any apparent diſguſt at the il-legality of it's birth; and, declaring it was a ſweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy here betook himſelf to thoſe pleaſing ſlumbers which a heart that hungers after goodneſs is apt to enjoy when thoroughly ſatisfied: as theſe are poſſibly ſweeter than what are occaſioned by any other hearty meal, I ſhould take more pains to diſ-play them to the reader, if I knew any air to recommend him to for the procuring ſuch an appetite.

CHAP. IV.

THE READER'S NECK BROUGHT INTO DANGER BY A DESCRIP-TION; HIS ESCAPE; AND THE GREAT CONDESCENSION OF MISS BRIDGET ALLWORTHY.

THE Gothick ſtile of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's houſe. There was an air of grandeur in it, that ſtruck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the beſt Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within, as venerable without.

It ſtood on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, ſo as to be ſheltered from the north-eaſt by a grove of old oaks, which roſe above in a gradual aſcent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a moſt charming proſpect of the valley beneath.

In the midſt of the grove was a fine lawn, ſloping down towards the houſe, near the ſummit of which roſe a plen-tiful ſpring, guſhing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a con-ſtant caſcade of about thirty foot, not carried down a regular flight of ſteps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and moſſy ſtones, till it came to the bottom of the rock; then run-ning off in a pebbly channel, that with many leſſer falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of a hill, about a quarter of a mile below the houſe on the ſouth ſide, and which was ſeen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the cen-

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tre of a beautiful plain, embelliſhed with groupes of beeches and elms, and fed with ſheep, iſſued a river, that for ſeveral miles was ſeen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods, till it emptied itſelf into the ſea; with a large arm of which, and an iſland beyond it, the proſpect was cloſed.

On the right of this valley opened another of leſs extent, adorned with ſeveral villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained ſtill entire.

The left-hand ſcene preſented the view of a fine park, compoſed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diverſity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taſte, but owing leſs to art than nature, could give. Beyond this the country gradually roſe into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably ſerene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely proſpect we have before deſcribed, to his eye. And now having ſent forth ſtreams of light, which aſcended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majeſty up roſe the ſun; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himſelf preſented; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himſelf moſt acceptable to his Creator, by doing moſt good to his creatures.

Reader, take care; I have unadviſedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to ſlide down together; for Miſs Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is ſummoned to breakfaſt, where I muſt attend, and, if you pleaſe, ſhall be glad of your company.

The uſual compliments having paſſed between Mr. Allworthy and Miſs Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he ſummoned Mrs. Wilkins, and told his ſiſter he had a preſent for her; for which ſhe thanked him, imagining, I ſuppoſe, it had been a gown, or ſome ornament for her perſon. Indeed, he very often made her ſuch preſents; and ſhe, in complaiſance to him, ſpent much time in adorning herſelf. I ſay in complaiſance to him, becauſe ſhe always expreſt the greateſt contempt for dreſs, and for thoſe ladies who made it their ſtudy.

But if ſuch was her expectation, how was ſhe diſappointed when Mrs. Wilkins, according to the order ſhe had received from her maſter, produced the little infant! Great ſurprizes, as hath been obſerved, are apt to be ſilent; and ſo was Miſs Bridget, till her brother began, and told her the whole ſtory; which, as the reader knows it already, we ſhall not repeat.

Miſs Bridget had always expreſt ſo great a regard for what the ladies are pleaſed to call virtue, and had herſelf maintained ſuch a ſeverity of character, that it was expected, eſpecially by Wilkins, that ſhe would have vented much bitterneſs on this occaſion, and would have voted for ſending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the houſe; but, on the contrary, ſhe rather took the good-natured ſide of the queſtion, intimated ſome compaſſion for the helpleſs little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

Perhaps the reader may account for this behaviour from her condeſcenſion to Mr. Allworthy, when we have informed him, that the good man had ended his narrative with owning a reſolution to take care of the child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the truth, ſhe was always ready to oblige her brother, and very ſeldom, if ever, contradicted his ſentiments; ſhe would indeed ſometimes make a few obſervations, as, that men were headſtrong and muſt have their own way, and would wiſh ſhe had been bleſt with an independent fortune; but theſe were always vented in a low voice, and at the moſt amounted only to what is called muttering.

However, what ſhe witheld from the infant, ſhe beſtowed with the utmoſt profuſeneſs on the poor unknown mother, whom ſhe called an impudent ſlut, a wanton huſſy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile ſtrumpet! with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to laſh thoſe who bring a diſgrace on the ſex.

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A conſultation was now entered into, how to proceed in order to diſcover the mother. A ſcrutiny was firſt made into the characters of the female ſervants of the houſe, who were all acquitted by Mrs Wilkins, and with apparent merit; for ſhe had collected them herſelf, and perhaps it would be difficult to find ſuch another ſet of ſcarecrows.

The next ſtep was to examine among the inhabitants of the parish; and this was referred to Mrs. Wilkins, who was to enquire with all imaginable diligence, and to make her report in the afternoon.

Matters being thus ſettled, Mr. Allworthy withdrew to his ſtudy, as was his cuſtom, and left the child to his ſiſter, who, at his deſire, had undertaken the care of it.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING A FEW COMMON MATTERS, WITH A VERY UNCOMMON OBSERVATION UPON THEM.

WHEN her maſter was departed, Mrs. Deborah ſtood ſilent, expecting her cue from Miſs Bridget; for as to what had paſſed before her maſter, the prudent houſekeeper by no means relied upon it, as ſhe had often known the ſentiments of the lady, in her brother's abſence, to differ greatly from thoſe which ſhe had expreſſed in his preſence. Miſs Bridget did not, however, ſuffer her to continue long in this doubtful ſituation; for having looked ſome time earneſtly at the child, as it lay aſleep in the lap of Mrs. Deborah, the good lady could not forbear giving it a hearty kiſs, at the ſame time declaring herſelf wonderfully pleaſed with it's beauty and innocence. Mrs Deborah no ſooner obſerved this, than ſhe fell to ſqueezing and kiſſing with as great raptures as ſometimes inſpire the ſage dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous bridegroom; crying out in a ſhrill voice, 'O the dear little creature, the dear, ſweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow, it is as fine a boy as ever was ſeen!'

Theſe exclamations continued, till they were interrupted by the lady, who now proceeded to execute the commiſſion given her by her brother, and gave orders for providing all neceſſaries for the child, appointing a very good room in the houſe for his nurſery. Her orders were indeed ſo liberal, that, had it been a child of her own, ſhe could not have exceeded them: but, leſt the virtuous reader may condemn her for ſhewing too great regard to a baſe-born infant, to which all charity is condemned by law as irreligious, we think proper to obſerve, that ſhe concluded the whole with ſaying, ſince it was her brother's whim to adopt the little brat, ſhe ſuppoſed little maſter muſt be treated with great tenderneſs: for her part, ſhe could not help thinking it was an encouragement to vice; but that ſhe knew too much of the obſtinacy of mankind to oppoſe any of their ridiculous humours.

With reflections of this nature ſhe uſually, as has been hinted, accompanied every act of compliance with her brother's inclinations; and ſurely nothing could more contribute to heighten the merit of this compliance, than a declaration that ſhe knew, at the ſame time, the folly and unreaſonableneſs of thoſe inclinations to which ſhe ſubmitted. Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will; and, conſequently, may be eaſily, and without any pains, preſerved: but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend, performs what we deſire, with grumbling and reluctance, with expreſſions of diſlike and diſſatisfaction, the manifeſt difficulty which they undergo, muſt greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of thoſe deep obſervations which very few readers can be ſuppoſed capable of making themſelves, I have thought proper to lend them my aſſiſtance; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the courſe of my work. Indeed, I ſhall ſeldom or never ſo indulge him, unleſs in ſuch inſtances as this, where nothing but the inſpiration with which we writers are gifted, can poſſibly enable any one to make the diſcovery.

CHAP. VI.

MRS. DEBORAH IS INTRODUCED INTO THE PARISH, WITH A SIMILE. A SHORT ACCOUNT OF JENNY

JENNY JONES, WITH THE DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS WHICH MAY ATTEND YOUNG WOMEN IN THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING.

MRS. Deborah, having disposed of the child according to the will of her master, now prepared to visit those habitations which were supposed to conceal it's mother.

Not otherwise than when a kite, tremendous bird, is beheld by the feathered generation soaring aloft, and hovering over their heads; the amorous dove, and every innocent little bird, spread wide the alarm, and fly trembling to their hiding-places: he proudly beats the air, conscious of his dignity, and meditates intended mischief.

So when the approach of Mrs. Deborah was proclaimed through the street, all the inhabitants ran trembling into their houses, each matron dreading lest the visit should fall to her lot. She with stately steps proudly advances over the field, aloft she bears her towering head, filled with conceit of her own pre-eminence, and schemes to effect her intended discovery.

The sagacious reader will not, from this simile, imagine these poor people had any apprehension of the design with which Mrs. Wilkins was now coming toward them; but as the great beauty of the simile may possibly sleep these hundred years, till some future commentator shall take this work in hand, I think proper to lend the reader a little assistance in this place.

It is my intention therefore to signify that, as it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, so it is the nature of such persons as Mrs. Wilkins, to insult and tyrannize over little people: this being indeed the means which they use to recompense to themselves their extreme servility and condescension to their superiors; for nothing can be more reasonable, than that slaves and flatterers should exact the same taxes on all below them, which they themselves pay to all above them.

Whenever Mrs. Deborah had occasion to exert any extraordinary condescension to Mrs. Bridget, and by that means had a little soured her natural disposition, it was usual with her to walk forth among these people, in order to refine her temper, by venting, and, as it were, purging off all ill humours; on which account, she was by no means a welcome visitant: to say the truth, she was universally hated and dreaded by them all.

On her arrival in this place, she went immediately to the habitation of an elderly matron, to whom, as this matron had the good fortune to resemble herself in the comeliness of her person, as well as in her age, she had generally been more favourable than to any of the rest. To this woman she imparted what had happened, and the design upon which she was come thither that morning. These two began presently to scrutinize the characters of the several young girls, who lived in any of those houses, and at last fixed the strongest suspicion on one Jenny Jones, who they both agreed was the likeliest person to have committed this fact.

This Jenny Jones was no very comely girl, either in her face or person; but nature had somewhat compensated the want of beauty with what is generally more esteemed by those ladies, whose judgment is arrived at years of perfect maturity; for she had given her a very uncommon share of understanding. This gift Jenny had a good deal improved by erudition. She had lived several years a servant with a school-master, who discovering a great quickness of parts in the girl, and an extraordinnry desire of learning, (for every leisure hour she was always found reading in the books of the scholars) had the good nature, or folly, which the reader pleases to call it, to instruct her so far, that she obtained a very competent skill in the Latin language, and was, perhaps, as good a scholar as most of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage, however, like most others of an extraordinary kind, was attended with some small inconveniences: for as it is not to be wondered at, that a young woman so well accomplished, should have little relish for the society of those whom fortune had made her equals, but whom education had rendered so much her inferiors; so it is matter of no greater astonishment, that this superiority in Jenny, together with that behaviour which is it's certain consequence, should produce among the others some little envy and ill-will towards

towards her; and these had, perhaps, secretly burnt in the bosoms of her neighbours, ever since her return from her service.

Their envy did not, however, display itself openly, till poor Jenny, to the surprize of every body, and to the vexation of all the young women in these parts, had publickly shone forth on a Sunday in a new silk gown, with a laced cap, and other proper appendages to these.

The flame, which had before lain in embryo, now burst forth. Jenny had, by her learning, increased her own pride, which none of her neighbours were kind enough to feed with the honour she seemed to demand; and now, instead of respect and adoration, she gained nothing but hatred and abuse by her finery. The whole parish declared she could not come honestly by such things; and parents, instead of wishing their daughters the same, felicitated themselves that their children had them not.

Hence perhaps it was, that the good woman first mentioned the name of this poor girl to Mrs. Wilkins; but there was another circumstance that confirmed the latter in her suspicion: for Jenny had lately been often at Mr. Allworthy's house. She had officiated as nurse to Miss Bridget, in a violent fit of illness, and had sat up many nights with that lady; besides which, she had been seen there the very day before Mr. Allworthy's return, by Mrs. Wilkins herself, though that sagacious person had not at first conceived any suspicion of her on that account: for, as she herself said, she had always esteemed Jenny as a very sober girl, (though indeed she knew very little of her) and had rather suspected some of those wanton trollops, who gave themselves airs, because, forsooth, they thought themselves handsome.

Jenny was now summoned to appear in person before Mrs. Deborah, which she immediately did; when Mrs. Deborah, putting on the gravity of a judge, with somewhat more than his austerity, began an oration with the words 'You audacious strumpet!' in which she proceeded rather to pass sentence on the prisoner than to accuse her.

Though Mrs. Deborah was fully satisfied of the guilt of Jenny, from the reasons above shewn, it is possible Mr. Allworthy might have required some stronger evidence to have convicted her; but she saved her accusers any such trouble, by freely confessing the whole fact with which she was charged.

This confession, though delivered rather in terms of contrition, as it appeared, did not at all mollify Mrs. Deborah, who now pronounced a second judgment against her, in more opprobrious language than before: nor had it any better success with the bystanders, who were now grown very numerous. Many of them cried out, they thought what Madam's silk gown would end in; others spoke sarcastically of her learning. Not a single female was present, but found some means of expressing her abhorrence of poor Jenny, who bore all very patiently, except the malice of one woman, who reflected upon her person, and, tossing up her nose, said the man must have a good stomach who would give silk gowns for such sort of trumpery. Jenny replied to this with a bitterness which might have surprized a judicious person, who had observed the tranquillity with which she bore all the affronts to her chastity: but her patience was, perhaps, tired out; for this is a virtue which is very apt to be fatigued by exercise.

Mrs. Deborah having succeeded beyond her hopes in her enquiry, returned with much triumph; and, at the appointed hour, made a faithful report to Mr. Allworthy, who was much surprized at the relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary parts and improvements of this girl, whom he intended to have given in marriage, together with a small living, to a neighbouring curate. His concern, therefore, on this occasion, was at least equal to the satisfaction which appeared in Mrs. Deborah, and to many readers may seem much more reasonable.

Mrs. Bridget blessed herself, and said, for her part, she should never hereafter entertain a good opinion of any woman. For Jenny before this had the happiness of being much in her good graces.

The prudent housekeeper was again dispatched to bring the unhappy culprit before Mr. Allworthy, in order, not, as it was hoped by some, and

expected by all, to be sent to the house of correction; but to receive wholesome admonition and reproof, which those who relish that kind of instructive writing may peruse in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING SUCH GRAVE MATTER, THAT THE READER CANNOT LAUGH ONCE THROUGH THE WHOLE CHAPTER, UNLESS PERADVENTURE HE SHOULD LAUGH AT THE AUTHOR.

WHEN Jenny appeared, Mr. Allworthy took her into his study, and spoke to her as follows:

'You know, child, it is in my 'power, as a magistrate, to punish 'you very rigorously, for what you 'have done; and you will, perhaps, 'be the more apt to fear I should exe'cute that power, because you have, 'in a manner, laid your sins at my 'door.

'But perhaps this is one reason 'which hath determined me to act in a 'milder manner with you: for, as no 'private resentment should ever in'fluence a magistrate, I will be so far 'from considering your having de'posited the infant in my house as an 'aggravation of your offence, that I 'will suppose, in your favour, this 'to have proceeded from a natural af'fection to your child; since you 'might have some hopes to see it thus 'better provided for, than was in the 'power of yourself, or it's wicked fa'ther, to provide for it. I should in'deed have been highly offended with 'you, had you exposed the little wretch 'in the manner of some inhuman 'mothers, who seem no less to have 'abandoned their humanity, than to 'have parted with their chastity. It 'is the other part of your offence, 'therefore, upon which I intend to 'admonish you; I mean, the violation 'of your chastity; a crime, however 'lightly it may be treated by debauch'ed persons, very heinous in itself, 'and very dreadful in it's consequen'ces.

'The heinous nature of this offence 'must be sufficiently apparent to every 'Christian, inasmuch as it is commit'ted in defiance of the laws of our re'ligion, and of the express com'mands of Him who founded that re'ligion.

'And here it's consequences may 'well be argued to be dreadful; for 'what can be more so, than to incur 'the Divine displeasure, by the breach 'of the Divine commands; and that 'in an instance, against which the 'highest vengeance is specifically de'nounced?

'But these things, though too lit'tle, I am afraid, regarded, are so 'plain, that mankind, however they 'may want to be reminded, can never 'need information on this head. A 'hint, therefore, to awaken your sense 'of this matter, shall suffice; for I 'would inspire you with repentance, 'and not drive you to desperation.

'There are other consequences, not 'indeed so dreadful, or replete with 'horror, as this; and yet such as, if 'attentively considered, must, one 'would think, deter all, of your sex 'at least, from the commission of this 'crime.

'For by it you are rendered infa'mous, and driven, like lepers of 'old, out of society; at least from the 'society of all but wicked and repro'bate persons; for no others will asso'ciate with you.

'If you have fortunes, you are 'hereby rendered incapable of enjoy'ing them; if you have none, you 'are disabled from acquiring any, nay 'almost of procuring your sustenance: 'for no persons of character will re'ceive you into their houses. Thus 'you are often driven by necessity it'self into a state of shame and misery, 'which unavoidably ends in the de'struction of both body and soul.

'Can any pleasure compensate these 'evils? can any temptation have so'phistry and delusion strong enough 'to persuade you to so simple a bar'gain? or can any carnal appetite so 'over-power your reason, or so totally 'lay it asleep, as to prevent your fly'ing with affright and terror from a 'crime which carries such punishment 'always with it?

'How base and mean must that wo'man be, how void of that dignity of 'mind, and decent pride, without 'which we are not worthy of the name 'of human creatures, who can bear to 'level herself with the lowest animal,

'and

'and to sacrifice all that is great and 'noble in her, all her heavenly part, to 'an appetite which she hath in common 'with the vilest branch of the creation! 'For no woman, sure, will plead the 'passion of love for an excuse: this 'would be to own herself the mere 'tool and bubble of the man. Love, 'however barbarously we may corrupt 'and pervert it's meaning, as it is a 'laudable, is a rational passion, and 'can never be violent, but when re-'ciprocal; for though the Scripture 'bids us love our enemies, it means 'not with that fervent love which 'we naturally bear towards our 'friends; much less that we should 'sacrifice to them our lives, and, what 'ought to be dearer to us, our inno-'cence. Now in what light but that 'of an enemy, can a reasonable wo-'man regard the man who solicits 'her to entail on herself all the mi-'sery I have above described, and who 'would purchase to himself a short, 'trivial, contemptible pleasure, so 'greatly at her expence! For, by the 'laws of custom, the whole shame, 'with all it's dreadful consequences, 'falls entirely upon her. Can love, 'which always seeks the good of it's 'object, attempt to betray a woman 'into a bargain where she is so greatly 'to be the loser? If such corrupter, 'therefore, should have the impudence 'to pretend a real affection for her, 'ought not the woman to regard him, 'not only as an enemy, but as the worst 'of all enemies; a false, designing, 'treacherous, pretended friend, who 'intends not only to debauch her bo-'dy, but her understanding at the 'same time?'

Here Jenny expressing great concern, Allworthy paused a moment, and then proceeded: 'I have talked thus to 'you, child, not to insult you for 'what is past and irrevocable, but to 'caution and strengthen you for the 'future. Nor should I have taken this 'trouble, but from some opinion of 'your good sense, notwithstanding the 'dreadful slip you have made; and from 'some hopes of your hearty repen-'tance, which are founded on the 'openness and sincerity of your con-'fession. If these do not deceive me, 'I will take care to convey you from 'this scene of your shame, where you 'shall, by being unknown, avoid the 'punishment which, as I have said, is 'allotted to your crime in this world; 'and I hope, by repentance, you will 'avoid the much heavier sentence de-'nounced against it in the other. Be 'a good girl the rest of your days, and 'want shall be no motive to your go-'ing astray: and, believe me, there is 'more pleasure, even in this world, 'in an innocent and virtuous life, 'than in one debauched and vicious.

'As to your child, let no thoughts 'concerning it, molest you; I will 'provide for it in a better manner than 'you can ever hope. And now no-'thing remains, but that you in-'form me who was the wicked man 'that seduced you; for my anger 'against him will be much greater 'than you have experienced on this 'occasion.'

Jenny now first lifted her eyes from the ground, and with a modest look, and decent voice, thus began.

'To know you, Sir, and not love your 'goodness, would be an argument of 'total want of sense or goodness in 'any one. In me it would amount to 'the highest ingratitude, not to feel, 'in the most sensible manner, the great 'degree of goodness you have been 'pleased to exert on this occasion. As 'to my concern for what is past, I 'know you will spare my blushes the 'repetition. My future conduct will 'much better declare my sentiments, 'than any professions I can now make. 'I beg leave to assure you, Sir, that 'I take your advice much kinder, than 'your generous offer with which you 'concluded it. For, as you are pleased 'to say, Sir, it is an instance of your 'opinion of my understanding——' Here her tears flowing apace, she stop-ped a few moments, and then proceed-ed thus: 'Indeed, Sir, your kindness 'overcomes me; but I will endeavour 'to deserve this good opinion! for, if 'I have the understanding you are so 'kindly pleased to allow me, such ad-'vice cannot be thrown away upon me. 'I thank you, Sir, heartily, for your 'intended kindness to my poor helpless 'child: he is innocent; and, I hope, will 'live to be grateful for all the favours 'you shall shew him. But now, Sir, 'I must on my knees entreat you not 'to persist in asking me to declare the 'father of my infant. I promise you 'faithfully, you shall one day know;

'but I am under the most solemn ties 'and engagements of honour, as well 'as the most religious vows and pro- 'testations, to conceal his name at 'this time. And I know you too 'well, to think you would desire I 'should sacrifice either my honour 'or my religion.'

Mr. Allworthy, whom the least mention of these sacred words was sufficient to stagger, hesitated a moment before he replied, and then told her she had done wrong to enter into such engagements to a villain; but since she had, he could not insist on her breaking them. He said, it was not from a motive of vain curiosity he had enquired, but in order to punish the fellow; at least, that he might not ignorantly confer favours on the undeserving.

As to those points, Jenny satisfied him by the most solemn assurances, that the man was entirely out of his reach, and was neither subject to his power, nor in any probability of becoming an object of his goodness.

The ingenuity of this behaviour had gained Jenny so much credit with this worthy man, that he easily believed what she told him: for as she had disdained to excuse herself by a lye, and had hazarded his farther displeasure in her present situation, rather than she would forfeit her honour or integrity, by betraying another, he had but little apprehension that she would be guilty of falshood towards himself.

He therefore dismissed her with assurances, that he would very soon remove her out of the reach of that obloquy she had incurred, concluding with some additional documents, in which he recommended repentance, saying, 'Consider, child, there is One 'still to reconcile yourself to, whose 'favour is of much greater impor- 'tance to you than mine.'

CHAP. VIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MESDAMES BRIDGET AND DEBORAH; CONTAINING MORE AMUSEMENT, BUT LESS INSTRUCTION THAN THE FORMER.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy had retired to his study with Jenny Jones, as hath been seen, Mrs. Bridget, with the good housekeeper, had betaken themselves to a post next adjoining to the said study; whence, through the conveyance of a key-hole, they sucked in at their ears the instructive lecture delivered by Mr. Allworthy, together with the answers of Jenny, and indeed every other particular which passed in the last chapter.

This hole in her brother's study-door was indeed as well known to Mrs. Bridget, and had been as frequently applied to by her, as the famous Hole in the Wall was by Thisbe of old. This served to many good purposes. For by such means Mrs. Bridget became often acquainted with her brother's inclinations, without giving him the trouble of repeating them to her. It is true, some inconveniences attended this intercourse, and she had sometimes reason to cry out with Thisbe, in Shakespeare, 'O wick- 'ed, wicked wall!' For as Mr. Allworthy was a justice of peace, certain things occurred in examinations concerning bastards, and such like, which are apt to give great offence to the chaste ears of virgins, especially when they approach the age of forty, as was the case of Mrs. Bridget. However, she had, on such occasions, the advantage of concealing her blushes from the eyes of men; and '*De non apparen-* '*tibus, & non existentibus, eadem est* '*ratio.*' In English: 'When a woman 'is not seen to blush, she doth not 'blush at all.'

Both the good women kept strict silence during the whole scene between Mr. Allworthy and the girl; but as soon as it was ended, and that gentleman was out of hearing, Mrs. Deborah could not help exclaiming against the clemency of her master; and especially against his suffering her to conceal the father of the child, which she swore she would have out of her before the sun set.

At these words Mrs. Bridget discomposed her features with a smile; (a thing very unusual to her.) Not that I would have my reader imagine, that this was one of those wanton smiles which Homer would have you conceive came from Venus, when he calls her the laughter-loving goddess; nor was it one of those smiles which Lady Seraphina shoots from the stage-box, and which Venus would quit her immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of those smiles, which

which might be supposed to have come from the dimpled cheeks of the august Tysiphone, or from one of the misses her sisters.

With such a smile, then, and with a voice sweet as the evening breeze of Boreas in the pleasant month of November, Mrs. Bridget gently reproved the curiosity of Mrs. Deborah; a vice with which it seems the latter was too much tainted, and which the former inveighed against with great bitterness, adding, that among all her faults, she thanked Heaven, her enemies could not accuse her of prying into the affairs of other people.

She then proceeded to commend the honour and spirit with which Jenny had acted. She said, she could not help agreeing with her brother, that there was some merit in the sincerity of her confession, and in her integrity to her lover: that she had always thought her a very good girl, and doubted not but she had been seduced by some rascal, who had been infinitely more to blame than herself, and very probably had prevailed with her by a promise of marriage, or some other treacherous proceeding.

This behaviour of Mrs. Bridget greatly surprized Mrs. Deborah; for this well-bred woman seldom opened her lips either to her master or his sister, till she had first sounded their inclinations, with which her sentiments were always strictly consonant. Here, however, she thought she might have launched forth with safety; and the sagacious reader will not perhaps accuse her of want of sufficient forecast in so doing, but will rather admire with what wonderful celerity she tacked about, when she found herself steering a wrong course.

'Nay, Madam,' said this able woman, and truly great politician, 'I 'must own I cannot help admiring the 'girl's spirit, as well as your ladyship. 'And, as your ladyship says, if she 'was deceived by some wicked man, 'the poor wretch is to be pitied. And 'to be sure, as your ladyship says, the 'girl hath always appeared like a 'good, honest, plain girl, and not vain 'of her face, forsooth, as some wanton husseys in the neighbourhood are.'

'You say true, Deborah,' said Mrs. Bridget; 'if the girl had been one of 'those vain trollops, of which we have 'too many in the parish, I should have 'condemned my brother for his lenity towards her. I saw two farmers 'daughters at church, the other day, 'with bare necks: I protest they 'shocked me. If wenches will hang 'out lures for fellows, it is no matter 'what they suffer. I detest such creatures; and it would be much better 'for them, that their faces had been 'seamed with the small-pox: but I 'must confess, I never saw any of this 'wanton behaviour in poor Jenny; 'some artful villain, I am convinced, 'hath betrayed, nay, perhaps forced 'her; and I pity the poor wretch with 'all my heart.'

Mrs. Deborah approved all these sentiments, and the dialogue concluded with a general and bitter invective against beauty, and with many compassionate considerations for all honest, plain girls, who are deluded by the wicked arts of deceitful men.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING MATTERS WHICH WILL SURPRIZE THE READER.

JENNY returned home well pleased with the reception she had met with from Mr. Allworthy, whose indulgence to her she industriously made public; partly perhaps as a sacrifice to her own pride, and partly from the more prudent motive of reconciling her neighbours to her, and silencing their clamours.

But though this latter view, if she indeed had it, may appear reasonable enough, yet the event did not answer her expectations; for when she was convened before the justice, and it was universally apprehended that the house of correction would have been her fate; though some of the young women cried out, it was good enough for her, and diverted themselves with the thoughts of her beating hemp in a silk gown; yet there were many others who began to pity her condition: but when it was known in what manner Mr. Allworthy had behaved, the tide turned against her. One said, 'I'll assure you, Ma-'dam hath had good luck.' A second cried, 'See what it is to be a favou-'rite.' A third, 'Aye, this comes 'of her learning.' Every person made some

some malicious comment or other on the occasion; and reflected on the partiality of the justice.

The behaviour of these people may appear impolitick and ungrateful to the reader, who considers the power and benevolence of Mr. Allworthy: but as to his power, he never used it; and as to his benevolence, he exerted so much, that he had thereby disobliged all his neighbours; for it is a secret well known to great men, that by conferring an obligation they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.

Jenny was, however, by the care and goodness of Mr. Allworthy, soon removed out of the reach of reproach; when malice, being no longer able to vent it's rage on her, began to seek another object of it's bitterness, and this was no less than Mr. Allworthy himself; for a whisper soon went abroad, that he himself was the father of the foundling child.

This supposition so well reconciled his conduct to the general opinion, that it met with universal assent; and the outcry against his lenity soon began to take another turn, and was changed into an invective against his cruelty to the poor girl. Very grave and good women exclaimed against men who begot children, and then disowned them. Nor were there wanting some, who, after the departure of Jenny, insinuated, that she was spirited away, with a design too black to be mentioned, and who gave frequent hints, that a legal enquiry ought to be made into the whole matter, and that some people should be forced to produce the girl.

These calumnies might have probably produced ill consequences (at the least might have occasioned some trouble) to a person of a more doubtful and suspicious character than Mr. Allworthy was blessed with: but in his case they had no such effect; and, being heartily despised by him, they served only to afford an innocent amusement to the good gossips of the neighbourhood.

But as we cannot possibly divine what complexion our reader may be of, and as it will be some time before he will hear any more of Jenny, we think proper to give him a very early intimation, that Mr. Allworthy was, and will hereafter appear to be, absolutely innocent of any criminal intention whatever. He had indeed committed no other than an error in politicks, by tempering justice with mercy, and by refusing to gratify the good-natured disposition of the mob*, with an object for their compassion to work on in the person of poor Jenny, whom, in order to pity, they desired to have seen sacrificed to ruin and infamy by a shameful correction in Bridewell.

So far from complying with this their inclination, by which all hopes of reformation would have been abolished, and even the gate shut against her, if her own inclinations should ever hereafter lead her to chuse the road of virtue, Mr. Allworthy rather chose to encourage the girl to return thither by the only possible means; for too true, I am afraid, it is, that many women have become abandoned, and have sunk to the last degree of vice, by being unable to retrieve the first slip. This will be, I am afraid, always the case, while they remain among their former acquaintance; it was therefore wisely done by Mr. Allworthy, to remove Jenny to a place where she might enjoy the pleasure of reputation, after having tasted the ill consequences of losing it.

To this place, therefore, wherever it was, we will wish her a good journey, and for the present take leave of her, and of the little foundling her child, having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader.

CHAP. X.

THE HOSPITALITY OF ALLWORTHY; WITH A SHORT SKETCH OF THE CHARACTERS OF TWO BROTHERS, A DOCTOR AND A CAPTAIN, WHO WERE ENTERTAINED BY THAT GENTLEMAN.

NEITHER Mr. Allworthy's house, nor his heart, were shut against any part of mankind, but they were both more particularly open to men of

* Whenever this word occurs in our writings, it intends persons without virtue, or sense, in all stations; and many of the highest rank are often meant by it.

merit,

merit. To say the truth, this was the only house in the kingdom where you was sure to gain a dinner by deserving it.

Above all others, men of genius and learning shared the principal place in his favour; and in these he had much discernment: for though he had missed the advantage of a learned education, yet being blest with vast natural abilities, he had so well profited by a vigorous, though late application to letters, and by much conversation with men of eminence in this way, that he was himself a very competent judge in most kinds of literature.

It is no wonder that in an age when this kind of merit is so little in fashion, and so slenderly provided for, persons possessed of it should very eagerly flock to a place where they were sure of being received with great complaisance; indeed where they might enjoy almost the same advantages of a liberal fortune, as if they were entitled to it in their own right; for Mr. Allworthy was not one of those generous persons who are ready most bountifully to bestow meat, drink, and lodging, on men of wit and learning, for which they expect no other return but entertainment, instruction, flattery, and subserviency; in a word, that such persons should be enrolled in the number of domesticks, without wearing their master's cloaths, or receiving wages.

On the contrary, every person in this house was perfect master of his own time: and as he might at his pleasure satisfy all his appetites within the restrictions only of law, virtue, and religion; so he might, if his health required, or his inclination prompted him to temperance, or even to abstinence, absent himself from any meals, or retire from them whenever he was so disposed, without even a solicitation to the contrary; for, indeed, such solicitations from superiors always savour very strongly of commands. But all here were free from such impertinence, not only those whose company is in all other places esteemed a favour from their equality of fortune, but even those whose indigent circumstances make such an eleemosynary abode convenient to them, and who are therefore less welcome to a great man's table, because they stand in need of it.

Among others of this kind, was Dr. Blifil, a gentleman who had the misfortune of losing the advantage of great talents by the obstinacy of a father who would breed him to a profession he disliked. In obedience to this obstinacy, the doctor had in his youth been obliged to study physick; or, rather, to say he studied it; for in reality books of this kind were almost the only ones with which he was unacquainted; and, unfortunately for him, the doctor was master of almost every other science but that by which he was to get his bread; the consequence of which was, that the doctor, at the age of forty, had no bread to eat.

Such a person as this was certain to find a welcome at Mr. Allworthy's table, to whom misfortunes were ever a recommendation, when they were derived from the folly or villainy of others, and not of the unfortunate person himself. Besides this negative merit, the doctor had one positive recommendation: this was, a great appearance of religion. Whether his religion was real, or consisted only in appearance, I shall not presume to say, as I am not possessed of any touch-stone which can distinguish the true from the false.

If this part of his character pleased Mr. Allworthy, it delighted Miss Bridget. She engaged him in many religious controversies; on which occasions she constantly expressed great satisfaction in the doctor's knowledge, and not much less in the compliments which he frequently bestowed on her own. To say the truth, she had read much English divinity, and had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring curates. Indeed her conversation was so pure, her looks so sage, and her whole deportment so grave and solemn, that she seemed to deserve the name of saint equally with her name-sake, or with any other female in the Roman calendar.

As sympathies of all kinds are apt to beget love, so experience teaches us that none have a more direct tendency this way than those of a religious kind between persons of different sexes. The doctor found himself so agreeable to Miss Bridget, that he now began to lament an unfortunate accident which had happened to him about ten years before; namely, his marriage with

with another woman, who was not only ſtill alive, but, what was worſe, known to be ſo by Mr. Allworthy. This was a fatal bar to that happineſs which he otherwiſe ſaw ſufficient probability of obtaining with this young lady; for as to criminal indulgences, he certainly never thought of them. This was owing either to his religion, as is moſt probable, or to the purity of his paſſion, which was fixed on thoſe things which matrimony only, and not criminal correſpondence, could put him in poſſeſſion of, or could give him any title to.

He had not long ruminated on theſe matters, before it occurred to his memory that he had a brother who was under no ſuch unhappy incapacity. This brother he made no doubt would ſucceed; for he diſcerned, as he thought, an inclination to marriage in the lady; and the reader, perhaps, when he hears the brother's qualifications, will not blame the confidence which he entertained of his ſucceſs.

This gentleman was about thirty-five years of age. He was of a middle ſize, and what is called well-built. He had a ſcar on his forehead, which did not ſo much injure his beauty, as it denoted his valour, (for he was a half-pay officer.) He had good teeth, and ſomething affable, when he pleaſed, in his ſmile; though naturally his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much of roughneſs in it; yet he could at any time depoſit this, and appear all gentleneſs and good-humour. He was not ungenteel, nor entirely void of wit; and in his youth had abounded in ſprightlineſs, which, though he had lately put on a more ſerious character, he could, when he pleaſed, reſume.

He had, as well as the doctor, an academick education; for his father had, with the ſame paternal authority we have mentioned before, decreed him for holy orders; but as the old gentleman died before he was ordained, he choſe the church-militant, and preferred the king's commiſſion to the biſhop's.

He had purchaſed the poſt of lieutenant of dragoons, and afterwards came to be a captain; but having quarrelled with his colonel, was by his intereſt obliged to ſell; from which time he had entirely ruſticated himſelf, had betaken himſelf to ſtudying the Scriptures, and was not a little ſuſpected of an inclination to methodiſm.

It ſeemed therefore not unlikely, that ſuch a perſon ſhould ſucceed with a lady of ſo ſaint-like a diſpoſition, and whoſe inclinations were no otherwiſe engaged than to the married ſtate in general; but why the doctor, who certainly had no great friendſhip for his brother, ſhould for his ſake think of making ſo ill a return to the hoſpitality of Allworthy, is a matter not ſo eaſy to be accounted for.

Is it that ſome natures delight in evil, as others are thought to delight in virtue? or is there a pleaſure in being acceſſary to a theft, when we cannot commit it ourſelves? or, laſtly, (which experience ſeems to make probable) have we a ſatisfaction in aggrandizing our families, even though we have not the leaſt love or reſpect for them?

Whether any of theſe motives operated on the doctor, we will not determine; but ſo the fact was. He ſent for his brother, and eaſily found means to introduce him at Allworthy's, as a perſon who intended only a ſhort viſit to himſelf.

The captain had not been in the houſe a week, before the doctor had reaſon to felicitate himſelf on his diſcernment. The captain was, indeed, as great a maſter of the art of love as Ovid was formerly. He had beſides received proper hints from his brother, which he failed not to improve to the beſt advantage.

CHAP. XI.

CONTAINING MANY RULES, AND SOME EXAMPLES, CONCERNING FALLING IN LOVE: DESCRIPTIONS OF BEAUTY, AND OTHER MORE PRUDENTIAL INDUCEMENTS TO MATRIMONY.

IT hath been obſerved by wiſe men or women, I forget which, that all perſons are doomed to be in love once in their lives. No particular ſeaſon is, as I remember, aſſigned for this; but the age at which Miſs Bridget was arrived, ſeems to me as proper a period as any to be fixed on for this purpoſe: it often, indeed, happens much earlier; but

but when it doth not, I have obſerved, it ſeldom or never fails about this time. Moreover, we may remark, that at this ſeaſon love is of a more ſerious and ſteady nature than what ſometimes ſhews itſelf in the younger parts of life. The love of girls is uncertain, capricious, and ſo fooliſh that we cannot always diſcover what the young lady would be at; nay, it may almoſt be doubted, whether ſhe always knows this herſelf.

'Now we are never at a loſs to diſcern this in women about forty; for as ſuch grave, ſerious, and experienced ladies, well know their own meaning, ſo it is always very eaſy for a man of the leaſt ſagacity to diſcover this with the utmoſt certainty.

Miſs Bridget is an example of all theſe obſervations. She had not been many times in the captain's company before ſhe was ſeized with this paſſion. Nor did ſhe go pining and moping about the houſe, like a puny fooliſh girl, ignorant of her diſtemper: ſhe felt, ſhe knew, and ſhe enjoyed the pleaſing ſenſation, of which, as ſhe was certain it was not only innocent, but laudable, ſhe was neither afraid nor aſhamed.

And to ſay the truth, there is in all points great difference between the reaſonable paſſion which women at this age conceive towards men, and the idle and childiſh liking of a girl to a boy, which is often fixed on the outſide only, and on things of little value and no duration; as on cherry-cheeks, ſmall lily-white hands, ſloe-black eyes, flowing locks, downy chins, dapper ſhapes; nay, ſometimes on charms more worthleſs than theſe, and leſs the party's own; ſuch are the outward ornaments of the perſon, and for which men are beholden to the taylor, the laceman, the periwig-maker, the hatter, and the milliner, and not to nature. Such a paſſion girls may well be aſhamed, as they generally are, to own, either to themſelves or to others.

The love of Miſs Bridget was of another kind. The captain owed nothing to any of theſe fop-makers in his dreſs, nor was his perſon much more beholden to nature. Both his dreſs and perſon were ſuch as, had they appeared in an aſſembly or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of theſe was indeed neat, but plain, coarſe, ill-fancied, and out of faſhion. As for the latter, we have expreſsly deſcribed it above. So far was the ſkin on his cheeks from being cherry coloured, that you could not diſcern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black beard, which aſcended to his eyes. His ſhape and limbs were indeed exactly proportionable, but ſo large, that they denoted the ſtrength rather of a ploughman than any other. His ſhoulders were broad beyond all ſize, and the calves of his legs larger than thoſe of a common chairman. In ſhort, his whole perſon wanted all that elegance and beauty which is the very reverſe of clumſy ſtrength, and which ſo agreeably ſets off moſt of our fine gentlemen: being partly owing to the high blood of their anceſtors, viz. blood made of rich ſauces and generous wines, and partly from an early town education.

Though Miſs Bridget was a woman of the greateſt delicacy of taſte; yet ſuch were the charms of the captain's converſation, that ſhe totally overlooked the defects of his perſon. She imagined, and perhaps very wiſely, that ſhe ſhould enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the conſideration of pleaſing her eyes, in order to procure herſelf much more ſolid ſatisfaction.

The captain no ſooner perceived the paſſion of Miſs Bridget, in which diſcovery he was very quick-ſighted, than he faithfully returned it. The lady, no more than her lover, was remarkable for beauty. I would attempt to draw her picture; but that is done already by a more able maſter, Mr. Hogarth himſelf, to whom ſhe ſat many years ago, and hath been lately exhibited by that gentleman in his print of a winter's morning, of which ſhe was no improper emblem, and may be ſeen walking (for walk ſhe doth in the print) to Covent-Garden church, with a ſtarved foot-boy behind carrying her prayer-book.

The captain likewiſe very wiſely preferred the more ſolid enjoyments he expected with this lady, to the fleeting charms of perſon. He was one of thoſe wiſe men, who regard beauty in

the other sex as a very worthless and superficial qualification; or, to speak more truly, who rather chuse to possess every convenience of life with an ugly woman, than a handsome one without any of those conveniences. And having a very good appetite, and but little nicety, he fancied he should play his part very well at the matrimonial banquet, without the sauce of beauty.

To deal plainly with the reader, the captain, ever since his arrival, at least from the moment his brother had proposed the match to him, long before he had discovered any flattering symptoms in Miss Bridget, had been greatly enamoured; that is to say, of Mr. Allworthy's house and gardens, and of his lands, tenements, and hereditaments; of all which the captain was so passionately fond, that he would most probably have contracted marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the Witch of Endor into the bargain.

As Mr. Allworthy therefore had declared to the doctor that he never intended to take a second wife, as his sister was his nearest relation, and as the doctor had fished out that his intentions were to make any child of her's his heir, which indeed the law, without his interposition, would have done for him; the doctor and his brother thought it an act of benevolence to give being to a human creature, who would be so plentifully provided with the most essential means of happiness. The whole thoughts therefore of both the brothers, were how to engage the affections of this amiable lady.

But fortune, who is a tender parent, and often doth more for her favourite offspring than either they deserve or wish, had been so industrious for the captain, that whilst he was laying schemes to execute his purpose, the lady conceived the same desires with himself, and was on her side contriving how to give the captain proper encouragement, without appearing too forward; for she was a strict observer of all rules of decorum. In this, however, she easily succeeded; for as the captain was always on the look-out, no glance, gesture, or word, escaped him.

The satisfaction which the captain received from the kind behaviour of Miss Bridget, was not a little abated by his apprehensions of Mr. Allworthy; for, notwithstanding his disinterested professions, the captain imagined he would, when he came to act, follow the example of the rest of the world, and refuse his consent to a match, so disadvatageous, in point of interest, to his sister. From what oracle he received this opinion, I shall leave the reader to determine; but, however he came by it, it strangely perplexed him, how to regulate his conduct so as at once to convey his affection to the lady, and to conceal it from her brother. He, at length, resolved to take all private opportunities of making his addresses, but in the presence of Mr. Allworthy to be as reserved, and as much upon his guard, as was possible; and this conduct was highly approved by the brother.

He soon found means to make his addresses in express terms to his mistress, from whom he received an answer in the proper form, viz. the answer which was first made some thousands of years ago, and which hath been handed down by tradition from mother to daughter ever since. If I was to translate this into Latin, I should render it by these two words, *nolo episcopari*; a phrase likewise of immemorial use on another occasion.

The captain, however he came by his knowledge, perfectly well understood the lady; and very soon after repeated his application with more warmth and earnestness than before, and was again, according to due form, rejected: but as he had encreased in the eagerness of his desires, so the lady, with the same propriety, decreased in the violence of her refusal.

Not to tire the reader, by leading him through every scene of this courtship, (which, though in the opinion of a certain great author, it is the pleasantest scene of life to the actor, is, perhaps, as dull and tiresome as any whatever to the audience) the captain made his advances in form, the citadel was defended in form, and at length, in proper form, surrendered at discretion.

During this whole time, which filled the space of near a month, the captain preserved great distance of behaviour to his lady, in the presence of the brother; and the more he succeeded with her

her in private, the more reserved was he in public. And as for the lady, she had no sooner secured her lover, than she behaved to him before company with the highest degree of indifference; so that Mr. Allworthy must have had the insight of the devil (or perhaps some of his worse qualities) to have entertained the least suspicion of what was going forward.

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINING WHAT THE READER MAY, PERHAPS, EXPECT TO FIND IN IT.

IN all bargains, whether to fight, or to marry, or concerning any other such business, little previous ceremony is required to bring the matter to an issue, when both parties are really in earnest. This was the case at present, and in less than a month the captain and his lady were man and wife.

The great concern now was to break the matter to Mr. Allworthy; and this was undertaken by the doctor.

One day, then, as Allworthy was walking in his garden, the doctor came to him, and with great gravity of aspect, and all the concern which he could possibly affect in his countenance, said, 'I am come, Sir, to impart an 'affair to you of the utmost conse-'quence; but how shall I mention to 'you, what it almost distracts me to 'think of!' He then launched forth into the most bitter invectives both against men and women; accusing the former of having no attachment but to their interest, and the latter of being so addicted to vicious inclinations, that they could never be safely trusted with one of the other sex. 'Could I,' said he, 'Sir, have suspected, that a 'lady of such prudence, such judg-'ment, such learning, should indulge 'so indiscreet a passion; or could I 'have imagined, that my brother— 'Why do I call him so! He is no 'longer a brother of mine.'

'Indeed but he is,' said Allworthy, 'and a brother of mine too.'—'Bless 'me, Sir,' said the doctor, 'do you 'know the shocking affair?'—'Look'e, 'Mr. Blifil,' answered the good man, 'it hath been my constant maxim in 'life, to make the best of all matters 'which happen. My sister, though 'many years younger than me, is at 'least old enough to be at the age of 'discretion. Had he imposed on a 'child, I should have been more averse 'to have forgiven him; but a woman 'upwards of thirty, must certainly be 'supposed to know what will make 'her most happy. She hath married 'a gentleman, though perhaps not 'quite her equal in fortune; and if 'he hath any perfections in her eye 'which can make up that deficiency, 'I see no reason why I should object 'to her choice of her own happiness, 'which I, no more than herself, ima-'gine to consist only in immense wealth. 'I might, perhaps, from the many de-'clarations I have made, of complying 'with almost any proposal, have ex-'pected to have been consulted on this 'occasion; but these matters are of a 'very delicate nature, and the scruples 'of modesty, perhaps, are not to be 'overcome: as to your brother, I have 'really no anger against him at all. 'He hath no obligations to me; nor 'do I think he was under any neces-'sity of asking my consent, since the 'woman is, as I have said, *sui juris*, 'and of a proper age to be entirely 'answerable only to herself for her 'conduct.'

The doctor repeated his accusations against his brother, accused Mr. Allworthy of too great lenity, and declared that he should never more be brought either to see, or to own him for his relation. He then launched forth into a panegyrick on Allworthy's goodness, into the highest encomiums on his friendship, and concluded by saying, he should never forgive his brother for having put the place which he bore in that friendship to a hazard.

Allworthy thus answered: 'Had I 'conceived any displeasure against 'your brother, I should never have 'carried that resentment to the inno-'cent: but, I assure you, I have no 'such displeasure. Your brother ap-'pears to me to be a man of sense 'and honour. I do not disapprove 'the taste of my sister; nor will I 'doubt but that she is equally the ob-'ject of his inclinations. I have al-'ways thought love the only founda-'tion of happiness in a married state, 'as it can only produce that high and 'tender friendship which should al-

'ways be the cement of this union; 'and, in my opinion, all those mar-'riages which are contracted from 'other motives, are greatly criminal; 'they are a profanation of a most holy 'ceremony, and generally end in dis-'quiet and misery: for surely we may 'call it a profanation, to convert this 'most sacred institution into a wicked 'sacrifice to lust, or avarice: and what 'better can be said of those matches 'to which men are induced merely 'by the consideration of a beautiful 'person, or a great fortune!

'To deny that beauty is an agree-'able object to the eye, and even 'worthy some admiration, would be 'false and foolish. Beautiful is an 'epithet often used in Scripture, and 'always mentioned with honour. It 'was my own fortune to marry a wo-'man whom the world thought hand-'some; and I can truly say, I liked 'her the better on that account. But, 'to make this the sole consideration of 'marriage, to lust after it so violently 'as to overlook all imperfections for 'it's sake, or to require it so abso-'lutely as to reject and disdain reli-'gion, virtue, and sense, which are 'qualities, in their nature, of much 'higher perfection, because an elegance 'of person only is wanting; this is 'surely inconsistent, either with a wise 'man, or a good christian. And it 'is, perhaps, being too charitable to 'conclude, that such persons mean 'any thing more by their marriage, 'than to please their carnal appetites; 'for the satisfaction of which, we are 'taught, it was not ordained.

'In the next place, with respect to 'fortune. Worldly prudence, perhaps, 'exacts some consideration on this 'head; nor will I absolutely and al-'together condemn it. As the world 'is constituted, the demands of a mar-'ried state, and the care of posterity, 'require some little regard to what we 'call circumstances. Yet this provi-'sion is greatly encreased beyond what 'is really necessary, by folly and va-'nity, which create abundantly more 'wants than nature. Equipage for 'the wife, and large fortunes for the 'children, are by custom enrolled in 'the list of necessaries; and to pro-'cure these, every thing truly solid 'and sweet, and virtuous and religi-'ous, is neglected and overlooked.

'And this in many degrees; the 'last and greatest of which seems scarce 'distinguishable from madness. I 'mean, where persons of immense for-'tunes contract themselves to those 'who are, and must be, disagreeable 'to them; to fools and knaves; in 'order to encrease an estate, already 'larger even than the demands of their 'pleasures. Surely such persons, if 'they will not be thought mad, must 'own, either that they are incapable 'of tasting the sweets of the tenderest 'friendship, or that they sacrifice the 'greatest happiness of which they are 'capable, to the vain, uncertain, and 'senseless laws of vulgar opinion, 'which owe as well their force, as 'their foundation, to folly.'

Here Allworthy concluded his ser-mon, to which Blifil had listened with the profoundest attention, though it cost him some pains to prevent now and then a small discomposure of his muscles. He now praised every period of what he had heard with the warmth of a young divine, who hath the ho-nour to dine with a bishop the same day in which his lordship hath mount-ed the pulpit.

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH CONCLUDES THE FIRST BOOK; WITH AN INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE, WHICH WE HOPE WILL APPEAR UNNATURAL.

THE reader, from what hath been said, may imagine, that the re-conciliation (if indeed it could be so called) was only matter of form; we shall therefore pass it over, and hasten to what must surely be thought matter of substance.

The doctor had acquainted his bro-ther with what had passed between Mr. Allworthy and him; and added, with a smile, 'I promise you, I paid you 'off; nay, I absolutely desired the 'good gentleman not to forgive you: 'for you know, after he had made a 'declaration in your favour, I might, 'with safety, venture on such a request 'with a person of his temper; and I 'was willing, as well for your sake 'as for my own, to prevent the least 'possibility of a suspicion.'

Captain Blifil took not the least no-tice

tice of this, at that time; but he afterwards made a very notable uſe of it.

One of the maxims which the devil, in a late viſit upon earth, left to his diſciples, is, when once you are got up, to kick the ſtool from under you. In plain Engliſh, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are adviſed to diſcard him as ſoon as you can.

Whether the captain acted by this maxim, I will not poſitively determine; ſo far we may confidently ſay, that his actions may be fairly derived from this diabolical principle, and indeed it is difficult to aſſign any other motive to them: for no ſooner was he poſſeſſed of Miſs Bridget, and reconciled to Allworthy, than he began to ſhew a coldneſs to his brother, which increaſed daily; till at length it grew into rudeneſs, and became very viſible to every one.

The doctor remonſtrated to him privately concerning this behaviour, but could obtain no other ſatisfaction than the following plain declaration: 'If 'you diſlike any thing in my brother's 'houſe, Sir, you know you are at li-'berty to quit it.' This ſtrange, cruel, and almoſt unaccountable ingratitude in the captain, abſolutely broke the poor doctor's heart: for ingratitude never ſo thoroughly pierces the human breaſt, as when it proceeds from thoſe in whoſe behalf we have been guilty of tranſgreſſions. Reflections on great and good actions, however they are received or returned by thoſe in whoſe favour they are performed, always adminiſter ſome comfort to us; but what conſolation ſhall we receive under ſo biting a calamity, as the ungrateful behaviour of our friend, when our wounded conſcience at the ſame time flies in our face, and upbraids us with having ſpotted it in the ſervice of one ſo worthleſs!

Mr. Allworthy himſelf ſpoke to the captain in his brother's behalf, and deſired to know what offence the doctor had committed; when the hard-hearted villain had the baſeneſs to ſay, that he ſhould never forgive him for the injury which he had endeavoured to do him in his favour; which, he ſaid, he had pumped out of him, and was ſuch a cruelty, that it ought not to be forgiven.

Allworthy ſpoke in very high terms upon this declaration, which, he ſaid, became not a human creature. He expreſſed, indeed, ſo much reſentment againſt an unforgiving temper, that the captain at laſt pretended to be convinced by his arguments, and outwardly profeſſed to be reconciled.

As for the bride, ſhe was now in her honey-moon, and ſo paſſionately fond of her new huſband, that he never appeared, to her, to be in the wrong; and his diſpleaſure againſt any perſon was a ſufficient reaſon for her diſlike to the ſame.

The captain, at Mr. Allworthy's inſtance, was outwardly, as we have ſaid, reconciled to his brother, yet the ſame rancour remained in his heart; and he found ſo many opportunities of giving him private hints of this, that the houſe at laſt grew inſupportable to the poor doctor; and he choſe rather to ſubmit to any inconveniences which he might encounter in the world, than longer to bear theſe cruel and ungrateful inſults from a brother for whom he had done ſo much.

He once intended to acquaint Allworthy with the whole; but he could not bring himſelf to ſubmit to the confeſſion, by which he muſt take to his ſhare ſo great a portion of guilt. Beſides, by how much the worſe man he repreſented his brother to be, ſo much the greater would his own offence appear to Allworthy, and ſo much the greater, he had reaſon to imagine, would be his reſentment.

He feigned, therefore, ſome excuſe of buſineſs for his departure, and promiſed to return ſoon again; and took leave of his brother with ſo well-diſſembled content, that, as the captain played his part to the ſame perfection, Allworthy remained well ſatisfied with the truth of the reconciliation.

The doctor went directly to London, where he died ſoon after of a broken heart; a diſtemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bill of mortality, did it not differ in one inſtance from all other diſeaſes, viz. that no phyſician can cure it.

Now, upon the moſt diligent enquiry into the former lives of theſe two brothers, I find, beſides the curſed and

helliſh

helliſh maxim of policy above-mentioned, another reaſon for the captain's conduct: the captain, beſides what we have before ſaid of him, was a man of great pride and fierceneſs, and had always treated his brother, who was of a different complexion, and greatly deficient in both theſe qualities, with the utmoſt air of ſuperiority. The doctor, however, had much the larger ſhare of learning, and was by many reputed to have the better underſtanding. This the captain knew, and could not bear; for, though envy is, at beſt, a very malignant paſſion, yet is it's bitterneſs greatly heightened by mixing with contempt towards the ſame object; and very much afraid I am, that whenever an obligation is joined to theſe two, indignation, and not gratitude, will be the product of all three.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK II.

CONTAINING SCENES OF MATRIMONIAL FELICITY IN DIFFERENT DEGREES OF LIFE; AND VARIOUS OTHER TRANSACTIONS DURING THE FIRST TWO YEARS AFTER THE MARRIAGE BETWEEN CAPTAIN BLIFIL AND MISS BRIDGET ALLWORTHY.

CHAP. I.

SHEWING WHAT KIND OF A HISTORY THIS IS, WHAT IT IS LIKE, AND WHAT IT IS NOT LIKE.

THOUGH we have properly enough entitled this our work a Hiſtory, and not a Life; nor an Apology for a life, as is more in faſhion; yet we intend in it rather to purſue the method of thoſe writers, who profeſs to diſcloſe the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous hiſtorian, who, to preſerve the regularity of his ſeries, thinks himſelf obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon thoſe notable æras when the greateſt ſcenes have been tranſacted on the human ſtage.

Such hiſtories as theſe do, in reality, very much reſemble a newſpaper, which conſiſts of juſt the ſame number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may likewiſe be compared to a ſtage-coach, which performs conſtantly the ſame courſe, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, ſeems to think himſelf obliged to keep even pace with Time, whoſe amanuenſis he is; and, like his maſter, travels as ſlowly through the centuries of monkiſh dulneſs, when the world ſeems to have been aſleep, as through that bright and buſy age ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed by the excellent Latin poet.

'*Ad confligendum venientibus undique pœnis;*
'*Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu*
'*Horrida contremuere ſub altis æthëris auris:*
'*In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna caden-*
'*dum*
'*Omnibus humanis eſſet, terraque marique.*'

Of

Of which we wish we could give our reader a more adequate translation than that by Mr. Creech.

' When dreadful Carthage frighted Rome
' with arms,
' And all the world was shook with fierce
' alarms;
' Whilst undecided yet, which part should
' fall,
' Which nation rise the glorious lord of
' all.'

Now it is our purpose, in the ensuing pages, to pursue a contrary method. When any extraordinary scene presents itself, (as we trust will often be the case) we shall spare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years should pass without producing any thing worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history, but shall hasten on to matters of consequence, and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.

These are indeed to be considered as blanks in the grand lottery of time. We, therefore, who are the registers of that lottery, shall imitate those sagacious persons who deal in that which is drawn at Guildhall, and who never trouble the publick with the many blanks they dispose of; but when a great prize happens to be drawn, the newspapers are presently filled with it, and the world is sure to be informed at whose office it was sold: indeed, commonly two or three different offices lay claim to the honour of having disposed of it; by which, I suppose, the adventurers are given to understand, that certain brokers are in the secrets of fortune, and indeed of her cabinet-council.

My reader, then, is not to be surprized, if, in the course of this work, he shall find some chapters very short, and others altogether as long; some that contain only the time of a single day, and others that comprize years; in a word, if my history sometimes seems to stand still, and sometimes to fly. For all which I shall not look on myself as accountable to any court of critical jurisdiction whatever: for as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province of writing, so I am at liberty to make what laws I please therein. And these laws, my readers, whom I consider as my subjects, are bound to believe in and to obey; with which that they may readily and cheerfully comply, I do hereby assure them, that I shall principally regard their ease and advantage in all such institutions: for I do not, like a *jure divino* tyrant, imagine that they are my slaves, or my commodity. I am, indeed, set over them for their own good only, and was created for their use, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their interest the great rule of my writings, they will unanimously concur in supporting my dignity, and in rendering me all the honour I shall desire or deserve.

CHAP. II.

RELIGIOUS CAUTIONS AGAINST SHEWING TOO MUCH FAVOUR TO BASTARDS; AND A GREAT DISCOVERY MADE BY MRS. DEBORAH WILKINS.

EIGHT months after the celebration of the nuptials between Captain Blifil and Miss Bridget Allworthy, a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune, was Miss Bridget, by reason of a fright, delivered of a fine boy. The child was, indeed, to all appearance, perfect; but the midwife discovered it was born a month before it's full time.

Though the birth of an heir of his beloved sister was a circumstance of great joy to Mr. Allworthy, yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling, to whom he had been godfather, had given his own name of Thomas, and whom he had hitherto seldom failed of visiting, at least once a day, in his nursery.

He told his sister, if she pleased, the new-born infant should be bred up together with little Tommy, to which she consented, though with some little reluctance: for she had truly a great complacence for her brother; and hence she had always behaved towards the foundling with rather more kindness than ladies of rigid virtue can sometimes bring themselves to shew to these children, who, however innocent, may be truly called the living monuments of incontinence.

The captain could not so easily bring himself

himself to bear what he condemned as a fault in Mr. Allworthy. He gave him frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of sin, was to give countenance to it. He quoted several texts, (for he was well read in Scripture) such as, 'He visits the sins of the fathers upon the children;' and, 'the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge,' &c. whence he argued the legality of punishing the crime of the parent on the bastard. He said, though the law did not positively allow the destroying such base-born children, yet it held them to be the children of nobody; that the church considered them as the children of nobody; and that, at the best, they ought to be brought up to the lowest and vilest offices of the commonwealth.

Mr. Allworthy answered to all this, and much more, which the captain had urged on this subject, that, however guilty the parents might be, the children were certainly innocent: that as to the texts he had quoted, the former of them was a particular denunciation against the Jews, for the sin of idolatry, of relinquishing and hating their Heavenly King; and the latter was parabolically spoken, and rather intended to denote the certain and necessary consequences of sin, than any express judgment against it. But to represent the Almighty as avenging the sins of the guilty on the innocent, was indecent, if not blasphemous; as it was to represent him acting against the first principles of natural justice, and against the original notions of right and wrong, which he himself had implanted in our minds; by which we were to judge, not only in all matters which were not revealed, but even of the truth of revelation itself. He said, he knew many held the same principles with the captain on this head; but he was himself firmly convinced to the contrary, and would provide in the same manner for this poor infant, as if a legitimate child had the fortune to have been found in the same place.

While the captain was taking all opportunities to press these and such like arguments, to remove the little foundling from Mr. Allworthy's, of whose fondness for him he began to be jealous, Mrs. Deborah had made a discovery, which, in it's event, threatened at least to prove more fatal to poor Tommy, than all the reasonings of the captain.

Whether the insatiable curiosity of this good woman had carried her on to that business, or whether she did it to confirm herself in the good graces of Mrs. Blifil, who, notwithstanding her outward behaviour to the foundling, frequently abused the infant in private, and her brother too for his fondness to it, I will not determine; but she had now, as she conceived, fully detected the father of the foundling.

Now, as this was a discovery of great consequence, it may be necessary to trace it from the fountain-head. We shall therefore very minutely lay open those previous matters by which it was produced; and for that purpose we shall be obliged to reveal all the secrets of a little family, with which my reader is at present entirely unacquainted, and of which the œconomy was so rare and extraordinary, that I fear it will shock the utmost credulity of many married persons.

CHAP. III.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A DOMESTICK GOVERNMENT FOUNDED UPON RULES DIRECTLY CONTRARY TO THOSE OF ARISTOTLE.

MY reader may please to remember he hath been informed, that Jenny Jones had lived some years with a certain schoolmaster, who had, at her earnest desire, instructed her in Latin; in which, to do justice to her genius, she had so improved herself, that she was become a better scholar than her master.

Indeed, though this poor man had undertaken a profession to which learning must be allowed necessary, this was the least of his commendations. He was one of the best-natured fellows in the world, and was, at the same time, master of so much pleasantry and humour, that he was reputed the wit of the country; and all the neighbouring gentlemen were so desirous of his company, that as denying was not his talent, he spent much time at their houses, which he might, with more emolument, have spent in his school.

It may be imagined, that a gentleman ſo qualified, and ſo diſpoſed, was in no danger of becoming formidable to the learned ſeminaries of Eton or Weſtminſter. To ſpeak plainly, his ſcholars were divided into two claſſes. In the upper of which was a young gentleman, the ſon of a neighbouring ſquire, who at the age of ſeventeen was juſt entered into his Syntaxis; and in the lower was a ſecond ſon of the ſame gentleman, who, together with ſeven pariſh-boys, was learning to read and write.

The ſtipend ariſing hence would hardly have indulged the ſchoolmaſter in the luxuries of life, had he not added to this office thoſe of clerk and barber, and had not Mr. Allworthy added to the whole an annuity of ten pounds, which the poor man received every Chriſtmas, and with which he was enabled to chear his heart during that ſacred feſtival.

Among his other treaſures, the pedagogue had a wife, whom he had married out of Mr. Allworthy's kitchen, for her fortune, viz. twenty pounds, which ſhe had there amaſſed.

This woman was not very amiable in her perſon. Whether ſhe ſat to my friend Hogarth, or no, I will not determine; but ſhe exactly reſembled the young woman who is pouring out her miſtreſs's tea, in the third picture of the Harlot's Progreſs. She was, beſides, a profeſt follower of that notable ſect founded by Xantippe of old; by means of which ſhe became more formidable in the ſchool than her huſband; for, to confeſs the truth, he was never maſter there, or any where elſe, in her preſence.

Though her countenance did not denote much natural ſweetneſs of temper, yet this was perhaps ſomewhat ſoured by a circumſtance which generally poiſons matrimonial felicity: for children are rightly called the pledges of love; and her huſband, though they had been married nine years, had given her no ſuch pledges; a default for which he had no excuſe, either from age or health, being not yet thirty years old, and what they call a jolly, briſk, young man.

Hence aroſe another evil, which produced no little uneaſineſs to the poor pedagogue, of whom ſhe maintained ſo conſtant a jealouſy, that he durſt hardly ſpeak to one woman in the pariſh; for the leaſt degree of civility, or even correſpondence with any female, was ſure to bring his wife upon her back, and his own.

In order to guard herſelf againſt matrimonial injuries in her own houſe, as ſhe kept one maid-ſervant, ſhe always took care to chuſe her out of that order of females, whoſe faces are taken as a kind of ſecurity for their virtue; of which number Jenny Jones, as the reader hath been before informed, was one.

As the face of this young woman might be called pretty good ſecurity of the before-mentioned kind, and as her behaviour had been always extremely modeſt, which is the certain conſequence of underſtanding in women, ſhe had paſſed above four years at Mr. Partridge's, (for that was the ſchoolmaſter's name) without creating the leaſt ſuſpicion in her miſtreſs. Nay, ſhe had been treated with uncommon kindneſs, and her miſtreſs had permitted Mr. Partridge to give her thoſe inſtructions which have been before commemorated.

But it is with jealouſy, as with the gout: when ſuch diſtempers are in the blood, there is never any ſecurity againſt their breaking out; and that often on the ſlighteſt occaſions, and when leaſt ſuſpected.

Thus it happened to Mrs. Partridge, who had ſubmitted four years to her huſband's teaching this young woman, and had ſuffered her often to neglect her work, in order to purſue her learning. For paſſing by one day, as the girl was reading, and her maſter leaning over her, the girl, I know not for what reaſon, ſuddenly ſtarted up from her chair; and this was the firſt time that ſuſpicion ever entered into the head of her miſtreſs.

This did not, however, at that time, diſcover itſelf, but lay lurking in her mind, like a concealed enemy, who waits for a reinforcement of additional ſtrength, before he openly declares himſelf, and proceeds upon hoſtile operations; and ſuch additional ſtrength ſoon arrived to corroborate her ſuſpicion. For not long after, the huſband and wife being at dinner, the maſter ſaid to his maid, '*Da mihi ali-*
'*quid potum*;' upon which the poor girl ſmiled, perhaps at the badneſs of the Latin;

Latin; and when her miſtreſs caſt her eyes on her, bluſhed, poſſibly with a conſciouſneſs of having laughed at her maſter. Mrs. Partridge, upon this, immediately fell into a fury, and diſcharged the trencher, on which ſhe was eating, at the head of poor Jenny, crying out, 'You impudent whore, 'do you play tricks with my huſband 'before my face?' and, at the ſame inſtant, roſe from her chair, with a knife in her hand, with which, moſt probably, ſhe would have executed very tragical vengeance, had not the girl taken the advantage of being nearer the door than her miſtreſs, and avoided her fury by running away; for, as to the poor huſband, whether ſurprize had rendered him motionleſs, or fear (which is full as probable) had reſtrained him from venturing at any oppoſition, he ſat ſtaring and trembling in his chair; nor did he once offer to move or ſpeak, till his wife, returning from the purſuit of Jenny, made ſome defenſive meaſures neceſſary for his own preſervation; and he likewiſe was obliged to retreat after the example of the maid.

This good woman was, no more than Othello, of a diſpoſition

——'To make a life of jealouſy,
'And follow ſtill the changes of the moon
'With freſh ſuſpicions——.'

With her, as well as him,

——'To be once in doubt,
'Was once to be reſolved——.'

She therefore ordered Jenny immediately to pack up her alls, and be gone; for that ſhe was determined ſhe ſhould not ſleep that night within her walls.

Mr. Partridge had profited too much by experience, to interpoſe in a matter of this nature. He therefore had recourſe to his uſual receipt of patience; for, though he was not a great adept in Latin, he remembered, and well underſtood, the advice contained in theſe words:

'*Leve fit, quod bene fertur onus.*

IN ENGLISH,

'A burden becomes lighteſt, when it is 'well borne:'

which he had always in his mouth; and of which, to ſay the truth, he had often occaſion to experience the truth.

Jenny offered to make proteſtations of her innocence; but the tempeſt was too ſtrong for her to be heard. She then betook herſelf to the buſineſs of packing, for which a ſmall quantity of brown paper ſufficed; and, having received her ſmall pittance of wages, ſhe returned home.

The ſchoolmaſter and his conſort paſſed their time unpleaſantly enough that evening; but ſomething or other happened before the next morning, which a little abated the fury of Mrs. Partridge; and ſhe at length admitted her huſband to make his excuſes: to which ſhe gave the readier belief, as he had, inſtead of deſiring her to recal Jenny, profeſſed a ſatisfaction in her being diſmiſſed, ſaying, ſhe was grown of little uſe as a ſervant, ſpending all her time in reading, and was become, moreover, very pert and obſtinate: for, indeed, ſhe and her maſter had lately had frequent diſputes in literature; in which, as hath been ſaid, ſhe was become greatly his ſuperior. This, however, he would by no means allow; and, as he called her perſiſting in the right, obſtinacy, he began to hate her with no ſmall inveteracy.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING ONE OF THE MOST BLOODY BATTLES, OR RATHER DUELS, THAT WERE EVER RECORDED IN DOMESTIC HISTORY.

FOR the reaſons mentioned in the preceding chapter, and from ſome other matrimonial conceſſions well known to moſt huſbands, and which, like the ſecrets of free-maſonry, ſhould be divulged to none who are not members of that honourable fraternity, Mrs. Partridge was pretty well ſatisfied, that ſhe had condemned her huſband without cauſe, and endeavoured, by acts of kindneſs, to make him amends for her falſe ſuſpicion. Her paſſions were, indeed, equally violent, which ever way they inclined: for, as ſhe could be extremely angry, ſo could ſhe be altogether as fond.

But though theſe paſſions ordinarily ſucceed each other, and ſcarce twenty-

four hours ever paſſed in which the pedagogue was not, in ſome degree, the object of both; yet, on extraordinary occaſions, when the paſſion of anger had raged very high, the remiſſion was uſually longer, and ſo was the caſe at preſent; for ſhe continued longer in a ſtate of affability, after this fit of jealouſy was ended, than her huſband had ever known before: and, had it not been for ſome little exerciſes, which all the followers of Xantippe are obliged to perform daily, Mr. Partridge would have enjoyed a perfect ſerenity of ſeveral months.

Perfect calms at ſea are always ſuſpected by the experienced mariner to be the fore-runners of a ſtorm: and I know ſome perſons, who, without being generally the devotees of ſuperſtition, are apt to apprehend, that great and unuſual peace or tranquillity will be attended with it's oppoſite. For which reaſon the ancients uſed, on ſuch occaſions, to ſacrifice to the Goddeſs Nemeſis; a deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious eye on human felicity, and to have a peculiar delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any ſuch heathen goddeſs, or from encouraging any ſuperſtition, ſo we wiſh Mr. John Fr——, or ſome other ſuch philoſopher, would beſtir himſelf a little, in order to find out the real cauſe of this ſudden tranſition, from good to bad fortune, which hath been ſo often remarked, and of which we ſhall proceed to give an inſtance; for it is our province to relate facts, and we ſhall leave cauſes to perſons of much higher genius.

Mankind have always taken great delight in knowing and deſcanting on the actions of others. Hence there have been, in all ages and nations, certain places ſet apart for public rendezvous, where the curious might meet, and ſatisfy their mutual curioſity. Among theſe, the barbers ſhops have juſtly borne the pre-eminence. Among the Greeks, barbers news was a proverbial expreſſion; and Horace, in one of his epiſtles, makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the ſame light.

Thoſe of England are known to be no wiſe inferior to their Greek or Roman predeceſſors. You there ſee foreign affairs diſcuſſed in a manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the coffee-houſes; and domeſtick occurrences are much more largely and freely treated in the former, than in the latter. But this ſerves only for the men. Now, whereas the females of this country, eſpecially thoſe of the lower order, do aſſociate themſelves much more than thoſe of other nations, our polity would be highly deficient, if they had not ſome place ſet apart likewiſe for the indulgence of their curioſity, ſeeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half of the ſpecies.

In enjoying, therefore, ſuch place of rendezvous, the Britiſh fair ought to eſteem themſelves more happy than any of their foreign ſiſters; as I do not remember either to have read in hiſtory, or to have ſeen in my travels, any thing of the like kind.

This place then is no other than the chandler's ſhop; the known ſeat of all the news; or, as it is vulgarly called, goſſiping, in every pariſh in England.

Mrs. Partridge being one day at this aſſembly of females, was aſked by one of her neighbours, if ſhe had heard no news lately of Jenny Jones. To which ſhe anſwered in the negative. Upon this, the other replied, with a ſmile, that the pariſh was very much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as ſhe did.

Mrs. Partridge, whoſe jealouſy, as the reader well knows, was long ſince cured, and who had no other quarrel to her maid, anſwered boldly, ſhe did not know any obligation the pariſh had to her on that account; for ſhe believed Jenny had ſcarce left her equal behind her.

'No, truly,' ſaid the goſſip, 'I 'hope not, though I fancy we have 'ſluts enough too. Then you have 'not heard, it ſeems, that ſhe hath 'been brought to bed of two baſtards; 'but as they are not born here, my 'huſband, and the other overſeer, ſays 'we ſhall not be obliged to keep them.'

'Two baſtards!' anſwered Mrs. Partridge haſtily; 'you ſurprize me. 'I don't know whether we muſt keep 'them; but I am ſure they muſt have 'been begotten here: for the wench 'hath not been nine months gone away.'

Nothing can be ſo quick and ſudden as the operations of the mind, eſpecially when hope or fear, or jealouſy, to which the

the two others are but journeymen, ſet it to work. It occurred inſtantly to her, that Jenny had ſcarce ever been out of her own houſe, while ſhe lived with her. The leaning over the chair, the ſudden ſtarting up, the Latin, the ſmile, and many other things, ruſhed upon her all at once. The ſatisfaction her huſband expreſſed in the departure of Jenny appeared now to be only diſſembled; again, in the ſame inſtant, to be real, and yet to confirm her jealouſy, as proceeding from ſatiety, and a hundred other bad cauſes. In a word, ſhe was convinced of her huſband's guilt, and immediately left the aſſembly in confuſion.

As fair Grimalkin, who, though the youngeſt of the feline family, degenerates not in ferocity from the elder branches of her houſe, and though inferior in ſtrength, is equal in fierceneſs to the noble tyger himſelf, when a little mouſe, whom it hath long tormented in ſport, eſcapes from her clutches, for a while, frets, ſcolds, growls, ſwears; but if the trunk, or box, behind which the mouſe lay hid, be again removed, ſhe flies like lightning on her prey, and with envenomed wrath, bites, ſcratches, mumbles, and tears the little animal.

Not with leſs fury did Mrs. Partridge fly on the poor pedagogue. Her tongue, teeth and hands, fell all upon him at once. His wig was in an inſtant torn from his head, his ſhirt from his back, and from his face deſcended five ſtreams of blood, denoting the number of claws with which nature had unhappily armed the enemy.

Mr. Partridge acted for ſome time on the defenſive only: indeed he attempted only to guard his face with his hands; but as he found that his antagoniſt abated nothing of her rage, he thought he might, at leaſt, endeavour to diſarm her, or rather to confine her arms; in doing which, her cap fell off in the ſtruggle, and her hair being too ſhort to reach her ſhoulders, erected itſelf on her head; her ſtays likewiſe, which were laced through one ſingle hole at the bottom, burſt open, and her breaſts, which were much more redundant than her hair, hung down below her middle; her face was likewiſe marked with the blood of her huſband; her teeth gnaſhed with rage; and fire, ſuch as ſparkles from a ſmith's forge, darted from her eyes: ſo that all together, this Amazonian heroine might have been an object of terror to a much bolder man than Mr. Partridge.

He had, at length, the good fortune, by getting poſſeſſion of her arms, to render thoſe weapons, which ſhe wore at the ends of her fingers, uſeleſs; which ſhe no ſooner perceived, than the ſoftneſs of her ſex prevailed over her rage, and ſhe preſently diſſolved in tears, which ſoon after concluded in a fit.

That ſmall ſhare of ſenſe which Mr. Partridge had hitherto preſerved through this ſcene of fury, of the cauſe of which he was hitherto ignorant, now utterly abandoned him. He ran inſtantly into the ſtreet, hallooing out, that his wife was in the agonies of death, and beſeeching the neighbours to fly with the utmoſt haſte to her aſſiſtance. Several good women obeyed his ſummons, who entering his houſe, and applying the uſual remedies on ſuch occaſions, Mrs. Partridge was at length, to the great joy of her huſband, brought to herſelf.

As ſoon as ſhe had a little recollected her ſpirits, and ſomewhat compoſed herſelf with a cordial, ſhe began to inform the company of the manifold injuries ſhe had received from her huſband; who, ſhe ſaid, was not contented to injure her in her bed, but, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the cruelleſt manner imaginable; had torn her cap and hair from her head, and her ſtays from her body, giving her, at the ſame time, ſeveral blows, the marks of which ſhe ſhould carry to the grave.

The poor man, who bore on his face many more viſible marks of the indignation of his wife, ſtood in ſilent aſtoniſhment at this accuſation; which the reader will, I believe, bear witneſs for him, had greatly exceeded the truth: for indeed he had not ſtruck her once; and this ſilence being interpreted to be a confeſſion of the charge, by the whole court, they all began at once, *una voce*, to rebuke and revile him, repeating often, that none but a coward ever ſtruck a woman.

Mr. Partridge bore all this patiently; but when his wife appealed to the blood on her face, as an evidence of his barbarity, he could not help laying claim to

to his own blood, for ſo it really was; as he thought it very unnatural, that this ſhould riſe up (as we are taught that of a murdered perſon often doth) in vengeance againſt him.

To this the women made no other anſwer, than that it was pity it had not come from his heart, inſtead of his face; all declaring, that if their huſbands ſhould lift their hands againſt them, they would have their hearts bloods out of their bodies.

After much admonition for what was paſt, and much good advice to Mr. Partridge for his future behaviour, the company at length departed, and left the huſband and wife to a perſonal conference together, in which Mr. Partridge ſoon learned the cauſe of all his ſufferings.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING MUCH MATTER TO EXERCISE THE JUDGMENT AND REFLECTION OF THE READER.

I Believe it is a true obſervation, that few ſecrets are divulged to one perſon only; but certainly, it would be next to a miracle, that a fact of this kind ſhould be known to a whole pariſh, and not tranſpire any farther.

And, indeed, a very few days had paſt, before the country, to uſe a common phraſe, rung of the ſchoolmaſter of Little Baddington, who was ſaid to have beaten his wife in the moſt cruel manner. Nay, in ſome places, it was reported he had murdered her; in others, that he had broke her arms; in others her legs; in ſhort, there was ſcarce an injury which can be done to a human creature, but what Mrs. Partridge was ſomewhere or other affirmed to have received from her huſband.

The cauſe of this quarrel was likewiſe variouſly reported; for, as ſome people ſaid that Mrs. Partridge had caught her huſband in bed with his maid, ſo many other reaſons, of a very different kind, went abroad. Nay, ſome transferred the guilt to the wife, and the jealouſy to the huſband.

Mrs. Wilkins had long ago heard of this quarrel; but, as a different cauſe from the true one had reached her ears, ſhe thought proper to conceal it; and the rather, perhaps, as the blame was univerſally laid on Mr. Partridge; and his wife, when ſhe was ſervant to Mr. Allworthy, had in ſomething offended Mrs. Wilkins, who was not of a very forgiving temper.

But Mrs. Wilkins, whoſe eyes could ſee objects at a diſtance, and who could very well look forward a few years into futurity, had perceived a ſtrong likelihood of Captain Blifil's being hereafter her maſter; and, as ſhe plainly diſcerned, that the captain bore no great good-will to the little foundling, ſhe fancied it would be rendering him an agreeable ſervice, if ſhe could make any diſcoveries that might leſſen the affection which Mr. Allworthy ſeemed to have contracted for this child, and which gave viſible uneaſineſs to the captain; who could not entirely conceal it even before Allworthy himſelf; though his wife, who acted her part much better in public, frequently recommended to him her own example, of conniving at the folly of her brother, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe at leaſt as well perceived, and as much reſented, as any other poſſibly could.

Mrs. Wilkins having therefore, by accident, gotten a true ſcent of the above ſtory, though long after it had happened, failed not to ſatisfy herſelf thoroughly of all the particulars; and then acquainted the captain, that ſhe had at laſt diſcovered the true father of the little baſtard, which ſhe was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, to ſee her maſter loſe his reputation in the country by taking ſo much notice of.

The captain chid her for the concluſion of her ſpeech, as an improper aſſurance in judging of her maſter's actions: for if his honour, or his underſtanding, would have ſuffered the captain to make an alliance with Mrs. Wilkins, his pride would by no means have admitted it. And, to ſay the truth, there is no conduct leſs politick, than to enter into any confederacy with your friend's ſervants againſt their maſter. For, by theſe means, you afterwards become the ſlave of theſe very ſervants, by whom you are conſtantly liable to be betrayed. And this conſideration, perhaps, it was, which prevented Captain Blifil from being more explicit with Mrs. Wilkins; or from encouraging the abuſe which ſhe had beſtowed on Allworthy.

But

But though he declared no satisfaction to Mrs. Wilkins at this discovery, he enjoyed not a little from it in his own mind, and resolved to make the best use of it he was able.

He kept this matter a long time concealed within his own breast, in hopes that Mr. Allworthy might hear it from some other person; but Mrs. Wilkins, whether she resented the captain's behaviour, or whether his cunning was beyond her, and she feared the discovery might displease him, never afterwards opened her lips about the matter.

I have thought it somewhat strange, upon reflection, that the house-keeper never acquainted Mrs. Blifil with this news, as women are more inclined to communicate all pieces of intelligence to their own sex, than to ours. The only way, as it appears to me, of solving this difficulty, is, by imputing it to that distance which was now grown between the lady and the house-keeper: whether this arose from a jealousy in Mrs. Blifil, that Wilkins shewed too great a respect to the foundling; for while she was endeavouring to ruin the little infant, in order to ingratiate herself with the captain, she was every day more and more commending it before Allworthy, as his fondness for it every day encreased. This, notwithstanding all the care she took at other times to express the direct contrary to Mrs. Blifil, perhaps offended that delicate lady, who certainly now hated Mrs. Wilkins; and though she did not, or possibly could not, absolutely remove her from her place, she found, however, the means of making her life very uneasy. This Mrs. Wilkins, at length, so resented, that she very openly shewed all manner of respect and fondness to little Tommy, in opposition to Mrs. Blifil.

The captain, therefore, finding the story in danger of perishing, he at last took an opportunity to reveal it himself.

He was one day engaged with Mr. Allworthy in a discourse on charity: in which the captain, with great learning, proved to Mr. Allworthy, that the word *charity*, in Scripture, no where means beneficence or generosity.

The christian religion, he said, was instituted for much nobler purposes, than to enforce a lesson which many heathen philosophers had taught us long before, and which, though it might, perhaps, be called a moral virtue, savoured but little of that sublime christian-like disposition, that vast elevation of thought, in purity approaching to angelick perfection, to be attained, expressed, and felt, only by grace. Those, he said, came nearer to the Scripture meaning, who understood by it candour, or the forming of a benevolent opinion of our brethren, and passing a favourable judgment on their actions; a virtue much higher, and more extensive in it's nature, than a pitiful distribution of alms, which, though we would never so much prejudice, or even ruin our families, could never reach many; whereas charity, in the other and truer sense, might be extended to all mankind.

He said, considering who the disciples were, it would be absurd to conceive the doctrine of generosity, or giving alms, to have been preached to them. And, as we could not well imagine this doctrine should be preached by it's Divine Author to men who could not practise it, much less shall we think it understood so by those who can practise it, and do not.

'But though,' continued he, 'there 'is, I am afraid, little merit in these 'benefactions; there would, I must 'confess, be much pleasure in them to 'a good mind, if it was not abated 'by one consideration: I mean, that 'we are liable to be imposed upon, 'and to confer our choicest favours 'often on the undeserving, as you must 'own was your case in your bounty 'to that worthless fellow Partridge: 'for two or three such examples must 'greatly lessen the inward satisfaction, 'which a good man would otherwise 'find in generosity; nay, may even 'make him timorous in bestowing, lest 'he should be guilty of supporting 'vice, and encouraging the wicked; 'a crime of a very black dye, and for 'which it will by no means be a suf-'ficient excuse, that we have not ac-'tually intended such an encourage-'ment; unless we have used the ut-'most caution in chusing the objects 'of our beneficence. A consideration 'which, I make no doubt, hath great-'ly checked the liberality of many a 'worthy and pious man.'

Mr. Allworthy answered, he could not

not diſpute with the captain in the Greek language, and therefore could ſay nothing as to the true ſenſe of the word, which is tranſlated *charity*; but that he had always thought it was interpreted to conſiſt in action, and that giving alms conſtituted at leaſt one branch of that virtue.

As to the meritorious part, he ſaid, he readily agreed with the captain; for where could be the merit of barely diſcharging a duty, which, he ſaid, let the word charity have what conſtruction it would, it ſufficiently appeared to be from the whole tenour of the New Teſtament? And as he thought it an indiſpenſible duty, enjoined both by the chriſtian law, and by the law of nature itſelf; ſo was it withal ſo pleaſant, that if any duty could be ſaid to be it's own reward, or to pay us while we were diſcharging it, it was this.

'To confeſs the truth,' ſaid he, 'there is one degree of generoſity, (of 'charity I would have called it) which 'ſeems to have ſome ſhew of merit, 'and that is, where from a principle 'of benevolence, and chriſtian love, 'we beſtow on another what we really 'want ourſelves; where, in order to 'leſſen the diſtreſſes of another, we 'condeſcend to ſhare ſome part of 'them, by giving what even our own 'neceſſities cannot well ſpare. This 'is, I think, meritorious; but to re'lieve our brethren only with our ſu'perfluities, to be charitable (I muſt 'uſe the word) rather at the expence 'of our coffers than ourſelves; to ſave 'ſeveral families from miſery rather 'than hang up an extraordinary pic'ture in our houſes, or gratify any 'other idle, ridiculous vanity, this 'ſeems to be only being chriſtians; 'nay, indeed, only being human crea'tures. Nay, I will venture to go 'farther, it is being in ſome degree 'epicures: for what could the greateſt 'epicure wiſh, rather than to eat with 'many mouths inſtead of one? which 'I think may be predicated of any one 'who knows that the bread of many 'is owing to his own largeſſes.

'As to the apprehenſion of beſtow'ing bounty on ſuch as may hereafter 'prove unworthy objects, becauſe ma'ny have proved ſuch; ſurely it can 'never deter a good man from gene'roſity: I do not think a few or ma'ny examples of ingratitude can juſ'tify a man's hardening his heart a'gainſt the diſtreſſes of his fellow-crea'tures; nor do I believe it can ever 'have ſuch effect on a truly benevo'lent mind. Nothing leſs than a per'ſuaſion of univerſal depravity can 'lock up the charity of a good man; 'and this perſuaſion muſt lead him, I 'think, either into atheiſm, or enthu'ſiaſm; but ſurely it is unfair to ar'gue ſuch univerſal depravity from a 'few vicious individuals; nor was 'this, I believe, ever done, by a man 'who, upon ſearching his own mind, 'found one certain exception to the 'general rule.' He then concluded, by aſking who that Partridge was, whom he had called a worthleſs fellow.

'I mean,' ſaid the captain, 'Par'tridge the barber, the ſchoolmaſter, 'what do you call him? Partridge 'the father of the little child which 'you found in your bed.'

Mr. Allworthy expreſſed great ſurprize at this account, and the captain as great at his ignorance of it: for he ſaid he had known it above a month, and at length recollected with much difficulty, that he was told it by Mrs. Wilkins.

Upon this, Wilkins was immediately ſummoned, who having confirmed what the captain had ſaid, was by Mr. Allworthy, by and with the captain's advice, diſpatched to Little Baddington, to inform herſelf of the truth of the fact: for the captain expreſt great diſlike at all haſty proceedings in criminal matters, and ſaid he would by no means have Mr. Allworthy take any reſolution, either to the prejudice of the child, or it's father, before he was ſatisfied that the latter was guilty: for though he had privately ſatisfied himſelf of this from one of Partridge's neighbours, yet he was too generous to give any ſuch evidence to Mr. Allworthy.

CHAP. VI.

THE TRIAL OF PARTRIDGE THE SCHOOLMASTER, FOR INCONTINENCY; THE EVIDENCE OF HIS WIFE; A SHORT REFLECTION ON THE WISDOM OF OUR LAW; WITH OTHER GRAVE MATTERS, WHICH

WHICH THOSE WILL LIKE BEST WHO UNDERSTAND THEM MOST.

IT may be wondered, that a ſtory ſo well known, and which had furniſhed ſo much matter of converſation, ſhould never have been mentioned to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, who was perhaps the only perſon in that country who had never heard of it.

To account in ſome meaſure for this to the reader, I think proper to inform him, that there was no one in the kingdom leſs intereſted in oppoſing that doctrine concerning the meaning of the word charity, which hath been ſeen in the preceding chapter, than our good man. Indeed, he was equally entitled to this virtue in either ſenſe: for as no man was ever more ſenſible of the wants, or more ready to relieve the diſtreſſes of others; ſo none could be more tender of their characters, or ſlower to believe any thing to their diſadvantage.

Scandal, therefore, never found any acceſs to his table: for, as it hath been long ſince obſerved, that you may know a man by his companions; ſo I will venture to ſay, that by attending to the converſation at a great man's table, you may ſatisfy yourſelf of his religion, his politicks, his taſte, and indeed of his entire diſpoſition: for though a few odd fellows will utter their own ſentiments in all places, yet much the greater part of mankind have enough of the courtier to accommodate their converſation to the taſte and inclination of their ſuperiors.

But to return to Mrs. Wilkins, who having executed her commiſſion with great diſpatch, though at fifteen miles diſtance, brought back ſuch a confirmation of the ſchoolmaſter's guilt, that Mr. Allworthy determined to ſend for the criminal, and examine him *viva voce*. Mr. Partridge, therefore, was ſummoned to attend, in order to his defence, if he could make any, againſt this accuſation.

At the time appointed, before Mr. Allworthy himſelf, at Paradiſe Hall, came as well the ſaid Partridge, with Anne his wife, as Mrs. Wilkins his accuſer.

And now Mr. Allworthy being ſeated in the chair of juſtice, Mr. Partridge was brought before him. Having heard his accuſation from the mouth of Mrs. Wilkins, he pleaded, not guilty, making many vehement proteſtations of his innocence.

Mrs. Partridge was then examined, who, after a modeſt apology for being obliged to ſpeak the truth againſt her huſband, related all the circumſtances with which the reader hath already been acquainted; and at laſt concluded with her huſband's confeſſion of his guilt.

Whether ſhe had forgiven him or no, I will not venture to determine: but it is certain, ſhe was an unwilling witneſs in this cauſe, and it is probable, from certain other reaſons, would never have been brought to depoſe as ſhe did, had not Mrs. Wilkins, with great art, fiſhed all out of her, at her own houſe, and had ſhe not indeed made promiſes in Mr. Allworthy's name, that the puniſhment of her huſband ſhould not be ſuch as might any wiſe affect his family.

Partridge ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting his innocence, though he admitted he had made the above mentioned confeſſion; which however he endeavoured to account for, by proteſting that he was forced into it by the continual importunity ſhe uſed, who vowed, that as ſhe was ſure of his guilt, ſhe would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it, and faithfully promiſed, that, in ſuch caſe, ſhe would never mention it to him more. Hence, he ſaid, he had been induced falſely to confeſs himſelf guilty, though he was innocent; and that he believed he ſhould have confeſſed a murder from the ſame motive.

Mrs. Partridge could not bear this imputation with patience; and having no other remedy, in the preſent place, but tears, ſhe called forth a plentiful aſſiſtance from them, and then addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe ſaid, (or rather cried) 'May it pleaſe your 'worſhip, there never was any poor 'woman ſo injured as I am by that 'baſe man: for this is not the only in'ſtance of his falſhood to me. No, may 'it pleaſe your worſhip, he has injured 'my bed many's the good time and often. I could have put up with his 'drunkenneſs and neglect of his buſi'neſs, if he had not broke one of the 'ſacred *commandiments*. Beſides, if it 'had been out of doors, I had not mat'tered it ſo much, but with my own

'servant, in my own house, under my 'own roof; to defile my own chaste 'bed, which to be sure he hath with 'his beastly, stinking whores.—Yes, 'you villain, you have defiled my own 'bed, you have; and then you have 'charged me with *bullocking* you into 'owning the truth.—It is very likely, 'an't please your worship, that I should '*bullock* him. I have marks enow 'about my body to shew of his cruelty 'to me.—If you had been a man, you 'villain, you would have scorned to 'injure a woman in that manner. But 'you an't half a man, you know it. 'Nor have you been half a husband 'to me. You need run after whores, 'you need, when I'm sure——And, 'since he provokes me, I am ready, 'an't please your worship, to take my 'bodily oath, that I found them a-bed 'together.—What, you have forgot, 'I suppose, when you beat me into a 'fit, and made the blood run down 'my forehead, because I only civilly 'taxed you with your adultery! But 'I can prove it by all my neighbours. 'You have almost broke my heart, 'you have, you have!'

Here Mr. Allworthy interrupted, and begged her to be pacified, promising her that she should have justice; then turning to Partridge, who stood aghast, one half of his wits being hurried away by surprize, and the other half by fear, he said, he was sorry to see there was so wicked a man in the world. He assured him that his prevaricating, and lying backward and forward, was a great aggravation of his guilt; for which, the only atonement he could make was by confession and repentance. He exhorted him, therefore, to begin by immediately confessing the fact, and not to persist in denying what was so plainly proved against him, even by his own wife.

Here, reader, I beg your patience a moment, while I make a just compliment to the great wisdom and sagacity of our law, which refuses to admit the evidence of a wife for or against her husband. This (says a certain learned author, who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a law-book) would be the means of creating an eternal dissention between them. It would, indeed, be the means of much perjury, and of much whipping, fining, imprisoning, transporting, and hanging.

Partridge stood awhile silent, till being bid to speak, he said, he had already spoken the truth, and appealed to Heaven for his innocence, and lastly, to the girl herself, whom he desired his worship immediately to send for; for he was ignorant, or at least pretended to be so, that she had left that part of the country.

Mr. Allworthy, whose natural love of justice, joined to his coolness of temper, made him always a most patient magistrate in hearing all the witnesses which an accused person could produce in his defence, agreed to defer his final determination of this matter till the arrival of Jenny, for whom he immediately dispatched a messenger; and then having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife, (though he addressed himself chiefly to the wrong person) he appointed them to attend again the third day: for he had sent Jenny a whole day's journey from his own house.

At the appointed time the parties all assembled, when the messenger returning brought word, that Jenny was not to be found: for that she had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer.

Mr. Allworthy then declared, that the evidence of such a slut, as she appeared to be, would have deserved no credit; but he said he could not help thinking, that had she been present, and would have declared the truth, she must have confirmed what so many circumstances, together with his own confession, and the declaration of his wife, that she had caught her husband in the fact, did sufficiently prove. He therefore once more exhorted Partridge to confess; but he still avowing his innocence, Mr. Allworthy declared himself satisfied of his guilt, and that he was too bad a man to receive any encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his annuity, and recommended repentance to him, on account of another world, and industry to maintain himself and his wife in this.

There were not, perhaps, many more unhappy persons than poor Partridge. He had lost the best part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet

was

was daily upbraided by her for having, among other things, been the occasion of depriving her of that benefit: but such was his fortune, and he was obliged to submit to it.

Though I called him poor Partridge in the last paragraph, I would have the reader rather impute that epithet to the compassion of my temper, than conceive it to be any declaration of his innocence. Whether he was innocent or not, will perhaps appear hereafter; but if the historick muse hath entrusted me with any secrets, I will by no means be guilty of discovering them till she shall give me leave.

Here, therefore, the reader must suspend his curiosity. Certain it is, that whatever was the truth of the case, there was evidence more than sufficient to convict him before Allworthy; indeed much less would have satisfied a bench of justices on an order of bastardy; and yet, notwithstanding the positiveness of Mrs. Partridge, who would have taken the sacrament upon the matter, there is a possibility that the schoolmaster was entirely innocent: for though it appeared clear, on comparing the time when Jenny departed from Little Baddington, with that of her delivery, that she had there conceived this infant, yet it by no means followed, of necessity, that Partridge must have been it's father; for, to omit other particulars, there was in the same house a lad near eighteen, between whom and Jenny there had subsisted sufficient intimacy to found a reasonable suspicion; and yet, so blind is jealousy, this circumstance never once entered into the head of the enraged wife.

Whether Partridge repented or not, according to Mr. Allworthy's advice, is not so apparent. Certain it is, that his wife repented heartily of the evidence she had given against him; especially when she found Mrs. Deborah had deceived her, and refused to make any application to Mr. Allworthy on her behalf. She had, however, somewhat better success with Mrs. Blifil, who was, as the reader must have perceived, a much better tempered woman; and very kindly undertook to solicit her brother to restore the annuity. In which, though good-nature might have some share, yet a stronger and more natural motive will appear in the next chapter.

These solicitations were nevertheless unsuccessful: for though Mr. Allworthy did not think, with some late writers, that mercy consists only in punishing offenders; yet he was as far from thinking that it is proper to this excellent quality to pardon great criminals wantonly, without any reason whatever. Any doubtfulness of the fact, or any circumstance of mitigation, was never disregarded; but the petitions of an offender, or the intercessions of others, did not in the least affect him. In a word, he never pardoned, because the offender himself, or his friends, were unwilling that he should be punished.

Partridge and his wife were therefore both obliged to submit to their fate; which was indeed severe enough: for so far was he from doubling his industry on the account of his lessened income, that he did in a manner abandon himself to despair; and as he was by nature indolent, that vice now encreased upon him, by which means he lost the little school he had; so that neither his wife nor himself would have had any bread to eat, had not the charity of some good christian interposed, and provided them with what was just sufficient for their sustenance.

As this support was conveyed to them by an unknown hand, they imagined, and so, I doubt not, will the reader, that Mr. Allworthy himself was their secret benefactor; who, though he would not openly encourage vice, could yet privately relieve the distresses of the vicious themselves, when these became too exquisite and disproportionate to their demerit. In which light their wretchedness appeared now to Fortune herself; for she at length took pity on this miserable couple, and considerably lessened the wretched state of Partridge, by putting a final end to that of his wife, who soon after caught the small-pox, and died.

The justice which Mr. Allworthy had executed on Partridge, at first met with universal approbation; but no sooner had he felt it's consequences, than his neighbours began to relent, and to compassionate his case; and presently after, to blame that as rigour and severity, which they before called

juſtice. They now exclaimed againſt puniſhing in cold blood, and ſang forth the praiſes of mercy and forgiveneſs.

Theſe cries were conſiderably encreaſed by the death of Mrs. Partridge, which though owing to the diſtemper above-mentioned, which is no conſequence of poverty or diſtreſs, many were not aſhamed to impute to Mr. Allworthy's ſeverity, or, as they now termed it, cruelty.

Partridge, having now loſt his wife, his ſchool, and his annuity, and the unknown perſon having now diſcontinued the laſt-mentioned charity, reſolved to change the ſcene, and left the country, where he was in danger of ſtarving, with the univerſal compaſſion of all his neighbours.

CHAP. VII.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THAT FELICITY WHICH PRUDENT COUPLES MAY EXTRACT FROM HATRED; WITH A SHORT APOLOGY FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO OVERLOOK IMPERFECTIONS IN THEIR FRIENDS.

THOUGH the captain had effectually demoliſhed poor Partridge, yet had he not reaped the harveſt he hoped for, which was to turn the foundling out of Mr. Allworthy's houſe.

On the contrary, that gentleman grew every day fonder of little Tommy, as if he intended to counterbalance his ſeverity to the father with extraordinary fondneſs and affection towards the ſon.

This a good deal ſoured the captain's temper, as did all the other daily inſtances of Mr. Allworthy's generoſity; for he looked on all ſuch largeſſes to be diminutions of his own wealth.

In this, we have ſaid, he did not agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in any thing elſe; for though an affection placed on the underſtanding is, by many wiſe perſons, thought more durable than that which is founded on beauty, yet it happened otherwiſe in the preſent caſe. Nay, the underſtandings of this couple were the principal bone of contention, and one great cauſe of many quarrels, which from time to time aroſe between them; and which at laſt ended, on the ſide of the lady, in a ſovereign contempt for her huſband; and on the huſband's, in an utter abhorrence of his wife.

As theſe had both exerciſed their talents chiefly in the ſtudy of divinity, this was, from their firſt acquaintance, the moſt common topick of converſation between them. The captain, like a well-bred man, had, before marriage, always given up his opinion to that of the lady; and this not in the clumſy aukward manner of a conceited blockhead, who, while he civilly yields to a ſuperior in an argument, is deſirous of being ſtill known to think himſelf in the right. The captain, on the contrary, though one of the proudeſt fellows in the world, ſo abſolutely yielded the victory to his antagoniſt, that ſhe, who had not the leaſt doubt of his ſincerity, retired always from the diſpute, with an admiration of her own underſtanding, and a love for his.

But though this complaiſance to one whom the captain thoroughly deſpiſed, was not ſo uneaſy to him as it would have been, had any hopes of preferment made it neceſſary to ſhew the ſame ſubmiſſion to a Hoadley, or to ſome other of great reputation in the ſcience; yet even this coſt him too much to be endured without ſome motive. Matrimony, therefore, having removed all ſuch motives, he grew weary of this condeſcenſion, and began to treat the opinions of his wife with that haughtineſs and inſolence, which none but thoſe who deſerve ſome contempt themſelves can beſtow, and thoſe only who deſerve no contempt can bear.

When the firſt torrent of tenderneſs was over, and when, in the calm and long interval between the fits, reaſon began to open the eyes of the lady, and ſhe ſaw this alteration of behaviour in the captain, who at length anſwered all her arguments only with *piſh*, and *pſhaw*, ſhe was far from enduring the indignity with a tame ſubmiſſion. Indeed, it at firſt ſo highly provoked her, that it might have produced ſome tragical event, had it not taken a more harmleſs turn, by filling her with the utmoſt contempt for her huſband's underſtanding, which ſomewhat

what qualified her hatred towards him; though of this likewiſe ſhe had a pretty moderate ſhare.

The captain's hatred to her was of a purer kind: for as to any imperfections in her knowledge or underſtanding, he no more deſpiſed her for them than for her not being ſix feet high. In this opinion of the female ſex, he exceeded the moroſeneſs of Ariſtotle himſelf: he looked on a woman as on an animal of domeſtick uſe, of ſomewhat higher conſideration than a cat, ſince her offices were of rather more importance; but the difference between theſe two was, in his eſtimation, ſo ſmall, that, in his marriage contracted with Mr. Allworthy's lands and tenements, it would have been pretty equal which of them he had taken into the bargain. And yet ſo tender was his pride, that it felt the contempt which his wife now began to expreſs towards him; and this, added to the ſurfeit he had before taken of her love, created in him a degree of diſguſt and abhorrence, perhaps hardly to be exceeded.

One ſituation only of the married ſtate is excluded from pleaſure; and that is, a ſtate of indifference: but as many of my readers, I hope, know what an exquiſite delight there is in conveying pleaſure to a beloved object, ſo ſome few, I am afraid, may have experienced the ſatisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter pleaſure, that we ſee both ſexes often give up that eaſe in marriage, which they might otherwiſe poſſeſs, though their mate was never ſo diſagreeable to them. Hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealouſy; nay, even denies herſelf any pleaſure, to diſturb and prevent thoſe of her huſband; and he again, in return, puts frequent reſtraints on himſelf, and ſtays at home in company which he diſlikes, in order to confine his wife to what ſhe equally deteſts. Hence too muſt flow thoſe tears which a widow ſometimes ſo plentifully ſheds over the aſhes of a huſband, with whom ſhe led a life of conſtant diſquiet and turbulency, and whom now ſhe can never hope to torment any more.

But if ever any couple enjoyed this pleaſure, it was at preſent experienced by the captain and his lady. It was always a ſufficient reaſon to either of them to be obſtinate in any opinion, that the other had previouſly aſſerted the contrary. If the one propoſed any amuſement, the other conſtantly objected to it: they never loved or hated, commended or abuſed, the ſame perſon. And for this reaſon, as the captain looked with an evil eye on the little foundling, his wife began now to careſs it almoſt equally with her own child.

The reader will be apt to conceive, that this behaviour between the huſband and wife did not greatly contribute to Mr. Allworthy's repoſe, as it tended ſo little to that ſerene happineſs which he had propoſed to all three, from this alliance; but the truth is, though he might be a little diſappointed in his ſanguine expectations, yet he was far from being acquainted with the whole matter: for, as the captain was, from certain obvious reaſons, much on his guard before him, the lady was obliged, for fear of her brother's diſpleaſure, to purſue the ſame conduct. In fact, it is poſſible for a third perſon to be very intimate, nay, even to live long in the ſame houſe with a married couple, who have any tolerable diſcretion, and not even gueſs at the four ſentiments which they bear to each other: for though the whole day may be ſometimes too ſhort for hatred, as well as for love; yet the many hours which they naturally ſpend together, apart from all obſervers, furniſh people of tolerable moderation with ſuch ample opportunity for the enjoyment of either paſſion, that if they love, they can ſupport being a few hours in company, without toying, or if they hate, without ſpitting in each other's faces.

It is poſſible, however, that Mr. Allworthy ſaw enough to render him a little uneaſy; for we are not always to conclude, that a wiſe man is not hurt, becauſe he doth not cry out and lament himſelf, like thoſe of a childiſh or effeminate temper. But indeed it is poſſible he might ſee ſome faults in the captain, without any uneaſineſs at all; for men of true wiſdom and goodneſs are contented to take perſons and things as they are, without complaining of their imperfections, or attempting to amend them. They can ſee a fault in a friend, a relation, or an acquaintance,

tance, without ever mentioning it to the parties themſelves, or to any others; and this often without the leaſt leſſening their affection. Indeed, unleſs great diſcernment be tempered with this overlooking diſpoſition, we ought never to contract friendſhip but with a degree of folly which we can deceive: for I hope my friends will pardon me, when I declare, I know none of them without a fault; and I ſhould be ſorry if I could imagine I had any friend who could not ſee mine. Forgiveneſs of this kind, we give and demand in turn. It is an exerciſe of friendſhip, and, perhaps, none of the leaſt pleaſant. And this forgiveneſs we muſt beſtow, without deſire of amendment. There is, perhaps, no ſurer mark of folly, than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of thoſe we love. The fineſt compoſition of human nature, as well as the fineſt china, may have a flaw in it; and this, I am afraid, in either caſe, is equally incurable; though, nevertheleſs, the pattern may remain of the higheſt value.

Upon the whole, then, Mr. Allworthy certainly ſaw ſome imperfections in the captain; but, as this was a very artful man, and eternally upon his guard before him, theſe appeared to him no more than blemiſhes in a good character; which his goodneſs made him overlook, and his wiſdom prevented him from diſcovering to the captain himſelf. Very different would have been his ſentiments, had he diſcovered the whole; which, perhaps, would in time have been the caſe, had the huſband and wife long continued this kind of behaviour to each other: but this kind fortune took effectual means to prevent, by forcing the captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his wife, and reſtored all her tenderneſs and affection towards him.

CHAP. VIII.

A RECEIPT TO REGAIN THE LOST AFFECTIONS OF A WIFE, WHICH HATH NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO FAIL IN THE MOST DESPERATE CASES.

THE captain was made large amends for the unpleaſant minutes which he paſſed in the converſation of his wife, (and which were as few as he could contrive to make them) by the pleaſant meditations he enjoyed when alone.

Theſe meditations were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune; for firſt, he exerciſed much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole; which calculations he often ſaw occaſion to alter in his own favour: and ſecondly, and chiefly, he pleaſed himſelf with intended alterations in the houſe and gardens, and in projecting many other ſchemes, as well for the improvement of the eſtate, as of the grandeur of the place. For this purpoſe he applied himſelf to the ſtudies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both theſe ſubjects; for theſe ſciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amuſement. He, at laſt, compleated a moſt excellent plan; and very ſorry we are, that it is not in our power to preſent it to our reader, ſince even the luxury of the preſent age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a ſuperlative degree, the two principal ingredients which ſerve to recommend all great and noble deſigns of this nature; for it required an immoderate expence to execute, and a vaſt length of time to bring it to any ſort of perfection. The former of theſe, the immenſe wealth of which the captain ſuppoſed Mr. Allworthy poſſeſſed, and which he thought himſelf ſure of inheriting, promiſed very effectually to ſupply; and the latter, the ſoundneſs of his own conſtitution, and his time of life, which was only what is called middle age, removed all apprehenſion of his not living to accompliſh.

Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of his plan, but the death of Mr. Allworthy; in calculating which, he had employed much of his own algebra, beſides purchaſing every book extant that treats of the value of lives, reverſions, &c. From all which he ſatisfied himſelf, that as he had every day a chance of this happening, ſo had he more than an even chance of it's happening within a few years.

But while the captain was one day buſied in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the moſt unlucky, as well as unſeaſonable accidents, happened

pened to him. The utmoſt malice of fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing ſo cruel, ſo mal-à-propos, ſo abſolutely deſtructive to all his ſchemes. In ſhort, not to keep the reader in long ſuſpenſe, juſt at the very inſtant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happineſs which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himſelf——died of an apoplexy.

This unfortunately befel the captain as he was taking his evening walk by himſelf, ſo that nobody was preſent to lend him any aſſiſtance, if indeed any aſſiſtance could have preſerved him. He took, therefore, meaſure of that proportion of ſoil, which was now become adequate to all his future purpoſes, and he lay dead on the ground, a great (though not a living) example of the truth of that obſervation of Horace:

'*Tu ſecanda marmora*
'*Locas ſub ipſum funus: & ſepulchri*
'*Immemor, ſtruis domos.*'

Which ſentiment I ſhall thus give to the Engliſh reader: 'You provide 'the nobleſt materials for building, 'when a pick-ax and a ſpade are only 'neceſſary; and build houſes of five 'hundred by a hundred feet, forget-'ting that of ſix by two.'

CHAP. IX.

A PROOF OF THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE FOREGOING RECEIPT, IN THE LAMENTATIONS OF THE WIDOW; WITH OTHER SUITABLE DECORATIONS OF DEATH, SUCH AS PHYSICIANS, &c. AND AN EPITAPH IN THE TRUE STILE.

MR. Allworthy, his ſiſter, and another lady, were aſſembled at the accuſtomed hour in the ſupper-room, where having waited a conſiderable time longer than uſual, Mr. Allworthy firſt declared he began to grow uneaſy at the captain's ſtay, (for he was always moſt punctual at his meals;) and gave orders that the bell ſhould be rung without the doors, and eſpecially towards thoſe walks which the captain was wont to uſe.

All theſe ſummonſes proving ineffectual, (for the captain had, by perverſe accident, betaken himſelf to a new walk that evening) Mrs. Blifil declared ſhe was ſeriouſly frightened. Upon which the other lady, who was one of her moſt intimate acquaintance, and who well knew the true ſtate of her affections, endeavoured all ſhe could to pacify her; telling her—to be ſure ſhe could not help being uneaſy; but that ſhe ſhould hope the beſt; that, perhaps, the ſweetneſs of the evening had enticed the captain to go farther than his uſual walk; or he might be detained at ſome neighbour's. Mrs. Blifil anſwered, No; ſhe was ſure ſome accident had befallen him: for that he would never ſtay out without ſending her word, as he muſt know how uneaſy it would make her. The other lady, having no other arguments to uſe, betook herſelf to the entreaties uſual on ſuch occaſions, and begged her not to frighten herſelf, for it might be of very ill conſequence to her own health; and, filling out a very large glaſs of wine, adviſed, and at laſt prevailed with her to drink it.

Mr. Allworthy now returned into the parlour; for he had been himſelf in ſearch after the captain. His countenance ſufficiently ſhewed the conſternation he was under, which, indeed, had a good deal deprived him of ſpeech; but as grief operates variouſly on different minds, ſo the ſame apprehenſion which depreſſed his voice, elevated that of Mrs. Blifil. She now began to bewail herſelf in very bitter terms, and floods of tears accompanied her lamentations, which the lady, her companion, declared ſhe could not blame; but, at the ſame time, diſſuaded her from indulging; attempting to moderate the grief of her friend, by philoſophical obſervations on the many diſappointments to which human life is daily ſubject, which, ſhe ſaid, was a ſufficient conſideration to fortify our minds againſt any accidents, how ſudden or terrible ſoever. She ſaid, her brother's example ought to teach her patience; who, though indeed he could not be ſuppoſed as much concerned as herſelf, yet was doubtleſs very uneaſy, though his reſignation to the Divine will had reſtrained his grief within due bounds.

'Mention not my brother,' ſaid Mrs. Blifil; 'I alone am the object of 'your pity. What are the terrors of

'friendſhip,

'friendſhip, to what a wife feels on 'theſe occaſions? O he is loſt! ſome-'body hath murdered him! I ſhall 'never ſee him more!' Here a torrent of tears had the ſame conſequence with what the ſuppreſſion had occaſioned to Mr. Allworthy, and ſhe remained ſilent.

At this interval, a ſervant came running in, out of breath, and cried out the captain was found; and, before he could proceed farther, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them.

Here the curious reader may obſerve another diverſity in the operations of grief: for as Mr. Allworthy had been before ſilent, from the ſame cauſe which had made his ſiſter vociferous; ſo did the preſent ſight, which drew tears from the gentleman, put an entire ſtop to thoſe of the lady; who firſt gave a violent ſcream, and preſently after fell into a fit.

The room was ſoon full of ſervants, ſome of whom, with the lady viſitant, were employed in care of the wife; and others, with Mr. Allworthy, aſſiſted in carrying off the captain to a warm bed, where every method was tried, in order to reſtore him to life.

And glad ſhould we be, could we inform the reader, that both theſe bodies had been attended with equal ſucceſs; for thoſe who undertook the care of the lady, ſucceeded ſo well, that, after the fit had continued a decent time, ſhe again revived, to their great ſatisfaction; but as to the captain, all experiments of bleeding, chafing, dropping, &c. proved ineffectual.—Death, that inexorable judge, had paſſed ſentence on him, and refuſed to grant him a reprieve, though two doctors, who arrived and were fee'd at one and the ſame inſtant, were his council.

Theſe two doctors, whom, to avoid any malicious applications, we ſhall diſtinguiſh by the names of Dr. Y. and Dr. Z. having felt his pulſe; to wit, Dr. Y. his right-arm, and Dr. Z. his left, both agreed that he was abſolutely dead; but as to the diſtemper, or cauſe of his death, they differed; Dr. Y. holding that he had died of an apoplexy, and Dr. Z. of an epilepſy.

Hence aroſe a diſpute between the learned men, in which each delivered the reaſons of their ſeveral opinions. Theſe were of ſuch equal force, that they ſerved both to confirm either doctor in his own ſentiments, and made not the leaſt impreſſion on his adverſary.

To ſay the truth, every phyſician almoſt hath his favourite diſeaſe, to which he aſcribes all the victories obtained over human nature. The gout, the rheumatiſm, the ſtone, the gravel, and the conſumption, have all their ſeveral patrons in the faculty; and none more than the nervous fever, or the fever on the ſpirits. And here we may account for thoſe diſagreements in opinion, concerning the cauſe of a patient's death, which ſometimes occur between the moſt learned of the college; and which have greatly ſurprized that part of the world who have been ignorant of the fact we have above aſſerted.

The reader may, perhaps, be ſurprized, that inſtead of endeavouring to revive the patient, the learned gentlemen ſhould fall immediately into a diſpute on the occaſion of his death: but, in reality, all ſuch experiments had been made before their arrival; for the captain was put into a warm bed, had his veins ſcarified, his forehead chafed, and all ſorts of ſtrong drops applied to his lips and noſtrils.

The phyſicians, therefore, finding themſelves anticipated in every thing they ordered, were at a loſs how to employ that portion of time which it is uſual and decent to remain for their fee, and were therefore neceſſitated to find ſome ſubject or other for diſcourſe; and what could more naturally preſent itſelf than that before mentioned?

Our doctors were about to take their leave, when Mr. Allworthy, having given over the captain, and acquieſced in the Divine will, began to enquire after his ſiſter, whom he deſired them to viſit before their departure.

This lady was now recovered of her fit; and, to uſe the common phraſe, as well as could be expected for one in her condition. The doctors, therefore, all previous ceremonies being complied with, as this was a new patient, attended, according to deſire, and laid hold on each of her hands, as they had before done on thoſe of the coſſe.

The

The caſe of the lady was in the other extreme from that of her huſband; for, as he was paſt all the aſſiſtance of phyſick, ſo in reality ſhe required none.

There is nothing more unjuſt than the vulgar opinion by which phyſicians are miſrepreſented as friends to death. On the contrary, I believe, if the number of thoſe who recover by phyſick, could be oppoſed to that of the martyrs to it, the former would rather exceed the latter. Nay, ſome are ſo cautious on this head, that, to avoid a poſſibility of killing the patient, they abſtain from all methods of curing, and preſcribe nothing but what can neither do good nor harm. I have heard ſome of theſe, with great gravity, deliver it as a maxim, that nature ſhould be left to do her own work, while the phyſician ſtands by, as it were, to clap her on the back, and encourage her when ſhe doth well.

So little then did our doctors delight in death, that they diſcharged the corſe after a ſingle fee: but they were not ſo diſguſted with their living patient; concerning whoſe caſe they immediately agreed, and fell to preſcribing with great diligence.

Whether, as the lady had, at firſt, perſuaded her phyſicians, to believe her ill, they had now, in return, perſuaded her to believe herſelf ſo, I will not determine; but ſhe continued a whole month with all the decorations of ſickneſs. During this time ſhe was viſited by phyſicians, attended by nurſes, and received conſtant meſſages from her acquaintance, to enquire after her health.

At length the decent time for ſickneſs and immoderate grief being expired, the doctors were diſcharged, and the lady began to ſee company; being altered only from what ſhe was before, by that colour of ſadneſs in which ſhe had dreſſed her perſon and countenance.

The captain was now interred, and might, perhaps, have already made a large progreſs towards oblivion, had not the friendſhip of Mr. Allworthy taken care to preſerve his memory, by the following epitaph, which was written by a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain.

Here lies,
in expectation of a joyful riſing,
the body of
CAPTAIN JOHN BLIFIL.
LONDON
had the honour of his birth,
OXFORD
of his education.
His parts
were an honour to his profeſſion
and to his country:
his life to his religion
and human nature.
He was a dutiful ſon,
a tender huſband,
an affectionate father,
a moſt kind brother,
a ſincere friend,
a devout chriſtian,
and a good man.
His inconſolable widow
hath erected this ſtone,
the monument of
his virtues,
and of her affection.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK III.

CONTAINING THE MOST MEMORABLE TRANSACTIONS WHICH PASSED IN THE FAMILY OF MR. ALLWORTHY, FROM THE TIME WHEN TOMMY JONES ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, TILL HE ATTAINED THE AGE OF NINETEEN. IN THIS BOOK THE READER MAY PICK UP SOME HINTS CONCERNING THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING LITTLE OR NOTHING.

THE reader will be pleased to remember, that at the beginning of the second book of this history, we gave him a hint of our intention to pass over several large periods of time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a chronicle of this kind.

In so doing, we do not only consult our own dignity and ease, but the good and advantage of the reader: for besides, that by these means we prevent him from throwing away his time, in reading either without pleasure or emolument, we give him, at all such seasons, an opportunity of employing that wonderful sagacity, of which he is master, by filling up these vacant spaces of time with his own conjectures; for which purpose, we have taken care to qualify him in the preceding pages.

For instance, what reader but knows that Mr. Allworthy felt, at first, for the loss of his friend, those emotions of grief, which, on such occasions, enter into all men whose hearts are not composed of flint, or their heads of as solid materials? Again, what reader doth not know, that philosophy and religion, in time, moderated, and at last extinguished this grief? The former of these, teaching the folly and vanity of it, and the latter, correcting it, as unlawful, and at the same time assuaging it, by raising future hopes and assurances which enable a strong and religious mind to take leave of a friend, on his death-bed, with little less indifference than if he was preparing for a long journey; and, indeed, with little less hope of seeing him again.

Nor can the judicious reader be at a greater loss on account of Mrs. Bridget Blifil, who, he may be assured, conducted herself through the whole season in which grief is to make it's appearance on the outside of the body, with

with the ſtricteſt regard to all the rules of cuſtom and decency, ſuiting the alterations of her countenance to the ſeveral alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white, ſo did her countenance change from diſmal to ſorrowful, from ſorrowful to ſad, and from ſad to ſerious, till the day came in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former ſerenity.

We have mentioned theſe two as examples only of the taſk which may be impoſed on readers of the loweſt claſs. Much higher and harder exerciſes of judgment and penetration may reaſonably be expected from the upper graduates in criticiſm. Many notable diſcoveries will, I doubt not, be made by ſuch, of the tranſactions which happened in the family of our worthy man, during all the years which we have thought proper to paſs over: for though nothing worthy of a place in this hiſtory occurred within that period; yet did ſeveral incidents happen, of equal importance with thoſe reported by the daily and weekly hiſtorians of the age, in reading which, great numbers of perſons conſume a conſiderable part of their time, very little, I am afraid, to their emolument. Now, in the conjectures here propoſed, ſome of the moſt excellent faculties of the mind may be employed to much advantage, ſince it is a more uſeful capacity to be able to foretel the actions of men, in any circumſtance, from their characters, than to judge of their characters from their actions. The former, I own, requires the greater penetration; but may be accompliſhed by true ſagacity, with no leſs certainty than the latter.

As we are ſenſible that much the greateſt part of our readers are very eminently poſſeſſed of this quality, we have left them a ſpace of twelve years to exert it in; and ſhall now bring forth our hero, at about fourteen years of age, not queſtioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

THE HERO OF THIS GREAT HISTORY APPEARS WITH VERY BAD OMENS. A LITTLE TALE, OF SO LOW A KIND, THAT SOME MAY THINK IT NOT WORTH THEIR NOTICE. A WORD OR TWO CONCERNING A SQUIRE, AND MORE RELATING TO A GAME-KEEPER AND A SCHOOLMASTER.

AS we determined, when we firſt ſat down to write this hiſtory, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the ſtage in a much more diſadvantageous manner than we could wiſh; and to declare honeſtly, even at his firſt appearance, that it was the univerſal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am ſorry to ſay, there was too much reaſon for this conjecture; the lad having, from his earlieſt years, diſcovered a propenſity to many vices, and eſpecially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have juſt now obſerved to have been prophetically denounced againſt him. He had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of ſtealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Maſter Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the diſadvantageous light in which they appeared, when oppoſed to the virtues of Maſter Blifil, his companion; a youth of ſo different a caſt from little Jones, that not only the family, but all the neighbourhood, reſounded his praiſes. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable diſpoſition; ſober, diſcreet, and pious beyond his age: qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him, whilſt Tom Jones was univerſally diſliked; and many expreſſed their wonder, that Mr. Allworthy would ſuffer ſuch a lad to be educated with his nephew, leſt the morals of the latter ſhould be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time, will ſet the character of theſe two lads more fairly before the diſcerning reader, than is in the power of the longeſt diſſertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, muſt ſerve for the hero of this hiſtory, had only one friend among all the ſervants of the family; for, as to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe had long ſince given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her

miſtreſs. This friend was the game-keeper, a fellow of a looſe kind of diſpoſition, and who was thought not to entertain much ſtricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum*, than the young gentleman himſelf. And hence this friendſhip gave occaſion to many ſarcaſtical remarks among the domeſticks, moſt of which were either proverbs before, or, at leaſt, are become ſo now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be comprized in that ſhort Latin proverb, '*Noſcitur a ſocio*;' which I think is thus expreſſed in Engliſh, 'you may 'know him by the company he keeps.'

To ſay the truth, ſome of that atrocious wickedneſs in Jones, of which we have juſt mentioned three examples, might, perhaps, be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow; who, in two or three inſtances, had been what the law calls an acceſſary after the fact. For the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the uſe of the game-keeper and his family: though, as Jones alone was diſcovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole ſmart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot, on the following occaſion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's eſtate, was the manor of one of thoſe gentlemen, who are called *preſervers of the game*. This ſpecies of men, from the great ſeverity with which they revenge the death of a hare, or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the ſame ſuperſtition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preſervation and protection of certain animals, was it not that our Engliſh Bannians, while they preſerve them from other enemies, will moſt unmercifully ſlaughter whole horſe-loads themſelves, ſo that they ſtand clearly acquitted of any ſuch heatheniſh ſuperſtition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by ſome, as I take them to anſwer the order of nature, and the good purpoſes for which they were ordained in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a ſet of human beings,

'*Fruges conſumere nati*,'

'Born to conſume the fruits of th 'earth.' So I make no manner of doubt but there are others,

'*Feras conſumere nati*,'

'Born to conſume the beaſts of the 'field;' or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that thoſe ſquires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a ſhooting with the game-keeper; when, happening to ſpring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor, over which fortune, to fulfil the wiſe purpoſes of nature, had planted one of the game-conſumers, the birds flew into it, and were *marked* (as it is called) by the two ſportſmen, in ſome furze-buſhes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow ſtrict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to treſpaſs on any of his neighbours; no more on thoſe who were leſs rigid in this matter, than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, theſe orders had not been always very ſcrupulouſly kept; but as the diſpoſition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken ſanctuary, was well known, the game-keeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger ſportſman, who was exceſſively eager to purſue the flying game, over-perſuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himſelf keen enough after the ſport, yielded to his perſuaſions, entered the manor, and ſhot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himſelf was at that time on horſeback, at a little diſtance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and diſcovered poor Tom: for the game-keeper had leapt into the thickeſt part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himſelf.

The gentleman having ſearched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, ſwearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his houſe, and complained of the treſpaſs on his manor, in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his houſe had been broken

open,

open, and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant: 'And,' says he, 'we have found only this partridge; 'but the Lord knows what mischief 'they have done!'

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged no other excuse but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone: yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servant said wanted any farther confirmation.

The game-keeper being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating, that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him, he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so, as he was without his usual companion; for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer, was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being, lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the game-keeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the game-keeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honour he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman, which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore this punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him between every stroke, whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The game-keeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for, besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken; which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas, of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, 'I am convinced, my 'dear child, that my suspicions have 'wronged you; I am sorry that you 'have been so severely punished on 'this account.' And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends; again repeating his sorrow for what had past.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face, more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum, than the generosity of Allworthy.

Allworthy. The tears burſt from his eyes, and he fell on his knees, crying, 'Oh, Sir! you are too good to me! 'Indeed, you are! Indeed, I don't 'deſerve it!' And at that very inſtant, from the fulneſs of his heart, had almoſt betrayed the ſecret; but the good genius of the game-keeper ſuggeſted to him what might be the conſequence to the poor fellow, and this conſideration ſealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to diſſuade Allworthy from ſhewing any compaſſion or kindneſs to the boy, ſaying, he had perſiſted in an untruth; and gave ſome hints, that a ſecond whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy abſolutely refuſed to conſent to the experiment. He ſaid, the boy had ſuffered enough already, for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, ſeeing that he could have no motive but a miſtaken point of honour for ſo doing.

'Honour!' cried Thwackum, with ſome warmth; 'mere ſtubbornneſs and 'obſtinacy! Can honour teach any 'one to tell a lye, or can any honour 'exiſt independent of religion?'

This diſcourſe happened at table when dinner was juſt ended; and there were preſent Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we ſhall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

CHAP. III.

THE CHARACTER OF MR. SQUARE THE PHILOSOPHER, AND OF MR. THWACKUM THE DIVINE; WITH A DISPUTE CONCERNING ——.

THE name of this gentleman, who had then reſided ſome time at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the firſt rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a profeſt maſter of all the works of Plato and Ariſtotle. Upon which great models he had principally formed himſelf, ſometimes according with the opinion of the one, and ſometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a profeſſed Platoniſt, and in religion he inclined to be an Ariſtotelian.

But though he had, as we have ſaid, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Ariſtotle, in conſidering that great man rather in the quality of a philoſopher or a ſpeculatiſt, than as a legiſlator. This ſentiment he carried a great way; indeed, ſo far as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet, upon the leaſt attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile ſome contradictions which might otherwiſe appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum ſcarce ever met without a diſputation; for their tenets were, indeed, diametrically oppoſite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the ſame manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, ſince the fall, was nothing but a ſink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their diſcourſes on morality, never to mention the word *goodneſs*. The favourite phraſe of the former was *the natural beauty of virtue*; that of the latter was *the divine power of grace*. The former meaſured all actions by the *unalterable rule of right*, and the *eternal fitneſs of things*; the latter decided all matters by authority: but, in doing this, he always uſed the Scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his Coke upon Lyttleton, where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this ſhort introduction, the reader will be pleaſed to remember, that the parſon had concluded his ſpeech with a triumphant queſtion, to which he had apprehended no anſwer, viz. 'Can any honour exiſt independent on 'religion?'

To this Square anſwered, that it was impoſſible to diſcourſe philoſophically concerning words, till their meaning was firſt eſtabliſhed; that there were ſcarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain ſignification than the two he had mentioned; for that there were

were almoſt as many different opinions concerning honour as concerning religion. 'But,' ſays he, 'if by honour you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exiſt independent of any religion whatever. Nay,' added he, 'you yourſelf will allow it may exiſt independent of all but one; ſo will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different ſects in the world.'

Thwackum replied, this was arguing with the uſual malice of all the enemies to the true church. He ſaid, he doubted not but that all the infidels and hereticks in the world would, if they could, confine honour to their own abſurd errors, and damnable deceptions: 'But honour,' ſays he, 'is not therefore manifold, becauſe there are many abſurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold, becauſe there are various ſects and hereſies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the chriſtian religion; and not only the chriſtian religion, but the proteſtant religion; and not only the proteſtant religion, but the Church of England. And when I mention honour, I mean that mode of Divine Grace which is not only conſiſtent with, but dependent upon, this religion; and is conſiſtent with, and dependent upon, no other. Now to ſay that the honour I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honour I could be ſuppoſed to mean, will uphold, much leſs dictate, an untruth, is to aſſert an abſurdity too ſhocking to be conceived.'

'I purpoſely avoided,' ſays Square, drawing a concluſion which I thought evident from what I have ſaid; but if you perceived it, I am ſure you have not attempted to anſwer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from what you have ſaid, that we have different ideas of honour; or why do we not agree in the ſame terms of it's explanation? I have aſſerted, that true honour and true virtue are almoſt ſynonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs of things; to which an untruth being abſolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honour cannot ſupport an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honour can be ſaid to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any poſitive law—'

'I agree!' anſwered Thwackum, with great warmth, 'with a man who aſſerts honour to be antecedent to religion!—Mr. Allworthy, did I agree——?'

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interpoſed, telling them very coldly, they had both miſtaken his meaning; for that he had ſaid nothing of true honour. It is poſſible, however, he would not have eaſily quieted the diſputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the converſation at preſent.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING A NECESSARY APOLOGY FOR THE AUTHOR; AND A CHILDISH INCIDENT, WHICH PERHAPS REQUIRES AN APOLOGY LIKEWISE.

BEFORE I proceed farther, I ſhall beg leave to obviate ſome miſconſtructions, into which the zeal of ſome few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, eſpecially to men, who are warm in the cauſe of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the groſſeſt miſunderſtanding or perverſion of my meaning, miſrepreſent me, as endeavouring to caſt any ridicule on the greateſt perfections of human nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and ennoble the heart of man, and raiſe him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to ſay, (and by how much the better man you are yourſelf, by ſo much more will you be inclined to believe me) that I would rather have buried the ſentiments of theſe two perſons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of theſe glorious cauſes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their ſervice that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their falſe and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is the moſt dangerous enemy; and I will ſay boldly, that

that both religion and virtue have received more real discredit from hypocrites, than the wittiest profligates or infidels could ever cast upon them: nay farther, as these two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil society, and are indeed the greatest of blessings; so when poisoned, and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worst of civil curses, and have enabled men to perpetrate the most cruel mischiefs on their own species.

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed; my chief apprehension is, as many true and just sentiments often came from the mouths of these persons, lest the whole should be taken together, and I should be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleased to consider, that as neither of these men were fools, they could not be supposed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but absurdities; what injustice, therefore, must I have done to their characters, had I selected only what was bad, and how horridly wretched and maimed must their arguments have appeared!

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them, which is here exposed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square religion, in the composition of their several systems; and had not both utterly discarded all natural goodness of heart, they had never been represented as the objects of derision in this history; in which we will now proceed.

This matter, then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the last chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Master Blifil and Tom Jones, the consequence of which had been a bloody nose to the former; for though Master Blifil, notwithstanding he was the younger, was in size above the other's match, yet Tom was much his superior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiously avoided all engagements with that youth: for, besides that Tommy Jones was an inoffensive lad amidst all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr. Thwackum being always the second of the latter, would have been sufficient to deter him.

But well says a certain author, no man is wise at all hours; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not so. A difference arising at play between the two lads, Master Blifil called Tom a *beggarly bastard:* upon which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phænomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Master Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle, and the tremendous Thwackum: in which court an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom; who in his excuse only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Master Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed possible, that this circumstance might have escaped his memory; for, in his reply, he positively insisted, that he had made use of no such appellation; adding, Heaven forbid such naughty words should ever come out of his mouth.

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmance of the words. Upon which Master Blifil said, 'It is no wonder: those who 'will tell one fib, will hardly stick 'at another. If I had told my master 'such a wicked fib as you have done, 'I should be ashamed to shew my 'face.'

'What fib, child?' cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

'Why, he told you that nobody 'was with him a shooting when he 'killed the partridge; but he knows,' [here he burst into a flood of tears] 'yes, he knows, for he confessed it 'to me, that Black Jack the game-'keeper was there. Nay, he said— 'yes you did—deny it if you can, 'that you would not have confessed 'the truth, though master had cut 'you to pieces.'

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes; and he cried out in triumph, 'Oh, ho! this is your mis-'taken notion of honour! this is the 'boy who was not to be whipped 'again!' But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle aspect, turned towards the lad, and said, 'Is this true, child? 'how came you to persist so obstinately 'in a falsehood?'

Tom

Tom said he scorned a lye as much as any one; but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did: for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him; which, he said, he thought himself farther obliged to, as the gamekeeper had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone himself in compliance with his persuasions. He said this was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of it; and concluded with very passionately begging Mr. Allworthy to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself had been only guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. 'Indeed, Sir,' said he, 'it could hardly 'be called a lye that I told; for the 'poor fellow was entirely innocent of 'the whole matter. I should have gone 'alone after the birds; nay, I did go 'at first, and he only followed me to 'prevent more mischief. Do, pray, 'Sir, let me be punished: take my 'little horse away again; but pray, 'Sir, forgive poor George.'

Mr. Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

CHAP. V.

THE OPINIONS OF THE DIVINE AND THE PHILOSOPHER CONCERNING THE TWO BOYS; WITH SOME REASONS FOR THEIR OPINIONS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

IT is probable, that by disclosing this secret, which had been communicated in the utmost confidence to him, young Blifil preserved his companion from a good lashing: for the offence of the bloody nose would have been of itself sufficient cause for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally absorbed in the consideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr. Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment; so that Thwackum's hand was witheld by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whose meditations were full of birch, exclaimed against this weak, and, as he said he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the punishment of such crimes was, he said, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon and others; which being to be found in so many other books, shall not be found here. He then applied himself to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square said, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue; but could not. He owned there was something which at first sight appeared like fortitude in the action; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falshood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in some measure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr. Thwackum's consideration, whether a larger castigation might not be laid on upon that account.

As both these learned men concurred in censuring Jones, so were they no less unanimous in applauding Master Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parson asserted to be the duty of every religious man; and by the philosopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitness of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to sign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was something within his own breast with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preserved, corresponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or with the virtue of Square. He therefore strictly ordered the former of these gentlemen to abstain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had past. The pedagogue was obliged to obey those orders; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings, that the boy would be certainly spoiled.

Towards the game-keeper the good man behaved with more severity. He presently summoned that poor fellow before him, and after many bitter remonstrances, paid him his wages, and dismissed him from his service; for Mr. Allworthy rightly observed, that there was great difference between being guilty of a falshood to excuse yourself, and to excuse another. He likewise urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible severity against

this man, that he had baſely ſuffered Tom Jones to undergo ſo heavy a puniſhment for his ſake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the diſcovery himſelf.

When the ſtory became public, many people differed from Square and Thwackum, in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occaſion. Maſter Blifil was generally called a ſneaking raſcal, a poor-ſpirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilſt Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honeſt fellow. Indeed his behaviour to Black George much ingratiated him with all the ſervants; for though that fellow was before univerſally diſliked, yet he was no ſooner turned away than he was as univerſally pitied; and the friendſhip and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated by them all with the higheſt applauſe; and they condemned Maſter Blifil as openly as they durſt, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom ſmarted in the fleſh; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exerciſe his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb ſays, *It is eaſy to find a flick*, &c. ſo was it eaſy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one, was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chaſtiſing poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the ſport been the only inducement to the pedagogue, it is probable Maſter Blifil would likewiſe have had his ſhare; but though Mr Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harſh, nay, even barbarous, to the other. To ſay the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his maſter's affections, partly by the profound reſpect he always ſhewed his perſon, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated his phraſes, and maintained all his maſter's religious principles with a zeal which was ſurprizing in one ſo young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of reſpect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his maſter's approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his maſter's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtleſs, giddy youth, with little ſobriety in his manners, and leſs in his countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his ſerious behaviour.

Mr. Square had the ſame reaſon for his preference of the former lad; for Tom Jones ſhewed no more regard to the learned diſcourſes which this gentleman would ſometimes throw away upon him, than to thoſe of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jeſt of the rule of right; and at another time ſaid, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making ſuch a man as his father, (for ſo Mr. Allworthy ſuffered himſelf to be called.)

Maſter Blifil, on the contrary, had addreſs enough at ſixteen to recommend himſelf, at one and the ſame time, to both theſe oppoſites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were preſent, he was profoundly ſilent; which both interpreted in his favour and their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both theſe gentlemen to their faces: he took frequent occaſions of praiſing them behind their backs to Allworthy; before whom, when they were alone together, and when his uncle commended any religious or virtuous ſentiment, (for many ſuch came conſtantly from him) he ſeldom failed to aſcribe it to the good inſtructions he had received from either Thwackum or Square: for he knew his uncle repeated all ſuch compliments to the perſons for whoſe uſe they were meant; and he found by experience the great impreſſions which they made on the philoſopher, as well as on the divine; for, to ſay the truth, there is no kind of flattery ſo irreſiſtible as this, at ſecond hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, ſoon perceived how extremely grateful all thoſe panegyricks on his inſtructors were to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, as they ſo loudly reſounded the praiſe of that ſingular plan of education which he had laid down: for this worthy man having obſerved the imperfect inſtitution of our publick ſchools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had reſolved to

educate

educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had in a manner adopted, in his own house; where he thought their morals would escape all that danger of being corrupted, to which they would be unavoidably exposed in any publick school or university.

Having therefore determined to commit these boys to the tuition of a private tutor, Mr. Thwackum was recommended to him for that office, by a very particular friend, of whose understanding Mr. Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whose integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he had almost entirely resided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and sobriety of manners. And these were doubtless the qualifications by which Mr. Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him; though indeed this friend had some obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the most considerable persons in a borough which that gentleman represented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his first arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly answered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer acquaintance, however, and more intimate conversation, this worthy man saw infirmities in the tutor, which he could have wished him to have been without; though as those seemed greatly over-balanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr. Allworthy to part with him; nor would they indeed have justified such a proceeding: for the reader is greatly mistaken, if he conceives that Thwackum appeared to Mr. Allworthy in the same light as he doth to him in this history; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines, that the most intimate acquaintance which he himself could have had with that divine, would have informed him of those things, which we, from our inspiration, are enabled to open and discover. Of readers who, from such conceits as these, condemn the wisdom or penetration of Mr. Allworthy, I shall not scruple to say, that they make a very bad and ungrateful use of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

These apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum, served greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of Square, which our good man no less saw and condemned. He thought indeed that the different exuberancies of these gentlemen would correct their different imperfections; and that from both, especially with his assistance, the two lads would derive sufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this possibly proceeded from some fault in the plan itself; which the reader hath my leave to discover, if he can: for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this history; where we hope nothing will be found which hath never yet been seen in human nature.

To return therefore; the reader will not, I think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above commemorated produced the different effects of which he hath already seen some instances; and, besides this, there was another reason for the conduct of the philosopher and the pedagogue: but this being matter of great importance, we shall reveal it in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING A BETTER REASON STILL FOR THE BEFORE MENTIONED OPINIONS.

IT is to be known, then, that those two learned personages, who have lately made a considerable figure on the theatre of this history, had, from their first arrival at Mr. Allworthy's house, taken so great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the closest alliance with him.

For this purpose they had cast their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not for some time made any mention of her, the reader, we trust, hath not forgot. Mrs. Blifil was indeed the object to which they both aspired.

It may seem remarkable, that of four persons whom we have commemorated at Mr. Allworthy's house, three of them should fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little descended into the vale of years; but, in reality, bosom friends, and intimate acquaintance,

tance, have a kind of natural propenſity to particular females at the houſe of a friend, viz. to his grandmother, mother, ſiſter, daughter, aunt, niece, and couſin, when they are rich; and to his wife, ſiſter, daughter, niece, couſin, miſtreſs, or ſervant-maid, if they ſhould be handſome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that perſons of ſuch characters as were ſupported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little cenſured by ſome rigid moraliſts, before they had thoroughly examined it, and conſidered whether it was (as Shakeſpeare phraſes it) 'Stuff o' th' conſcience,' or no. Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking, by reflecting, that to covet your neighbour's ſiſter is no where forbidden; and he knew it was a rule in the conſtruction of all laws, that '*expreſſum facit ceſſare tacitum.*' The ſenſe of which is, 'when a law-giver ſets down 'plainly his whole meaning, we are 'prevented from making him mean 'what we pleaſe ourſelves.' As ſome inſtances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a ſiſter omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to Square, who was in his perſon what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he eaſily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitneſs of things.

Now, as both theſe gentlemen were induſtrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themſelves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her ſon the conſtant preference to the other lad; and, as they conceived the kindneſs and affection which Mr. Allworthy ſhewed the latter, muſt be highly diſagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occaſions to degrade and vilify him, would be highly pleaſing to her; who, as ſhe hated the boy, muſt love all thoſe who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for while Square could only ſcarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flea his ſkin; and, indeed, he conſidered every laſh he gave him, as a compliment paid to his miſtreſs; ſo that he could, with the utmoſt propriety, repeat this old flogging line, '*Caſtigo te non quod odio habeam, ſed quod* AMEM.'—'I chaſtiſe thee not out 'of hatred, but out of love.' And this, indeed, he had often in his mouth; or rather, according to the old phraſe, never more properly applied, at his fingers ends.

For this reaſon principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have ſeen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads; this being, indeed, almoſt the only inſtance of their concurring on any point: for, beſides the difference of their principles, they had both long ago ſtrongly ſuſpected each other's deſign, and hated one another with no little degree of inveteracy.

This mutual animoſity was a good deal encreaſed by their alternate ſucceſſes: for Mrs. Blifil knew what they would be at long before they imagined it, or indeed intended ſhe ſhould; for they proceeded with great caution, leſt ſhe ſhould be offended, and acquaint Mr. Allworthy. But they had nō reaſon for any ſuch fear; ſhe was well enough pleaſed with a paſſion, of which ſhe intended none ſhould have any fruits but herſelf. And the only fruits ſhe deſigned for herſelf, were flattery and courtſhip; for which purpoſe, ſhe ſoothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parſon's principles; but Square's perſon was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did in countenance very nearly reſemble that gentleman, who, in the Harlot's Progreſs, is ſeen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.

Whether Mrs. Blifil had been ſurfeited with the ſweets of marriage, or diſguſted by it's bitters, or from what other cauſe it proceeded, I will not determine; but ſhe could never be brought to liſten to any ſecond propoſals. However, ſhe at laſt converſed with Square with ſuch a degree of intimacy, that malicious tongues began to whiſper things of her, to which, as well for the ſake of the lady, as that they were highly diſagreeable to the rule of right and the fitneſs of things, we will give no credit, and therefore ſhall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipped on, without getting a ſtep nearer to his journey's end.

Indeed, he had committed a great error, and that Square diſcovered much

ſooner than himſelf. Mrs. Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly gueſſed) was not over and above pleaſed with the behaviour of her huſband; nay, to be honeſt, ſhe abſolutely hated him, till his death, at laſt, a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if ſhe had not the moſt violent regard to the offspring ſhe had by him. And, in fact, ſhe had ſo little of this regard, that in his infancy ſhe ſeldom ſaw her ſon, or took any notice of him; and hence ſhe acquieſced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr. Allworthy ſhowered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with Maſter Blifil. The acquieſcence in Mrs. Blifil was conſidered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condeſcenſion to her brother's humour, and ſhe was imagined by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility ſhe ſhewed him, the more they conceived ſhe deteſted him, and the ſurer ſchemes ſhe was laying for his ruin: for as they thought it her intereſt to hate him, it was very difficult for her to perſuade them ſhe did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as ſhe had more than once ſlily cauſed him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr. Allworthy, who was an enemy to this exerciſe, was abroad; whereas ſhe had never given any ſuch orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewiſe impoſed upon Square. In reality, though ſhe certainly hated her own ſon, of which, however monſtrous it appears, I am aſſured, ſhe is not a ſingular inſtance, ſhe appeared, notwithſtanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart ſufficiently diſpleaſed with all the favour ſhewn by Mr. Allworthy to the foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her brother's back, and very ſharply cenſured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, ſhe would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himſelf, when a little quarrel, or miff, as it is vulgarly called, aroſe between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this diſinclination which ſhe had diſcovered to him when a child, by degrees abated; and at laſt ſhe ſo evidently demonſtrated her affection to him to be much ſtronger than what ſhe bore her own ſon, that it was impoſſible to miſtake her any longer. She was ſo deſirous of often ſeeing him, and diſcovered ſuch ſatisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old, he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and, what is worſe, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which ſhe had ſhewn to Square; on which account the philoſopher conceived the moſt implacable hatred for our poor hero.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR HIMSELF MAKES HIS APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

THOUGH Mr. Allworthy was not of himſelf haſty to ſee things in a diſadvantageous light, and was a ſtranger to the public voice, which ſeldom reaches to a brother or a huſband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs. Blifil to Tom, and the preference which ſhe too viſibly gave him to her own ſon, of the utmoſt diſadvantage to that youth.

For ſuch was the compaſſion which inhabited Mr. Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the ſteel of juſtice could ever ſubdue it. To be unfortunate in any reſpect was ſufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoize it, to turn the ſcale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendſhip, and his benefaction.

When, therefore, he plainly ſaw Maſter Blifil was abſolutely deteſted (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compaſſion upon him; and what the effects of compaſſion are in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to moſt of my readers.

Henceforward he ſaw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glaſs inverted, ſo that they became ſcarce perceptible. And this perhaps the amiable temper of pity may make commendable; but the

next ſtep the weakneſs of human nature alone muſt excuſe: for he no ſooner perceived that preference which Mrs. Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to ſink in his affections as he roſe in her's. This, it is true, would of itſelf alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his boſom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr. Allworthy's mind for thoſe impreſſions, which afterwards produced the mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this hiſtory; and to which it muſt be confeſſed, the unfortunate lad, by his own wantonneſs, wildneſs, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording ſome inſtances of theſe, we ſhall, if rightly underſtood, afford a very uſeful leſſon to thoſe well-diſpoſed youths, who ſhall hereafter be our readers: for they may here find that goodneſs of heart, and openneſs of temper, though theſe may give them great comfort within, and adminiſter to an honeſt pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their buſineſs in the world. Prudence and circumſpection are neceſſary even to the beſt of men. They are indeed, as it were, a guard to virtue, without which ſhe never can be ſafe. It is not enough, that your deſigns, nay, that your actions, are intrinſically good; you muſt take care they ſhall appear ſo. If your inſide be never ſo beautiful, you muſt preſerve a fair outſide alſo. This muſt be conſtantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it ſo, that the ſagacity and goodneſs of an Allworthy will not be able to ſee through it, and to diſcern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your conſtant maxim, That no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will virtue herſelf look beautiful, unleſs ſhe be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my worthy diſciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find ſufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I aſk pardon for this ſhort appearance, by way of chorus, on the ſtage. It is in reality for my own ſake; that while I am diſcovering the rocks on which innocence and goodneſs often ſplit, I may not be miſunderſtood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers, by which I intend to ſhew them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to ſpeak, I was obliged to declare myſelf.

CHAP VIII.

A CHILDISH INCIDENT, IN WHICH, HOWEVER, IS SEEN A GOOD-NATURED DISPOSITION IN TOM JONES.

THE reader may remember, that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horſe, as a kind of ſmart-money for the puniſhment which he imagined he had ſuffered innocently.

This horſe Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and ſold him.

At his return, being queſtioned by Thwackum, what he had done with the money for which the horſe was ſold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

'O ho!' ſays Thwackum, 'you 'will not! then I will have it out of 'your br——h;' that being the place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occaſion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where being alone with Tom, he put the ſame queſtion to him which Thwackum had before aſked him.

Tom anſwered, he could in duty refuſe him nothing; but as for that tyrannical raſcal, he would never make any other anſwer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped ſoon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr. Allworthy very ſeverely reprimanded the lad for his indecent and diſreſpectful expreſſions concerning his maſter; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loſs of his favour, if he ever heard ſuch another word from his mouth; for he ſaid, he would never ſupport or befriend a reprobate. By theſe and the like declarations, he extorted ſome compunction from Tom, in which that

that youth was not over sincere: for he really meditated some return for all the smarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr. Allworthy to express a concern for his resentment against Thwackum; and then the good man, after some wholesome admonition, permitted him to proceed; which he did, as follows.

'Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you more than all the world: I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself, if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present: for I had more pleasure in feeding him than in riding him. Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, Sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same; for none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them? Indeed, Sir, there never was any misery like theirs.'—'Like whose, child?' says Allworthy: 'what do you mean?'—'Oh, Sir,' answered Tom, 'your poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever since your discarding him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger. I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to be the occasion of all their sufferings. I could not bear it, Sir; upon my soul, I could not!' [Here the tears ran down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded.] 'It was to save them from absolute destruction, I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it. I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money.'

Mr. Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke, the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relievingthem himself.

This affair was afterwards the subject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, who had intended to punish the fellow for his disobedience. He said, in some instances, what the world called *charity*, appeared to him to be opposing the will of the Almighty, which had marked some particular persons for destruction; and this was in like manner acting in opposition to Mr. Allworthy; concluding, as usual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued strongly, on the other side, in opposition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr. Allworthy, who seemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occasion, as I am convinced most of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the *rule of right*, an action which it would have been impossible to deduce from the *rule of wrong*.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING AN INCIDENT OF A MORE HEINOUS KIND, WITH THE COMMENTS OF THWACKUM AND SQUARE.

IT hath been observed by some men of much greater reputation for wisdom than myself, that misfortunes seldom come single. An instance of this may, I believe, be seen in those gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected: for here discovery seldom stops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom; who was no sooner pardoned for selling the horse, than he was discovered to have some time before sold a fine bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, the money arising from which sale he had disposed of in the same manner. This bible Master Blifil had purchased, though he had already such another of his own, partly out of respect for the book, and partly out of friendship to Tom, being unwilling that the bible should be sold out of the family at half price. He therefore disbursed the said half price himself; for he was a very prudent lad,

lad, and ſo careful of his money, that he had laid up almoſt every penny which he had received from Mr. Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when Maſter Blifil was firſt poſſeſſed of this bible, he never uſed any other. Nay, he was ſeen reading in it much oftener than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently aſked Thwackum to explain difficult paſſages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an enquiry, which obliged Maſter Blifil to diſcover the whole matter.

Thwackum was reſolved a crime of this kind, which he called ſacrilege, ſhould not go unpuniſhed. He therefore proceeded immediately to caſtigation; and, not contented with that, he acquainted Mr. Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monſtrous crime, as it appeared to him; inveighing againſt Tom in the moſt bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and ſellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square ſaw this matter in a very different light. He ſaid, he could not perceive any higher crime in ſelling one book than ſelling another; that to ſell bibles was ſtrictly lawful by all laws both divine and human, and conſequently there was no unfitneſs in it. He told Thwackum that his great concern on this occaſion, brought to his mind the ſtory of a very devout woman, who, out of pure regard to religion, ſtole Tillotſon's Sermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This ſtory cauſed a vaſt quantity of blood to ruſh into the parſon's face, which of itſelf was none of the paleſt; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs. Blifil, who was preſent at this debate, interpoſed. That lady declared herſelf abſolutely of Mr. Square's ſide. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in ſupport of his opinion; and concluded with ſaying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, ſhe muſt confeſs her own ſon appeared to be equally culpable; for that ſhe could ſee no difference between the buyer and the ſeller, both of whom were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs. Blifil having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almoſt have ſtopped his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, beſides that, for reaſons before mentioned, he durſt not venture at diſobliging the lady, was almoſt choaked with indignation. As to Mr. Allworthy, he ſaid, ſince the boy had been already puniſhed, he would not deliver his ſentiments on the occaſion, and whether he was or was not angry with the lad, I muſt leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon after this an action was brought againſt the game-keeper by Squire Weſtern, (the gentleman in whoſe manor the partridge was killed) for depredations of the like kind. This was a moſt unfortunate circumſtance for the fellow, as it not only of itſelf threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr. Allworthy from reſtoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Maſter Blifil and young Jones, the latter ſlily drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the miſery with which cold, hunger, and nakedneſs, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had conſumed almoſt the whole.

Such a ſcene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr. Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her cloath her children. The poor woman burſt into tears at this goodneſs; and while ſhe was thanking him, could not refrain from expreſſing her gratitude to Tom, who had, ſhe ſaid, long preſerved both her and her's from ſtarving. 'We have not,' ſays ſhe, 'had 'a morſel to eat, nor have theſe poor 'children had a rag to put on, but 'what his goodneſs hath beſtowed on 'us.' For indeed, beſides the horſe and the bible, Tom had ſacrificed a night-gown and other things to the uſe of this diſtreſſed family.

On their return home, Tom made uſe of all his eloquence to diſplay the wretchedneſs of theſe people, and the penitence of Black George himſelf; and in this he ſucceeded ſo well, that Mr. Allworthy ſaid, he thought the man had ſuffered enough for what was paſt; that he would forgive him, and think

think of ſome means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was ſo delighted with the news, that though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a ſhower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other haſty divulgers of news, he only brought on himſelf the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill-fortune of Black George made uſe of the very opportunity of his friend's abſence to overturn all again.

CHAP X.

IN WHICH MASTER BLIFIL AND JONES APPEAR IN DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

MASTER Blifil fell very ſhort of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in juſtice: in which he followed both the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent uſe of the word mercy, yet it was plain, that in reality Square held it to be inconſiſtent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing juſtice, and leaving mercy to Heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed ſomewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this ſublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have deſtroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Maſter Blifil, then, though he had kept ſilence in the preſence of Jones, yet when he had better conſidered the matter, could by no means endure the thought of ſuffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeſerving. He, therefore, reſolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above ſlightly hinted to the readers; the truth of which was as follows.

The game-keeper, about a year after he was diſmiſſed from Mr. Allworthy's ſervice, and before Tom's ſelling the horſe, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth, or thoſe of his family, as he paſſed through a field belonging to Mr. Weſtern, eſpied a hare ſitting in her form. This hare he had baſely and barbarouſly knocked on the head, againſt the laws of the land, and no leſs againſt the laws of ſportſmen.

The higler to whom the hare was ſold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the ſquire, by becoming evidence againſt ſome poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a perſon already obnoxious to Mr. Weſtern, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, beſides, the beſt ſacrifice the higler could make, as he had ſupplied him with no game ſince; and by this means the witneſs had an opportunity of ſcreening his better cuſtomers: for the ſquire, being charmed with the power of puniſhing Black George, whom a ſingle tranſgreſſion was ſufficient to ruin, made no farther enquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr. Allworthy, it might probably have done the game-keeper very little miſchief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inſpired with the love of juſtice againſt offenders. Maſter Blifil had forgot the diſtance of the time. He varied likewiſe in the manner of the fact; and, by the haſty addition of the ſingle letter S, he conſiderably altered the ſtory; for he ſaid that George had wired hares. Theſe alterations might probably have been ſet right, had not Maſter Blifil unluckily inſiſted on a promiſe of ſecreſy from Mr. Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him; but, by that means, the poor game-keeper was condemned, without having any opportunity to defend himſelf: for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr. Allworthy had no doubt concerning the reſt.

Short-lived then was the joy of theſe poor people; for Mr. Allworthy the next morning declared he had freſh reaſon, without aſſigning it, for his anger, and ſtrictly forbade Tom to mention George any more; though as for his family he ſaid, he would endeavour to keep them from ſtarving: but as to the fellow himſelf, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incenſed Mr. Allworthy: for of Maſter Blifil he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion. However, as his friendſhip

was to be tired out by no diſappointments, he now determined to try another method of preſerving the poor game-keeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. Weſtern. He had ſo greatly recommended himſelf to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of ſportſmanſhip, that the ſquire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but ſufficient encouragement. He often wiſhed he had himſelf a ſon with ſuch parts; and one day very ſolemnly aſſerted at a drinking-bout, that Tom ſhould hunt a pack of hounds, for a thouſand pounds of his money, with any huntſman in the whole country.

By ſuch kind of talents, he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the ſquire, that he was a moſt welcome gueſt at his table, and a favourite companion in his ſport: every thing which the ſquire held moſt dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horſes, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He reſolved therefore to make uſe of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Weſtern's family, in the ſame capacity in which he had before ſerved Mr. Allworthy.

The reader, if he conſiders that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. Weſtern, and if he conſiders farther the weighty buſineſs by which that gentleman's diſpleaſure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a fooliſh and deſperate undertaking; but if he ſhould not totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for ſtrengthening himſelf with all imaginable intereſt on ſo arduous an occaſion.

For this purpoſe, then, Tom applied to Mr. Weſtern's daughter, a young lady of about ſeventeen years of age; whom her father, next after thoſe neceſſary implements of ſport juſt before mentioned, loved and eſteemed above all the world. Now, as ſhe had ſome influence on the ſquire, ſo Tom had ſome little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourſelves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper ſhe ſhould make her appearance at the end of a book.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING THE TIME OF A YEAR.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING FIVE PAGES OF PAPER.

AS truth diſtinguiſhes our writings from thoſe idle romances which are filled with monſters, the productions, not of nature, but of diſtempered brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critick to the ſole uſe of the paſtry-cook: ſo on the other hand, we would avoid any reſemblance to that kind of hiſtory which a celebrated poet ſeems to think is no leſs calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it ſhould be always attended with a tankard of good ale.

While—Hiſtory with her comrade ale,
Soothes the ſad ſeries of her ſerious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern hiſtorians; nay, perhaps their muſe, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inſpiration to ale, it ought likewiſe to be the potation of their readers; ſince every book ought to be read with the ſame ſpirit, and in the ſame manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous author of Hurlothrumbo told a learned biſhop, that the reaſon his lordſhip could not taſte the excellency of his piece, was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which inſtrument he himſelf had always had in his own when he compoſed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of theſe hiſtorians, we have taken every occaſion of interſperſing through the whole, ſundry ſimiles, deſcriptions, and other kind of poetical embelliſhments. Theſe are, indeed, deſigned to ſupply the place of the ſaid ale, and to refreſh the mind whenever thoſe ſlumbers, which in a long work are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, ſhall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the beſt narrative of plain matter of fact muſt overpower every reader; for nothing but the everlaſting

watchfulneſs, which Homer hath aſcribed to Jove himſelf, can be proof againſt a newſpaper of many volumes.

We ſhall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have choſen the ſeveral occaſions for inſerting theſe ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the preſent; where we are about to introduce a conſiderable character on the ſcene; no leſs, indeed, than the heroine of this heroick, hiſtorical, proſaick poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleaſing image which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. Firſt, this is an art well known to, and much practiſed by, our tragic poets; who ſeldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flouriſh of drums and trumpets, in order to rouze a martial ſpirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombaſt and fuſtian, which Mr. Locke's Blind Man would not have groſsly erred in likening to the ſound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, ſoft muſick often conducts them on the ſtage, either to ſoothe the audience with all the ſoftneſs of the tender paſſion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle ſlumber in which they will moſt probably be compoſed by the enſuing ſcene.

And not only the poets, but the maſters of theſe poets, the managers of play-houſes, ſeem to be in this ſecret; for beſides the aforeſaid kettle-drums, &c. which denote the hero's approach, he is generally uſhered on the ſtage by a large troop of half a dozen ſcene-ſhifters; and how neceſſary theſe are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical ſtory.

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an alehouſe bordering on the theatre, when he was ſummoned to go on the ſtage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his ſhoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himſelf the indignation of Mr. Wilks, (his brother manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed theſe his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr. Wilks therefore was thundering out, 'Where 'are the carpenters to walk on before 'King Pyrrhus?' that monarch very quietly eat his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themſelves with muſic in his abſence.

To be plain, I much queſtion whether the politician, who hath generally a good noſe, hath not ſcented out ſomewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced, that awful magiſtrate my lord-mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the ſeveral pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I muſt confeſs, that even I myſelf, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with ſhow, have yielded not a little to the impreſſions of much preceding ſtate. When I have ſeen a man ſtrutting in a proceſſion, after others whoſe buſineſs was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity, than I have felt on ſeeing him in a common ſituation. But there is one inſtance which comes exactly up to my purpoſe. This is the cuſtom of ſending on a baſket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to ſtrew the ſtage with flowers, before the great perſonages begin their proceſſion. The ancients would certainly have invoked the Goddeſs Flora for this purpoſe; and it would have been no difficulty for their prieſts or politicians to have perſuaded the people of the real preſence of the deity, though a plain mortal had perſonated her and performed her office. But we have no ſuch deſign of impoſing on our reader; and therefore thoſe who object to the heathen theology, may, if they pleaſe, change our goddeſs into the above-mentioned baſket-woman. Our intention, in ſhort, is to introduce our heroine with the utmoſt ſolemnity in our power, with an elevation of ſtile, and all other circumſtances proper to raiſe the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain cauſes, adviſe thoſe of our male readers, who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well aſſured, that how amiable ſoever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair country-women will be found worthy to ſatisfy any paſſion, and to anſwer any idea of female

female perfection, which our pencil will be able to raiſe.

And now, without any farther preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

CHAP II.

A SHORT HINT OF WHAT WE CAN DO IN THE SUBLIME, AND A DESCRIPTION OF MISS SOPHIA WESTERN.

HUSHED be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boiſterous limbs of noiſy Boreas, and the ſharp-pointed noſe of bitter-biting Eurus! Do thou, ſweet Zephyrus, riſing from thy fragrant bed, mount the weſtern ſky, and lead on thoſe delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews; when on the firſt of June, her birth-day, the blooming maid, in looſe attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower riſes to do her homage, till the whole field becomes enamelled, and colours contend with ſweets which ſhall raviſh her moſt.

So charming may ſhe now appear! and you the feathered choriſters of nature, whoſe ſweeteſt notes not even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your muſick, and to love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle paſſion in every ſwain: for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, ſprightlineſs, innocence, modeſty, and tenderneſs, breathing ſweetneſs from her roſy lips, and darting brightneſs from her ſparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.

Reader, perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſtatue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps too, thou haſt ſeen the gallery of beauties at Hampton Court. Thou mayeſt remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toaſts of the kit-cat. Or if their reign was before thy times, at leaſt thou haſt ſeen their daughters, the no leſs dazzling beauties of the preſent age; whoſe names, ſhould we here inſert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now if thou haſt ſeen all theſe, be not afraid of the rude anſwer which Lord Rocheſter once gave to a man who had ſeen many things. No. If thou haſt ſeen all theſe without knowing what beauty is, thou haſt no eyes; if without feeling it's power, thou haſt no heart.

Yet is it poſſible, my friend, that thou mayeſt have ſeen all theſe without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia: for ſhe did not exactly reſemble any of them. She was moſt like the picture of Lady Ranelagh; and, I have heard more ſtill to the famous Dutcheſs of Mazarin: but moſt of all, ſhe reſembles one whoſe image never can depart from my breaſt, and whom, if thou doſt remember, thou haſt then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But leſt this ſhould not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour with our utmoſt ſkill to deſcribe this paragon, though we are ſenſible that our higheſt abilities are very inadequate to the taſk.

Sophia, then, the only daughter of Mr. Weſtern, was a middle-ſized woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her ſhape was not only exact, but extremely delicate; and the nice proportion of her arms promiſed the trueſt ſymmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was ſo luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before ſhe cut it, to comply with the modern faſhion; and it was now curled ſo gracefully in her neck, that few would believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of her face which demanded leſs commendation than the reſt, it might poſſibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eye-brows were full, even, and arched, beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a luſtre in them, which all her ſoftneſs could not extinguiſh. Her noſe was exactly regular; and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly anſwered Sir John Suckling's deſcription in thoſe lines.

'Her lips were red, and one was thin,
'Compar'd to that was next her chin.
'Some bee had ſtung it newly.'

Her cheeks were of the oval kind; and in her right ſhe had a dimple, which the leaſt ſmile diſcovered. Her chin had certainly it's ſhare in forming

ing the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small; though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose; but when exercise, or modesty, encreased her natural colour, no vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne,

——'Her pure and eloquent blood
'Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinct-
'ly wrought,
'That one might almost say her body
thought.'

Her neck was long and finely turned; and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might justly say the highest beauties of the famous Venus de Medicis were outdone. Here was whiteness, which no lilies, ivory, nor alabaster, could match. The finest cambrick might indeed be supposed from envy to cover that bosom, which was much whiter than itself. It was, indeed,

'*Niter splendens Pario marmore purius.*'

'A gloss shining beyond the purest
'brightness of Parian marble.'

Such was the outside of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former: for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance, which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves, in that perfect intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our reader, with this charming young creature; so it is needless to mention them here: nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental accomplishments she had derived from nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by art; for she had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence she had retired some years since into the country. By her conversation and instructions, Sophia was perfectly well-bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that ease in her behaviour, which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to say the truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath charms so inexpressible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet it's absence is well compensated by innocence; nor can good sense, and a natural gentility, ever stand in need of it.

CHAP. III.

WHEREIN THE HISTORY GOES BACK TO COMMEMORATE A TRIFLING INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED SOME YEARS SINCE; BUT WHICH, TRIFLING AS IT WAS, HAD SOME FUTURE CONSEQUENCES.

THE amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend the game-keeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy, and of Mr. Western, did not admit of a very intimate correspondence; yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequently playmates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia, than the grave and sober disposition of Master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these, would often appear so plainly,

plainly, that a lad of a more paſſionate turn than Maſter Blifil was, might have ſhewn ſome diſpleaſure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly expreſs any ſuch diſguſt, it would be an ill office in us to pay a viſit to the inmoſt receſſes of his mind, as ſome ſcandalous people ſearch into the moſt ſecret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their cloſets and cup-boards, only to diſcover their poverty and meanneſs to the world.

However, as perſons who ſuſpect they have given others cauſe of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; ſo Sophia imputed an action of Maſter Blifil, to his anger, which the ſuperior ſagacity of Thwackum and Square diſcerned to have ariſen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had preſented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the neſt, had nurſed up, and taught to ſing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was ſo extremely fond, that her chief buſineſs was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleaſure to play with it. By theſe means little Tommy, for ſo the bird was called, was become ſo tame, that it would feed out of the hand of it's miſtreſs, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her boſom, where it ſeemed almoſt ſenſible of it's own happineſs; though ſhe always kept a ſmall ſtring about it's leg, nor would ever truſt it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr. Weſtern's, Maſter Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and obſerving the extreme fondneſs that ſhe ſhewed for her little bird, deſired her to truſt it for a moment in his hands. Sophia preſently complied with the young gentleman's requeſt, and after ſome previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no ſooner in poſſeſſion, than he ſlipped the ſtring from it's leg, and toſſed it into the air.

The fooliſh animal no ſooner perceived itſelf at liberty, than, forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at ſome diſtance.

Sophia, ſeeing her bird gone, ſcreamed out ſo loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance, immediately ran to her aſſiſtance.

He was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than he curſed Blifil for a pitiful, malicious raſcal; and then immediately ſtripping off his coat, he applied himſelf to climbing the tree to which the bird had eſcaped.

Tom had almoſt recovered his little nameſake, when the branch, on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed it's object: and as ſhe apprehended the boy's life was in danger, ſhe ſcreamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Maſter Blifil himſelf now ſeconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were ſitting in a room next the garden, were inſtantly alarmed, and came all forth; but juſt as they reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty ſhallow in that part) arrived ſafely on ſhore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who ſtood dropping and ſhivering before him; when Mr. Allworthy deſired him to have patience, and turning to Maſter Blifil, ſaid, 'Pray, 'child, what is the reaſon of all this 'diſturbance?'

Maſter Blifil anſwered, 'Indeed, 'uncle, I am very ſorry for what I 'have done; I have been unhappily 'the occaſion of it all. I had Miſs 'Sophia's bird in my hand, and think-'ing the poor creature languiſhed for 'liberty, I own I could not forbear 'giving it what it deſired: for I al-'ways thought there was ſomething 'very cruel in confining any thing. 'It ſeemed to me againſt the law of 'nature, by which every thing hath 'a right to liberty; nay, it is even 'unchriſtian; for it is not doing what 'we would be done by: but if I had 'imagined Miſs Sophia would have 'been ſo much concerned at it, I am 'ſure I would never have done it; 'nay, if I had known what would 'have happened to the bird itſelf: 'for when Maſter Jones, who climbed 'up that tree after it, fell into the 'water, the bird took a ſecond flight, 'and preſently a naſty hawk carried it 'away.'

Poor Sophia, who now firſt heard of her

her little Tommy's fate, (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened) ſhed a ſhower of tears. Theſe Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to aſſuage, promiſing her a much finer bird; but ſhe declared ſhe would never have another. Her father chid her for crying ſo for a fooliſh bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a ſon of his, his backſide ſhould be well flayed.

Sophia now returned to her chamber: the two young gentlemen were ſent home, and the reſt of the company returned to their bottle; where a converſation enſued on the ſubject of the bird, ſo curious, that we think it deſerves a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING SUCH VERY DEEP AND GRAVE MATTERS, THAT SOME READERS, PERHAPS, MAY NOT RELISH IT.

SQUARE had no ſooner lighted his pipe, than addreſſing himſelf to Allworthy, he thus began: 'Sir, 'I cannot help congratulating you on 'your nephew; who, at an age when 'few lads have any ideas but of ſenſible objects, is arrived at a capacity 'of diſtinguiſhing right from wrong. 'To confine any thing, ſeems to me 'againſt the law of nature, by which "every thing hath a right to liberty." 'Theſe were his words; and the impreſſion they have made on me is 'never to be eradicated. Can any 'man have a higher notion of the 'rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs 'of things? I cannot help promiſing 'myſelf, from ſuch a dawn, that the 'meridian of this youth will be equal 'to that of either the elder or the 'younger Brutus.'

Here Thwackum haſtily interrupted, and ſpilling ſome of his wine, and ſwallowing the reſt with great eagerneſs, anſwered, 'From another expreſſion 'he made uſe of, I hope he will reſemble much better men. The law 'of nature is a jargon of words, 'which means nothing. I know not 'of any ſuch law, nor of any right 'which can be derived from it. To 'do as we would be done by, is indeed a chriſtian motive, as the boy 'well expreſſed himſelf, and I am glad 'to find my inſtructions have borne ſuch 'good fruit.'

'If vanity was a thing fit,' ſays Square, 'I might indulge ſome on the 'ſame occaſion; for, whence he can 'only have learnt his notions of right 'or wrong, I think is pretty apparent. 'If there be no law of nature, there is 'no right nor wrong.'

'How!' ſays the parſon, 'do you 'then baniſh revelation? Am I talking with a deiſt or an atheiſt?'

'Drink about,' ſays Weſtern; 'pox 'of your laws of nature. I don't 'know what you mean, either of you, 'by right and wrong. To take away 'my girl's bird, was wrong in my 'opinion; and my neighbour Allworthy may do as he pleaſes; but to 'encourage boys in ſuch practices, is 'to breed them up to the gallows.'

Allworthy anſwered, that he was ſorry for what his nephew had done; but could not conſent to puniſh him, as he acted rather from a generous than unworthy motive. He ſaid, if the boy had ſtolen the bird, none would have been more ready to vote for a ſevere chaſtiſement than himſelf; but it was plain that was not his deſign: and, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other view but what he himſelf had confeſſed. (For as to that malicious purpoſe which Sophia ſuſpected, it never once entered into the head of Mr. Allworthy.) He, at length, concluded with again blaming the action as inconſiderate, and which, he ſaid, was only pardonable in a child.

Square had delivered his opinion ſo openly, that if he was now ſilent, he muſt ſubmit to have his judgment cenſured. He ſaid, therefore, with ſome warmth, that Mr. Allworthy had too much reſpect to the dirty conſideration of property; that in paſſing our judgments on great and mighty actions, all private regards ſhould be laid aſide: for by adhering to thoſe narrow rules, the younger Brutus had been condemned of ingratitude, and the elder of parricide.

'And if they had been hanged, too, 'for thoſe crimes,' cried Thwackum, 'they would have had no more than 'their deſerts. A couple of heatheniſh 'villains! Heaven be praiſed, we have 'no Brutus's now-a-days. I wiſh,

'Mr.

'Mr. Square, you would deſiſt from 'filling the minds of my pupils with 'ſuch antichriſtian ſtuff: for the con-'ſequence muſt be, while they are un-'der my care, it's being well ſcourged 'out of them again. There is your 'diſciple Tom almoſt ſpoiled already. 'I overheard him the other day diſ-'puting with Maſter Blifil, that there 'was no merit in faith without works. 'I know that is one of your tenets, 'and I ſuppoſe he had it from you.'

'Don't accuſe me of ſpoiling him,' ſays Square. 'Who taught him to 'laugh at whatever is virtuous and 'decent, and fit and right in the na-'ture of things? He is your own 'ſcholar, and I diſclaim him. No, 'no, Maſter Blifil is my boy: young 'as he is, that lad's notions of moral 'rectitude I defy you ever to eradicate.'

Thwackum put on a contemptuous ſneer at this, and replied, 'Aye, aye, 'I will venture him with you. He is 'too well grounded for all your phi-'loſophical cant to hurt. No, no, I 'have taken care to inſtil ſuch prin-'ciples into him—'

'And I have inſtilled principles into 'him too,' cries Square. 'What but 'the ſublime idea of virtue could in-'ſpire a human mind with the gene-'rous thought of giving liberty! And 'I repeat to you again, if it was a fit 'thing to be proud, I might claim the 'honour of having infuſed that idea.'

'And if pride was not forbidden,' ſaid Thwackum, 'I might boaſt of 'having taught him that duty which 'he himſelf aſſigned as his motive.'

'So, between you both,' ſays the ſquire, 'the young gentleman hath 'been taught to rob my daughter of 'her bird. I find I muſt take care of 'my partridge-mew. I ſhall have ſome 'virtuous, religious man, or other, ſet 'all my partridges at liberty.' Then ſlapping a gentleman of the law, who was preſent, on the back, he cried out, 'What ſay you to this, Mr. 'Counſellor? Is not this againſt law?'

The lawyer, with great gravity, delivered himſelf as follows.

'If the caſe be put of a partridge, 'there can be no doubt but an action 'would lie: for though this be *feræ* '*naturæ*, yet being reclaimed, pro-'perty veſts; but being the caſe of a 'ſinging bird, though reclaimed, as 'it is a thing of baſe nature, it muſt 'be conſidered as *nullius in bonis*. In 'this caſe, therefore, I conceive the 'plaintiff muſt be nonſuited; and I 'ſhould diſadviſe the bringing any 'ſuch action.'

'Well,' ſays the ſquire, 'if it be '*nullus bonus*, let us drink about, and 'talk a little of the ſtate of the na-'tion, or ſome ſuch diſcourſe that we 'all underſtand; for I am ſure I don't 'underſtand a word of this. It may 'be learning and ſenſe for aught I 'know; but you ſhall never perſuade 'me into it. Pox! you have neither 'of you mentioned a word of that 'poor lad who deſerves to be com-'mended. To venture breaking his 'neck to oblige my girl, was a gene-'rous ſpirited action: I have learning 'enough to ſee that. D—n me, here's 'Tom's health. I ſhall love the boy 'for it the longeſt day I have to live.'

Thus was the debate interrupted; but it would probably have been ſoon reſumed, had not Mr. Allworthy preſently called for his coach, and carried off the two combatants.

Such was the concluſion of this adventure of the bird, and of the dialogue occaſioned by it, which we could not help recounting to our reader, though it happened ſome years before that ſtage, or period of time, at which our hiſtory is now arrived.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING MATTER ACCOMMODATED TO EVERY TASTE.

'*PARVA leves capiunt animos*;'—'Small things affect light minds;' was the ſentiment of a great maſter of the paſſion of love. And certain it is, that from this day Sophia began to have ſome little kindneſs for Tom Jones, and no little averſion for his companion.

Many accidents from time to time improved both theſe paſſions in her breaſt; which, without our recounting, the reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different tempers of theſe lads, and how much the one ſuited with her own inclinations more than the other. To ſay the truth, Sophia, when very young, diſcerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtleſs, rattling raſcal, was no-

body's enemy but his own; and that Maſter Blifil, though a prudent, diſcreet, ſober, young gentleman, was, at the ſame time, ſtrongly attached to the intereſt only of one ſingle perſon; and who that ſingle perſon was, the reader will be able to divine without any aſſiſtance of ours.

Theſe two characters are not always received in the world with the different regard which ſeems ſeverally due to either; and which one would imagine mankind, from ſelf-intereſt, ſhould ſhew towards them. But perhaps there may be a political reaſon for it: in finding one of a truly benevolent diſpoſition, men may very reaſonably ſuppoſe they have found a treaſure, and be deſirous of keeping it, like all other good things, to themſelves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the praiſes of ſuch a perſon, would, in the vulgar phraſe, be crying *roaſt meat*; and calling in partakers of what they intend to apply ſolely to their own uſe. If this reaſon doth not ſatisfy the reader, I know no other means of accounting for the little reſpect which I have commonly ſeen paid to a character which really doth great honour to human nature, and is productive of the higheſt good to ſociety. But it was otherwiſe with Sophia. She honoured Tom Jones, and ſcorned Maſter Blifil, almoſt as ſoon as ſhe knew the meaning of thoſe two words.

Sophia had been abſent upwards of three years with her aunt; during all which time ſhe had ſeldom ſeen either of theſe young gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her aunt, at Mr. Allworthy's. This was a few days after the adventure of the partridge, before commemorated. Sophia heard the whole ſtory at table, where ſhe ſaid nothing; nor indeed could her aunt get many words from her as ſhe returned home: but the maid, when undreſſing her, happening to ſay, 'Well, 'Miſs, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen young 'Maſter Blifil to-day;' ſhe anſwered with much paſſion, 'I hate the name 'of Maſter Blifil, as I do whatever is 'baſe and treacherous; and I wonder 'Mr. Allworthy would ſuffer that old 'barbarous ſchoolmaſter to puniſh a 'poor boy ſo cruelly, for what was 'only the effect of his good-nature.' She then recounted the ſtory to her maid, and concluded with ſaying—'Don't you think he is a boy of a 'noble ſpirit?'

This young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his houſe, and placed her at the upper-end of his table, where Tom (who from his great love of hunting was become a great favourite of the ſquire) often dined. Young men of open, generous diſpoſitions, are naturally inclined to gallantry; which, if they have good underſtandings, as was in reality Tom's caſe, exerts itſelf in an obliging, complaiſant behaviour to all women in general. This greatly diſtinguiſhed Tom from the boiſterous brutality of mere country-ſquires on the one hand, and from the ſolemn, and ſomewhat ſullen, deportment of Maſter Blifil, on the other: and he began now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow, among all the women in the neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unleſs, perhaps, by ſhewing her a higher reſpect than he paid to any other. This diſtinction her beauty, fortune, ſenſe, and amiable carriage, ſeemed to demand; but as to deſign upon her perſon, he had none: for which we ſhall at preſent ſuffer the reader to condemn him of ſtupidity; but perhaps we ſhall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the higheſt degree of innocence and modeſty, had a remarkable ſprightlineſs in her temper. This was ſo greatly encreaſed whenever ſhe was in company with Tom, that, had he not been very young and thoughtleſs, he muſt have obſerved it; or had not Mr. Weſtern's thoughts been generally either in the field, the ſtable, or the dog-kennel, it might have, perhaps, created ſome jealouſy in him: but ſo far was the good gentleman from entertaining any ſuch ſuſpicions, that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wiſhed. And theſe Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good-nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepeſt deſigns on the young lady.

But, indeed, it can occaſion little wonder, that this matter eſcaped the obſervation of others, ſince poor Sophia herſelf

herſelf never remarked it; and her heart was irretrievably loſt, before ſhe ſuſpected it was in danger.

Matters were in this ſituation, when Tom, one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a ſhort apology, with a very ſerious face, to acquaint her that he had a favour to aſk of her, which he hoped her goodneſs would comply with.

Though neither the young man's behaviour, nor indeed his manner of opening this buſineſs, were ſuch as could give her any juſt cauſe of ſuſpecting he intended to make love to her; yet whether nature whiſpered ſomething into her ear, or from what cauſe it aroſe, I will not determine; certain it is, ſome idea of that kind muſt have intruded itſelf; for her colour forſook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faltered, had Tom ſtopped for an anſwer: but he ſoon relieved her from her perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his requeſt, which was to ſolicit her intereſt on behalf of the game-keeper, whoſe own ruin, and that of a large family, muſt be, he ſaid, the conſequence of Mr. Weſtern's purſuing his action againſt him.

Sophia preſently recovered her confuſion, and with a ſmile full of ſweetneſs ſaid, 'Is this the mighty favour 'you aſked with ſo much gravity? I 'will do it with all my heart. I real-'ly pity the poor fellow, and no longer 'ago than yeſterday ſent a ſmall mat-'ter to his wife.' This ſmall matter was one of her gowns, ſome linen, and ten ſhillings in money, of which Tom had heard, and it had, in reality, put this ſolicitation into his head.

Our youth, now emboldened with his ſucceſs, reſolved to puſh the matter farther; and ventured even to beg her recommendation of him to her father's ſervice; proteſting that he thought him one of the honeſteſt fellows in the country, and extremely well qualified for the place of a game-keeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia anſwered: 'Well, I will 'undertake this too; but I cannot 'promiſe you as much ſucceſs as in 'the former part, which I aſſure you 'I will not quit my father without 'obtaining. However, I will do what 'I can for the poor fellow; for I ſin-'cerely look upon him and his fa-'mily as objects of great compaſſion. 'And now, Mr. Jones, I muſt aſk you 'a favour.'

'A favour, Madam!' cries Tom; 'if you knew the pleaſure you have 'given me in the hopes of receiving 'a command from you, you would 'think by mentioning it you muſt 'confer the greateſt favour on me; 'for, by this dear hand, I would ſacri-'fice my life to oblige you!'

He then ſnatched her hand, and eagerly kiſſed it, which was the firſt time his lips had ever touched her. The blood, which before had forſaken her cheeks, now made her ſufficient amends, by ruſhing all over her face and neck with ſuch violence, that they became all of a ſcarlet colour. She now firſt felt a ſenſation to which ſhe had been before a ſtranger, and which, when ſhe had leiſure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with ſome ſecrets, which the reader, if he does not already gueſs them, will know in due time.

Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, (which was not inſtantly) informed him, that the favour ſhe had to deſire of him, was not to lead her father through ſo many dangers in hunting; for that, from what ſhe had heard, ſhe was terribly frightened every time they went out together, and expected ſome day or other to ſee her father brought home with broken limbs. She therefore begged him, for her ſake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr. Weſtern would follow him, not to ride ſo madly, nor to take thoſe dangerous leaps for the future.

Tom faithfully promiſed to obey her commands; and, after thanking her for her kind compliance with his requeſt, took his leave, and departed, highly charmed with his ſucceſs.

Poor Sophia was charmed too; but in a very different way. Her ſenſations, however, the reader's heart (if he or ſhe have any) will better repreſent than I can, if I had as many mouths as ever poet wiſhed for, to eat; I ſuppoſe, thoſe many dainties with which he was ſo plentifully provided.

It was Mr. Weſtern's cuſtom every afternoon, as ſoon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpſichord; for he was a great lover of muſick, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have paſſed for a connoiſſeur, for he always excepted againſt the fineſt compoſitions of Mr. Handel. He never reliſhed any muſick but what

was light and airy; and indeed his moſt favourite tunes were, Old Sir Simon the King; St. George he was for England; Bobbing Joan; and ſome others.

His daughter, though ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of muſick, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was ſo devoted to her father's pleaſure, that ſhe learnt all thoſe tunes to oblige him. However, ſhe would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taſte, and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would anſwer with a 'Nay, dear Sir,' and would often beg him to ſuffer her to play ſomething elſe.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, ſhe played all his favourites three times over, without any ſolicitation. This ſo pleaſed the good ſquire, that he ſtarted from his couch, gave his daughter a kiſs, and ſwore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promiſe to Tom; in which ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, that the ſquire declared, if ſhe would give him t'other bout of Old Sir Simon, he would give the game-keeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the muſick ſoothed Mr. Weſtern to ſleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately ſent for, and ordered to ſtop any farther proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

Tom's ſucceſs in this affair ſoon began to ring over the country, and various were the cenſures paſſed upon it; ſome greatly applauding it, as an act of good-nature; others ſneering, and ſaying, 'No wonder that one idle fellow ſhould love another.' Young Blifil was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated Black George in the ſame proportion as Jones delighted in him; not from any offence which he had ever received, but from his great love to religion and virtue: for Black George had the reputation of a looſe kind of a fellow. Blifil therefore repreſented this as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face; and declared with great concern, that it was impoſſible to find any other motive for doing good to ſuch a wretch.

Thwackum and Square likewiſe ſung to the ſame tune: they were now (eſpecially the latter) become greatly jealous of young Jones with the widow; for he now approached the age of twenty, was really a fine young fellow, and that lady, by her encouragements to him, ſeemed daily more and more to think him ſo.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their malice. He declared himſelf very well ſatisfied with what Jones had done. He ſaid, the perſeverance and integrity of his friendſhip was highly commendable; and he wiſhed he could ſee more frequent inſtances of that virtue.

But Fortune, who ſeldom greatly reliſhes ſuch ſparks as my friend Tom, perhaps becauſe they do not pay more ardent addreſſes to her, gave now a very different turn to all his actions, and ſhewed them to Mr. Allworthy in a light far leſs agreeable than that gentleman's goodneſs had hitherto ſeen them in.

CHAP. VI.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE INSENSIBILITY OF MR. JONES TO ALL THE CHARMS OF THE LOVELY SOPHIA; IN WHICH POSSIBLY WE MAY, IN A CONSIDERABLE DEGREE, LOWER HIS CHARACTER IN THE ESTIMATION OF THOSE MEN OF WIT AND GALLANTRY, WHO APPROVE THE HEROES IN MOST OF OUR MODERN COMEDIES.

THERE are two ſorts of people who, I am afraid, have already conceived ſome contempt for my hero, on account of his behaviour to Sophia. The former of theſe will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to poſſeſs himſelf of Mr. Weſtern's fortune; and the latter will no leſs deſpiſe him for his backwardneſs to ſo fine a girl, who ſeemed ready to fly into his arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I ſhall not, perhaps, be able abſolutely to acquit him of either of theſe charges; (for want of prudence admits of no excuſe; and what I ſhall produce againſt the latter charge, will, I apprehend, be ſcarce ſatisfactory) yet as evidence may ſometimes be offered in mitigation, I ſhall ſet forth the plain matter of fact, and leave

leave the whole to the reader's determination.

Mr. Jones had somewhat about him, which, though I think writers are not thoroughly agreed in it's name, doth certainly inhabit some human breasts; whose use is not so properly to distinguish right from wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to restrain and withold them from the latter.

This somewhat may be indeed resembled to the famous trunk-maker in the play-house; for whenever the person who is possessed of it doth what is right, no ravished or friendly spectator is so eager or so loud in his applause; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critick is so apt to hiss and explode him.

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the present age; it may be considered as sitting on it's throne in the mind, like the Lord High Chancellor of this kingdom in his court; where it presides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns, according to merit and justice; with a knowledge which nothing escapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be said to constitute the most essential barrier between us and our neighbours the brutes; for if there be some in the human shape who are not under any such dominion, I chuse rather to consider them as deserters from us to our neighbours; among whom they will have the fate of deserters, and not be placed in the first rank.

Our hero, whether he derived it from Thwackum or Square, I will not determine, was very strongly under the guidance of this principle; for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwise without feeling and suffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the civilities and little friendships of hospitality by robbing the house where you have received them, is to be the basest and meanest of thieves. He did not think the baseness of this offence lessened by the height of the injury committed; on the contrary, if to steal another's plate deserved death and infamy, it seemed to him difficult to assign a punishment adequate to the robbing a man of his whole fortune, and of his child into the bargain.

This principle therefore prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by such means; (for this, as I have said, is an active principle, and doth not content itself with knowledge or belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of Sophia, he possibly might have thought otherwise; but give me leave to say, there is great difference between running away with a man's daughter from the motive of love, and doing the same thing from the motive of theft.

Now, though this young gentleman was not insensible of the charms of Sophia, though he greatly liked her beauty, and esteemed all her other qualifications, she had made, however, no deep impression on his heart: for which, as it renders him liable to the charge of stupidity, or at least of want of taste, we shall now proceed to account.

The truth then is, his heart was in the possession of another woman. Here I question not, but the reader will be surprized at our long taciturnity as to this matter; and at no less loss to divine who this woman was; since we have hitherto not dropt a hint of any one likely to be a rival to Sophia: for as to Mrs. Blifil, though we have been obliged to mention some surpicions of her affection for Tom, we have not hitherto given the least latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am sorry to say it, but the youth of both sexes are too apt to be deficient in their gratitude for that regard with which persons more advanced in years are sometimes so kind to honour them.

That the reader may be no longer in suspense, he will be pleased to remember, that we have often mentioned the family of George Seagrim, (commonly called Black George the game-keeper) which consisted at present of a wife and five children.

The second of these children was a daughter, whose name was Molly, and who was esteemed one of the handsomest girls in the whole country.

Congreve well says, 'There is in 'true beauty something which vulgar 'souls cannot admire;' so can no dirt or rags hide this something from those souls which are not of the vulgar stamp. The beauty of this girl made, however,

ever, no impreſſion on Tom, till ſhe grew towards the age of ſixteen, when Tom, who was near three years older, began firſt to caſt the eyes of affection upon her. And this affection he had fixed on the girl long before he could bring himſelf to attempt the poſſeſſion of her perſon: for though his conſtitution urged him greatly to this, his principles no leſs forcibly reſtrained him. To debauch a young woman, however low her condition was, appeared to him a very heinous crime; and the good-will he bore the father, with the compaſſion he had for his family, very ſtrongly corroborated all ſuch ſober reflections; ſo that he once reſolved to get the better of his inclinations, and he actually abſtained three whole months without ever going to Seagrim's houſe, or ſeeing his daughter.

Now, though Molly was, as we have ſaid, generally thought a very fine girl, and in reality ſhe was ſo; yet her beauty was not of the moſt amiable kind. It had indeed very little of feminine in it, and would have become a man at leaſt as well as a woman; for, to ſay the truth, youth and florid health had a very conſiderable ſhare in the compoſition.

Nor was her mind more effeminate than her perſon. As this was tall and robuſt, ſo was that bold and forward. So little had ſhe of modeſty, that Jones had more regard for her virtue than ſhe herſelf. And as moſt probably ſhe liked Tom as well as he liked her, ſo when ſhe perceived his backwardneſs, ſhe herſelf grew proportionably forward; and when ſhe ſaw he had entirely deſerted the houſe, ſhe found means of throwing herſelf in his way, and behaved in ſuch a manner, that the youth muſt have had very much or very little of the hero, if her endeavours had proved unſucceſsful. In a word, ſhe ſoon triumphed over all the virtuous reſolutions of Jones: for though ſhe behaved at laſt with all decent reluctance, yet I rather chuſe to attribute the triumph to her; ſince, in fact, it was her deſign which ſucceeded.

In the conduct of this matter, Molly ſo well played her part, that Jones attributed the conqueſt entirely to himſelf, and conſidered the young woman as one who had yielded to the violent attacks of his paſſion. He likewiſe imputed her yielding to the ungovernable force of her love towards him; and this the reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable ſuppoſition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon comelineſs of his perſon: and, indeed, he was one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world.

As there are ſome minds, whoſe affections, like Maſter Blifil's, are ſolely placed on one ſingle perſon, whoſe intereſt and indulgence alone they conſider, on every occaſion; regarding the good and ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the pleaſure or advantage of that perſon: ſo there is a different temper of mind, which borrows a degree of virtue even from ſelf-love; ſuch can never receive any kind of ſatisfaction from another, without loving the creature to whom that ſatisfaction is owing, and without making it's well-being in ſome ſort neceſſary to their own eaſe.

Of this latter ſpecies was our hero. He conſidered this poor girl as one whoſe happineſs or miſery he had cauſed to be dependent on himſelf. Her beauty was ſtill the object of deſire, though greater beauty, or a freſher object, might have been more ſo; but the little abatement which fruition had occaſioned to this, was highly overbalanced by the conſiderations of the affection which ſhe viſibly bore him, and of the ſituation into which he had brought her. The former of theſe created gratitude, the latter compaſſion; and both together, with his deſire for her perſon, raiſed in him a paſſion, which might, without any great violence to the word, be called love; though, perhaps, it was at firſt not very judiciouſly placed.

This, then, was the true reaſon of that inſenſibility which he had ſhewn to the charms of Sophia, and to that behaviour in her, which might have been reaſonably enough interpreted as an encouragement to his addreſſes: for as he could not think of abandoning his Molly, poor and deſtitute as ſhe was, ſo no more could he entertain a notion of betraying ſuch a creature as Sophia. And ſurely, had he given the leaſt encouragement to any paſſion for that young lady, he muſt have been abſolutely guilty of one or other

other of those crimes; either of which would, in my opinion, have very justly subjected him to that fate, which, at his first introduction into this history, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain destiny.

CHAP VII.

BEING THE SHORTEST CHAPTER IN THIS BOOK.

HER mother first perceived the alteration in the shape of Molly; and in order to hide it from her neighbours, she foolishly cloathed her in that sacque which Sophia had sent her, though indeed that young lady had little apprehension, that the poor woman would have been weak enough to let any of her daughters wear it in that form.

Molly was charmed with the first opportunity she had ever had of shewing her beauty to advantage; for though she could very well bear to contemplate herself in the glass, even when dress't in rags; and though she had in that dress conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of some others; yet she thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conquests.

Molly, therefore, having dressed herself out in this sacque, with a new laced cap, and some other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church with her fan in her hand, the very next Sunday. The great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themselves. These noble qualities flourish as notably in a country-church, and church-yard, as in the drawing-room, or in the closet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the vestry, which would hardly disgrace the conclave. Here is a ministry, and here is an opposition. Here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to those which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here less practised in the highest feminine arts, than their fair superiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes: here are dressing and ogling, falsehood, envy, malice, scandal; in short, every thing which is common to the most splendid assembly, or politest circle. Let those of high life, therefore, no longer despise the ignorance of their inferiors; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had seated herself some time before she was known by her neighbours; and a whisper ran through the whole congregation, 'Who is she?' But when she was discovered, such sneering, gigling, tittering, and laughing, ensued among the women, that Mr. Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority, to preserve any decency among them.

CHAP VIII.

A BATTLE SUNG BY THE MUSE IN THE HOMERICAN STILE, AND WHICH NONE BUT THE CLASSICAL READER CAN TASTE.

MR. Western had an estate in this parish; and as his house stood at little greater distance from this church than from his own, he very often came to divine service here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be present at this time.

Sophia was much pleased with the beauty of the girl, whom she pitied for her simplicity, in having dressed herself in that manner, as she saw the envy which it had occasioned among her equals. She no sooner came home, than she sent for the game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; saying, she would provide for her in the family, and might possibly place the girl about her own person, when her own maid, who was going away, had left her.

Poor Seagrim was thunder-struck at this; for he was no stranger to the fault in the shape of his daughter. He answered in a stammering voice, that he was afraid Molly would be too aukward to wait on her ladyship, as she had never been at service.—'No 'matter for that,' says Sophia, 'she 'will soon improve. I am pleased with 'the girl, and am resolved to try her.'

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whose prudent counsel he depended, to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his house in some confusion. So great envy had this sacque occasioned, that when Mr. Allworthy and the other gentry

gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burſt into an uproar; and having vented itſelf at firſt in opprobrious words, laughs, hiſſes, and geſtures, betook itſelf at laſt to certain miſſile weapons; which, though from their plaſtick nature, they threatened neither the loſs of life or of limb, were however ſufficiently dreadful to a well-dreſſed lady. Molly had too much ſpirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—But hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a ſuperior power to our aſſiſtance.

Ye Muſes, then, whoever ye are, who love to ſing battles, and principally thou, who whilom didſt recount the ſlaughter in thoſe fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not ſtarved with thy friend Butler, aſſiſt me on this great occaſion! All things are not in the power of all.

As a vaſt herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a diſtance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow; ſo roared forth the Somerſetſhire mob an halloloo, made up of almoſt as many ſquawls, ſcreams, and other different ſounds, as there were perſons, or indeed paſſions, among them: ſome were inſpired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun; but chiefly Envy, the ſiſter of Satan, and his conſtant companion, ruſhed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women; who no ſooner came up to Molly, than they pelted her with dirt and rubbiſh.

Molly having endeavoured in vain to make a handſome retreat, faced about; and laying hold of Ragged Beſs, who advanced in the front of the enemy, ſhe at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number) ſeeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave; for the church-yard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly purſued her victory, and catching up a ſkull which lay on the ſide of the grave, diſcharged it with ſuch fury, that having hit a taylor on the head, the two ſkulls ſent equally forth a hollow ſound at their meeting, and the taylor took preſently meaſure of his length on the ground, where the ſkulls lay ſide by ſide, and it was doubtful which was the moſt valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either ſide, overthrew the carcaſe of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O Muſe, the names of thoſe who fell on this fatal day. Firſt Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleaſant banks of ſweetly-winding Stower had nouriſhed, where he firſt learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs, he cheared the rural nymphs and ſwains, when upon the green they interweaved the ſprightly dance; while he himſelf ſtood fiddling and jumping to his own muſick. How little now avails his fiddle! He thumps the verdant floor with his carcaſe. Next old Echepole, the ſow-gelder, received a blow on his forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a ſwingeing fat fellow, and fell with almoſt as much noiſe as a houſe. His tobacco-box dropt at the ſame time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful ſpoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a tomb-ſtone, which catching hold of her ungartered ſtockings, inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the ſuperiority to her head. Betty Pippin, with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, O perverſe Fate! ſhe ſalutes the earth, and he the ſky. Tom Freckle, the ſmith's ſon, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattins; nay, the very pattin with which he was knocked down, was his own workmanſhip. Had he been at that time ſinging pſalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miſs Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddiſh, himſelf a farmer; Nan Slouch, Eſther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Miſſes Potter, whoſe father keeps the ſign of the Red Lion; Betty Chambermaid; Jack Oſtler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not

Not that the ſtrenuous arm of Molly reached all theſe; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing ſhe had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the ſame ſide, eſpecially as it was the right ſide, haſtily turned about: for now Goody Brown, whom Zekiel Brown careſſed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the pariſh beſides; ſo famous was ſhe in the fields of Venus, nor indeed leſs in thoſe of Mars; the trophies of both theſe her huſband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by it's horns diſplay the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did; nor did his well-ſcratched face leſs denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the ſhameful flight of her party. She ſtopt ſhort, and calling aloud to all who fled, ſpoke as follows: 'Ye Somerſet-'ſhire men, or rather ye Somerſet-'ſhire women, are ye not aſhamed 'thus to fly from a ſingle woman? 'But if no other will oppoſe her, I 'myſelf and John Top here will have 'the honour of the victory.' Having thus ſaid, ſhe flew at Molly Seagrim, and eaſily wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the ſame time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly with her left hand, ſhe attacked her ſo furiouſly in the face with her right, that the blood ſoon began to trickle from her noſe. Molly was not idle this while: ſhe ſoon removed the clout from the head of Goody Brown, and then faſtening on her hair with one hand, with the other ſhe cauſed another bloody ſtream to iſſue forth from the noſtrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had bore off ſufficient ſpoils of hair from the head of her antagoniſt, the next rage was againſt their garments. In this attack they exerted ſo much violence, that in a very few minutes they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women, that the ſeat of fiſtycuff-war is not the ſame with them as among men; but though they may ſeem a little to deviate from their ſex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have obſerved they never ſo far forget it, as to aſſail the boſoms of each other, where a few blows would be fatal to moſt of them. This, I know, ſome derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the noſe, as to the part whence blood may moſt eaſily be drawn; but this ſeems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured ſuppoſition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breaſts; her boſom (if it may be ſo called) as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly reſembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a conſiderable while without doing her any great damage.

Molly, beſides her preſent unhappy condition, was differently formed in thoſe parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this inſtant put an immediate end to the bloody ſcene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, Maſter Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horſes after church to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square changing his mind, (not idly, but for a reaſon which we ſhall unfold as ſoon as we have leiſure) deſired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at firſt purpoſed. This motion being complied with, brought them of neceſſity back again to the church-yard.

Maſter Blifil, who rode firſt, ſeeing ſuch a mob aſſembled, and two women in the poſture in which we left the combatants, ſtopt his horſe to enquire what was the matter. A country fellow, ſcratching his head, anſwered him; 'I don't know, Meaſter, un't I; an't 'pleaſe your honour, here hath been a 'vight, I think, between Goody Brown 'and Moll Seagrim.'—'Who, who?' cries Tom: but without waiting for an anſwer, having diſcovered the features of his Molly through all the diſcompoſure in which they now were, he haſtily alighted, turned his horſe looſe, and leaping over the wall, ran to her. She now, firſt burſting into tears, told him how barbarouſly ſhe had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the ſex of Goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it in his rage; for, in reality, ſhe had no feminine appearance but a petticoat, which he

might not obſerve, he gave her a laſh or two with his horſe-whip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accuſed by Moll, he dealt his blows ſo profuſely on all ſides, that, unleſs I would again invoke the muſe, (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as ſhe hath ſo lately been violently ſweated) it would be impoſſible for me to recount the horſe-whipping of that day.

Having ſcoured the whole coaſt of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don Quixote, or any knight-errant in the world, could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition which muſt give both me and my reader pain, was it to be deſcribed here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breaſt, tore his hair, ſtamped on the ground, and vowed the utmoſt vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the ſervant to ride as faſt as poſſible for a ſide-ſaddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her ſafe home.

Maſter Blifil objected to the ſending away the ſervant, as they had only one with them; but as Square ſeconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The ſervant returned in a very ſhort time with the pillion, and Molly, having collected her rags as well as ſhe could, was placed behind him. In which manner ſhe was carried home; Square, Blifil, and Jones, attending.

Here Jones, having received his coat, given her a fly kiſs, and whiſpered her that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING MATTER OF NO VERY PEACEABLE COLOUR.

MOLLY had no ſooner apparelled herſelf in her accuſtomed rags, than her ſiſters began to fall violently upon her; particularly her eldeſt ſiſter, who told her ſhe was well enough ſerved. How had ſhe the aſſurance to wear a gown which young Madam Weſtern had given to mother! 'If 'one of us was to wear it, I think,' ſays ſhe, 'I myſelf have the beſt right; 'but I warrant you think it belongs 'to your beauty. I ſuppoſe you think 'yourſelf more handſomer than any 'of us.'—'Hand her down the bit 'of glaſs from over the cupboard,' cries another; 'I'd waſh the blood 'from my face before I tauked of my 'beauty.'—'You'd better have mind-'ed what the parſon ſays,' cries the eldeſt, 'and a not hearkened after men 'voke.'—'Indeed, child, and ſo ſhe 'had,' ſays the mother, ſobbing; 'ſhe 'hath brought a diſgrace upon us all. 'She's the vurſt of the vamily that 'ever was a whore.'—'You need not 'upbraid me with that, mother,' cries Molly; 'you yourſelf was brought 'to bed of ſiſter there, within a week 'after you was married.'—'Yes, huſ-'ſy,' anſwered the enraged mother, 'ſo I was, and what was the mighty 'matter of that! I was made an honeſt 'woman then; and if you was to be 'made an honeſt woman, I ſhould not 'be angry; but you muſt have to do-'ing with a gentleman, you naſty ſlut: 'you will have a baſtard, huſſy, you 'will; and that I defy any one to ſay 'of me.'

In this ſituation Black George found his family, when he came home for the purpoſe before mentioned. As his wife and three daughters were all of them talking together, and moſt of them crying, it was ſome time before he could get an opportunity of being heard; but as ſoon as ſuch an interval occurred, he acquainted the company with what Sophia had ſaid to him.

Goody Seagrim then began to revile her daughter afreſh. 'Here,' ſays ſhe, 'you have brought us into a fine 'quandary indeed! What will Ma-'dam ſay to that big belly? Oh, that 'ever I ſhould live to ſee this day!'

Molly anſwered with great ſpirit, 'And what is this mighty place which 'you have got for me, father?' (for he had not well underſtood the phraſe uſed by Sophia of being about her perſon) 'I ſuppoſe it is to be under 'the cook; but I ſhan't waſh diſhes 'for any body. My gentleman will 'provide better for me. See what he 'hath given me this afternoon: he 'hath promiſed I ſhall never want 'money; and you ſhan't want money 'neither, mother, if you will hold 'your tongue, and know when you

'are well.' And so saying, she pulled out several guineas, and gave her mother one of them.

The good woman no sooner felt the gold within her palm, than her temper began (such is the efficacy of that panacea) to be mollified. 'Why, husband,' says she, 'would any but such 'a blockhead as you not have enquired 'what place this was before he had 'accepted it? Perhaps, as Molly says, 'it may be in the kitchen, and truly 'I don't care my daughter should be 'a scullion-wench: for, poor as I am, 'I am a gentlewoman. And thof I 'was obliged, as my father, who was 'a clergyman, died worse than no-'thing, and so could not give me a 'shilling of *potion*, to undervalue my-'self, by marrying a poor man; yet 'I would have you to know, I have a 'spirit above all *them* things. Marry 'come up! it would better become 'Madam Western to look at home, 'and remember who her own grand-'father was. Some of my family, for 'aught I know, might ride in their 'coaches, when the grandfathers of 'some yoke walked a-foot. I war-'rant she fancies she did a mighty 'matter when she sent us that old '*gownd*; some of my family would 'not have picked up such rags in the 'street: but poor people are always 'trampled upon. The parish need not 'have been in such a fluster with Mol-'ly.—You might have told them, 'child, your grandmother wore better 'things new out of the shop.'

'Well, but consider,' cried George; 'what answer shall I make to Madam?' —'I don't know what answer,' says she: 'you are always bringing your 'family into one quandary or other. 'Do you remember when you shot the 'partridge, the occasion of all our 'misfortunes? Did not I advise you 'never to go into Squire Western's 'manor? Did not I tell you, many a 'good year ago, what would come of 'it? But you would have your own 'headstrong ways; yes, you would, 'you villain——'

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable kind of a fellow, and nothing *cholerick*, *nor rash*, yet did he bear about him something of what the ancients called the *irascible*, and which his wife, if she had been endowed with much *wisdom*, *would have feared*. He had long experienced, that when the storm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which served rather to encrease than to abate it. He was therefore seldom unprovided with a small switch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often essayed, and which the word villain served as a hint for his applying.

No sooner, therefore, had this symptom appeared, than he had immediate recourse to the said remedy; which, though, as it is usual in all very efficacious medicines, it at first seemed to heighten and inflame the disease, soon produced a total calm, and restored the patient to perfect ease and tranquillity.

This is, however, a kind of horse-medicine, which requires a very robust constitution to digest, and is therefore only proper for the vulgar, unless in one single instance, viz. where superiority of birth breaks out; in which case, we should not think it very improperly applied by any husband whatever, if the application was not in itself so base, that, like certain applications of the physical kind which need not be mentioned, it so much degrades and contaminates the hand employed in it, that no gentleman should endure the thought of any thing so low and detestable.

The whole family were soon reduced to a state of perfect quiet: for the virtue of this medicine, like that of electricity, is often communicated through one person to many others, who are not touched by the instrument. To say the truth, as they both operate by friction, it may be doubted whether there is not something analogous between them; of which Mr. Freke would do well to enquire, before he publishes the next edition of his book.

A council was now called, in which, after many debates, Molly still persisting that she would not go to service, it was at length resolved, that Goody Seagrim herself should wait on Miss Western, and endeavour to procure the place for her elder daughter, who declared great readiness to accept it: but Fortune, who seems to have been an enemy of this little family, afterwards put a stop to her promotion.

CHAP. X.

A STORY TOLD BY MR. SUPPLE, THE CURATE. THE PENETRATION OF SQUIRE WESTERN. HIS GREAT LOVE FOR HIS DAUGHTER, AND THE RETURN TO IT MADE BY HER.

THE next morning Tom Jones hunted with Mr. Western, and was at his return invited by that gentleman to dinner.

The lovely Sophia shone forth that day with more gaiety and sprightliness than usual. Her battery was certainly levelled at our hero; though, I believe, she herself scarce yet knew her own intention: but if she had any design of charming him, she now succeeded.

Mr. Supple, the curate of Mr. Allworthy's parish, made one of the company. He was a good-natured worthy man; but chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never shut at it. In short, he had one of the best appetites in the world. However, the cloth was no sooner taken away, than he always made sufficient amends for his silence: for he was a very hearty fellow; and his conversation was often entertaining, never offensive.

At his first arrival, which was immediately before the entrance of the roast-beef, he had given an intimation, that he had brought some news with him; and was beginning to tell, that he came that moment from Mr. Allworthy's, when the sight of the roast-beef struck him dumb, permitting him only to say grace, and to declare, he must pay his respect to the baronet: for so he called the sirloin.

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia of his news, he began as follows: 'I believe, lady, 'your ladyship observed a young wo- 'man at church yesterday at even- 'song, who was dress in one of your 'outlandish garments: I think I have 'seen your ladyship in such a one. 'However, in the country, such dresses 'are—

"*Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima "cygno.*"

'that is, Madam, as much as to say—

"A rare bird upon the earth, and very like "a black swan."

'The verse is in Juvenal: but to 'return to what I was relating. I was 'saying such garments are rare sights 'in the country; and perchance too, 'it was thought the more rare, re- 'spect being had to the person who 'wore it, who, they tell me, is the 'daughter of Black George, your 'worship's game-keeper, whole suf- 'ferings I should have opined, might 'have taught him more wit, than to 'dress forth his wenches in such gau- 'dy apparel. She created so much 'confusion in the congregation, that 'if Squire Allworthy had not silenced 'it, it would have interrupted the ser- 'vice: for I was once about to stop 'in the middle of the first lesson. 'Howbeit, nevertheless, after prayer 'was over, and I was departed home, 'this occasioned a battle in the church- 'yard, where, amongst other mischief, 'the head of a travelling fidler was 'very much broken. This morning 'the fidler came to Squire Allworthy 'for a warrant, and the wench was 'brought before him. The squire 'was inclined to have compounded 'matters; when lo! on a sudden, 'the wench appeared (I ask your la- 'dyship pardon) to be, as it were, 'at the eve of bringing forth a bastard. 'The squire demanded of her who was 'the father; but she pertinaciously re- 'fused to make any response: so that 'he was about to make her mittimus 'to Bridewell, when I departed.'

'And is a wench having a bastard, 'all your news, doctor?' cries West- ern; 'I thought it might have been 'some public matter, something about 'the nation.'

'I am afraid it is too common, in- 'deed,' answered the parson; 'but I 'thought the whole story altogether 'deserved commemorating. As to 'national matters, your worship knows 'them best. My concerns extend no 'farther than my own parish.'

'Why, ay,' says the squire, 'I be- 'lieve I do know a little of that mat- 'ter, as you say.—But come, Tommy, 'drink about; the bottle stands with 'you.'

Tom begged to be excused, for that he had particular business; and getting up from table, escaped the clutches of the squire, who was rising to stop him, and went off with very little ceremony.

The

The ſquire gave him a good curſe at his departure; and then turning to the parſon, he cried out, 'I ſmoke it, I 'ſmoke it! Tom is certainly the fa-'ther of this baſtard. Zooks, parſon, 'you remember how he recommended 'the veather o'her to me. D—n un, 'what a ſly b—ch 'tis. Ay, ay, as 'ſure as two-pence, Tom is the vea-'ther of the baſtard.'

'I ſhould be very ſorry for that,' ſays the parſon. 'Why ſorry?' cries the ſquire; 'where is the mighty mat-'ter o't? What, I ſuppoſe, doſt pre-'tend that thee haſt never got a ba-'ſtard? Pox! more good luck's thine: 'for I warrant haſt a done *therefore* 'many's the good time and often.' —'Your worſhip is pleaſed to be jo-'cular,' anſwered the parſon; 'but I 'do not only animadvert on the ſin-'fulneſs of the action, though that 'ſurely is to be greatly deprecated, 'but I fear his unrighteouſneſs may 'injure him with Mr. Allworthy. 'And truly, I muſt ſay, though he hath 'the character of being a little wild, 'I never ſaw any harm in the young 'man; nor can I ſay I have heard 'any, ſave what your worſhip now 'mentions. I wiſh, indeed, he was 'a little more regular in his reſponſes 'at church; but altogether he ſeems—

"*Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.*"

'That is a claſſical line, young 'lady; and being rendered into Eng-'liſh, is, "a lad of an ingenuous "countenance, and of an ingenuous "modeſty:" for this was a virtue in 'great repute both among the Latins 'and Greeks. I muſt ſay the young 'gentleman (for ſo I think I may call 'him, notwithſtanding his birth) ap-'pears to me a very modeſt civil lad, 'and I ſhould be ſorry that he ſhould 'do himſelf any injury in Squire All-'worthy's opinion.'

'Pogh!' ſays the ſquire, 'injury 'with Allworthy! Why Allworthy 'loves a wench himſelf. Doth not 'all the country know whoſe ſon Tom 'is? You muſt talk to another perſon 'in that manner; I remember Allwor-'thy at college.'

'I thought,' ſaid the parſon, 'he 'had never been at the univerſity.'

'Yes, yes, he was,' ſays the ſquire; 'and many a wench have we two had 'together. As arrant a whoremaſter 'as any within five miles o'un. No, 'no, it will do'n no harm with he, 'aſſure yourſelf; nor with any body elſe. 'Aſk Sophy there—You have not the 'worſe opinion of a young fellow for 'getting a baſtard, have you, girl? 'No, no, the women will like un the 'better for't.'

This was a cruel queſtion to poor Sophia. She had obſerved Tom's colour change at the parſon's ſtory; and that, with his haſty and abrupt departure, gave her ſufficient reaſon to think her father's ſuſpicion not groundleſs. Her heart now, at once, diſcovered the great ſecret to her, which it had been ſo long diſcloſing by little and little; and ſhe found herſelf highly intereſted in this matter. In ſuch a ſituation, her father's malapert queſtion ruſhing ſuddenly upon her, produced ſome ſymptoms which might have alarmed a ſuſpicious heart; but to do the ſquire juſtice, that was not his fault. When ſhe roſe therefore from her chair, and told him, a hint from him was always ſufficient to make her withdraw, he ſuffered her to leave the room; and then with great gravity of countenance remarked, that it was better to ſee a daughter overmodeſt, than over-forward; a ſentiment which was highly applauded by the parſon.

There now enſued between the ſquire and the parſon, a moſt excellent political diſcourſe, framed out of newspapers, and political pamphlets; in which they made a libation of four bottles of wine to the good of their country; and then, the ſquire being faſt aſleep, the parſon lighted his pipe, mounted his horſe, and rode home.

When the ſquire had finiſhed his half-hour's nap, he ſummoned his daughter to her harpſichord; but ſhe begged to be excuſed that evening, on account of a violent head-ache. This remiſſion was preſently granted: for indeed ſhe ſeldom had occaſion to aſk him twice, as he loved her with ſuch ardent affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the higheſt gratification to himſelf. She was really what he frequently called her, his little darling; and ſhe well deſerved to be ſo, for ſhe returned all his affection in the moſt ample manner. She had preſerved the moſt inviolable

violable duty to him in all things; and this her love made not only easy, but so delightful, that when one of her companions laughed at her, for placing so much merit in such scrupulous obedience, as that young lady called it, Sophia answered, 'You mistake me, 'Madam, if you think I value myself 'upon this account: for besides that 'I am barely discharging my duty, 'I am likewise pleasing myself. I 'can truly say, I have no delight 'equal to that of contributing to my 'father's happiness; and if I value 'myself, my dear, it is on having 'this power, and not on executing it.'

This was a satisfaction, however, which poor Sophia was incapable of tasting this evening. She therefore not only desired to be excused from her attendance at the harpsichord, but likewise begged that he would suffer her to absent herself from supper. To this request likewise the squire agreed, though not without some reluctance: for he scarce ever permitted her to be out of his sight, unless when he was engaged with his horses, dogs, or bottle. Nevertheless he yielded to the desire of his daughter, though the poor man was, at the same time, obliged to avoid his own company, (if I may so express myself) by sending for a neighbouring farmer to sit with him.

CHAP XI.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF MOLLY SEAGRIM, WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS FOR WHICH WE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO DIVE PRETTY DEEP INTO NATURE.

TOM JONES had ridden one of Mr. Western's horses that morning in the chace; so that having no horse of his own in the squire's stable, he was obliged to go home on foot. This he did so expeditiously, that he ran upwards of three miles within the half hour.

Just as he arrived at Mr. Allworthy's outward gate, he met the constable and company, with Molly in their possession, whom they were conducting to that house where the inferior sort of people may learn one good lesson, viz. Respect and deference to their superiors: since it must shew them the wide distinction fortune intends between those persons who are to be corrected for their faults, and those who are not; which lesson, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very rarely learn any other good lesson, or improve their morals, at the house of correction.

A lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr. Allworthy exceeded his authority a little in this instance. And to say the truth, I question, as here was no regular information before him, whether his conduct was strictly regular. However, as his intention was truly upright, he ought to be excused in *foro conscientiæ*; since so many arbitrary acts are daily committed by magistrates, who have not this excuse to plead for themselves.

Tom was no sooner informed by the constable whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well guessed it of himself) than he caught Molly in his arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, swore he would murder the first man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her eyes, and be comforted; for wherever she went, he would accompany her. Then turning to the constable, who stood trembling with his hat off, he desired him in a very mild voice, to return with him for a moment only to his father, (so he now called Allworthy;) for he durst, he said, be assured, that when he had alledged what he had to say in her favour, the girl would be discharged.

The constable, who, I make no doubt, would have surrendered his prisoner, had Tom demanded her, very readily consented to his request. So back they all went into Mr. Allworthy's hall; where Tom desired them to stay till his return, and then went himself in pursuit of the good man. As soon as he was found, Tom threw himself at his feet, and having begged a patient hearing, confessed himself to be the father of the child, of which Molly was then big. He entreated him to have compassion on the poor girl, and to consider, if there was any guilt in the case, it lay principally at his door.

'If there is any guilt in the case!' answered Allworthy warmly; 'are 'you then so profligate and abandon-

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'ed a libertine, to doubt whether the 'breaking the laws of God and man, 'the corrupting and ruining a poor 'girl, be guilt? I own, indeed, it 'doth lie principally upon you; and 'so heavy it is, that you ought to ex-'pect it should crush you.'

'Whatever may be my fate,' says Tom, 'let me succeed in my interces-'sions for the poor girl. I confess I 'have corrupted her; but whether 'she shall be ruined, depends on you. 'For Heaven's sake, Sir, revoke your 'warrant, and do not send her to a 'place which must unavoidably prove 'her destruction.'

Allworthy bid him immediately call a servant. Tom answered, there was no occasion; for he had luckily met them at the gate, and relying upon his goodness, had brought them all back into his hall, where they now waited his final resolution, which, upon his knees, he besought him might be in favour of the girl; that she might be permitted to go home to her parents, and not be exposed to a greater degree of shame and scorn than must necessarily fall upon her. 'I know,' said he, 'that is too much. I know I am 'the wicked occasion of it. I will 'endeavour to make amends if possi-'ble; and if you shall have hereafter 'the goodness to forgive me, I hope I 'shall deserve it.'

Allworthy hesitated some time, and at last said, 'Well, I will discharge 'my mittimus—You may send the 'constable to me.' He was instantly called, discharged, and so was the girl.

It will be believed that Mr. Allworthy failed not to read Tom a very severe lecture on this occasion; but it is unnecessary to insert it here, as we have faithfully transcribed what he said to Jenny Jones in the first book, most of which may be applied to the men, equally with the women. So sensible an effect had these reproofs on the young man, who was no hardened sinner, that he retired to his own room, where he passed the evening alone, in much melancholy contemplation.

Allworthy was sufficiently offended by this transgression of Jones; for, notwithstanding the assertions of Mr. Western, it is certain, this worthy man had never indulged himself in any loose pleasures with women, and greatly condemned the vice of incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much reason to imagine, that there was not the least truth in what Mr. Western affirmed, especially as he laid the scene of those impurities at the university, where Mr. Allworthy had never been. In fact, the good squire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleasantry which is generally called *rhodomontade*; but which may, with as much propriety, be expressed by a much shorter word; and, perhaps, we too often supply the use of this little monosyllable by others; since very much of what frequently passes in the world for wit and humour, should, in the strictest purity of language, receive that short appellation, which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of custom, I here suppress.

But whatever detestation Mr. Allworthy had to this or any other vice, he was not so blinded by it, but that he could discern any virtue in the guilty person, as clearly, indeed, as if there had been no mixture of vice in the same character. While he was angry, therefore, with the incontinence of Jones, he was no less pleased with the honour and honesty of his self-accusation. He began now to form in his mind the same opinion of this young fellow, which, we hope, our reader may have conceived. And in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no purpose, therefore, that Thwackum, who was immediately charged by Mr. Blifil with the story, unbended all his rancour against poor Tom. Allworthy gave a patient hearing to these invectives, and then answered coldly, that young men of Tom's complexion were too generally addicted to this vice; but he believed *that* youth was sincerely affected with what he had said to him on the occasion, and he hoped he would not transgress again. So that, as the days of whipping were at an end, the tutor had no other vent but his own mouth for his gall, the usual poor resource of impotent revenge.

But Square, who was a less violent, was a much more artful man; and as he hated Jones more, perhaps, than Thwackum himself did, so he contrived to do him more mischief in the mind of Mr. Allworthy.

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The reader muſt remember the ſeveral little incidents of the partridge, the horſe, and the bible, which were recounted in the ſecond book; by all which Jones had rather improved than injured the affection which Mr. Allworthy was inclined to entertain for him. The ſame, I believe, muſt have happened to him with every other perſon who hath any idea of friendſhip, generoſity, and greatneſs of ſpirit; that is to ſay, who hath any traces of goodneſs in his mind.

Square himſelf was not unacquainted with the true impreſſion which thoſe ſeveral inſtances of goodneſs had made on the excellent heart of Allworthy; for the philoſopher very well knew what virtue was, though he was not always, perhaps, ſteady in it's purſuit: but as for Thwackum, from what reaſon I will not determine, no ſuch thoughts ever entered into his head. He ſaw Jones in a bad light, and he imagined Allworthy ſaw him in the ſame, but that he was reſolved, from pride and ſtubbornneſs of ſpirit, not to give up the boy whom he had once cheriſhed; ſince, by ſo doing, he muſt tacitly acknowledge, that his former opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this opportunity of injuring Jones in the tendereſt part, by giving a very bad turn to all theſe before mentioned occurrences. 'I am ſorry, Sir,' ſaid he, 'to own I have been deceived as well 'as yourſelf. I could not, I confeſs, 'help being pleaſed with what I aſ'cribed to the motive of friendſhip, 'though it was carried to an exceſs, 'and all exceſs is faulty and vicious; 'but in this I made allowance for 'youth. Little did I ſuſpect that the 'ſacrifice of truth, which we both 'imagined to have been made to 'friendſhip, was, in reality, a proſtitution of it to a depraved and de'bauched appetite. You now plainly 'ſee, whence all the ſeeming generoſity of this young man to the family 'of the game-keeper proceeded. He 'ſupported the father, in order to cor'rupt the daughter, and preſerved the 'family from ſtarving, to bring one 'of them to ſhame and ruin. This 'is friendſhip! this is generoſity! As 'Sir Richard Steele ſays, "Gluttons "who give high prices for delicacies, "are very worthy to be called gene"rous! In ſhort, I am reſolved, 'from this inſtance, never to give way 'to the weakneſs of human nature 'more, nor to think any thing virtue, 'which doth not exactly quadrate with 'the unerring rule of right.'

The goodneſs of Allworthy had prevented thoſe conſiderations from occurring to himſelf; yet were they too plauſible to be abſolutely and haſtily rejected, when laid before his eyes by another. Indeed what Square had ſaid, ſunk very deeply into his mind, and the uneaſineſs which it there created was very viſible to the other; though the good man would not acknowledge this, but made a very ſlight anſwer, and forcibly drove off the diſcourſe to ſome other ſubject. It was well, perhaps, for poor Tom, that no ſuch ſuggeſtions had been made before he was pardoned, for they certainly ſtamped in the mind of Allworthy the firſt bad impreſſion concerning Jones.

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINING MUCH CLEARER MATTERS; BUT WHICH FLOW FROM THE SAME FOUNTAIN WITH THOSE IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

THE reader will be pleaſed, I believe, to return with me to Sophia. She paſſed the night, after we ſaw her laſt, in no very agreeable manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and dreams leſs. In the morning, when Mrs. Honour, her maid, attended her at the uſual hour, ſhe was found already up and dreſt.

Perſons who live two or three miles diſtance in the country, are conſidered as next-door neighbours, and tranſactions at the one houſe fly with incredible celerity to the other. Mrs. Honour, therefore, had heard the whole ſtory of Molly's ſhame; which ſhe, being of a very communicative temper, had no ſooner entered the apartment of her miſtreſs, than ſhe began to relate in the following manner.

'La, Ma'am, what doth your la'ſhip 'think! the girl that your la'ſhip ſaw 'at church on Sunday, whom you 'thought ſo handſome; though you 'would not have thought her ſo hand'ſome neither, if you had ſeen her 'nearer;

'nearer; but to be ſure ſhe hath been 'carried before the juſtice for being 'big with child. She ſeemed to me 'to look like a confident ſlut; and to 'be ſure ſhe hath laid the child to 'young Mr. Jones. And all the pa-'riſh ſays Mr. Allworthy is ſo angry 'with young Mr. Jones, that he won't 'ſee him. To be ſure, one can't help 'pitying the poor young man, and yet 'he doth not deſerve much pity nei-'ther, for demeaning himſelf with 'ſuch kind of trumpery. Yet he is 'ſo pretty a gentleman, I ſhould be 'ſorry to have him turned out of 'doors. I dares to ſwear the wench 'was as willing as he; for ſhe was 'always a forward kind of body. 'And when wenches are ſo coming, 'young men are not ſo much to be 'blamed neither; for to be ſure they 'do no more than what is natural. 'Indeed it is beneath them to meddle 'with ſuch dirty draggle-tails; and 'whatever happens to them, it is 'good enough for them. And yet to 'be ſure the vile baggages are moſt in 'fault. I wiſhes, with all my heart, 'they were to be well whipped at the 'cart's tail; for it is pity they ſhould 'be the ruin of a pretty young gen-'tleman; and nobody can deny but 'that Mr. Jones is one of the moſt 'handſomeſt young men that ever '———'

She was running on thus, when Sophia, with a more peeviſh voice than ſhe had ever ſpoken to her in before, cried, 'Pr'ythee, why do'ſt thou trouble 'me with all this ſtuff? What concern 'have I in what Mr. Jones doth? I 'ſuppoſe you are all alike. And you 'ſeem to me to be angry it was not 'your own caſe.'

'I, Ma'am!' anſwered Mrs. Honour; 'I am ſorry your ladyſhip 'ſhould have ſuch an opinion of me. 'I am ſure nobody can ſay any ſuch 'thing of me. All the young fel-'lows in the world may go to the '*divil*, for me. Becauſe I ſaid he 'was a handſome man!—every body 'ſays it as well as I.—To be ſure, I 'never thought as it was any harm to 'ſay a young man was handſome; 'but to be ſure I ſhall never think 'him ſo any more now; for handſome 'is, that handſome does. A beggar 'wench!———'

'Stop thy torrent of impertinence,' cries Sophia, 'and ſee whether my 'father wants me at breakfaſt.'

Mrs. Honour then flung out of the room, muttering much to herſelf; of which—'Marry come up, I aſſure 'you!' was all that could be plainly diſtinguiſhed.

Whether Mrs. Honour really deſerved that ſuſpicion, of which her miſtreſs gave her a hint, is a matter which we cannot indulge our reader's curioſity by reſolving. We will, however, make him amends, in diſcloſing what paſſed in the mind of Sophia.

The reader will be pleaſed to recollect, that a ſecret affection for Mr. Jones had inſenſibly ſtolen into the boſom of this young lady; that it had there grown to a pretty great height before ſhe herſelf had diſcovered it. When ſhe firſt began to perceive it's ſymptoms, the ſenſations were ſo ſweet and pleaſing, that ſhe had not reſolution ſufficient to check or repel them; and thus ſhe went on cheriſhing a paſſion of which ſhe never once conſidered the conſequences.

This incident relating to Molly, firſt opened her eyes. She now firſt perceived the weakneſs of which ſhe had been guilty; and though it cauſed the utmoſt perturbation in her mind, yet it had the effect of other nauſeous phyſick, and for the time expelled her diſtemper. It's operation indeed was moſt wonderfully quick; and in the ſhort interval, while her maid was abſent, ſo entirely removed all ſymptoms, that when Mrs. Honour returned with a ſummons from her father, ſhe was become perfectly eaſy, and had brought herſelf to a thorough indifference for Mr. Jones.

The diſeaſes of the mind do, in almoſt every particular, imitate thoſe of the body. For which reaſon, we hope, that learned faculty, for whom we have ſo profound a reſpect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been neceſſitated to lay on ſeveral words and phraſes, which of right belong to them, and without which our deſcriptions muſt have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumſtance in which the diſtempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to thoſe which are called bodily, than that aptneſs which both have to a relapſe. This is plain, in the violent diſeaſes of am-

bition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court, by frequent diſappointments, (which are the only phyſick for it) to break out again in a conteſt for foreman of the grand jury at an aſſizes; and have heard of a man who had ſo far conquered avarice, as to give away many a ſixpence, that comforted himſelf, at laſt, on his death-bed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his enſuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of ſtrict conformity with the Stoick philoſophy, we ſhall here treat as a diſeaſe, this proneneſs to relapſe is no leſs conſpicuous. Thus it happened to poor Sophia; upon whom, the very next time ſhe ſaw young Jones, all the former ſymptoms returned; and from that time cold and hot fits alternately ſeized her heart.

The ſituation of this young lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That paſſion, which had formerly been ſo exquiſitely delicious, became now a ſcorpion in her boſom. She reſiſted it, therefore, with her utmoſt force, and ſummoned every argument her reaſon (which was ſurprizingly ſtrong for her age) could ſuggeſt, to ſubdue and expel it. In this ſhe ſo far ſucceeded, that ſhe began to hope, from time and abſence, a perfect cure. She reſolved therefore to avoid Tom Jones as much as poſſible; for which purpoſe ſhe began to conceive a deſign of viſiting her aunt, to which ſhe made no doubt of obtaining her father's conſent.

But Fortune, who had other deſigns in her head, put an immediate ſtop to any ſuch proceeding, by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT WHICH BEFEL SOPHIA. THE GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF JONES, AND THE MORE DREADFUL CONSEQUENCE OF THAT BEHAVIOUR TO THE YOUNG LADY; WITH A SHORT DIGRESSION IN FAVOUR OF THE FEMALE SEX.

MR. Weſtern grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, inſo much that his beloved dogs themſelves almoſt gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himſelf to abandon theſe, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by inſiſting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his deſires, though ſhe had not the leaſt delight in a ſport, which was of too rough and maſculine a nature to ſuit with her diſpoſition. She had, however, another motive, beſides her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chace; for by her preſence ſhe hoped in ſome meaſure to reſtrain his impetuoſity, and to prevent him from ſo frequently expoſing his neck to the utmoſt hazard.

The ſtrongeſt objection was, that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom ſhe had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting ſeaſon now approached, ſhe hoped, by a ſhort abſence with her aunt, to reaſon herſelf entirely out of her unfortunate paſſion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the ſubſequent ſeaſon, without the leaſt danger.

On the ſecond day of her hunting, as ſhe was returning from the chace, and was arrived within a little diſtance from Mr. Weſtern's houſe, her horſe, whoſe mettleſome ſpirit required a better rider, fell ſuddenly to prancing and capering, in ſuch a manner, that ſhe was in the moſt imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance behind, ſaw this, and immediately galloped up to her aſſiſtance. As ſoon as he came up, he immediately leaped from his own horſe, and caught hold of hers by the bridle. The unruly beaſt preſently reared himſelf an end on his hind-legs, and threw his lovely burden from his back; and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was ſo affected with the fright, that ſhe was not immediately able to ſatisfy Jones, who was very ſolicitous to know whether ſhe had received any hurt. She ſoon after, however, recovered her ſpirits, aſſured him ſhe was ſafe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones anſwered,

Plate I.

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'If I have preſerved you, Madam, I 'am ſufficiently repaid; for I promiſe 'you, I would have ſecured you from 'the leaſt harm, at the expence of a 'much greater misfortune to myſelf 'than I have ſuffered on this occaſion.'

'What misfortune!' replied Sophia, eagerly, 'I hope you have come to no 'miſchief?'

'Be not concerned, Madam,' anſwered Jones; 'Heaven be praiſed, you 'have eſcaped ſo well, conſidering the 'danger you was in! If I have broke 'my arm, I conſider it as a trifle, in 'compariſon of what I feared upon 'your account.'

Sophia then ſcreamed out, 'Broke 'your arm! Heaven forbid!'

'I am afraid I have, Madam,' ſays Jones; 'but I beg you will ſuffer me 'firſt to take care of you. I have a 'right-hand yet at your ſervice, to 'help you into the next field, whence 'we have but a very little walk to 'your father's houſe.'

Sophia, ſeeing his left-arm dangling by his ſide, while he was uſing the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth. She now grew much paler, than her fears for herſelf had made her before. All her limbs were ſeized with a trembling, inſomuch that Jones could ſcarce ſupport her; and as her thoughts were in no leſs agitation, ſhe could not refrain from giving Jones a look ſo full of tenderneſs, that it almoſt argued a ſtronger ſenſation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raiſe in the gentleſt female boſom, without the aſſiſtance of a third more powerful paſſion.

Mr. Weſtern, who was advanced at ſome diſtance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the reſt of the horſemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which, Weſtern, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horſe without it's rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, 'I am glad 'it is no worſe; if Tom hath broken 'his arm, we will get a joiner to mend 'un again.'

The ſquire alighted from his horſe, and proceeded to his houſe on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial ſpectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their ſeveral countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compaſſion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably ſaved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr. Weſtern, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate eſcape of his daughter.

The generoſity of Sophia's temper conſtrued this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impreſſion upon her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which ſo generally commends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the ſex; 'Which is,' ſays Mr. Oſborne, 'ſo great, that a wo-'man is the moſt cowardly of all the 'creatures God ever made.' A ſentiment more remarkable for it's bluntneſs, than for it's truth. Ariſtotle, in his Politicks, doth them, I believe, more juſtice, when he ſays, 'The 'modeſty and fortitude of men differ 'from thoſe virtues in women; for the 'fortitude which becomes a woman, 'would be cowardice in a man; and 'the modeſty which becomes a man, 'would be pertneſs in a woman.' Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of thoſe who derive the partiality which women are inclined to ſhew to the brave, from this exceſs of their fear. Mr. Bayle (I think, in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory: for the truth of which, we have the authority of him, who, of all others, ſaw fartheſt into human nature; and who introduces the heroine of his Odyſſey, the great pattern of matrimonial love and conſtancy, aſſigning the glory of her huſband as the only ſource of her affection towards him*.

However this be, certain it is, that the accident operated very ſtrongly on Sophia; and, indeed, after much enquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very time, the

* The Engliſh reader will not find this in the poem: for the ſentiment is entirely left out in the tranſlation.

charming Sophia made no leſs impreſſion on the heart of Jones: to ſay truth, he had for ſome time become ſenſible of the irreſiſtible power of her charms.

CHAP. XIV.

THE ARRIVAL OF A SURGEON; HIS OPERATIONS; AND A LONG DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOPHIA AND HER MAID.

WHEN they arrived in Mr. Weſtern's hall, Sophia, who had tottered along with much difficulty, ſunk down in a chair: but, by the aſſiſtance of hartſhorn and water, ſhe was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her ſpirits, when the ſurgeon, who was ſent for to Jones, appeared. Mr. Weſtern, who imputed theſe ſymptoms in his daughter to her fall, adviſed her to be preſently blooded by way of prevention. In this opinion he was ſeconded by the ſurgeon, who gave ſo many reaſons for bleeding, and quoted ſo many caſes where perſons had miſcarried for want of it, that the ſquire became very importunate, and, indeed, inſiſted peremptorily that his daughter ſhould be blooded.

Sophia ſoon yielded to the commands of her father, though entirely contrary to her own inclinations: for ſhe ſuſpected, I believe, leſs danger from the fright, than either the ſquire or the ſurgeon. She then ſtretched out her beautiful arm, and the operator began to prepare for his work.

While the ſervants were buſied in providing materials, the ſurgeon, who imputed the backwardneſs which had appeared in Sophia, to her fears, began to comfort her with aſſurances that there was not the leaſt danger; for no accident, he ſaid, could ever happen in bleeding, but from the monſtrous ignorance of pretenders to ſurgery, which he pretty plainly inſinuated was not at preſent to be apprehended. Sophia declared ſhe was not under the leaſt apprehenſion; adding, 'If you open an artery, I promiſe you 'I'll forgive you.'—'Will you?' cries Weſtern; 'd—n me, if I will! if 'he does thee the leaſt miſchief, d—n 'me, if I don't ha' the heart's blood 'o'un out!' The ſurgeon aſſented to bleed her upon theſe conditions, and then proceeded to his operations, which he performed with as much dexterity as he had promiſed, and with as much quickneſs: for he took but little blood from her, ſaying, it was much ſafer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her arm was bound up, retired: for ſhe was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, ſtrictly decent) to be preſent at the operation on Jones. Indeed one objection which ſhe had to bleeding, (though ſhe did not make it) was the delay which it would occaſion to dreſſing the broken bone. For Weſtern, when Sophia was concerned, had no conſideration but for her; and as for Jones himſelf, he 'ſat like patience on 'a monument, ſmiling at grief.' To ſay the truth, when he ſaw the blood ſpringing from the lovely arm of Sophia, he ſcarce thought what had happened to himſelf.

The ſurgeon now ordered his patient to be ſtripped to his ſhirt, and then entirely baring the arm, he began to ſtretch and examine it, in ſuch a manner, that the tortures he put him to cauſed Jones to make ſeveral wry faces; which the ſurgeon obſerving, greatly wondered at, crying, 'What is the 'matter, Sir? I am ſure it is impoſ-'ſible I ſhould hurt you.' And then, holding forth the broken arm, he began a long and very learned lecture of anatomy, in which ſimple and double fractures were moſt accurately conſidered; and the ſeveral ways in which Jones might have broken his arm, were diſcuſſed, with proper annotations, ſhewing how many of theſe would have been better, and how many worſe than the preſent caſe.

Having at length finiſhed his laboured harangue with which the audience, though it had greatly raiſed their attention and admiration, were not edified, as they really underſtood not a ſingle ſyllable of all he had ſaid, he proceeded to buſineſs, which he was more expeditious in finiſhing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a bed, which Mr. Weſtern compelled him to accept at his own houſe, and ſentence of water-gruel was paſſed upon him.

Among the good company which had attended in the hall during the bone-ſetting, Mrs. Honour was one; who

who being ſummoned to her miſtreſs as ſoon as it was over, and aſked by her how the young gentleman did, preſently launched into extravagant praiſes on the *magnimity*, as ſhe called it, of his behaviour; which, ſhe ſaid, was ſo charming in ſo pretty a creature. She then burſt forth into much warmer encomiums on the beauty of his perſon; enumerating many particulars, and ending with the whiteneſs of his ſkin.

This diſcourſe had an effect on Sophia's countenance, which would not perhaps have eſcaped the obſervance of the ſagacious waiting-woman, had ſhe once looked her miſtreſs in the face, all the time ſhe was ſpeaking; but as a looking glaſs, which was moſt commodiouſly placed oppoſite to her, gave her an opportunity of ſurveying thoſe features, in which of all others ſhe took moſt delight, ſo ſhe had not once removed her eyes from that amiable object during her whole ſpeech.

Mrs. Honour was ſo entirely wrapped up in the ſubject on which ſhe exerciſed her tongue, and the object before her eyes, that ſhe gave her miſtreſs time to conquer her confuſion; which having done, ſhe ſmiled on her maid, and told her, ſhe was certainly in love with this young fellow. 'I 'in love, Madam!' anſwers ſhe; 'upon my word, Ma'am, I aſſure you, 'Ma'am, upon my ſoul, Ma'am, I 'am not.'—'Why if you was,' cries her miſtreſs, 'I ſee no reaſon that you 'ſhould be aſhamed of it, for he is 'certainly a pretty fellow.'—'Yes, 'Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'that 'he is, the moſt handſomeſt man I 'ever ſaw in my life. Yes to be ſure, 'that he is; and, as your ladyſhip 'ſays, I don't know why I ſhould be 'aſhamed of loving him, though he 'is my betters. To be ſure, gentlefolks are but fleſh and blood no more 'than us ſervants. Beſides, as for Mr. 'Jones, thof Squire Allworthy hath 'made a gentleman of him, he was 'not ſo good as myſelf by birth: for 'thof I am a poor body, I am an 'honeſt perſon's child, and my father 'and my mother were married, which 'is more than ſome people can ſay, 'as high as they hold their heads. 'Marry come up! I aſſure you, my 'dirty couſin! thof his ſkin be ſo 'white—and to be ſure, it is the moſt 'whiteſt that ever was ſeen—I am a 'Chriſtian as well as he, and nobody 'can ſay that I am baſe-born; my 'grandfather was a clergyman *, and 'would have been very angry, I believe, to have thought any of his fa'mily ſhould have taken up with 'Molly Seagrim's dirty leavings.'

Perhaps Sophia might have ſuffered her maid to run on in this manner, from wanting ſufficient ſpirits to ſtop her tongue, which the reader may probably conjecture was no very eaſy talk: for, certainly there were ſome paſſages in her ſpeech, which were far from being agreeable to the lady. However, ſhe now checked the torrent, as there ſeemed no end of it's flowing. 'I wonder,' ſays ſhe, 'at your aſſu'rance in daring to talk thus of one 'of my father's friends. As to the 'wench, I order you never to men'tion her name to me. And, with 'regard to the young gentleman's 'birth, thoſe who can ſay nothing 'more to his diſadvantage, may as 'well be ſilent on that head, as I de'ſire you will be for the future.'

'I am ſorry I have offended your 'ladyſhip,' anſwered Mrs. Honour; 'I am ſure I hate Molly Seagrim as 'much as your ladyſhip can; and as for 'abuſing Squire Jones, I can call all 'the ſervants in the houſe to witneſs, 'that whenever any talk hath been 'about baſtards, I have always taken 'his part: "For which of you," ſays 'I to the footmen, "would not be a "baſtard, if he could, to be made a "gentleman of? And," ſays I, "I "am ſure he is a very fine gentleman; "and he hath one of the whiteſt hands "in the world:" for to be ſure ſo he 'hath. "And," ſays I, "one of the "ſweeteſt-temperedeſt, beſt-naturedeſt "men in the world he is; and," ſays 'I, "all the ſervants and neighbours "all round the country loves him." 'And, to be ſure, I could tell your 'ladyſhip ſomething, but that I am

* This is the ſecond perſon of low condition whom we have recorded in this hiſtory to have ſprung from the clergy. It is to be hoped ſuch inſtances will, in future ages, when ſome proviſion is made for the families of the inferior clergy, appear ſtranger than they can be thought at preſent.

'afraid

'afraid it would offend you.'—'What 'could you tell me, Honour?' says Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am, to be sure he 'meant nothing by it; therefore I 'would not have your ladyship be 'offended.'—'Pr'ythee tell me,' says Sophia, 'I will know it this instant.' —'Why, Ma'am,' answered Mrs. Honour, 'he came into the room, one 'day last week when I was at work, 'and there lay your ladyship's muff 'on a chair, and to be sure he put his 'hands into it, that very muff your 'ladyship gave me but yesterday. "La," says I, "Mr. Jones, you will "stretch my lady's muff and spoil it:" 'but he still kept his hands in it, and 'then he kissed it; to be sure, I hardly 'ever saw such a kiss in my life as he 'gave it.'—'I suppose he did not 'know it was mine,' replied Sophia. 'Your ladyship shall hear, Ma'am. 'He kissed it again and again, and 'said it was the prettiest muff in the 'world. "La, Sir!" says I, "you "have seen it a hundred times."— "Yes, Mrs. Honour," cried he, "but "who can see any thing beautiful in "the presence of your lady but her- "self!" Nay, that's not all neither; 'but I hope your ladyship won't be 'offended, for to be sure he meant 'nothing: one day as your ladyship 'was playing on the harpsichord to my 'master, Mr. Jones was sitting in the 'next room, and methought he look- 'ed melancholy. "La!" says I. "Mr. Jones, what's the matter? A "penny for your thoughts," says I, "Why, hussy," says he, starting up 'from a dream, "what can I be think- "ing of, when that angel your mis- "tress is playing!" And then squeez- 'ing me by the hand—"Oh! Mrs. "Honour," says he, "how happy "will that man be!" and then he 'sighed; upon my troth, his breath 'is as sweet as a nosegay; but to be 'sure he meant no harm by it. So I 'hope your ladyship will not mention 'a word: for he gave me a crown 'never to mention it, and made me 'swear upon a book; but I believe, 'indeed, it was not the bible.'

Till something of a more beautiful red than vermilion be found out, I shall say nothing of Sophia's colour on this occasion. 'Ho-nour,' says she, 'I—if you will not mention 'this any more to me—nor to any 'body else—I will not betray you—I 'mean, I will not be angry; but I 'am afraid of your tongue. Why, 'my girl, will you give it such li- 'berties?'—'Nay, Ma'am,' answered she, 'to be sure, I would sooner 'cut out my tongue than offend your 'ladyship—to be sure, I shall never 'mention a word that your ladyship 'will not have me.'—'Why, I would 'not have you mention this any more,' said Sophia, 'for it may come to my 'father's ears, and he would be angry 'with Mr. Jones, though I really 'believe, as you say, he meant nothing. 'I should be very angry with myself 'if I imagined——' 'Nay, Ma'am,' says Honour, 'I protest I believe he 'meant nothing. I thought he talked 'as if he was out of his senses; nay, 'he said he believed he was beside 'himself when he had spoken the 'words. "Aye, Sir," says I, "I believe "so too."—"Yes," says he, "Ho- "nour—" But I ask your ladyship's 'pardon; I could tear my tongue out 'for offending you.'—'Go on,' says Sophia, 'you may mention any thing 'you have not told me before.'— "Yes, Honour," says he, (this was 'some time afterwards, when he gave 'me the crown) "I am neither such a "coxcomb or such a villain, as to think "of her, in any other *delight*, but as "my goddess; as such I will always "worship and adore her while I have "breath." This was all, Ma'am, I 'will be sworn, to the best of my 'remembrance: I was in a passion 'with him myself, till I found he 'meant no harm.'—'Indeed, Ho- 'nour,' says Sophia, 'I believe you 'have a real affection for me; I was 'provoked the other day when I gave 'you warning; but if you have a de- 'sire to stay with me, you shall.'—'To 'be sure, Ma'am,' answered Mrs. Honour, 'I shall never desire to part 'with your ladyship. To be sure, I 'almost cried my eyes out when you 'gave me warning. It would be very 'ungrateful in me to desire to leave 'your ladyship; because as why, I 'should never get so good a place 'again. I am sure I would live and 'die with your ladyship—for, as poor 'Jones said, happy is the man——'

Here the dinner-bell interrupted a conver-

converſation which had wrought ſuch an effect on Sophia, that ſhe was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the morning, than ſhe, at the time, had apprehended ſhe ſhould be. As to the preſent ſituation of her mind, I ſhall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to deſcribe it, from deſpair of ſucceſs. Moſt of my readers will ſuggeſt it eaſily to themſelves; and the few who cannot, would not underſtand the picture, or at leaſt would deny it to be natural, if ever ſo well drawn.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK V.

CONTAINING A PORTION OF TIME, SOMEWHAT LONGER THAN HALF A YEAR.

CHAP. I.

OF THE SERIOUS IN WRITING; AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE IT IS INTRODUCED.

PERADVENTURE there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader leſs pleaſure in the peruſing, than thoſe which have given the author the greateſt pains in compoſing. Among theſe, probably, may be reckoned thoſe initial eſſays which we have prefixed to the hiſtorical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be eſſentially neceſſary to this kind of writing, of which we have ſet ourſelves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourſelves ſtrictly bound to aſſign any reaſon; it being abundantly ſufficient that we have laid it down as a rule neceſſary to be obſerved in all proſai-comi-epick writing. Who ever demanded the reaſons of that nice unity of time or place which is now eſtabliſhed to be ſo eſſential to dramatick poetry? What critick hath been ever aſked, why a play may not contain two days as well as one? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expence) may not be waſted fifty miles, as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critick hath ſet to the drama, which he will have to contain neither more nor leſs than five acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word *low*; by which they have happily ſucceeded in baniſhing all humour from the ſtage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all theſe occaſions, the world ſeems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *Cuicunque in arte ſua perito credendum eſt*: for it ſeems, perhaps, difficult to conceive, that any one ſhould have had enough of impudence to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or ſcience without the leaſt foundation. In ſuch caſes, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are found and good reaſons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to ſee ſo far,

Now,

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to criticks, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaiſance, the criticks have been emboldened to aſſume a dictatorial power, and ſo far ſucceeded, that they are now become the maſters, and have the aſſurance to give laws to thoſe authors, from whoſe predeceſſors they originally received them.

The critick, rightly conſidered, is no more than the clerk, whoſe office is to tranſcribe the rules and laws laid down by thoſe great judges, whoſe vaſt ſenſe and genius have placed them in the light of legiſlators, in the ſeveral ſciences over which they preſided. This office was all which the criticks of old aſpired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a ſentence, without ſupporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in proceſs of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power and aſſume the dignity of his maſter. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critick. The clerk became the legiſlator, and thoſe very peremptorily gave laws, whoſe buſineſs it was at firſt only to tranſcribe them.

Hence aroſe an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable error: for theſe criticks being men of ſhallow capacities, very eaſily miſtook mere form for ſubſtance. They acted as a judge would, who ſhould adhere to the lifeleſs letter of the law, and reject the ſpirit. Little circumſtances, which were, perhaps, accidental in a great author, were, by theſe criticks, conſidered to conſtitute his chief merit, and tranſmitted as eſſentials to be obſerved by all his ſucceſſors. To theſe encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great ſupporters of impoſture, gave authority; and thus, many rules for good writing have been eſtabliſhed, which have not the leaſt foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly ſerve for no other purpoſe than to curb and reſtrain genius, in the ſame manner as it would have reſtrained the dancing-maſter, had the many excellent treatiſes on that art laid it down as an eſſential rule, that every man muſt dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for poſterity, founded only on the authority of *ipſe dixit*; for which, to ſay the truth, we have not the profoundeſt veneration; we ſhall here wave the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reaſons which have induced us to interſperſe theſe ſeveral digreſſive eſſays, in the courſe of this work.

And here we ſhall of neceſſity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been diſcovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contraſt, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may, probably, have a large ſhare in conſtituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonſtrates the beauty and excellence of any thing, but it's reverſe? Thus the beauty of day, and that of ſummer, is ſet off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was poſſible for a man to have ſeen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But, to avoid too ſerious an air: can it be doubted, but that the fineſt woman in the world would loſe all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never ſeen one of another caſt? The ladies themſelves ſeem ſo ſenſible of this, that they are all induſtrious to procure foils; nay, they will become foils to themſelves: for I have obſerved, (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as poſſible in the morning, in order to ſet off that beauty which they intend to ſhew you in the evening.

Moſt artiſts have this ſecret in practice, though ſome, perhaps, have not much ſtudied the theory. The jeweller knows that the fineſt brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contraſt of his figures, often acquires great applauſe.

A great genius among us will illuſtrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artiſts, as he hath a title to be placed among thoſe—

'*Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.*'

'Who by invented arts have life improv'd.'

I mean here the inventor of that moſt exquiſite entertainment, called the Engliſh pantomime.

This entertainment conſiſted of two parts, which the inventor diſtinguiſhed by the names of the *ſerious* and the *comic*. The ſerious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worſt and dulleſt company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a ſecret known to few) were actually intended ſo to be, in order to contraſt the comic part of the entertainment, and to diſplay the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil uſe of ſuch perſonages; but the contrivance was, nevertheleſs, ingenious enough, and had it's effect. And this will now plainly appear, if, inſtead of *ſerious* and *comic*, we ſupply the words *duller* and *dulleſt*; for the comic was certainly duller than any thing before ſhewn on the ſtage, and could only be ſet off by that ſuperlative degree of dulneſs which compoſed the ſerious. So intolerably ſerious, indeed, were theſe gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the Engliſh gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more ſerious diſpoſition) was always welcome on the ſtage, as he relieved the audience from worſe company.

Judicious writers have always practiſed this art of contraſt with great ſucceſs. I have been ſurprized that Horace ſhould cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himſelf in the very next line.

'*Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,*
'*Verum operi longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.*'

'I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to ſleep;
'Yet ſlumbers on long works have right to
'creep.'

For we are not here to underſtand, as, perhaps, ſome have, that an author actually falls aſleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be ſo overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himſelf is too well entertained to be ſubject to the leaſt drowſineſs. He is, as Mr. Pope obſerves—

'Sleepleſs himſelf, to give his readers ſleep.'

To ſay the truth, theſe ſoporifick parts are ſo many ſcenes of *ſerious* artfully interwoven, in order to contraſt and ſet off the reſt; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the publick, that whenever he was dull, they might be aſſured there was a deſign in it.

In this light, then, or rather in this darkneſs, I would have the reader to conſider theſe initial eſſays. And after this warning, if he ſhall be of opinion, that he can find enough of ſerious in other parts of this hiſtory, he may paſs over theſe, in which we profeſs to be laboriouſly dull, and begin the following books, at the ſecond chapter.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH MR. JONES RECEIVES MANY FRIENDLY VISITS DURING HIS CONFINEMENT; WITH SOME FINE TOUCHES OF THE PASSION OF LOVE, SCARCE VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

TOM JONES had many viſitors during his confinement, though ſome, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. Allworthy ſaw him almoſt every day; but though he pitied Tom's ſufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occaſioned them, yet he thought this a favourable opportunity to bring him to a ſober ſenſe of his indiſcreet conduct; and, that wholeſome advice for that purpoſe could never be applied at a more proper ſeaſon than at preſent, when the mind was ſoftened by pain and ſickneſs, and alarmed by danger, and when it's attention was unembarraſſed with thoſe turbulent paſſions which engage us in the purſuit of pleaſure.

At all ſeaſons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, eſpecially when the latter was totally at eaſe, he took occaſion to mind him of his former miſcarriages, but in the mildeſt and tenderest manner, and only in order to introduce the caution which he preſcribed for his future behaviour; on which alone, he aſſured him, would depend his own felicity, and the kindneſs which he might yet promiſe himſelf to receive

at

at the hands of his father by adoption, unless he should hereafter forfeit his good opinion: for as to what had passed, he said, it should be all forgiven and forgotten. He, therefore, advised him to make a good use of this accident, that so in the end it might prove a visitation for his own good.

Thwackum was likewise pretty assiduous in his visits; and he, too, considered a sick-bed to be a convenient scene for lectures. His stile, however, was more severe than Mr. Allworthy's: he told his pupil, that he ought to look on his broken limb as a judgment from Heaven on his sins; that it would become him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth thanksgivings that he had broken his arm only, and not his neck; which latter, he said, was very probably reserved for some future occasion, and that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part, he said, he had often wondered some judgment had not overtaken him before; but it might be perceived by this, that divine punishments, though slow, are always sure. Hence likewise he advised him to foresee, with equal certainty, the greater evils which were yet behind, and which were as sure as this of overtaking him in his state of reprobacy. 'These are,' said he, 'to be 'averted only by such a thorough and 'sincere repentance as is not to be 'expected or hoped for from one so 'abandoned in his youth, and whose 'mind, I am afraid, is totally cor'rupted. It is my duty, however, to 'exhort you to this repentance, though 'I too well know all exhortations 'will be vain and fruitless. But *libe'ravi animam meam*; I can accuse 'my own conscience of no neglect; 'though it is, at the same time, with 'the utmost concern, I see you travel'ling on to certain misery in this 'world, and to as certain damnation 'in the next.'

Square talked in a very different strain: he said, such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man; that it was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befal the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole. He said it was a mere abuse of words to call those things evils in which there was no moral unfitness: that pain, which was the worst consequence of such accidents, was the most contemptible thing in the world; with more of the like sentences, extracted out of the Second Book of Tully's Tusculan Questions, and from the great Lord Shaftesbury. In pronouncing these, he was one day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in such a manner, that it not only put an end to his discourse, but created much emotion in him, and caused him to mutter an oath or two: but what was worst of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was present, and who held all such doctrine to be heathenish and atheistical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with so malicious a sneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may so say) the temper of the philosopher, which the bite of his tongue had somewhat ruffled; and as he was disabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had possibly found a more violent method of revenging himself, had not the surgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own interest, interposed, and preserved the peace.

Mr. Blifil visited his friend Jones but seldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, professed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune; but cautiously avoided any intimacy, lest, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the sobriety of his own character: for which purpose he had constantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon speaks against evil communication. Not that he was so bitter as Thwackum; for he always expressed some hopes of Tom's reformation; which, he said, the unparalleled goodness shewn by his uncle on this occasion, must certainly effect, in one not absolutely abandoned; but concluded, 'If Mr. Jones ever offends hereafter, 'I shall not be able to say a syllable in 'his favour.'

As to Squire Western, he was seldom out of the sick room, unless when he was engaged either in the field, or over his bottle. Nay, he would sometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty

ficulty that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too: for no quack ever held his noſtrum to be a more general panacea, than he did this; which, he ſaid, had more virtues in it than was in all the phyſick in an apothecary's ſhop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine; but from ſerenading his patient every hunting-morning with the horn under his window, it was impoſſible to withold him; nor did he ever lay aſide that halloo, with which he entered into all companies, when he viſited Jones, without any regard to the ſick perſon's being at that time either awake or aſleep.

This boiſterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, ſo happily it effected none, and was abundantly compenſated to Jones, as ſoon as he was able to ſit up, by the company of Sophia, whom the ſquire then brought to viſit him; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpſichord, where ſhe would kindly condeſcend, for hours together, to charm him with the moſt delicious muſick, unleſs when the ſquire thought proper to interrupt her, by inſiſting on Old Sir Simon, or ſome other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithſtanding the niceſt guard which Sophia endeavoured to ſet on her behaviour, ſhe could not avoid letting ſome appearances now and then ſlip forth: for love may again be likened to a diſeaſe in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips therefore concealed, her eyes, her bluſhes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day, when Sophia was playing on the harpſichord, and Jones was attending, the ſquire came into the room, crying, 'There, Tom, I have had a 'battle for thee below ſtairs with thick 'parſon Thwackum. He hath been 'telling Allworthy, before my face, 'that the broken bone was a judgment 'upon thee. "D—n it," ſays I, "how can that be? Did not he come "by it in defence of a young woman? "A judgment, indeed! Pox, if he "never doth any thing worſe, he will "go to Heaven ſooner than all the "parſons in the country. He hath "more reaſon to glory in it, than to "be aſhamed of it."—'Indeed, Sir,' ſays Jones, 'I have no reaſon for either; but if it preſerved Miſs Weſtern. I ſhall always think it the happieſt accident of my life.'—'And to 'go,' ſaid the ſquire, 'to zet Allwor-'thy againſt thee vor it. D—n un, 'if the parſon had unt had his petti-'coats on, I ſhould ha lent un a flick; 'for I love thee dearly, my boy, and 'd—n me if there is any thing in my 'power which I won't do for thee. 'Sha't take thy choice of all the horſes 'in my ſtable to-morrow morning, 'except only the Chevalier and Miſs 'Slouch.' Jones thanked him; but declined accepting the offer. 'Nay,' added the ſquire, 'ſha't ha the ſorrel 'mare that Sophy rode. She coſt me 'fifty guineas, and comes ſix years 'old this graſs.'—'If ſhe had coſt me 'a thouſand,' cries Jones paſſionately, 'I would have given her to the dogs.' —'Pooh! pooh!' anſwered Weſtern, 'What, becauſe ſhe broke thy arm? 'Shouldſt forget and forgive. I thought 'hadſt been more a man than to bear 'malice againſt a dumb creature.' Here Sophia interpoſed, and put an end to the converſation, by deſiring her father's leave to play to him; a requeſt which he never refuſed.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing ſpeeches, and probably ſhe imputed the paſſionate reſentment which Jones had expreſſed againſt the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her ſpirits were at this time in a viſible flutter; and ſhe played ſo intolerably ill, that had not Weſtern ſoon fallen aſleep, he muſt have remarked it. Jones, however, who was ſufficiently awake, and was not without an ear, any more than without eyes, made ſome obſervations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have paſſed formerly, gave him pretty ſtrong aſſurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender boſom of Sophia. An opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confeſs the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himſelf, and was not forward enough in ſeeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can only be cured by that

that early town-education, which is at preſent ſo generally in faſhion.

When theſe thoughts had fully taken poſſeſſion of Jones, they occaſioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a conſtitution leſs pure and firm than his, might have been, at ſuch a ſeaſon, attended with very dangerous conſequences. He was truly ſenſible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her perſon, no leſs admired her accompliſhments, and tenderly loved her goodneſs. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of poſſeſſing her, nor had ever given the leaſt voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much ſtronger paſſion for her than he himſelf was acquainted with. His heart now brought forth the full ſecret, at the ſame time that it aſſured him the adorable object returned his affection.

CHAP. III.

WHICH ALL WHO HAVE NO HEART WILL THINK TO CONTAIN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE reader will perhaps imagine the ſenſations which now aroſe in Jones to have been ſo ſweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a chearful ſerenity in the mind, than any of thoſe dangerous effects which we have mentioned; but, in fact, ſenſations of this kind, however delicious, are, at their firſt recognition, of a very tumultuous nature, and have very little of the opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the preſent caſe, embittered with certain circumſtances, which being mixed with ſweeter ingredients, tended altogether to compoſe a draught that might be termed *bitter-ſweet*; than which, as nothing can be more diſagreeable to the palate, ſo nothing, in the metaphorical ſenſe, can be ſo injurious to the mind.

For, firſt, though he had ſufficient foundation to flatter himſelf on what he had obſerved in Sophia, he was not yet free from doubt of miſconſtruing compaſſion, or, at beſt, eſteem, into a warmer regard. He was far from a ſanguine aſſurance that Sophia had any ſuch affection towards him, as might promiſe his inclinations that harveſt, which, if they were encouraged and nurſed, they would finally grow up to require. Beſides, if he could hope to find no bar to his happineſs from the daughter, he thought himſelf certain of meeting an effectual bar in the father; who, though he was a country ſquire in his diverſions, was perfectly a man of the world in whatever regarded his fortune; had the moſt violent affection for his only daughter; and had often ſignified, in his cups, the pleaſure he propoſed in ſeeing her married to one of the richeſt men in the county. Jones was not ſo vain and ſenſeleſs a coxcomb as to expect, from any regard which Weſtern had profeſſed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aſide theſe views of advancing his daughter. He well knew, that fortune is generally the principal, if not the ſole conſideration, which operates on the beſt of parents in theſe matters: for friendſhip makes us warmly eſpouſe the intereſt of others, but is very cold to the gratification of their paſſions. Indeed, to feel the happineſs which may reſult from this, it is neceſſary we ſhould poſſeſs the paſſion ourſelves. As he had therefore no hopes of obtaining her father's conſent, ſo he thought to endeavour to ſucceed without it, and by ſuch means to fruſtrate the great point of Mr. Weſtern's life, was to make a very ill uſe of his hoſpitality, and a very ungrateful return to the many little favours received (however roughly) at his hands. If he ſaw ſuch a conſequence with horror and diſdain, how much more was he ſhocked with what regarded Mr. Allworthy! to whom, as he had more than filial obligations, ſo had he for him more than filial piety. He knew the nature of that good man to be ſo averſe to any baſeneſs or treachery, that the leaſt attempt of ſuch a kind would make the guilty perſon for ever odious to his eyes, and the name of that perſon a deteſtable ſound in his ears. The appearance of ſuch unſurmountable difficulties was ſufficient to have inſpired him with deſpair, however ardent his wiſhes had been; but even theſe were controuled by compaſſion for another woman. The idea of lovely Molly now intruded itſelf before him. He had ſworn eternal conſtancy in her arms, and ſhe had as often vowed never to outlive his deſerting her. He now ſaw her in all the moſt ſhocking poſtures

of

of death; nay, he considered all the miseries of prostitution to which she would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the occasion; first by seducing, and then by deserting her: for he well knew the hatred which all her neighbours, and even her own sisters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to pieces. Indeed, he had exposed her to more envy than shame, or rather to the latter by means of the former: for many women abused her for being a whore, while they envied her her lover and her finery, and would have been themselves glad to have purchased these at the same rate. The ruin, therefore, of the poor girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this thought stung him to the soul. Poverty and distress seemed to him to give none a right of aggravating those misfortunes. The meanness of her condition did not represent her misery as of little consequence in his eyes, nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate, his guilt, in bringing that misery upon her. But why do I mention justification? His own heart would not suffer him to destroy a human creature, who he thought loved him, and had to that love sacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cause, not as a cold venal advocate, but as one interested in the event, and which must itself deeply share in all the agonies it's owner brought on another.

When this cunning advocate had sufficiently raised the pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the circumstances of wretchedness; it artfully called in the assistance of another passion, and represented the girl in all the amiable colours of youth, health, and beauty; as one greatly the object of desire, and much the more so, at least to a good mind, from being, at the same time, the object of compassion.

Amidst these thoughts, poor Jones passed a long sleepless night; and in the morning the result of the whole was to abide by Molly, and to think no more of Sophia.

In this virtuous resolution he continued all the next day till the evening, cherishing the idea of Molly, and driving Sophia from his thoughts; but in the fatal evening a very trifling accident set all his passions again on float, and worked so total a change in his mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a fresh chapter.

CHAP. IV.

A LITTLE CHAPTER, IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A LITTLE INCIDENT.

AMONG other visitants who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs. Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on some expressions which have formerly dropped from her, may conceive that she herself had a very particular affection for Mr. Jones; but, in reality, it was no such thing. Tom was a handsome young fellow, and for that species of men Mrs. Honour had some regard; but this was perfectly indiscriminate: for having been crossed in the love which she bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had basely deserted her after a promise of marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single fragment. She viewed all handsome men with that equal regard and benevolence which a sober and virtuous mind bears to all the good. She might, indeed, be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind; preferred one to another for corporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference so far as to cause any perturbation in the philosophical serenity of her temper.

The day after Mr. Jones had had that conflict with himself, which we have seen in the preceding chapter, Mrs. Honour came into his room, and finding him alone, began in the following manner: 'La, Sir, where do 'you think I have been? I warrants 'you, you would not guess in fifty 'years; but if you did guess, to be 'sure, I must not tell you neither.'— 'Nay, if it be something which you 'must not tell me,' says Jones, 'I 'shall have the curiosity to enquire, 'and I know you will not be so barbarous as to refuse me.'—'I don't 'know,' cries she, 'why I should refuse you, neither, for that matter; 'for to be sure you won't mention it 'any more. And for that matter, if 'you knew where I had been, unless

'you

'you knew what I had been about, it 'would not ſignify much. Nay, I 'don't ſee why it ſhould be kept a ſe-'cret, for my part; for to be ſure ſhe 'is the beſt lady in the world.' Upon this, Jones began to beg earneſtly to be let into this ſecret, and faithfully promiſed not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus: 'Why, you muſt 'know, Sir, my young lady ſent me 'to enquire after Molly Seagrim, and 'to ſee whether the wench wanted any 'thing: to be ſure, I did not care to 'go, methinks; but ſervants muſt do 'what they are ordered.—How could 'you undervalue yourſelf ſo, Mr. 'Jones?—So my lady bid me go, and 'carry her ſome linen, and other 'things.—She is too good. If ſuch 'forward ſluts were ſent to Bridewell, 'it would be better for them. I told 'my lady, ſays I, "Madam, your "la'ſhip is encouraging idleneſs——" 'And was my Sophia ſo good?' ſays Jones. 'My Sophia! I aſſure you; 'marry come up!' anſwered Honour. 'And yet if you knew all—Indeed, 'if I was as Mr. Jones, I ſhould look 'a little higher than ſuch trumpery as 'Molly Seagrim.'—'What do you 'mean by theſe words,' replied Jones, "If I knew all?"—'I mean what I 'mean,' ſays Honour. 'Don't you 'remember putting your hands in my 'lady's muff once?—I vow I could 'almoſt find in my heart to tell, if I 'was certain my lady would never 'come to the hearing on't.' Jones then made ſeveral ſolemn proteſtations; and Honour proceeded. 'Then, to 'be ſure, my lady gave me that muff; 'and afterwards, upon hearing what 'you had done——' 'Then you 'told her what I had done!' interrupted Jones. 'If I did, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'you need not be angry 'with me. Many's the man would 'have given his head to have had my 'lady told, if they had known—for, 'to be ſure, the biggeſt lord in the 'land might be proud—but I pro-'teſt, I have a great mind not to tell 'you.' Jones fell to entreaties, and ſoon prevailed on her to go on thus: 'You muſt know, then, Sir, that my 'lady had given this muff to me; but 'about a day or two after I had told 'her the ſtory, ſhe quarrels with her 'new muff—and to be ſure it is the 'prettieſt that ever was ſeen—"Ho-"nour," ſays ſhe, "this is an odi-"ous muff; it is too big for me, I "can't wear it: till I can get another, "you muſt let me have my old one "again, and you may have this in "the room on't:"—for ſhe's a good 'lady, and ſcorns to give a thing and 'take a thing, I promiſe you that. 'So to be ſure I fetched it her back 'again, and I believe ſhe hath worn 'it upon her arm almoſt ever ſince; 'and I warrants hath given it many a 'kiſs when nobody hath ſeen her.'

Here the converſation was interrupted by Mr. Weſtern himſelf, who came to ſummon Jones to the harpſichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Weſtern obſerved, but on ſeeing Mrs. Honour, imputed it to a wrong cauſe; and having given Jones a hearty curſe, between jeſt and earneſt, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than uſual beauty; and we may believe it was no ſmall addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr. Jones, that ſhe now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This ſo diſconcerted the ſquire, that he ſnatched the muff from her, and with a hearty curſe threw it into the fire. Sophia inſtantly ſtarted up, and with the utmoſt eagerneſs recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little conſequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had ſo violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumſtances too often omitted by injudicious hiſtorians, from which events of the utmoſt importance ariſe. The world may indeed be conſidered as a vaſt machine, in which the great wheels are originally ſet in motion by thoſe which are very minute, and almoſt imperceptible to any but the ſtrongeſt eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightneſs, and languiſhing ſoftneſs of her eyes; the harmony of her voice, and of her perſon; not all her wit, good-

good-humour, greatneſs of mind, or ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, had been able ſo abſolutely to conquer and enſlave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff. Thus the poet ſweetly ſings of Troy—

'——*Captique dolis lachrymiſque coacti*
'*Quos neque Tydides, nec tarifæus Achilles,*
'*Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.*'

'What Diomede, or Thetis' greater ſon,
'A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had
'done,
'Falſe tears, and fawning words, the city
'won.' DRYDEN.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by ſurprize. All thoſe conſiderations of honour and prudence, which our hero had lately with ſo much military wiſdom placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their poſts, and the god of love marched in in triumph.

CHAP. V.

A VERY LONG CHAPTER, CONTAINING A VERY GREAT INCIDENT.

BUT though this victorious deity eaſily expelled his avowed enemies from the heart of Jones, he found it more difficult to ſupplant the garriſon which he himſelf had placed there. To lay aſide all allegory, the concern for what muſt become of poor Molly, greatly diſturbed and perplexed the mind of this worthy youth. The ſuperior merit of Sophia totally eclipſed, or rather extinguiſhed, all the beauties of the poor girl; but compaſſion, inſtead of contempt, ſucceeded to love. He was convinced the girl had placed all her affections, and all her proſpect of future happineſs, in him only. For this he had, he knew, given ſufficient occaſion, by the utmoſt profuſion of tenderneſs towards her; a tenderneſs which he had taken every means to perſuade her he would always maintain. She, on her ſide, had aſſured him of her firm belief in his promiſe; and had with the moſt ſolemn vows declared, that on his fulfilling or breaking theſe promiſes, it depended, whether ſhe ſhould be the happieſt or the moſt miſerable of womankind. And to be the author of this higheſt degree of miſery to a human being, was a thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a ſingle moment. He conſidered this poor girl as having ſacrificed to him every thing in her little power; as having been at her own expence the object of his pleaſure; as ſighing and languiſhing for him even at that very inſtant. 'Shall, then,' ſays he, 'my recovery, for which ſhe hath 'ſo ardently wiſhed; ſhall my preſence, 'which ſhe hath ſo eagerly expected; 'inſtead of giving her that joy with 'which ſhe hath flattered herſelf, caſt 'her at once down into miſery and de'ſpair! Can I be ſuch a villain!' Here, when the genius of poor Molly ſeemed triumphant, the love of Sophia towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, ruſhed upon his mind, and bore away every obſtacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might poſſibly be able to make Molly amends another way; namely, by giving her a ſum of money. This, nevertheleſs, he almoſt deſpaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement aſſurances he had received from her, that the world, put in balance with him, would make her no amends for his loſs. However, her extreme poverty, and chiefly her egregious vanity, (ſomewhat of which hath been already hinted to the reader) gave him ſome little hope, that notwithſtanding all her avowed tenderneſs, ſhe might in time be brought to content herſelf with a fortune ſuperior to her expectation, and which might indulge her vanity, by ſetting her above all her equals. He reſolved, therefore, to take the firſt opportunity of making a propoſal of this kind.

One day, accordingly, when his arm was ſo well recovered that he could walk eaſily with it ſlung in a ſaſh, he ſtole forth at a ſeaſon when the ſquire was engaged in his field-exerciſes, and viſited his fair-one. Her mother and ſiſters, whom he found taking their tea, informed him firſt that Molly was not at home; but afterwards, the eldeſt ſiſter acquainted him, with a malicious ſmile, that ſhe was above ſtairs a-bed. Tom had no objection to this ſituation of his miſtreſs, and immediately aſcended the ladder which led towards her bed-chamber; but when he came to the top, he, to his great ſurprize, found the door faſt; nor could he for ſome

time

time obtain any answer from within: for Molly, as she herself afterwards informed him, was fast asleep.

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarked to produce very similar effects; and when either of these rushes on us by surprize, it is apt to create such a total perturbation and confusion, that we are often thereby deprived of the use of all our faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected sight of Mr. Jones should so strongly operate on the mind of Molly, and should overwhelm her with such confusion, that for some minutes she was unable to express the great raptures with which the reader will suppose she was affected on this occasion. As for Jones, he was so entirely possessed, and as it were enchanted, by the presence of his beloved object, that he for a while forgot Sophia, and consequently the principal purpose of his visit.

This, however, soon returned to his memory; and after the first transports of their meeting were over, he found means by degrees to introduce a discourse on the fatal consequences which must attend their amour, if Mr. Allworthy, who had strictly forbidden him ever seeing her more, should discover that he still carried on this commerce. Such a discovery, which his enemies gave him reason to think would be unavoidable, must, he said, end in his ruin, and consequently in her's. Since, therefore, their hard fates had determined that they must separate, he advised her to bear it with resolution, and swore he would never omit any opportunity, through the course of his life, of shewing her the sincerity of his affection, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmost expectation, or even beyond her wishes, if ever that should be in his power; concluding at last, that she might soon find some man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than she could be by leading a disreputable life with him.

Molly remained a few moments in silence, and then bursting into a flood of tears, she began to upbraid him in the following words: 'And this is 'your love for me, to forsake me in 'this manner, now you have ruined 'me! How often, when I have told 'you that all men are false and *per-* 'jury alike, and grow tired of us as 'soon as ever they have had their 'wicked wills of us, how often have 'you sworn you would never forsake 'me? And can you be such a *perjury* 'man after all! What signifies all the 'riches in the world to me without 'you, now you have gained my heart! 'So you have, you have! Why do 'you mention another man to me? I 'can never love any other man as long 'as I live. All other men are nothing 'to me. If the greatest squire in all 'the country would come a suiting to 'me to-morrow, I would not give my 'company to him. No, I shall always 'hate and despise the whole sex for 'your sake.'

She was proceeding thus, when an accident put a stop to her tongue, before it had run out half it's career. The room, or rather garret, in which Molly lay, being up one pair of stairs, that is to say, at the top of the house, was of a sloping figure, resembling the great Delta of the Greeks. The English reader may, perhaps, form a better idea of it, by being told, that it was impossible to stand upright any where but in the middle. Now, as this room wanted the conveniency of a closet, Molly had, to supply that defect, nailed up an old rug against the rafters of the house, which inclosed a little hole where her best apparel, such as the remains of that sacque which we have formerly mentioned, some caps, and other things with which she had lately provided herself, were hung up, and secured from the dust.

This inclosed place exactly fronted the foot of the bed, to which, indeed, the rug hung so near, that it served, in a manner, to supply the want of curtains. Now, whether Molly, in the agonies of her rage, pushed this rug with her feet; or Jones might touch it; or whether the pin or nail gave way of it's own accord, I am not certain; but as Molly pronounced these last words, which are recorded above, the wicked rug got loose from it's fastening, and discovered every thing hid behind it; where, among other female utensils, appeared (with shame I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) the philosopher Square, in a posture (for the place would not near admit his standing upright) as ridiculous as can possibly be conceived.

The poſture, indeed, in which he ſtood, was not greatly unlike that of a ſoldier, who is tied neck and heels; or rather reſembling the attitude in which we often ſee fellows in the publick ſtreets of London, who are not ſuffering but deſerving puniſhment by ſo ſtanding. He had a night-cap belonging to Molly on his head, and his two large eyes, the moment the rug fell, ſtared directly at Jones; ſo that when the idea of philoſophy was added to the figure now diſcovered, it would have been very difficult for any ſpectator to have refrained from immoderate laughter.

I queſtion not but the ſurprize of the reader will be here equal to that of Jones; as the ſuſpicions which muſt ariſe from the appearance of this wiſe and grave man in ſuch a place, may ſeem ſo inconſiſtent with that character, which he hath, doubtleſs, maintained hitherto in the opinion of every one.

But, to confeſs the truth, this inconſiſtency is rather imaginary than real. Philoſophers are compoſed of fleſh and blood as well as other human creatures; and however ſublimated and refined the theory of theſe may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is, indeed, in theory alone, and not in practice, as we have before hinted, that conſiſts the difference: for though ſuch great beings think much better and more wiſely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to ſubdue all appetites and paſſions, and to deſpiſe both pain and pleaſure; and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is eaſily acquired: but the practice would be vexatious and troubleſome; and, therefore, the ſame wiſdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

Mr. Square happened to be at church on that Sunday, when, as the reader may be pleaſed to remember, the appearance of Molly in her ſacque had cauſed all that diſturbance. Here he firſt obſerved her, and was ſo pleaſed with her beauty, that he prevailed with the young gentlemen to change their intended ride that evening, that he might paſs by the habitation of Molly, and by that means might obtain a ſecond chance of ſeeing her. This reaſon, however, as he did not at that time mention to any, ſo neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the reader.

Among other particulars which conſtituted the unfitneſs of things in Mr. Square's opinion, danger and difficulty were two. The difficulty, therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting the young wench, and the danger which would accrue to his character on the diſcovery, were ſuch ſtrong diſſuaſives, that it is probable he at firſt intended to have contented himſelf with the pleaſing ideas which the ſight of beauty furniſhes us with. Theſe the graveſt men, after a full meal of ſerious meditation, often allow themſelves by way of deſſert: for which purpoſe, certain books and pictures find their way into the moſt private receſſes of their ſtudy, and a certain liquoriſh part of natural philoſophy is often the principal ſubject of their converſation.

But when the philoſopher heard, a day or two afterwards, that the fortreſs of virtue had already been ſubdued, he began to give a larger ſcope to his deſires. His appetite was not of that ſqueamiſh kind, which cannot feed on a dainty becauſe another hath taſted it. In ſhort, he liked the girl the better for the want of that chaſtity which, if ſhe had poſſeſſed it, muſt have been a bar to his pleaſures; he purſued, and obtained her.

The reader will be miſtaken, if he thinks Molly gave Square the preference to her younger lover: on the contrary, had ſhe been confined to the choice of one only, Tom Jones would undoubtedly have been, of the two, the victorious perſon. Nor was it ſolely the conſideration, that two are better than one, (though this had it's proper weight) to which Mr. Square owed his ſucceſs: the abſence of Jones during his confinement was an unlucky circumſtance; and in that interval, ſome well-choſen preſents from the philoſopher ſo ſoftened and unguarded the girl's heart, that a favourable opportunity became irreſiſtible, and Square triumphed over the poor remains of virtue which ſubſiſted in the boſom of Molly.

It was now about a fortnight ſince the conqueſt, when Jones paid the above-

above-mentioned visit to his mistress, at a time when she and Square were in bed together. This was the true reason why the mother denied her, as we have seen; for as the old woman shared in the profits arising from the iniquity of her daughter, she encouraged and protected her in it to the utmost of her power: but such was the envy and hatred which the eldest sister bore towards Molly, that, notwithstanding she had some part of the booty, she would willingly have parted with this to ruin her sister, and spoil her trade. Hence she had acquainted Jones with her being above stairs in bed, in hopes that he might have caught her in Square's arms. This, however, Molly found means to prevent, as the door was fastened; which gave her an opportunity of conveying her lover behind that rug or blanket where he now was unhappily discovered.

Square no sooner made his appearance than Molly flung herself back in her bed, cried out she was undone, and abandoned herself to despair. This poor girl, who was yet but a novice in her business, had not arrived to that perfection of assurance which helps off a town lady in any extremity; and either prompts her with an excuse, or else inspires her to brazen out the matter with her husband, who from love of quiet, or out of fear of his reputation, and sometimes, perhaps, from fear of the gallant, who, like Mr. Constant in the play, wears a sword, is glad to shut his eyes, and contented to put his horns in his pocket. Molly, on the contrary, was silenced by this evidence, and very fairly gave up a cause which she had hitherto, with so many tears, and with such solemn and vehement protestations of the purest love and constancy, maintained.

As to the gentleman behind the arras, he was not in much less consternation. He stood for a while motionless, and seemed equally at a loss what to say, or whither to direct his eyes. Jones, though perhaps the most astonished of the three, first found his tongue; and, being immediately recovered from those uneasy sensations which Molly by her upbraidings had occasioned, he burst into a loud laughter, and then saluting Mr. Square, advanced to take him by the hand, and to relieve him from his place of confinement.

Square being now arrived in the middle of the room, in which part only he could stand upright, looked at Jones with a very grave countenance, and said to him—'Well, Sir, I see you 'enjoy this mighty discovery, and, I 'dare swear, taste great delight in the 'thoughts of exposing me; but if you 'will consider the matter fairly, you 'will find you are yourself only to 'blame. I am not guilty of corrupting innocence. I have done nothing 'for which that part of the world, 'which judges of matters by the rule 'of right, will condemn me. Fitness 'is governed by the nature of things, 'and not by customs, forms, or municipal laws. Nothing is, indeed, 'unfit, which is not unnatural.'—'Well reasoned, old boy!' answered Jones: 'but why dost thou think 'that I should desire to expose thee? 'I promise thee, I was never better 'pleased with thee in my life; and 'unless thou hast a mind to discover 'it thyself, this affair may remain a profound secret for me.'—'Nay, Mr. 'Jones,' replied Square, 'I would not 'be thought to undervalue reputation. Good fame is a species of the 'KALON, and it is by no means fitting to neglect it. Besides, to murder one's own reputation, is a kind 'of suicide, a detestable and odious 'vice. If you think proper, therefore, to conceal any infirmity of 'mine, (for such I may have, since 'no man is perfectly perfect;) I promise you I will not betray myself. 'Things may be fitting to be done, 'which are not fitting to be boasted 'of: for, by the perverse judgment of 'the world, that often becomes the 'subject of censure, which is, in 'truth, not only innocent but laudable.'—'Right!' cries Jones, 'what 'can be more innocent than the indulgence of a natural appetite? or 'what more laudable, than the propagation of our species?'—'To be serious with you,' answered Square, 'I profess they always appeared so to 'me.'—'And yet,' said Jones, 'you 'was of a different opinion when my 'affair with this girl was first discovered,'—'Why, I must confess, says Square, 'as the matter was misre-

'presented to me by that parson 'Thwackum, I might condemn the 'corruption of innocence: it was that, 'Sir, it was that—and that—: for 'you must know, Mr. Jones, in the 'consideration of fitness, very minute 'circumstances, Sir, very minute cir'cumstances, cause great alteration.' —'Well,' cries Jones, 'be that as it 'will, it shall be your own fault, as 'I have promised you, if you ever 'hear any more of this adventure. 'Behave kindly to the girl, and I will 'never open my lips concerning the 'matter to any one.—And, Molly, 'do you be faithful to your friend, 'and I will not only forgive your in'fidelity to me, but will do you all 'the service I can.' So saying, he took a hasty leave; and, slipping down the ladder, retired with much expedition.

Square was rejoiced to find this adventure was likely to have no worse conclusion; and as for Molly, being recovered from her confusion, she began at first to upbraid Square with having been the occasion of her loss of Jones: but that gentleman soon found the means of mitigating her anger, partly by caresses, and partly by a small nostrum from his purse, of wonderful and approved efficacy in purging off the ill humours of the mind, and in restoring it to a good temper.

She then poured forth a vast profusion of tenderness towards her new lover; turned all she had said to Jones, and Jones himself, into ridicule; and vowed, though he once had had the possession of her person, that none but Square had ever been master of her heart.

CHAP. VI.

BY COMPARING WHICH WITH THE FORMER, THE READER MAY POSSIBLY CORRECT SOME ABUSE WHICH HE HATH FORMERLY BEEN GUILTY OF, IN THE APPLICATION OF THE WORD LOVE.

THE infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now discovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater degree of resentment, than he expressed on the occasion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he saw her in the light of compassion; and though his love to her was not of that kind which could give him any great uneasiness at her inconstancy, yet was he not a little shocked on reflecting that he had himself originally corrupted her innocence: for to this corruption he imputed all the vice into which she appeared now so likely to plunge herself.

This consideration gave him no little uneasiness, till Betty, the elder sister, was so kind some time afterwards entirely to cure him, by a hint, that one Will Barnes, and not himself, had been the first seducer of Molly; and that the little child, which he had hitherto so certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal title, at least, to claim Barnes for it's father.

Jones eagerly pursued this scent when he had first received it; and in a very short time was sufficiently assured that the girl had told him truth, not only by the confession of the fellow, but, at last, by that of Molly herself.

This Will Barnes was a country gallant, and had acquired as many trophies of this kind as any ensign or attorney's clerk in the kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced several women to a state of utter profligacy, had broke the hearts of some, and had the honour of occasioning the violent death of one poor girl, who had either drowned herself, or rather, what was more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his conquests, this fellow had triumphed over the heart of Betty Seagrim. He had made love to her long before Molly was grown to be a fit object of that pastime; but had afterwards deserted her, and applied to her sister, with whom he had almost immediate success. Now Will had, in reality, the sole possession of Molly's affection, while Jones and Square were almost equal sacrifices to her interest and to her pride.

Hence had grown that implacable hatred which we have before seen raging in the mind of Betty; though we did not think it necessary to assign this cause sooner, as envy itself was alone adequate

adequate to all the effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly easy, by possession of this secret, with regard to Molly; but, as to Sophia, he was far from being in a state of tranquillity; nay, indeed, he was under the most violent perturbation: his heart was now, if I may use the metaphor, entirely evacuated, and Sophia took absolute possession of it. He loved her with an unbounded passion, and plainly saw the tender sentiments she had for him; yet could not this assurance lessen his despair of obtaining the consent of her father, nor the horrors which attended his pursuit of her by any base or treacherous method.

The injury which he must thus do to Mr. Western, and the concern which would accrue to Mr. Allworthy, were circumstances that tormented him all day, and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a constant struggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often resolved, in the absence of Sophia, to leave her father's house, and to see her no more; and as often, in her presence, forgot all those resolutions, and determined to pursue her at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This conflict began soon to produce very strong and visible effects; for he lost all his usual sprightliness and gaiety of temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and absent in company: nay, if ever he put on a forced mirth, to comply with Mr. Western's humour, the constraint appeared so plain, that he may seem to have been giving the strongest evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by such ostentation.

It may, perhaps, be a question, whether the art which he used to conceal his passion, or the means which honest nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him most: for while art made him more than ever reserved to Sophia, and forbade him to address any of his discourse to her; nay, to avoid meeting her eyes, with the utmost caution; nature was no less busy in counterplotting him. Hence at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale; and if this was sudden, started. If his eyes accidentally met her's, the blood rushed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over scarlet. If common civility ever obliged him to speak to her, as to drink her health at table, his tongue was sure to falter. If he touched her, his hand, nay his whole frame, trembled. And if any discourse tended, however remotely, to raise the idea of love, an involuntary sigh seldom failed to steal from his bosom. Most of which accidents nature was wonderfully industrious to throw daily in his way.

All these symptoms escaped the notice of the squire, but not so of Sophia. She soon perceived these agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loss to discover the cause; for indeed she recognized it in her own breast. And this recognition is, I suppose, that sympathy which hath been so often noted in lovers, and which will sufficiently account for her being so much quicker-sighted than her father.

But, to say the truth, there is a more simple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious superiority of penetration which we must observe in some men over the rest of the human species, and one which will not only serve in the case of lovers, but of all others. For whence is it that the knave is generally so quick-sighted to those symptoms and operations of knavery, which often dupe an honest man of a much better understanding? There surely is no general sympathy among knaves; nor have they, like free-masons, any common sign of communication. In reality, it is only because they have the same thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the same way. Thus, that Sophia saw, and that Western did not see the plain symptoms of love in Jones, can be no wonder, when we consider that the idea of love never entered into the head of the father; whereas the daughter, at present, thought of nothing else.

When Sophia was well satisfied of the violent passion which tormented poor Jones, and no less certain that she herself was it's object, she had not the least difficulty in discovering the true cause of his present behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raised in her mind two of the best affections which any lover can wish to raise

raiſe in a miſtreſs. Theſe were, eſteem and pity; for ſure the moſt outrageouſly rigid among her ſex will excuſe her pitying a man whom ſhe ſaw miſerable on her own account: nor can they blame her for eſteeming one who viſibly, from the moſt honourable motives, endeavoured to ſmother a flame in his boſom, which, like the famous Spartan theft, was preying upon and conſuming his very vitals. Thus his backwardneſs, his ſhunning her, his coldneſs, and his ſilence, were the forwardeſt, the moſt diligent, the warmeſt, and moſt eloquent, advocates; and wrought ſo violently on her ſenſible and tender heart, that ſhe ſoon felt for him all thoſe gentle ſenſations which are conſiſtent with a virtuous and elevated female mind. In ſhort, all which eſteem, gratitude, and pity, can inſpire in ſuch towards an agreeable man. Indeed, all which the niceſt delicacy can allow. In a word, ſhe was in love with him to diſtraction.

One day, this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks, which were both bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly riſqued drowning to retrieve the little bird that Sophia had there loſt.

This place had been of late much frequented by Sophia. Here ſhe uſed to ruminate, with a mixture of pain and pleaſure, on an incident which, however trifling in itſelf, had poſſibly ſown the firſt ſeeds of that affection which was now arrived to ſuch maturity in her heart.

Here then this young couple met. They were almoſt cloſe together before either of them knew any thing of the other's approach. A bye-ſtander would have diſcovered ſufficient marks of confuſion in the countenance of each; but they felt too much themſelves to make any obſervation. As ſoon as Jones had a little recovered his firſt ſurprize, he accoſted the young lady with ſome of the ordinary forms of ſalutation, which ſhe in the ſame manner returned, and their converſation began, as uſual, on the delicious beauty of the morning. Hence they paſt to the beauty of the place, on which Jones launched forth very high encomiums. When they came to the tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident; and ſaid, 'I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have 'ſome little ſhuddering when you ſee 'that water.'—'I aſſure you, Ma-'dam,' anſwered Jones, 'the con-'cern you felt at the loſs of your lit-'tle bird, will always appear to me 'the higheſt circumſtance in that ad-'venture. Poor little Tommy! there 'is the branch he ſtood upon. How 'could the little wretch fly away from 'that ſtate of happineſs in which I had 'the honour to place him! His fate 'was a juſt puniſhment for his ingra-'titude.'—'Upon my word,' Mr. 'Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'your gallantry 'very narrowly eſcaped as ſevere a 'fate. Sure, the remembrance muſt 'affect you.'—'Indeed, Madam,' anſwered he, 'if I have any reaſon to 'reflect with ſorrow on it, it is, per-'haps, that the water had not been a 'little deeper, by which I might have 'eſcaped many bitter heart-achs, that 'fortune ſeems to have in ſtore for 'me.'—'Fie, Mr. Jones,' replied Sophia, 'I am ſure you cannot be in 'earneſt now. This affected contempt 'of life is only an exceſs of your com-'plaiſance to me. You would endea-'vour to leſſen the obligation of having 'twice ventured it for my ſake. Beware 'the third time!' She ſpoke theſe laſt words with a ſmile and a ſoftneſs inexpreſſible. Jones anſwered, with a ſigh, he feared it was already too late for caution: and then looking tenderly and ſtedfaſtly on her, he cry'd, 'Oh! Miſs Weſtern, can you deſire 'me to live? Can you wiſh me ſo ill?' Sophia looking down on the ground, anſwered with ſome heſitation, 'In-'deed, Mr. Jones, I do not wiſh you 'ill.'—'Oh! I know too well that 'heavenly temper,' cries Jones, 'that 'divine goodneſs, which is beyond 'every other charm.'—'Nay, now,' anſwered ſhe, 'I underſtand you not. 'I can ſtay no longer.'—'I—I would 'not be underſtood,' cries he; 'nay, 'I can't be underſtood. I know not 'what I ſay. Meeting you here ſo 'unexpectedly—I have been unguard-'ed—For Heaven's ſake, pardon me! 'If I have ſaid any thing to offend 'you—I did not mean it—Indeed, I 'would rather have died—nay, the 'very thought would kill me.'—'You 'ſurprize me,' anſwered ſhe, 'How

'can you poſſibly think you have of-
'fended me?'—'Fear, Madam,' ſays he, 'eaſily runs into madneſs; and 'there is no degree of fear like that 'which I feel of offending you. How 'can I ſpeak then? Nay, don't look 'angrily at me; one frown will de-'ſtroy me.—I mean nothing.—Blame 'my eyes, or blame thoſe beauties— 'What am I ſaying? Pardon me if I 'have ſaid too much. My heart over-'flowed. I have ſtruggled with my 'love to the utmoſt, and have endea-'voured to conceal a fever which preys 'on my vitals, and will, I hope, ſoon 'make it impoſſible for me ever to of-'fend you more.'

Mr. Jones now fell a trembling as if he had been ſhaken with the fit of an ague. Sophia, who was in a ſituation not very different from his, anſwered in theſe words: 'Mr. Jones, 'I will not affect to miſunderſtand 'you; indeed I underſtand you too 'well; but, for Heaven's ſake, if you 'have any affection for me, let me 'make the beſt of my way into the 'houſe! I wiſh I may be able to ſup-'port myſelf thither.'

Jones, who was hardly able to ſupport himſelf, offered her his arm, which ſhe condeſcended to accept, but begged he would not mention a word more to her of this nature at preſent. He promiſed he would not, inſiſting only on her forgiveneſs of what love, without the leave of his will, had forced from him: this, ſhe told him, he knew how to obtain, by his future behaviour; and thus this young pair tottered and trembled along; the lover not once daring to ſqueeze the hand of his miſtreſs, though it was locked in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her chamber, where Mrs. Honour and the hartſhorn were ſummoned to her aſſiſtance. As to poor Jones, the only relief to his diſtempered mind was an unwelcome piece of news, which, as it opens a ſcene of a different nature from thoſe in which the reader hath lately been converſant, will be communicated to him in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH MR. ALLWORTHY APPEARS ON A SICK-BED.

MR. Weſtern was become ſo fond of Jones, that he was unwilling to part with him, though his arm had been long ſince cured; and Jones, either from his love of ſport, or from ſome other reaſon, was eaſily perſuaded to continue at his houſe, which he did ſometimes for a fortnight together, without paying a ſingle viſit at Mr. Allworthy's; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr. Allworthy had been for ſome days indiſpoſed with a cold, which had been attended with a little fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was uſual with him to do all manner of diſorders which did not confine him to his bed, or prevent his ſeveral faculties from performing their ordinary functions; a conduct which we would by no means be thought to approve or recommend to imitation: for ſurely the gentlemen of the Æſculapian art are in the right in adviſing, that the moment the diſeaſe is entered at one door, the phyſician ſhould be introduced at the other. What elſe is meant by that old adage, '*Venienti occ-'currite morbo*—Oppoſe a diſtemper 'at it's firſt approach?' Thus the doctor and the diſeaſe meet in fair and equal conflict; whereas, by giving time to the latter, we often ſuffer him to fortify and entrench himſelf, like a French army; ſo that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible, to come at the enemy. Nay, ſometimes, by gaining time, the diſeaſe applies to the French military politicks, and corrupts nature over to his ſide, and then all the powers of phyſick muſt arrive too late. Agreeable to theſe obſervations was, I remember, the complaint of the great Doctor Miſaubin, who uſed very pathetically to lament the late applications which were made to his ſkill; ſaying, 'By gar, me believe my pa-'tion take me for de undertaker: for 'dey never ſend for me till de phyſi-'cion have kill dem.'

Mr. Allworthy's diſtemper, by means of this neglect, gained ſuch ground, that when the encreaſe of his fever obliged him to ſend for aſſiſtance, the doctor at his firſt arrival ſhook his head, wiſhed he had been ſent for ſooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy, who had ſettled all his affairs

fairs in this world, and was as well prepared as it is possible for human nature to be, for the other, received this information with the utmost calmness and unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himself down to rest, say with Cato, in the tragical poem—

——— 'Let guilt or fear
'Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither
'of them;
'Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.'

In reality, he could say this with ten times more reason and confidence than Cato, or any other proud fellow among the ancient or modern heroes: for he was not only devoid of fear, but might be considered as a faithful labourer, when at the end of harvest he is summoned to receive his reward at the hands of a bountiful master.

The good man gave immediate orders for all his family to be summoned round him. None of these were then abroad, but Mrs. Blifil, who had been some time in London, and Mr. Jones, whom the reader hath just parted from, at Mr. Western's, and who received this summons just as Sophia had left him.

The news of Mr. Allworthy's danger (for the servant told him he was dying) drove all thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried instantly into the chariot which was sent for him, and ordered the coachman to drive him with all imaginable haste; nor did the idea of Sophia, I believe, once occur to him on the way.

And now the whole family, namely, Mr. Blifil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Square, and some of the servants, (for such were Mr. Allworthy's orders) being all assembled round his bed, the good man sat up in it, and was beginning to speak, when Blifil fell to blubbering, and began to express very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr. Allworthy shook him by the hand, and said, 'Do not sorrow thus, my dear nephew, at the most ordinary of all 'human occurrences. When misfortunes befal our friends, we are justly grieved: for those are accidents 'which might often have been avoided, and which may seem to render 'the lot of one man more peculiarly 'unhappy than that of others; but 'death is certainly unavoidable, and 'is that common lot in which alone 'the fortunes of all men agree; nor 'is the time when this happens to us, 'material. If the wisest of men hath 'compared life to a span, surely we 'may be allowed to consider it as a 'day. It is my fate to leave it in the 'evening; but those who are taken 'away earlier, have only lost a few 'hours, at the best little worth lamenting, and much oftener hours of 'labour and fatigue, of pain and sorrow. One of the Roman poets, I 'remember, likens our leaving life to 'our departure from a feast; a thought 'which hath often occurred to me, 'when I have seen men struggling to 'protract an entertainment, and to 'enjoy the company of their friends 'a few moments longer. Alas! how 'short is the most protracted of such 'enjoyments! How immaterial the 'difference between him who retires 'the soonest, and him who stays the 'latest! This is seeing life in the 'best view, and this unwillingness to 'quit our friends is the most amiable 'motive from which we can derive 'the fear of death; and yet the longest 'enjoyment which we can hope for 'of this kind, is of so trivial a duration, that it is to a wise man truly 'contemptible. Few men, I own, 'think in this manner: for, indeed, 'few men think of death till they are 'in it's jaws. However gigantick and 'terrible an object this may appear 'when it approaches them, they are 'nevertheless incapable of seeing it at 'any distance; nay, though they have 'been ever so much frightened and 'alarmed when they have apprehended 'themselves in danger of dying, they 'are no sooner cleared from this apprehension than even the fears of it are 'erased from their minds. But, alas! 'he who escapes from death, is not 'pardoned; he is only reprieved, and 'reprieved to a short day!

'Grieve, therefore, no more, my 'dear child, on this occasion; an 'event which may happen every hour, 'which every element, nay, almost 'every particle of matter that surrounds us, is capable of producing, 'and which must and will most unavoidably

'avoidably reach us all at laſt, ought 'neither to occaſion our ſurprize, nor 'our lamentation.

'My phyſician having acquainted 'me (which I take very kindly of him) 'that I am in danger of leaving you 'all very ſhortly, I have determined 'to ſay a few words to you at this our 'parting, before my diſtemper, which 'I find grows very faſt upon me, puts 'it out of my power.

'But I ſhall waſte my ſtrength too 'much. I intended to ſpeak concern-'ing my will, which though I have 'ſettled long ago, I think proper to 'mention ſuch heads of as concern 'any of you, that I may have the com-'fort of perceiving you are all ſatis-'fied with the proviſion I have there 'made for you.

'Nephew Blifil, I leave you the 'heir to my whole eſtate, except only '500l. a year which is to revert to 'you after the death of your mother, 'and except one other eſtate of 500l. 'a year, and the ſum of 6000l. which 'I have beſtowed in the following 'manner:

'The eſtate of 500l. a year I have 'given to you, Mr. Jones. And as 'I know the inconvenience which 'attends the want of ready money, I 'have added 1000l. in ſpecie. In 'this I know not whether I have ex-'ceeded, or fallen ſhort, of your ex-'pectation. Perhaps you will think 'I have given you too little; and the 'world will be as ready to condemn 'me for giving you too much: but 'the latter cenſure I deſpiſe; and, as 'to the former, unleſs you ſhould 'entertain that common error, which 'I have often heard in my life plead-'ed as an excuſe for a total want of 'charity; namely, that inſtead of 'raiſing gratitude by voluntary acts 'of bounty, we are apt to raiſe de-'mands, which of all others are the 'moſt boundleſs and moſt difficult to 'ſatisfy—Pardon me the bare mention 'of this; I will not ſuſpect any ſuch 'thing.'

Jones flung himſelf at his benefac-tor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, aſſured him, his goodneſs to him, both now, and at all other times, had ſo infinitely exceeded not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could expreſs his ſenſe of it. 'And I 'aſſure you, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your pre-'ſent generoſity hath left me no 'other concern than for the preſent 'melancholy occaſion.——Oh, my 'friend! my father!' Here his words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a tear which was ſtarting from his eyes.

Allworthy then gently ſqueezed his hand, and proceeded thus: 'I am con-'vinced, my child, that you have 'much goodneſs, generoſity, and ho-nour, in your temper; if you will 'add prudence and religion to theſe, 'you muſt be happy: for the three 'former qualities, I admit, make you 'worthy of happineſs; but they are 'the latter only which will put you in 'poſſeſſion of it.

'One thouſand pounds I have given 'to you, Mr. Thwackum; a ſum, I 'am convinced, which greatly exceeds 'your deſires, as well as your wants. 'However, you will receive it as a 'memorial of my friendſhip; and 'whatever ſuperfluities may redound 'to you, that piety which you ſo rigid-'ly maintain, will inſtruct you how 'to diſpoſe of them.

'A like ſum, Mr. Square, I have 'bequeathed to you. This, I hope, 'will enable you to purſue your pro-feſſion with better ſucceſs than hi-therto. I have often obſerved, with 'concern, that diſtreſs is more apt 'to excite contempt than commiſera-tion, eſpecially among men of bu-ſineſs, with whom poverty is under-'ſtood to indicate want of ability. 'But the little I have been able to 'leave you, will extricate you from 'thoſe difficulties with which you have 'formerly ſtruggled; and then I doubt 'not but you will meet with ſufficient 'proſperity to ſupply what a man of 'your philoſophical temper will re-'quire.

'I find myſelf growing faint, ſo I 'ſhall refer you to my will for my 'diſpoſition of the reſidue. My ſer-'vants will there find ſome tokens to 'remember me by; and there are a few 'charities, which, I truſt, my exe-'cutors will ſee faithfully performed. 'Bleſs you all! I am ſetting out a 'little before you.'

Here a footman came haſtily into the room, and ſaid there was an at-torney from Saliſbury, who had a par-ticular meſſage, which he ſaid he muſt communicate to Mr. Allworthy him-

ſelf; that he ſeemed in a violent hurry, and proteſted he had ſo much buſineſs to do, that if he could cut himſelf into four quarters, all would not be ſufficient.

'Go, child,' ſaid Allworthy to Bliffil, 'ſee what the gentleman wants. 'I am not able to do any buſineſs 'now; nor can he have any with me, 'in which you are not at preſent more 'concerned than myſelf. Beſides, I 'really am—I am incapable of ſeeing 'any one at preſent, or of any longer 'attention.' He then ſaluted them all, ſaying, perhaps he ſhould be able to ſee them again, but he ſhould now be glad to compoſe himſelf a little, finding that he had too much exhauſted his ſpirits in diſcourſe.

Some of the company ſhed tears at their parting; and even the philoſopher Square wiped his eyes, 'albeit unuſed 'to the melting mood.' As to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe dropped her pearls 'as faſt 'as the Arabian trees their medicinal 'gums;' for this was a ceremonial which that gentlewoman never omitted on a proper occaſion.

After this, Mr. Allworthy again laid himſelf down on his pillow, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

CHAP. VIII.

CONTAINING MATTER RATHER NATURAL THAN PLEASING.

BESIDES grief for her maſter, there was another ſource for that briny ſtream which ſo plentifully roſe above the two mountainous cheek-bones of the houſekeeper. She was no ſooner retired, than ſhe began to mutter to herſelf in the following pleaſant ſtrain: 'Sure maſter might have 'made ſome difference, methinks, between me and the other ſervants. I 'ſuppoſe he hath left me mourning; 'but, i-fackins! if that be all, the 'devil ſhall wear it for him for me. 'I'd have his worſhip know I am no 'beggar. I have ſaved five hundred 'pounds in his ſervice; and, after all, 'to be uſed in this manner! It is a 'fine encouragement to ſervants to be 'honeſt; and, to be ſure, if I have 'taken a little ſomething now and 'then, others have taken ten times as 'much: and now we are all put in a 'lump together. If ſo be that it be 'ſo, the legacy may go to the devil 'with him that gave it. No, I won't 'give it up neither, becauſe that will 'pleaſe ſome folks. No, I'll buy the 'gayeſt gown I can get, and dance 'over the old curmudgeon's grave in 'it. This is my reward for taking 'his part ſo often, when all the country have cried ſhame of him, for 'breeding up his baſtard in that manner! but he is going now where he 'muſt pay for all. It would have 'become him better to have repented 'of his ſins on his death-bed, than 'to glory in them, and give away his 'eſtate out of his own family to a 'mis-begotten child. Found in his 'bed, forſooth! a pretty ſtory! Ay, 'ay, thoſe that hide, know where to 'find. Lord forgive him! I warrant 'he hath many more baſtards to an'ſwer for, if the truth was known. 'One comfort is, they will be all 'known where he is a going now. "The ſervants will find ſome tokens "to remember me by:" thoſe were 'the very words; I ſhall never forget 'them, if I was to live a thouſand 'years. Ay, ay, I ſhall remember you 'for huddling me among the ſervants. 'One would have thought he might 'have mentioned my name as well as 'that of Square; but he is a gentleman, forſooth, though he had not 'cloaths to his back when he came 'hither firſt. Marry come up with 'ſuch gentlemen! Though he hath 'lived here theſe many years, I don't 'believe there is *arrow* ſervant in the 'houſe ever ſaw the colour of his 'money. The devil ſhall wait upon 'ſuch gentlemen for me.' Much more of the like kind ſhe muttered to herſelf; but this taſte ſhall ſuffice to the reader.

Neither Thwackum nor Square were much better ſatisfied with their legacies. Though they breathed not their reſentment ſo loud, yet from the diſcontent which appeared in their countenances, as well as from the following dialogue, we collect that no great pleaſure reigned in their minds.

About an hour after they had left the ſick-room, Square met Thwackum in the hall, and accoſted him thus: 'Well, Sir, have you heard any news 'of your friend ſince we parted from 'him?'—'If you mean Mr. Allwor-

'thy,'

'thy,' answered Thwackum, 'I think 'you might rather give him the appellation of your friend: for he seems 'to me to have deserved that title.' —'The title is as good on your side,' replied Square, 'for his bounty, such 'as it is, hath been equal to both.' —'I should not have mentioned it 'first,' cries Thwackum; 'but since 'you begin, I must inform you I am 'of a different opinion. There is a 'wide distinction between voluntary 'favours and rewards. The duty I 'have done in his family, and the care 'I have taken in the education of his 'two boys, are services for which some 'men might have expected a greater 'return. I would not have you imagine I am therefore dissatisfied; for 'St. Paul hath taught me to be content with the little I have. Had the 'modicum been less, I should have 'known my duty. But though the 'Scripture obliges me to remain contented, it doth not enjoin me to shut 'my eyes to my own merit, nor restrain me from seeing, when I am injured by an unjust comparison.'— 'Since you provoke me,' returned Square, 'that injury is done to me: 'nor did I ever imagine Mr. Allworthy had held my friendship so light, 'as to put me in balance with one 'who received his wages: I know to 'what it is owing; it proceeds from 'those narrow principles which you 'have been so long endeavouring to 'infuse into him, in contempt of every 'thing which is great and noble. The 'beauty and loveliness of friendship 'is too strong for dim eyes; nor can 'it be perceived by any other medium, 'than that unerring rule of right 'which you have so often endeavoured 'to ridicule, that you have perverted 'my friend's understanding.'—'I 'wish,' cries Thwackum, in a rage, 'I wish, for the sake of his soul, your 'damnable doctrines have not perverted his faith. It is to this I impute his present behaviour, so unbecoming a christian. Who but an 'atheist could think of leaving the 'world without having first made up 'his account? without confessing his 'sins, and receiving that absolution 'which he knew he had one in the 'house duly authorized to give him? 'He will feel the want of these necessaries when it is too late. When he 'is arrived at that place where there is 'wailing and gnashing of teeth; it is 'then he will find in what mighty 'stead that heathen goddess, that Virtue, which you and all other deists 'of the age adore, will stand him. 'He will then summon his priest when 'there is none to be found, and will 'lament the want of that absolution, 'without which no sinner can be safe.' —'If it be so material,' says Square, 'why don't you present it him of your 'own accord?'—'It hath no virtue,' cries Thwackum, 'but to those who 'have sufficient grace to require it. 'But why do I talk thus to a heathen 'and an unbeliever! It is you who 'have taught him this lesson, for 'which you have been well rewarded 'in this world, as I doubt not your 'disciple will soon be in the other.'— 'I know not what you mean by reward,' said Square; 'but if you hint 'at that pitiful memorial of our friendship which he hath thought fit to bequeath me, I despise it; and nothing 'but the unfortunate situation of my 'circumstances should prevail on me 'to accept it.'

The physician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two disputants, how we all did above stairs. 'In a 'miserable way,' answered Thwackum. 'It is no more than I expected,' cries the doctor: 'But, pray, what 'symptoms have appeared since I left 'you?'—'No good ones, I am afraid,' replied Thwackum: 'after what passed 'at our departure, I think there were 'little hopes.' The bodily physician, perhaps, misunderstood the curer of souls; and before they came to an explanation, Mr. Blifil came to them with a most melancholy countenance, and acquainted them, that he brought sad news: for that his mother was dead at Salisbury. That she had been seized on the road home with the gout in her head and stomach, which had carried her off in a few hours. 'Good-'lack-a-day!' says the doctor, 'one 'cannot answer for events; but I wish 'I had been at hand to have been 'called in. The gout is a distemper 'which it is difficult to treat, yet I have 'been remarkably successful in it.' Thwackum and Square both condoled with Mr. Blifil for the loss of his mother,

ther, which the one adviſed him to bear like a man, and the other like a chriſtian. The young gentleman ſaid, he knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to ſubmit to his loſs as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little againſt the peculiar ſeverity of his fate, which brought the news of ſo great a calamity to him by ſurprize; and that at a time when he hourly expected the ſevereſt blow he was capable of feeling from the malice of fortune. He ſaid, the preſent occaſion would put to the teſt thoſe excellent rudiments which he had learnt from Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to ſurvive ſuch misfortunes.

It was now debated, whether Mr. Allworthy ſhould be informed of the death of his ſiſter: this the doctor violently oppoſed; in which, I believe, the whole college will agree with him. But Mr. Blifil ſaid he had received ſuch poſitive and repeated orders from his uncle, never to keep any ſecret from him, for fear of the diſquietude which it might give him, that he durſt not think of diſobedience, whatever might be the conſequence. He ſaid, for his part, conſidering the religious and philoſophick temper of his uncle, he could not agree with the doctor in his apprehenſions. He was therefore reſolved to communicate it to him: for if his uncle recovered, (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an endeavour to keep a ſecret of this kind from him.

The phyſician was forced to ſubmit to theſe reſolutions, which the two other learned gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr. Blifil and the doctor towards the ſick-room; where the phyſician firſt entered and approached the bed, in order to feel his patient's pulſe, which he had no ſooner done, than he declared he was much better; that the laſt application had ſucceeded to a miracle, and had brought the fever to intermit: ſo that, he ſaid, there appeared now to be as little danger, as he had before apprehended there were hopes.

To ſay the truth, Mr. Allworthy's ſituation had never been ſo bad as the great caution of the doctor had repreſented it: but as a wiſe general never deſpiſes his enemy, however inferior his force may be, ſo neither doth a wiſe phyſician ever deſpiſe a diſtemper, however inconſiderable. As the former preſerves the ſame ſtrict diſcipline, places the ſame guards, and employs the ſame ſcouts, though the enemy be never ſo weak; ſo the latter maintains the ſame gravity of countenance, and ſhakes his head with the ſame ſignificant air, let the diſtemper be never ſo trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may aſſign this ſolid reaſon for their conduct, that by theſe means the greater glory redounds to them, if they gain the victory, and the leſs diſgrace, if by any unlucky accident they ſhould happen to be conquered.

Mr. Allworthy had no ſooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked Heaven for theſe hopes of his recovery, than Mr. Blifil drew near, with a very dejected aſpect, and having applied his handkerchief to his eye, either to wipe away his tears, or as Ovid ſomewhere expreſſes himſelf on another occaſion—

'*Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum.*'

'If there be none, wipe away that none.'

he communicated to his uncle what the reader hath been juſt before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with reſignation. He dropt a tender tear, then compoſed his countenance, and at laſt cried, 'The Lord's will be done in 'every thing!'

He now enquired for the meſſenger; but Blifil told him, it had been impoſſible to detain him a moment; for he appeared, by the great hurry he was in, to have ſome buſineſs of importance on his hands: that he complained of being hurried, and driven, and torn, out of his life; and repeated many times, that if he could divide himſelf into four quarters, he knew how to diſpoſe of every one.

Allworthy then deſired Blifil to take care of the funeral. He ſaid he would have his ſiſter depoſited in his own chapel; and as to the particulars, he left them to his own diſcretion, only mentioning the perſon whom he would have employed on this occaſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, MAY SERVE AS A COMMENT ON THAT SAYING OF ÆSCHINES, THAT DRUNKENNESS SHEWS THE MIND OF A MAN, AS A MIRROR REFLECTS HIS PERSON.

THE reader may, perhaps, wonder at hearing nothing of Mr. Jones in the laſt chapter. In fact, his behaviour was ſo different from that of the perſons there mentioned, that we choſe not to confound his name with theirs.

When the good man had ended his ſpeech, Jones was the laſt who deſerted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the reſtleſſneſs of his mind would not ſuffer him to remain long there; he ſlipped ſoftly, therefore, to Allworthy's chamber-door, where he liſtened a conſiderable time, without hearing any kind of motion within, unleſs a violent ſnoring, which at laſt his fears miſrepreſented as groans. This ſo alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in the bed, in a ſweet compoſed ſleep, and his nurſe ſnoring in the above-mentioned hearty manner, at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of ſilencing this thorough-baſs, whoſe muſick, he feared, might diſturb Mr. Allworthy; and then ſitting down by the nurſe, he remained motionleſs till Blifil and the doctor came in together, and waked the ſick man, in order that the doctor might feel his pulſe, and that the other might communicate to him that piece of news, which, had Jones been apprized of it, would have had great difficulty of finding it's way to Mr. Allworthy's ear at ſuch a ſeaſon.

When he firſt heard Blifil tell his uncle this ſtory, Jones could hardly contain the wrath which kindled in him at the other's indiſcretion, eſpecially as the doctor ſhook his head, and declared his unwillingneſs to have the matter mentioned to his patient. But as his paſſion did not ſo far deprive him of all uſe of his underſtanding, as to hide from him the conſequences which any violent expreſſion towards Blifil might have on the ſick, this apprehenſion ſtilled his rage at the preſent; and he grew afterwards ſo ſatisfied with finding that this news had, in fact, produced no miſchief, that he ſuffered his anger to die in his own boſom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil.

The phyſician dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's; and having, after dinner, viſited his patient, he returned to the company, and told them, that he had now the ſatisfaction to ſay, with aſſurance, that his patient was out of all danger; that he had brought his fever to a perfect intermiſſion, and doubted not, by throwing in the bark, to prevent it's return.

This account ſo pleaſed Jones, and threw him into ſuch immoderate exceſs of rapture, that he might be truly ſaid to be drunk with joy. An intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine; and as he was very free, too, with the bottle on this occaſion, (for he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toaſts) he became very ſoon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal ſpirits: theſe being ſet on float, and augmented by the ſpirit of wine, produced moſt extravagant effects. He kiſſed the doctor, and embraced him with the moſt paſſionate endearments; ſwearing that, next to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, he loved him of all men living. 'Doctor,' added he, 'you de-'ſerve a ſtatue to be erected to you at 'the publick expence, for having pre-'ſerved a man, who is not only the 'darling of all good men who know 'him, but a bleſſing to ſociety, the 'glory of his country, and an honour 'to human nature. D—n me if I 'don't love him better than my own 'ſoul!'

'More ſhame for you!' cries Thwackum; 'though I think you have reaſon 'to love him, for he hath provided 'very well for you. And, perhaps, 'it might have been better for ſome 'folks, that he had not lived to ſee 'juſt reaſon of revoking his gift.'

Jones now, looking on Thwackum with inconceivable diſdain, anſwered, 'And doth thy mean ſoul imagine, 'that any ſuch conſiderations could 'weigh with me? No! let the earth

'open,

* open, and swallow her own dirt, (if
* I had millions of acres, I would say
* it) rather than swallow up my dear
* glorious friend.

* *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus*
* *Tam chari capitis?*'

The doctor now interposed, and prevented the effects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a loose to mirth, sang two or three amorous songs, and fell into every frantick disorder which unbridled joy is apt to inspire; but so far was he from any disposition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if possible, than when he was sober.

To say truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common observation, that men who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy persons when they are sober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men, which did not exist in them before. It takes away the guard of reason, and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms, which many, when sober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our passions, (generally indeed that passion which is uppermost in our mind) so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men, are in their cups heightened and exposed.

And yet, as no nation produces so many drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, as England; (for, indeed, with them, to drink and to fight together, are almost synonymous terms) I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the English are the worst-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; so that the fair conclusion seems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery, than any other plebeians. And this the rather, as there is seldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exercised on those occasions: nay, it is common for the combatants to express good-will for each other, even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, so do most of their battles end in friendship.

But to return to our history. Though Jones had shewn no design of giving offence, yet Mr. Blifil was highly offended at a behaviour which was so inconsistent with the sober and prudent reserve of his own temper. He bore it too with the greater impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this season; 'When,' as he said, 'the house was a house of mourning, 'on the account of his dear mother; 'and if it had pleased Heaven to give 'them some prospect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it would become 'them better to express the exultations of their hearts in thanksgiving, 'than in drunkenness and riots; 'which were properer methods to encrease the Divine wrath, than to avert 'it.' Thwackum, who had swallowed more liquor than Jones, but without any ill effect on his brain, seconded the pious harangue of Blifil: but Square, for reasons which the reader may probably guess, was totally silent.

Wine had not so totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting Mr. Blifil's loss, the moment it was mentioned. As no person, therefore, was more ready to confess and condemn his own errors, he offered to shake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon; saying, his excessive joy for Mr. Allworthy's recovery had driven every other thought out of his mind.

Blifil scornfully rejected his hand; and, with much indignation, answered, it was little to be wondered at, if tragical spectacles made no impression on the blind; but, for his part, he had the misfortune to know who his parents were, and consequently must be affected with their loss.

Jones, who, notwithstanding his good-humour, had some mixture of the irascible in his constitution, leaped hastily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out, 'D—n you for a rascal! do you insult 'me with the misfortune of my birth?'

* 'What modesty or measure can set bounds to our desire of so dear a friend!' The word *desiderium* here cannot be easily translated. It includes our desire of enjoying our friend again, and the grief which attends that desire.

He

He accompanied these words with such rough actions, that they soon got the better of Mr. Blifil's peaceful temper; and a scuffle immediately ensued, which might have produced mischief had it not been prevented by the interposition of Thwackum and the physician; for the philosophy of Square rendered him superior to all emotions; and he very calmly smoaked his pipe, as was his custom in all broils, unless when he apprehended some danger of having it broke in his mouth.

The combatants being now prevented from executing present vengeance on each other, betook themselves to the common resources of disappointed rage, and vented their wrath in threats and defiance. In this kind of conflict, Fortune, which, in the personal attack, seemed to incline to Jones, was now altogether as favourable to his enemy.

A truce, nevertheless, was at length agreed on, by the mediation of the neutral parties, and the whole company again sat down at the table; where Jones being prevailed on to ask pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was restored, and every thing seemed *in statu quo*.

But though the quarrel was, in all appearance, perfectly reconciled, the good-humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means restored. All merriment was now at an end, and the subsequent discourse consisted only of grave relations of matters of fact, and of as grave observations upon them. A species of conversation, in which, though there is much of dignity and instruction, there is but little entertainment. As we presume, therefore, only to convey this last to the reader, we shall pass by whatever was said, till the rest of the company, having by degrees dropped off, left Square and the physician only together; at which time the conversation was a little heightened by some comments on what had happened between the two young gentlemen; both of whom the doctor declared to be no better than scoundrels; to which appellation the philosopher, very sagaciously shaking his head, agreed.

CHAP. X.

SHEWING THE TRUTH OF MANY OBSERVATIONS OF OVID, AND OF OTHER MORE GRAVE WRITERS, WHO HAVE PROVED, BEYOND CONTRADICTION, THAT WINE IS OFTEN THE FORERUNNER OF INCONTINENCY.

JONES retired from the company, in which we have seen him engaged, into the fields, where he intended to cool himself by a walk in the open air, before he attended Mr. Allworthy. There, whilst he renewed those meditations on his dear Sophia, which the dangerous illness of his friend and benefactor had for some time interrupted, an accident happened, which with sorrow we relate, and with sorrow, doubtless, will it be read; however, that historick truth to which we profess so inviolable an attachment, obliges us to communicate it to posterity.

It was now a pleasant evening in the latter end of June, when our hero was walking in a most delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the sweet trilling of a murmuring stream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed all together the most enchanting harmony. In this scene, so sweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various ravishing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderness; and at length throwing himself on the ground, by the side of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation—

'O Sophia, would Heaven give thee 'to my arms, how blest would be my 'condition! Curst be that fortune 'which sets a distance between us! 'Was I but possessed of thee, one only 'suit of rags thy whole estate, is there 'a man on earth whom I would envy! 'How contemptible would the bright-'est Circassian beauty, drest in all the 'jewels of the Indies, appear to my 'eyes! But why do I mention ano-'ther woman! Could I think my 'eyes capable of looking at any other 'with tenderness, these hands should 'tear them from my head. No, my 'Sophia, if cruel fortune separates us 'for ever, my soul shall doat on thee 'alone. The chastest constancy will

'I ever

'I ever preserve to thy image. Though 'I should never have possession of thy 'charming person, still shalt thou alone 'have possession of my thoughts, my 'love, my soul! Oh! my fond heart 'is so wrapt in that tender bosom, that 'the brightest beauties would for me 'have no charms; nor would a hermit 'be colder in their embraces. Sophia, 'Sophia alone, shall be mine! What 'raptures are in that name! I will en-'grave it on every tree!'

At these words he started up, and beheld—not his Sophia; no, nor a Circassian maid richly and elegantly attired for the Grand Seignor's seraglio. No; without a gown, in a shift that was somewhat of the coarsest, and none of the cleanest, bedewed likewise with some odoriferous effluvia, the produce of the day's labour, with a pitchfork in her hand, Molly Seagrim approached. Our hero had his pen-knife in his hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned purpose of carving on the bark; when the girl coming near him, cried out with a smile, 'You don't 'intend to kill me, squire, I hope!'—'Why should you think I would kill 'you?' answered Jones. 'Nay,' replied she, 'after your cruel usage of me 'when I saw you last, killing me would, 'perhaps, be too great kindness for me 'to expect.'

Here ensued a parly; which, as I do not think myself obliged to relate it, I shall omit. It is sufficient that it lasted a full quarter of an hour; at the conclusion of which they retired into the thickest part of the grove.

Some of my readers may be inclined to think this event unnatural. However, the fact is true; and, perhaps, may be sufficiently accounted for, by suggesting, that Jones probably thought one woman better than none; and Molly as probably imagined two men to be better than one. Besides, the before mentioned motive assigned to the present behaviour of Jones, the reader will be likewise pleased to recollect in his favour, that he was not at this time perfect master of that wonderful power of reason, which so well enables grave and wise men to subdue their unruly passions, and to decline any of these prohibited amusements. Wine now had totally subdued this power in Jones. He was, indeed, in a condition, in which if reason had interposed, though only to advise, she might have received the answer which one Cleostratus gave many years ago to a silly fellow, who asked him if he was not ashamed to be drunk. 'Are not you,' said Cleostratus, 'ashamed to admo-'nish a drunken man?' To say the truth, in a court of justice, drunkenness must not be an excuse, yet in a court of conscience it is greatly so; and therefore Aristotle, who commends the laws of Pittacus, by which drunken men received double punishment for their crimes, allows there is more of policy than justice in that law. Now, if there are any trangressions pardonable from drunkenness, they are certainly such as Mr. Jones was at present guilty of; on which head I could pour forth a vast profusion of learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my reader, or teach him any thing more than he knows already. For his sake, therefore, I shall keep my learning to myself, and return to my history.

It hath been observed, that Fortune seldom does things by halves. To say truth, there is no end to her freaks, whenever she is disposed to gratify or displease. No sooner had our hero retired with his Dido, but—

'*Speluncam* Blifil, *dux & divinus eandem*
'*Deveniunt*'——

the parson and the young squire, who were taking a serious walk, arrived at the stile which leads into the grove, and the latter caught a view of the lovers, just as they were sinking out of sight.

Blifil knew Jones very well, though he was at above an hundred yards distance, and he was as positive to the sex of his companion, thought not to the individual person. He started, blessed himself, and uttered a very solemn ejaculation.

Thwackum expressed some surprize at these sudden emotions, and asked the reason of them. To which Blifil answered, he was certain he had seen a fellow and a wench retire together among the bushes, which he doubted not was with some wicked purpose. As to the name of Jones, he thought proper to conceal it; and why he did so, must be left to the judgment of the sagacious reader; for we never chuse

Plate II.

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to assign motives to the actions of men, when there is any possibility of our being mistaken.

The parson, who was not only strictly chaste in his own person, but a great enemy to the opposite vice in all others, fired at this information. He desired Mr. Blifil to conduct him immediately to the place, which as he approached, he breathed forth vengeance mixed with lamentations: nor did he refrain from casting some oblique reflections on Mr. Allworthy; insinuating that the wickedness of the country was principally owing to the encouragement he had given to vice, by having exerted such kindness to a bastard, and by having mitigated that just and wholesome rigour of the law, which allots a very severe punishment to loose wenches.

The way, through which our hunters were to pass in pursuit of their game, was so beset with briars, that it greatly obstructed their walk, and caused, besides, such a rustling, that Jones had sufficient warning of their arrival before they could surprize him; nay, indeed, so incapable was Thwackum of concealing his indignation, and such vengeance did he mutter forth every step he took, that this alone must have abundantly satisfied Jones that he was (to use the language of sportsmen) *found sitting*.

CHAP. XI.

IN WHICH A SIMILE IN MR. POPE'S PERIOD OF A MILE, INTRODUCES AS BLOODY A BATTLE AS CAN POSSIBLY BE FOUGHT, WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF STEEL OR COLD IRON.

As in the season of *rutting*, (an uncouth phrase, by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance, which in the well-wooded* forest of Hampshire, passes between lovers of the ferine kind) if while the lofty-crested stag meditates the amorous sport, a couple of puppies, or any other beasts of hostile note, should wander so near the temple of Venus Ferina, that the fair hind should shrink from the place, touched with that somewhat, either of fear or frolick, of nicety or skittishness, with which nature hath bedecked all females, or hath, at least, instructed them how to put it on; lest, through the indelicacy of males, the Samean mysteries should be pryed into by unhallowed eyes: for at the celebration of these rites, the female priestess cries out with her, in Virgil, (who was then, probably, hard at work on such celebration)—

'—*Procul, O procul este, profani;*
'*Proclamat vates, totoque absistite luco.*'

'—Far hence be souls prophane!
'The Sibyl cry'd; and from the grove abstain.'
DRYDEN.

If, I say, while these sacred rites, which are in common to *genus omne animantium*, are in agitation between the stag and his mistress, any hostile beasts should venture too near, on the first hint given by the frighted hind, fierce and tremendous rushes forth the stag to the entrance of the thicket: there stands he sentinel over his love, stamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandished aloft in air, proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the enemy's approach, leapt forth our hero. Many a step advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling hind, and, if possible, to secure her retreat. And now Thwackum having first darted some livid lightning from his fiery eyes, began to thunder forth, 'Fie upon it! fie upon 'it! Mr. Jones. Is it possible you 'should be the person!'—'You see,' answered Jones, 'it is possible I should 'be here.'—'And who,' said Thwackum, 'is that wicked slut with you?' —'If I have any wicked slut with 'me,' cries Jones, 'it is possible I 'shall not let you know who she is.' —'I command you to tell me immediately,' says Thwackum; 'and I 'would not have you imagine, young 'man, that your age, though it hath 'somewhat abridged the purpose of 'tuition, hath totally taken away the 'authority of the master. The relation of the master and scholar is indelible, as indeed all other relations

* This is an ambiguous phrase, and may mean either a forest well cloathed with wood, or well stript of it.

'are: for they all derive their original 'from Heaven. I would have you 'think yourself, therefore, as much 'obliged to obey me now, as when I 'taught you your first rudiments.'—'I believe you would,' cries Jones; 'but that will not happen, unless you 'had the same birchen argument to 'convince me.'—'Then I must tell 'you plainly,' said Thwackum, 'I 'am resolved to discover the wicked 'wretch.'—'And I must tell you 'plainly,' returned Jones, 'I am re-'solved you shall not.' Thwackum then offered to advance, and Jones laid hold of his arms; which Mr. Blifil endeavoured to rescue, declaring he would not see his old master insulted.

Jones now finding himself engaged with two, thought it necessary to rid himself of one of his antagonists as soon as possible. He, therefore, applied to the weakest first; and letting the parson go, he directed a blow at the young squire's breast, which luckily taking place, reduced him to measure his length on the ground.

Thwackum was so intent on the discovery, that the moment he found himself at liberty, he stept forward directly into the fern, without any great consideration of what might, in the mean time, befal his friend; but he had advanced a very few paces into the thicket, before Jones, having defeated Blifil, overtook the parson, and dragged him backward by the skirt of his coat.

This parson had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honour by his fist, both at school and at the university. He had now, indeed, for a great number of years, declined the practice of that noble art; yet was his courage full as strong as his faith, and his body no less strong than either. He was, moreover, as the reader may perhaps have conceived, somewhat irascible in his nature. When he looked back, therefore, and saw his friend stretched out on the ground, and found himself at the same time so roughly handled by one who had formerly been only passive in all conflicts between them, (a circumstance which highly aggravated the whole) his patience at length gave way; he threw himself into a posture of offence, and collecting all his force, attacked Jones in the front, with as much impetuosity as he had formerly attacked him in the rear.

Our hero received the enemy's attack with the most undaunted intrepidity, and his bosom resounded with the blows. This he presently returned with no less violence, aiming likewise at the parson's breast; but he dextrously drove down the fist of Jones, so that it reached only his belly, where two pounds of beef, and as many of pudding, were then deposited, and whence consequently no hollow sound could proceed. Many lusty blows, much more pleasant as well as easy to have seen, than to read or describe, were given on both sides; at last a violent fall, in which Jones had thrown his knees into Thwackum's breast, so weakened the latter, that victory had been no longer dubious, had not Blifil, who had now recovered his strength, again renewed the fight, and, by engaging with Jones, given the parson a moment's time to shake his ears, and to regain his breath.

And now both together attacked our hero, whose blows did not retain that force with which they had fallen at first; so weakened was he by his combat with Thwackum: for though the pedagogue chose rather to play *solos* on the human instrument, and had been lately used to those only, yet he still retained enough of his ancient knowledge to perform his part very well in a *duet*.

The victory, according to modern custom, was like to be decided by numbers; when, on a sudden, a fourth pair of fists appeared in the battle, and immediately paid their compliments to the parson; the owner of them, at the same time, crying out, 'Are not you 'ashamed, and be d—n'd to you, to 'fall two of you upon one?'

The battle, which was of the kind that, for distinction's sake, is called *royal*, now raged with the utmost violence during a few minutes; till Blifil being a second time laid sprawling by Jones, Thwackum condescended to apply for quarter to his new antagonist, who was now found to be Mr. Western himself: for in the heat of the action none of the combatants had recognized him.

In fact, that honest squire, happening in his afternoon's walk with some company to pass through the field where the

the bloody battle was fought; and having concluded from seeing three men engaged, that two of them must be on a side, he hastened from his companions, and, with more gallantry than policy, espoused the cause of the weaker party. By which generous proceeding, he very probably prevented Mr. Jones from becoming a victim to the wrath of Thwackum, and to the pious friendship which Blifil bore his old master: for besides the disadvantage of such odds, Jones had not yet sufficiently recovered the former strength of his broken arm. This reinforcement, however, soon put an end to the action; and Jones with his ally obtained the victory.

CHAP. XII.

IN WHICH IS SEEN A MORE MOVING SPECTACLE THAN ALL THE BLOOD IN THE BODIES OF THWACKUM AND BLIFIL, AND OF TWENTY OTHER SUCH, IS CAPABLE OF PRODUCING.

THE rest of Mr. Western's company were now come up, being just at the instant when the action was over. These were the honest clergyman, whom we have formerly seen at Mr. Western's table; Mrs. Western, the aunt of Sophia; and, lastly, the lovely Sophia herself.

At this time, the following was the aspect of the bloody field. In one place lay on the ground, all pale and almost breathless, the vanquished Blifil. Near him stood the conqueror Jones, almost covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum. In a third place stood the said Thwackum, like King Porus, sullenly submitting to the conqueror. The last figure in the place was Western the Great, most gloriously forbearing the vanquished foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little sign of life, was at first the principal object of the concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. Western, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartshorn, and was herself about to apply it to his nostrils; when on a sudden the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whose spirit, if it had any such design, might have now taken an opportunity of stealing off to the other world, without any ceremony.

For now a more melancholy as well as more lovely object lay motionless before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herself; who, from the sight of blood, or from fear for her father, or from some other reason, had fallen down in a swoon, before any one could get to her assistance.

Mrs Western first saw her, and screamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out, 'Miss Western is 'dead!' Hartshorn, water, every remedy, were called for, almost at one and the same instant.

The reader may remember, that in our description of this grove, we mentioned a murmuring brook; which brook did not come there, as such gentle streams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpose than to murmur: no; Fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of those which wash the plains of Arcadia ever deserved.

Jones was rubbing Blifil's temples: for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words, 'Miss Western and death!' rushed at once on his ear. He started up, left Blifil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the rest were running against each other, backward and forward, looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field to the rivulet above-mentioned; where, plunging himself into the water, he contrived to besprinkle her face, head, and neck, very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia, that the same confusion which prevented her other friends from serving her, prevented them likewise from obstructing Jones. He had carried her half way before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually restored her to life before they reached the water-side: she stretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried, 'Oh, Heavens!' just as her father, aunt, and the parson came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely burden in his arms, now relinquished his hold; but gave her at the same instant a tender caress, which,

had her ſenſes been then perfectly reſtored, could not have eſcaped her obſervation. As ſhe expreſſed, therefore, no diſpleaſure at this freedom, we ſuppoſe ſhe was not ſufficiently recovered from her ſwoon at the time.

This tragical ſcene was now converted into a ſudden ſcene of joy. In this our hero was, moſt certainly, the principal character: for as he probably felt more extatick delight in having ſaved Sophia, than ſhe herſelf received from being ſaved; ſo neither were the congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on Jones, eſpecially by Mr. Weſtern himſelf; who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kiſſing Jones. He called him the preſerver of Sophia, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his eſtate, which he would not give him; but upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox-hounds, the Chevalier, and Miſs Slouch; for ſo he called his favourite mare.

All fears for Sophia being now removed, Jones became the object of the ſquire's conſideration. 'Come, my 'lad,' ſays Weſtern, 'd'off thy 'quoat, and waſh thy feace: for att 'in a deviliſh pickle, I promiſe thee. 'Come, come, waſh thyſelf, and ſha't 'go huome with me; and we'll zee to 'vind thee another quoat.'

Jones immediately complied, threw off his coat, went down to the water, and waſhed both his face and boſom; for the latter was as much expoſed and as bloody as the former: but though the water could clear off the blood, it could not remove the black and blue marks which Thwackum had imprinted on both his face and breaſt; and which, being diſcerned by Sophia, drew from her a ſigh, and a look full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs.

Jones received this full in his eyes, and it had infinitely a ſtronger effect on him than all the contuſions which he had received before: an effect, however, widely different; for ſo ſoft and balmy was it, that, had all his former blows been ſtabs, it would for ſome minutes have prevented his feeling their ſmart.

The company now moved backwards, and ſoon arrived where Thwackum had got Mr. Bliſil again on his legs. Here we cannot ſuppreſs a pious wiſh, that all quarrels were to be decided by thoſe weapons only with which Nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath ſupplied us; and that cold iron was to be uſed in digging no bowels but thoſe of the earth: then would war, the paſtime of monarchs, be almoſt inoffenſive, and battles between great armies might be fought at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality, who, together with the kings themſelves, might be actual ſpectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well ſtrewed with human carcaſſes, and the next, the dead men, or infinitely the greateſt part of them, might get up, like Mr. Bayes's troops, and march off either at the ſound of a drum or fiddle, as ſhould be previouſly agreed on.

I would avoid, if poſſible, treating this matter ludicrouſly, leſt grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jeſt, may cry piſh at it; but, in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noſes, and black eyes, as by the greater heaps of mangled and murdered human bodies? Might not towns be contended for in the ſame manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a ſcheme to the French intereſt, ſince they would thus loſe the advantage they have over other nations, in the ſuperiority of their engineers: but when I conſider the gallantry and generoſity of that people, I am perſuaded they would never decline putting themſelves upon a par with their adverſary; or, as the phraſe is, *make themſelves his match.*

But ſuch reformations are rather to be wiſhed than hoped for: I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with this ſhort hint, and return to my narrative.

Weſtern began now to enquire into the original riſe of this quarrel. To which neither Bliſil nor Jones gave any anſwer; but Thwackum ſaid ſurlily, 'I believe the cauſe is not far 'off; if you beat the buſhes well, you 'may find her.'—'Find her!' replied Weſtern; 'what! have you been 'fighting for a wench?'—'Aſk the 'gentleman in his waiſtcoat there,' ſaid Thwackum, 'he beſt knows.' —'Nay, then,' cries Weſtern, 'it is a 'wench certainly.—Ah, Tom, Tom! 'thou art a liquoriſh dog.—But come, 'gentlemen,

'gentlemen, be all friends, and go 'home with me, and make a final 'peace over a bottle.'—'I aſk your 'pardon, Sir,' ſays Thwackum, 'it 'is no ſuch ſlight matter for a man of 'my character to be thus injuriouſly 'treated and buffetted by a boy, on-'ly becauſe I would have done my 'duty, in endeavouring to detect and 'bring to juſtice a wanton harlot: but, 'indeed, the principal fault lies in 'Allworthy and yourſelf; for, if you 'put the laws in execution, as you 'ought to do, you would ſoon rid the 'country of theſe vermin.'

'I would as ſoon rid the country of 'foxes,' cries Weſtern. 'I think we 'ought to encourage the recruiting 'thoſe numbers which we are every 'day loſing in the war: but where is 'ſhe?—Pr'ythee, Tom, ſhew me.' He then began to beat about, in the ſame language, and in the ſame manner, as if he had been beating for a hare; and at laſt cried out, 'Soho! 'puſs is not far off. Here's her form, 'upon my ſoul! I believe I may cry '*ſtole away!*' And indeed ſo he might: for he had now diſcovered the place whence the poor girl had, at the beginning of the fray, ſtolen away, upon as many feet as a hare generally uſes in travelling.

Sophia now deſired her father to return home; ſaying, ſhe found herſelf very faint, and apprehended a relapſe. The ſquire immediately complied with his daughter's requeſt, (for he was the fondeſt of parents.) He earneſtly endeavoured to prevail with the whole company to go and ſup with him: but Blifil and Thwackum abſolutely refuſed; the former ſaying, there were more reaſons than he could then mention, why he muſt decline this honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a perſon of his function to be ſeen at any place in his preſent condition.

Jones was incapable of refuſing the pleaſure of being with his Sophia. So on he marched with Squire Weſtern and his ladies; the parſon bringing up the rear. This had, indeed, offered to tarry with his brother Thwackum, profeſſing his regard for the cloth would not permit him to depart; but Thwackum would not accept the favour, and, with no great civility, puſhed him after Mr. Weſtern.

Thus ended this bloody fray; and thus ſhall end the fifth book of this hiſtory.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING,

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK VI.

CONTAINING ABOUT THREE WEEKS.

CHAP. I.

OF LOVE.

IN our laſt book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the paſſion of love; and in our ſucceeding book, ſhall be forced to handle this ſubject ſtill more largely. It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourſelves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philoſophers, among many other wonderful diſcoveries, pretend to have found out that there is no ſuch paſſion in the human breaſt.

Whether theſe philoſophers be the ſame with that ſurprizing ſect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift, as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of any kind of learning, or even reading, diſcovered that profound and invaluable ſecret, that there was no G—; or whether they are not rather the ſame with thoſe who, ſome years ſince, very much alarmed the world, by ſhewing that there were no ſuch things as virtue or goodneſs really exiſting in human nature, and who deduced our beſt actions from pride; I will not here preſume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to ſuſpect, that all theſe ſeveral finders of truth, are the very identical men, who are by others called the finders of gold. The method uſed in both theſe ſearches after truth, and after gold, being indeed one and the ſame, viz. the ſearching, rummaging, and examining into a naſty place; indeed, in the former inſtances, into the naſtieſt of all places, *a bad mind*.

But though, in this particular, and perhaps in their ſucceſs, the truth-finder, and the gold-finder, may very probably be compared together; yet in modeſty, ſurely, there can be no compariſon between the two; for who ever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to aſſert, from the ill ſucceſs of his ſearch, that there was no ſuch thing as gold in the world? Whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that *jakes*, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honeſtly, and logically, concludes, that no ſuch things exiſt in the whole creation.

To

To avoid, however, all contention, if poſſible, with theſe philoſophers, if they will be called ſo, and to ſhew our own diſpoſition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we ſhall here make them ſome conceſſions, which may poſſibly put an end to the diſpute.

Firſt, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps thoſe of the philoſophers, are entirely free from the leaſt traces of ſuch a paſſion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the deſire of ſatisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human fleſh, is by no means that paſſion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and as no glutton is aſhamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to ſay he *loves* ſuch and ſuch diſhes; ſo may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, ſay, he *hungers* after ſuch and ſuch women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a moſt acceptable conceſſion, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it ſatisfies itſelf in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheleſs ſeek it's own ſatisfaction as much as the groſſeſt of all our appetites.

And, laſtly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different ſex, is very apt, towards it's compleat gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is ſo far from abating, that it heightens all it's delights to a degree ſcarce imaginable by thoſe who have never been ſuſceptible of any other emotions than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all theſe conceſſions, I deſire of the philoſophers to grant, that there is in ſome (I believe in many) human breaſts, a kind and benevolent diſpoſition, which is gratified by contributing to the happineſs of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendſhip, in parental and filial affection, and indeed in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquiſite delight. That if we will not call ſuch diſpoſition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleaſures ariſing from ſuch pure love, may be heightened and ſweetened by the aſſiſtance of amorous deſires, yet the former can ſubſiſt alone, nor are they deſtroyed by the intervention of the latter. Laſtly, that eſteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to deſire; and therefore, though ſuch deſire may naturally ceaſe, when age or ſickneſs overtake it's object, yet theſe can have no effect on love, nor ever ſhake or remove from a good mind that ſenſation or paſſion which hath gratitude and eſteem for it's baſis.

To deny the exiſtence of a paſſion of which we often ſee manifeſt inſtances, ſeems to be very ſtrange and abſurd, and can indeed proceed only from that ſelf-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this? Doth the man who recognizes in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude therefore that there are no ſuch paſſions in human nature? Why will we not modeſtly obſerve the ſame rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil of others? Or why, in any caſe, will we, as Shakeſpeare phraſes it, 'put the world 'in our own perſon?'

Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one inſtance of that adulation which we beſtow on our own minds, and this almoſt univerſally. For there is ſcarce any man, how much ſoever he may deſpiſe the character of a flatterer, but will condeſcend in the meaneſt manner to flatter himſelf.

To thoſe, therefore, I apply for the truth of the above obſervations, whoſe own minds can bear teſtimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and reſolve whether you do believe theſe matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages; if you do not, you have, I aſſure you, already read more than you have underſtood; and it would be wiſer to purſue your buſineſs, or your pleaſures, (ſuch as they are) than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taſte nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, muſt be as abſurd as to diſcourſe on colours to a man born blind; ſince poſſibly your idea of love may be as abſurd as that which we are told ſuch blind man once entertained of the colour red: that colour ſeemed to him to be very much like the ſound of a trumpet; and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly

greatly reſemble a diſh of ſoup, or a ſirloin of roaſt-beef.

CHAP. II.

THE CHARACTER OF MRS. WESTERN. HER GREAT LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD, AND AN INSTANCE OF THE DEEP PENETRATION WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THOSE ADVANTAGES.

THE reader hath ſeen Mr. Weſtern, his ſiſter and daughter, with young Jones, and the parſon, going together to Mr Weſtern's houſe, where the greater part of the company ſpent the evening with much joy and feſtivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave perſon: for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire poſſeſſion of his heart, yet the pleaſing reflection on Mr. Allworthy's recovery, and the preſence of his miſtreſs, joined to ſome tender looks which ſhe now and then could not refrain from giving him, ſo elevated our hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the ſame gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfaſt; whence ſhe retired likewiſe earlier than uſual, leaving her father and aunt together. The ſquire took no notice of this change in his daughter's diſpoſition. To ſay the truth, though he was ſomewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country-intereſt at an election, he was a man of no great obſervation. His ſiſter was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had ſeen the world. Hence ſhe had acquired all that knowledge which the ſaid world uſually communicates; and was a perfect miſtreſs of manners, cuſtoms, ceremonies, and faſhions; nor did her erudition ſtop here. She had conſiderably improved her mind by ſtudy: ſhe had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems and romances; in all which ſhe was a critick; but had gone through Rapin's Hiſtory of England, Eachard's Roman Hiſtory, and many French *Memoires pour ſervir à l'hiſtoire*; to theſe ſhe had added moſt of the political pamphlets and journals publiſhed within the laſt twenty years. From which ſhe had attained a very competent ſkill in politicks, and could diſcourſe very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was moreover excellently well ſkilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together: a knowledge which ſhe the more eaſily attained, as her purſuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own: for either ſhe had no inclinations, or they had never been ſolicited; which laſt is indeed very probable: for her maſculine perſon, which was near ſix foot high, added to her manner and learning, poſſibly prevented the other ſex from regarding her, notwithſtanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as ſhe had conſidered the matter ſcientifically, ſhe perfectly well knew, though ſhe had never practiſed them, all the arts which fine ladies uſe when they deſire to give encouragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of ſmiles, ogles, glances, &c. as they are at preſent practiſed in the beau monde. To ſum up the whole, no ſpecies of diſguiſe or affectation had eſcaped her notice; but as to the plain ſimple workings of honeſt nature, as ſhe had never ſeen any ſuch, ſhe could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful ſagacity, Mrs. Weſtern had now, as ſhe thought, made a diſcovery of ſomething in the mind of Sophia. The firſt hint of this ſhe took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle; and the ſuſpicion which ſhe then conceived, was greatly corroborated by ſome obſervations which ſhe had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a miſtake, ſhe carried the ſecret a whole fortnight in her boſom, giving only ſome oblique hints, by ſimperings, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obſcure word, which indeed ſufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth of her obſervation, ſhe took an opportunity, one morning, when ſhe was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whiſtles in the following manner.

'Pray, brother, have you not obſerved ſomething very extraordinary in my niece lately?'—'No, not I,' anſwered

anſwered Weſtern: 'is any thing the 'matter with the girl?'—'I think 'there is,' replies ſhe, 'and ſomething 'of much conſequence too.'—'Why 'ſhe doth not complain of any thing,' cries Weſtern, 'and ſhe hath had the 'ſmall pox?'—'Brother,' returned ſhe, 'girls are liable to other diſtem-'pers beſides the ſmall-pox, and ſome-'times poſſibly to much worſe.' Here Weſtern interrupted her with much earneſtneſs, and begged her, if any thing ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately: adding, ſhe knew he loved her more than his own ſoul, and that he would ſend to the world's end for the beſt phyſician to her.—'Nay, nay,' anſwered ſhe, ſmiling, 'the diſtemper is not ſo terrible; but 'I believe, brother, you are convinc-'ed I know the world, and I promiſe 'you I was never more deceived in my 'life, if my niece be not moſt deſpe-'rately in love.'—'How! in love;' cries Weſtern, in a paſſion: 'in love 'without acquainting me! I'll diſin-'herit her; I'll turn her out of doors, 'ſtark-naked, without a farthing. 'Is all my kindneſs vor 'ur, and 'vondneſs o'ur come to this, to fall 'in love without aſking me leave!'—'But you will not,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, 'turn this daughter, whom 'you love better than your own ſoul, 'out of doors, before you know whe-'ther you ſhall approve her choice. 'Suppoſe ſhe ſhould have fixed on 'the very perſon whom you yourſelf 'would wiſh, I hope you would not 'be angry then?'—'No, no,' cries Weſtern, 'that would make a diffe-'rence. If ſhe marries the man I 'would ha' her, ſhe may love whom 'ſhe pleaſes: I ſhan't trouble my head 'about that.'—'That is ſpoken,' anſwered the ſiſter, 'like a ſenſible 'man: but I believe the very perſon ſhe 'hath choſen, would be the very per-'ſon you would chuſe for her. I will 'diſclaim all knowledge of the world 'if it is not ſo; and I believe, bro-'ther, you will allow I have ſome.'—'Why lookee, ſiſter,' ſaid Weſtern, 'I do believe you have as much as any 'woman; and to be ſure thoſe are 'women's matters. You know I don't 'love to hear you talk about politicks; 'they belong to us, and petticoats 'ſhould not meddle: but come, who 'is the man?'—'Marry!' ſaid ſhe, 'you may find him out yourſelf, if 'you pleaſe. You who are ſo great 'a politician, can be at no great loſs. 'The judgment which can penetrate 'into the cabinets of princes, and 'diſcover the ſecret ſprings which 'move the great ſtate wheels in all 'the political machines of Europe, 'muſt ſurely, with very little diffi-'culty, find out what paſſes in the 'rude uninformed mind of a girl.'—'Siſter,' cries the ſquire, 'I have 'often warned you not to talk the 'court gibberiſh to me. I tell you, 'I don't underſtand the lingo; but I 'can read a journal, or the London 'Evening Poſt. Perhaps indeed, there 'may be now and tan a verſe which I 'can't make much of, becauſe half 'the letters are left out; yet I know 'very well what is meant by that, and 'that our affairs don't go ſo well as 'they ſhould do, becauſe of bribery 'and corruption.'—'I pity your 'country ignorance from my heart,' cries the lady. 'Do you?' anſwered Weſtern, 'and I pity your town 'learning; I had rather be any thing 'than a courtier, and a preſbyterian, 'and a Hanoverian too, as ſome 'people, I believe, are.'—'If you 'mean me,' anſwered ſhe, 'you know 'I am a woman, brother; and it 'ſignifies nothing what I am. Be-'ſides——' 'I do know you are a 'woman,' cries the ſquire; 'and it's 'well for thee, that art one: if hadſt 'been a man, I promiſe thee I had 'lent thee a *flick* long ago.'—'Ay 'there,' ſaid ſhe, 'in that *flick* lies 'all your fancied ſuperiority. Your 'bodies, and not your brains, are 'ſtronger than ours. Believe me, it 'is well for you that you are able to 'beat us; or, ſuch is the ſuperiority 'of our underſtanding, we ſhould 'make all of you what the brave, and 'wiſe, and witty, and polite, are al-'ready—our ſlaves.'—'I am glad I 'know your mind,' anſwered the ſquire, 'but we'll talk more of this 'matter another time. At preſent, 'do tell me what man it is you mean 'about my daughter.'—'Hold a mo-'ment,' ſaid ſhe, 'while I digeſt 'that ſovereign contempt I have for 'your ſex; or elſe I ought to be too 'angry with you. There—— I 'have made a ſhift to gulp it down; 'and now, good politick Sir, what

'think

'think you of Mr. Blifil? Did ſhe 'not faint away on ſeeing him lie 'breathleſs on the ground? Did ſhe 'not, after he was recovered, turn pale 'again the moment we came up to that 'part of the field where he ſtood? 'And pray what elſe ſhould be the 'occaſion of all her melancholy that 'night at ſupper, the next morning, 'and indeed ever ſince?'—'Fore 'Georgel' cries the ſquire, 'now you 'mind me on't, I remember it all. 'It is certainly ſo, and I am glad on't, 'with all my heart. I knew Sophy 'was a good girl, and would not fall 'in love to make me angry. I was 'never more rejoiced in my life: for 'nothing can lie ſo handy together as 'our two eſtates. I had this matter in 'my head ſome time ago; for cer-'tainly the two eſtates are in a man-'ner joined together in matrimony al-'ready, and it would be a thouſand 'pities to part them. It is true, in-'deed, there be larger eſtates in the 'kingdom, but not in this county; 'and I had rather bate ſomething, 'than marry my daughter among 'ſtrangers and foreigners. Beſides, 'moſt o'zuch great eſtates be in the 'hands of lords, and I heate the very 'name of *themmun*. Well but, ſiſter, 'what wou'd you adviſe me to do: 'for I tell you, women know theſe 'matters better than we do?'—'O 'your humble ſervant, Sir,' anſwered the lady; 'we are obliged to you for 'allowing us a capacity in any thing. 'Since you are pleaſed then, moſt po-'litick Sir, to aſk my advice, I think 'you may propoſe the match to All-'worthy yourſelf. There is no inde-'corum in the propoſal's coming from 'the parent of either ſide. King Al-'cinous, in Mr. Pope's Odyſſey, of-'fers his daughter to Ulyſſes. I need 'not caution ſo politick a perſon, not 'to ſay that your daughter is in love; 'that would indeed be againſt all 'rules.'—'Well,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I 'will propoſe it; but I ſhall certainly 'lend un a *flick*, if he ſhould refuſe 'me.'—'Fear not,' cries Mrs. Weſt-ern, 'the match is too advantageous 'to be refuſed.'—'I don't know that,' anſwered the ſquire; 'Allworthy is 'a queer b——ch, and money hath 'no effect o'un.'—'Brother,' ſaid the lady, 'your politicks aſtoniſh me. 'Are you really to be impoſed on by 'profeſſions? Do you think Mr. All-'worthy hath more contempt for mo-'ney than other men, becauſe he pro-'feſſes more? Such credulity would 'better become one of us weak wo-'men, than that wiſe ſex which Hea-'ven hath formed for politicians! In-'deed, brother, you would make a 'fine plenipo, to negotiate with the 'French. They would ſoon perſuade 'you, that they take towns out of 'mere defenſive principles.'—'Siſter,' anſwered the ſquire, with much ſcorn, 'let your friends at court anſwer for 'the towns taken; as you are a wo-'man, I ſhall lay no blame upon you: 'for I ſuppoſe they are wiſer than to 'truſt women with ſecrets.' He ac-companied this with ſo ſarcaſtical a laugh, that Mrs. Weſtern could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part, (for ſhe was indeed very deeply ſkilled in theſe mat-ters, and very violent in them) and therefore burſt forth in a rage, de-clared her brother to be both a clown and a blockhead, and that ſhe would ſtay no longer in his houſe.

The ſquire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He ſtrongly held all thoſe wiſe tenets which are ſo well inculcated in that politico-peripatetick ſchool of Ex-change Alley. He knew the juſt value and only uſe of money, viz. to lay it up. He was likewiſe well ſkilled in the exact value of reverſions, expecta-tions, &c. and had often conſidered the amount of his ſiſter's fortune, and the chance which he or his poſterity had of inheriting it. This he was in-finitely too wiſe to ſacrifice to a tri-fling reſentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult taſk, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and ſtill greater for her niece; and though too ſuſceptible of an af-front offered to her ſkill in politicks, on which ſhe much valued herſelf, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and ſweet diſpoſition.

Having firſt, therefore, laid violent hands on the horſes, for whoſe eſcape from the ſtable no place but the win-dow was left open; he next applied himſelf to his ſiſter, ſoftened and ſooth-ed her, by unſaying all he had ſaid,

and by assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the eloquence of Sophia to his assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning address, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt.

The result of the whole was a kind smile from Mrs. Western; who said, 'Brother, you are absolutely a perfect *Croat*; but as those have their use in the army of the empress queen, so you likewise have some good in you. I will therefore once more sign a treaty of peace with you, and see that you do not infringe it on your side; at least, as you are so excellent a politician, I may expect you will keep your leagues, like the French, till your interest calls upon you to break them.'

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING TWO DEFIANCES TO THE CRITICKS.

THE squire having settled matters with his sister, as we have seen in the last chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the proposal to Allworthy, that Mrs. Western had the utmost difficulty to prevent him from visiting that gentleman in his sickness, for this purpose.

Mr. Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr. Western at the time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no sooner discharged out of the custody of physick, but he thought (as was usual with him on all occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the last chapter, and this day of publick entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected some apprehensions that the sagacious lady suspected her passion for Jones. She now resolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all such suspicion; and for that purpose to put an entire constraint on her behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmost sprightliness in her countenance, and the highest gaiety in her manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole discourse to Mr. Blifil, and took not the least notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The squire was so delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he scarce eat any dinner, and spent almost his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying signs of his approbation by winks and nods to his sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her brother.

In short, Sophia so greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some affectation in her niece; but as she was herself a woman of great art, so she soon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints she had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking, that this conjecture would have been better founded, had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Grosvenor Square, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that passion, which is a mighty serious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles distant from London.

To say the truth, in discovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may use the expression, in the same key with theirs: for very artful men sometimes miscarry, by fancying others wiser, or in other words, greater knaves, than they really are. As this observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short story. Three countrymen were pursuing a Welsh rethief through Brentford. The simplest of them seeing 'The Wiltshire House,' written under a sign, advised his companions to enter it, for there most probably they would find their countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this simplicity; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, 'Let us go in, however, for he may 'think we should not suspect him of 'going amongst his own countrymen.' They accordingly went in, and searched the house; and by that means missed overtaking

overtaking the thief, who was, at that time, but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digreſſion in which ſo invaluable a ſecret is communicated, ſince every gameſter will agree how neceſſary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reaſon, why the wiſer man, as is often ſeen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many ſimple and innocent characters are ſo generally miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented; but what is moſt material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politick aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr. Weſtern, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his ſiſter had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aſide, and very bluntly propoſed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy was not one of thoſe men, whoſe hearts flutter at any unexpected and ſudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philoſophy which becomes a man and a chriſtian. He affected no abſolute ſuperiority to all pleaſure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the ſame time to be diſcompoſed and ruffled by every accidental blaſt, by every ſmile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. Weſtern's propoſal without any viſible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He ſaid, the alliance was ſuch as he ſincerely wiſhed; then launched forth into a very juſt encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr. Weſtern for the good opinion he had profeſſed for his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he ſhould be very deſirous to compleat the affair.

Weſtern was a little diſappointed at Mr. Allworthy's anſwer; which was not ſo warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one another, with great contempt; ſaying, that parents were the beſt judges of proper matches for their children: that, for his part, he ſhould inſiſt on the moſt reſigned obedience from his daughter; and if any young fellow could refuſe ſuch a bedfellow, he was his humble ſervant, and hoped there was no harm done.

Allworthy endeavoured to ſoften this reſentment by many eulogiums on Sophia; declaring, he had no doubt but that Mr. Blifil would very gladly receive the offer: but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other anſwer from the ſquire but—'I ſay no more—'I humbly hope there's no harm done '—that's all.' Which words he repeated at leaſt a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was ſo averſe to the rigour which ſome parents exerciſe on their children in the article of marriage, that he had reſolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheleſs much pleaſed with the proſpect of this union: for the whole country reſounded the praiſes of Sophia, and he had himſelf greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and perſon. To which, I believe, we may add, the conſideration of her vaſt fortune; which, though he was too ſober to be intoxicated with it, he was too ſenſible to deſpiſe.

And here, in defiance of all the barking criticks in the world, I muſt and will introduce a digreſſion concerning true wiſdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodneſs.

True wiſdom, then, notwithſtanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ againſt riches, and in ſpite of all which any rich, well-fed divine, may have preached againſt pleaſure, conſiſts not in the contempt of either of theſe. A man may have as much wiſdom in poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune, as any beggar in the ſtreets; or may enjoy a handſome wife or a hearty friend, and ſtill remain as wiſe as any ſour popiſh recluſe, who buries all his ſocial faculties, and ſtarves his belly while he well laſhes his back.

To ſay truth, the wiſeſt man is the likeſteſt to poſſeſs all worldly bleſſings in an eminent degree: for as that moderation which wiſdom preſcribes is the ſureſt way to uſeful wealth; ſo can it alone qualify us to taſte many pleaſures. The wiſe man gratifies every appetite

appetite and every paſſion, while the fool ſacrifices all the reſt to pall and ſatiate one.

It may be objected, that very wiſe men have been notoriouſly avaricious. I anſwer, not in that inſtance. It may likewiſe be ſaid, that the wiſeſt men have been, in their youth, immoderately fond of pleaſure. I anſwer, they were not wiſe then.

Wiſdom, in ſhort, whoſe leſſons have been repreſented as ſo hard to learn by thoſe who never were at her ſchool, teaches us only to extend a ſimple maxim univerſally known and followed even in the loweſt life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and conſtantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleaſure, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wiſe man; and muſt be ſo acknowledged in the worldly ſenſe of the word: for he makes the beſt of bargains; ſince, in reality, he purchaſes every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned; while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himſelf.

From this moderation, likewiſe, he learns two other leſſons, which compleat his character. Firſt, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the beſt bargain; nor dejected when the market is empty, or when it's commodities are too dear for his purchaſe.

But I muſt remember on what ſubject I am writing, and not treſpaſs too far on the patience of a good-natured critick. Here therefore I put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING SUNDRY CURIOUS MATTERS.

As ſoon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart, and after ſome preface, communicated to him the propoſal which had been made by Mr. Weſtern; and, at the ſame time, informed him how agreeable this match would be to himſelf.

The charms of Sophia had not made the leaſt impreſſion on Blifil. Not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally inſenſible of beauty, or had any averſion to women: but his appetites were, by nature, ſo moderate, that he was eaſily able, by philoſophy or by ſtudy, or by ſome other method, to ſubdue them; and as to that paſſion which we have treated of in the firſt chapter of this book, he had not the leaſt tincture of it in his whole compoſition.

But though he was ſo entirely free from that mixed paſſion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauties of Sophia formed ſo notable an object; yet was he altogether as well furniſhed with ſome other paſſions, that promiſed themſelves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once conſidered the poſſeſſion of this fortune as a very deſirable thing, and had entertained ſome diſtant views concerning it: but his own youth, and that of the young lady, and indeed principally a reflection that Mr. Weſtern might marry again, and have more children, had reſtrained him from too haſty or eager a purſuit.

This laſt and moſt material objection was now in great meaſure removed, as the propoſal came from Mr. Weſtern himſelf. Blifil, therefore, after a very ſhort heſitation, anſwered Mr. Allworthy, that matrimony was a ſubject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was ſo ſenſible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he ſhould in all things ſubmit himſelf to his pleaſure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of ſpirit, and his preſent gravity aroſe from true wiſdom and philoſophy, not from any original phlegm in his diſpoſition: for he had poſſeſſed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleaſed with this cold anſwer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praiſes of Sophia, and expreſſing ſome wonder that the heart of a young man could

could be impregnable to the force of ſuch charms, unleſs it was guarded by ſome prior affection.

Blifil aſſured him he had no ſuch guard; and then proceeded to diſcourſe ſo wiſely and religiouſly on love and marriage, that he would have ſtopt the mouth of a parent much leſs devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was ſatisfied, that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that eſteem for her, which in ſober and virtuous minds is the ſure foundation of friendſhip and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his miſtreſs, he foreſaw great happineſs ariſing to all parties by ſo proper and deſirable an union. With Mr. Blifil's conſent, therefore, he wrote the next morning to Mr. Weſtern, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the propoſal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to accept his viſit.

Weſtern was much pleaſed with this letter, and immediately returned an anſwer; in which, without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the ſcene of courtſhip.

As ſoon as he had diſpatched this meſſenger, he went in queſt of his ſiſter, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to parſon Supple. To this expoſition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuoſity, before he was ſuffered to ſpeak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady, that he had buſineſs of great conſequence to impart to her; to which ſhe anſwered, 'Brother, 'I am entirely at your ſervice. Things 'look ſo well in the North, that I 'was never in a better humour.'

The parſon then withdrawing, Weſtern acquainted her with all which had paſſed, and deſired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which ſhe readily and chearfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aſpect which had ſo delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings: for they were certainly ſomewhat too haſty and violent.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS RELATED WHAT PASSED BETWEEN SOPHIA AND HER AUNT.

SOPHIA was in her chamber, reading, when her aunt came in. The moment ſhe ſaw Mrs. Weſtern, ſhe ſhut the book with ſo much eagerneſs, that the good lady could not forbear aſking her, what book that was, which ſhe ſeemed ſo much afraid of ſhewing. 'Upon my word, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'it is a book which 'I am neither aſhamed nor afraid to 'own I have read. It is the production of a young lady of faſhion, 'whoſe good underſtanding, I think, 'doth honour to her ſex, and whoſe 'good heart is an honour to human 'nature.'—Mrs. Weſtern then took up the book, and immediately threw it down, ſaying—'Yes, the author 'is of a very good family; but ſhe is 'not much among people one knows. 'I have never read it; for the beſt 'judges ſay, there is not much in it.' —'I dare not, Madam, ſet up my 'own opinion,' ſays Sophia, 'againſt 'the beſt judges; but there appears 'to me a great deal of human nature 'in it, and in many parts ſo much 'true tenderneſs and delicacy, that 'it hath coſt me many a tear.'—'Ay, 'and do you love to cry then?' ſays the aunt. 'I love a tender ſenſation,' anſwered the niece, 'and would pay 'the price of a tear for it at any time.' —'Well, but ſhew me,' ſaid the aunt, 'what you was reading when I 'came in; there was ſomething very 'tender in that, I believe, and very lov-'ing too. You bluſh, my dear Sophia. 'Ah! child, you ſhould read books, 'which would teach you a little hypo-'criſy, which would inſtruct you to 'hide your thoughts a little better.'— 'I hope, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'I have no thoughts which I ought 'to be aſhamed of diſcovering.'— 'Aſhamed! no,' cries the aunt, 'I 'don't think you have any thoughts 'which you ought to be aſhamed of: 'and yet, child, you bluſhed juſt now, 'when I mentioned the word *loving*. 'Dear Sophia, be aſſured you have not 'one thought which I am not well 'acquainted with; as well, child, as 'the

'the French are with our motions, 'long before we put them in execu- 'tion. Did you think, child, becauſe 'you have been able to impoſe upon 'your father, that you could impoſe 'upon me? Do you imagine I did not 'know the reaſon of your over-acting 'all that friendſhip for Mr. Blifil 'yeſterday? I have ſeen a little too 'much of the world, to be ſo deceiv- 'ed. Nay, nay! do not bluſh again. 'I tell you it is a paſſion you need not 'be aſhamed of. It is a paſſion I my- 'ſelf approve, and have already brought 'your father into the approbation of 'it. Indeed, I ſolely conſider your 'inclination; for I would always have 'that gratified, if poſſible, though one 'may ſacrifice higher proſpects. Come, 'I have news which will delight your 'very ſoul. Make me your confidante, 'and I will undertake you ſhall be 'happy to the very extent of your 'wiſhes.'—'La, Madam,' ſays So- phia, looking more fooliſhly than ever ſhe did in her life, 'I know not what 'to ſay—Why, Madam, ſhould you 'ſuſpect—?' 'Nay, no diſhoneſty,' re- turned Mrs. Weſtern. 'Conſider, you 'are ſpeaking to one of your own ſex, 'to an aunt; and I hope you are con- 'vinced you ſpeak to a friend. Con- 'ſider, you are only revealing to me 'what I know already, and what I 'plainly ſaw yeſterday through that 'moſt artful of all diſguiſes, which 'you had put on, and which muſt have 'deceived any one who had not per- 'fectly known the world. Laſtly, 'conſider it as a paſſion which I 'highly approve.'—'La, Madam,' ſays Sophia, 'you come upon one ſo 'unawares and on a ſudden! To 'be ſure, Madam, I am not blind— 'and certainly, if it be a fault to ſee 'all human perfections aſſembled to- 'gether—— But is it poſſible my father 'and you, Madam, can ſee with my 'eyes?'—'I tell you,' anſwered the aunt, 'we do entirely approve; and this 'very afternoon your father hath ap- 'pointed for you to receive your lover.' —'My father, this afternoon!' cries Sophia, with the blood ſtarting from her face. 'Yes, child,' ſaid the aunt, 'this afternoon. You know the im- 'petuoſity of my brother's temper. 'I acquainted him with the paſſion 'which I firſt diſcovered in you that 'evening when you fainted away in 'the field. I ſaw it in your faintings. 'I ſaw it immediately upon your re- 'covery. I ſaw it that evening at ſup- 'per, and the next morning at break- 'faſt: (you know, child, I have ſeen 'the world.) Well, I no ſooner ac- 'quainted my brother, but he imme- 'diately wanted to propoſe it to All- 'worthy. He propoſed it yeſterday, 'Allworthy conſented, (as to be ſure 'he muſt with joy) and this after- 'noon, I tell you, you are to put on 'all your beſt airs.'—'This after- 'noon!' cries Sophia. 'Dear aunt, 'you frighten me out of my ſenſes.' —'O, my dear,' ſaid the aunt, 'you 'will ſoon come to yourſelf again: 'for he is a charming young fellow, 'that's the truth on't.'—'Nay, I will 'own,' ſays Sophia, 'I know none 'with ſuch perfections. So brave, 'and yet ſo gentle; ſo witty, yet ſo 'inoffenſive, ſo humane, ſo civil, ſo 'genteel, ſo handſome! What ſigni- 'fies his being baſe-born, when com- 'pared with ſuch qualifications as 'theſe?'—'Baſe-born! What do you 'mean?' ſaid the aunt: 'Mr. Blifil 'baſe-born!' Sophia turned inſtant- ly pale at this name, and faintly re- peated it. Upon which the aunt cried, 'Mr. Blifil! ay, Mr. Blifil! of whom 'elſe have we been talking?'—'Good 'heavens!' anſwered Sophia, ready to ſink, 'of Mr. Jones, I thought; I am 'ſure I know no other who deſerves—' 'I proteſt,' cries the aunt, 'you 'frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr. 'Jones, and not Mr. Blifil, who is 'the object of your affection?'—'Mr. 'Blifil!' repeated Sophia. 'Sure it 'is impoſſible you can be in earneſt; 'if you are, I am the moſt miſerable 'woman alive.' Mrs. Weſtern now ſtood a few moments ſilent, while ſparks of fiery rage flaſhed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, ſhe thundered forth in the following articulate ſounds—

'And is it poſſible you can think of 'diſgracing your family, by allying 'yourſelf to a baſtard? Can the blood 'of the Weſterns ſubmit to ſuch con- 'tamination! If you have not ſenſe 'ſufficient to reſtrain ſuch monſtrous 'inclinations, I thought the pride of 'our family would have prevented you 'from giving the leaſt encouragement

'to

'to so base an action; much less did I 'imagine you would ever have had the 'assurance to own it to my face.'

'Madam,' answered Sophia, trembling, 'what I have said you have 'extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the name 'of Mr. Jones, with approbation, to 'any one before; nor should I now, 'had I not conceived he had your 'approbation. Whatever were my 'thoughts of that poor unhappy young 'man, I intended to have carried them 'with me to my grave; to that grave 'where now I find I am only to seek 'repose.' Here she sunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and, in all the moving silence of unutterable grief, presented a spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest heart.

All this tender sorrow, however, raised no compassion in her aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent rage: 'And I would ra-'ther,' she cried, in a most vehement voice, 'follow you to the grave, than 'I would see you disgrace yourself 'and your family by such a match. 'O Heavens! could I have ever su-'spected that I should live to hear a 'niece of mine declare a passion for 'such a fellow! You are the first; 'yes, Miss Western, you are the first 'of your name who ever entertained 'so grovelling a thought. A family 'so noted for the prudence of it's 'women—' Here she run on a full quarter of an hour, till having exhausted her breath rather than her rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herself at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, begged her, with tears, to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and protesting that no inclinations of her's should ever prevail with her to do any thing which might offend him.

Mrs. Western stood a moment looking at her, and then having recollected herself, said, that on one consideration only she would keep the secret from her brother; and this was, that Sophia should promise to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as her lover, and to regard him as the person who was to be her husband.

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her any thing positively: she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. Blifil, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She said, Mr. Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of women.

Mrs. Western assured her, that the match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or should prevent it. 'I must own,' says she, 'I looked 'on it as on a matter of indifference, 'nay, perhaps, had some scruples about 'it before, which were actually got 'over by my thinking it highly agree-'able to your own inclinations; but 'now I regard it as the most eligible 'thing in the world; nor shall there 'be, if I can prevent it, a moment of 'time lost on the occasion.'

Sophia replied, 'Delay, at least, Ma-'dam, I may expect from both your 'goodness and my father's. Surely 'you will give me time to endeavour 'to get the better of so strong a dis-'inclination as I have at present to 'this person.'

The aunt answered, she knew too much of the world to be so deceived; that as she was sensible another man had her affections, she should persuade Mr. Western to hasten the match as much as possible. 'It would be bad 'politicks indeed,' added she, 'to pro-'tract a siege, when the enemy's army 'is at hand, and in danger of reliev-'ing it. No, no, Sophy,' said she, 'as I am convinced you have a violent 'passion, which you can never satisfy 'with honour, I will do all I can to 'put your honour out of the care of 'your family: for when you are mar-'ried, those matters will belong only 'to the consideration of your husband. 'I hope, child, you will always have 'prudence enough to act as becomes 'you; but if you should not, mar-'riage hath saved many a woman from 'ruin.'

Sophia well understood what her aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an answer. However, she took a resolution to see Mr. Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as she could: for on that condition only she obtained a promise from her aunt to keep se-

cret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any ſcheme of Mrs. Weſtern, had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOPHIA AND MRS. HONOUR, WHICH MAY A LITTLE RELIEVE THOSE TENDER AFFECTIONS, WHICH THE FOREGOING SCENE MAY HAVE RAISED IN THE MIND OF A GOOD-NATURED READER.

MRS. Weſtern having obtained that promiſe from her niece which we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, withdrew; and preſently after arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been ſummoned to the key-hole by ſome vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where ſhe had continued during the remaining part of it. At her entry into the room, ſhe found Sophia ſtanding motionleſs, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which ſhe immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began, 'O gemini, my dear lady, what 'is the matter?'—'Nothing,' cries Sophia. 'Nothing! O dear Madam,' anſwers Mrs. Honour, 'you muſt not 'tell me that, when your ladyſhip is 'in this taking, and when there hath 'been ſuch a preamble between your 'ladyſhip and Madam Weſtern.'—'Don't teize me,' cries Sophia; 'I 'tell you, nothing is the matter.—'Good Heaven! why was I born!'—'Nay, Madam,' ſays Mrs. Honour, 'you ſhall never perſuade me, that 'your la'ſhip can lament yourſelf ſo 'for nothing. To be ſure, I am but 'a ſervant; but to be ſure I have been 'always faithful to your la'ſhip, and 'to be ſure I would ſerve your la'ſhip 'with my life.'—'My dear Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'tis not in thy power to 'be of any ſervice to me. I am irretrievably undone.'—'Heaven forbid!' anſwered the waiting-woman; 'but if I can't be of any ſervice to you, 'pray tell me, Ma'am, it will be ſome 'comfort to me to know: pray, dear 'Ma'am, tell me what's the matter?'—'My father,' cries Sophia, 'is going to marry me to a man I both deſpiſe and hate.'—'O, dear Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'who is this wicked man? For to be ſure he is very 'bad, or your la'ſhip would not deſpiſe him.'—'His name is poiſon to 'my tongue,' replied Sophia, 'thou 'wilt know it too ſoon.' Indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe knew it already, and therefore was not very inquiſitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: 'I don't pretend to give your 'la'ſhip advice, *whereof* your la'ſhip 'knows much better than I can pretend to, being but a ſervant; but, 'i-fakins! no father in England 'ſhould marry me againſt my conſent. 'And to be ſure, the ſquire is ſo good, 'that if he did but know your la'ſhip 'deſpiſes and hates the young man, 'to be ſure he would not deſire you to 'marry him. And if your la'ſhip 'would but give me leave to tell my 'maſter ſo—to be ſure, it would be 'more properer to come from your 'own mouth; but as your la'ſhip doth 'not care to foul your tongue with his 'naſty name—' 'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia; 'my father was determined before he ever 'thought fit to mention it to me.'—'More ſhame for him,' cries Honour; 'you are to go to bed to him, and not 'maſter. And thof a man may be 'a very proper man, yet every woman 'mayn't think him handſome alike. 'I am ſure my maſter would never act 'in this manner of his own head. I wiſh 'ſome people would trouble themſelves only with what belongs to 'them; they would not, I believe, 'like to be ſerved ſo, if it was their 'own caſe: for though I am a maid, 'I can eaſily believe as how all men 'are not equally agreeable. And 'what ſignifies your la'ſhip having ſo 'great a fortune, if you can't pleaſe 'yourſelf with the man you think 'moſt handſomeſt? Well, I ſay nothing, but to be ſure it is pity ſome 'folks had not been better born; nay, 'as for that matter, I ſhould not mind 'it myſelf: but then there is not ſo 'much money; and what of that? 'Your la'ſhip hath money enough for 'both; and where can your la'ſhip beſtow your fortune better? for to be 'ſure every one muſt allow, that he 'is the moſt handſomeſt, charmingeſt, 'fineſt, talleſt, propereſt man in the 'world.'—'What do you mean, by

'running

'running on in this manner to me?' cries Sophia, with a very grave countenance. 'Have I ever given any encouragement for these liberties?'—'Nay, Ma'am, I ask pardon; I meant no harm,' answered she; 'but to be sure the poor gentleman hath run in my head ever since I saw him this morning. To be sure, if your la'ship had but seen him just now, you must have pitied him. Poor gentleman! I wish some misfortune hath not happened to him: for he hath been walking about with his arms across, and looking so melancholy all this morning; I vow and protest it made me almost cry to see him!'—'To see whom?' says Sophia. 'Poor Mr. Jones,' answered Honour. 'See him! why, where did you see him?' cries Sophia. 'By the canal, Ma'am,' says Honour. 'There he hath been walking all this morning, and at last there he laid himself down: I believe he lies there still. To be sure, if it had not been for my modesty, being a maid as I am, I should have gone and spoke to him. Do, Ma'am, let me go and see, only for a fancy, whether he is there still.'—'Pugh!' says Sophia, 'there! no, no; what should he do there? He is gone before this time, to be sure. Besides, why—what—why should you go to see?—Besides, I want you for something else. Go, fetch me my hat and gloves. I shall walk with my aunt in the grove before dinner.' Honour did immediately as she was bid, and Sophia put her hat on; when looking in the glass, she fancied the ribband with which her hat was tied did not become her, and so sent her maid back again for a ribband of a different colour: and then giving Mrs. Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as she said it was in violent haste, and must be finished that very day, she muttered something more about going to the grove, and then sallied out the contrary way, and walked as fast as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly towards the canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs. Honour had told her: he had indeed spent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door, the moment she entered it at another. So that those unlucky minutes which had been spent in changing the ribbands, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this time. A most unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholesome lesson. And here I strictly forbid all male criticks to intermeddle with a circumstance which I have recounted only for the sake of the ladies, and upon which they only are at liberty to comment.

CHAP. VII.

A PICTURE OF FORMAL COURTSHIP IN MINIATURE, AS IT ALWAYS OUGHT TO BE DRAWN; AND A SCENE OF A TENDERER KIND, PAINTED AT FULL LENGTH.

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that misfortunes do not come single. This wise maxim was now verified by Sophia; who was not only disappointed of seeing the man she loved, but had the vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a visit from the man she hated.

That afternoon, Mr. Western, for the first time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few pearls from stealing into her eyes. 'Come, come,' says Western, 'none of your maidenish airs: I know all; I assure you, sister hath told me all.'

'Is it possible,' says Sophia, 'that my aunt can have betrayed me already?'—'Ay, ay,' says Western, 'betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourself yesterday at dinner. You shewed your fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the man you are in love with! Your mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same manner: but it was all over within twenty-four hours after we were married. Mr. Blifil is a brisk young man, and will soon put an end to your squeamishness. Come! chear up, chear up; I expect un every minute.'

Sophia was now convinced that her

aunt had behaved honourably to her; and ſhe determined to go through that diſagreeable afternoon with as much reſolution as poſſible, and without giving the leaſt ſuſpicion in the world to her father.

Mr. Blifil ſoon arrived; and Mr. Weſtern ſoon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long ſilence of near a quarter of an hour enſued: for the gentleman who was to begin the converſation had all that unbecoming modeſty which conſiſts in baſhfulneſs. He often attempted to ſpeak, and as often ſuppreſſed his words juſt at the very point of utterance. At laſt, out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-ſtrained compliments, which were anſwered on her ſide by down-caſt looks, half bows, and civil monoſyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himſelf, took this behaviour for a modeſt aſſent to his courtſhip; and when, to ſhorten a ſcene which ſhe could no longer ſupport, Sophia roſe up and left the room, he imputed that too merely to baſhfulneſs, and comforted himſelf, that he ſhould ſoon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well ſatisfied with his proſpect of ſucceſs: for as to that entire and abſolute poſſeſſion of the heart of his miſtreſs, which romantick lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her perſon were the ſole objects of his wiſhes, of which he made no doubt ſoon to obtain the abſolute property; as Mr. Weſtern's mind was ſo earneſtly bent on the match, and as he well knew the ſtrict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater ſtill which her father would exact, if there was occaſion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own perſon and converſation, could not fail, he thought, of ſucceeding with a young lady, whoſe inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely diſengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the leaſt jealouſy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country, (how juſtly let the reader determine) of being one of the wildeſt fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the moſt exemplary modeſty. Perhaps his ſuſpicions might be laid aſleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himſelf, when they were all in company together. Laſtly, and indeed principally, he was well aſſured there was not another ſelf in the caſe. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his underſtanding, for not being more attached to his own intereſt. He had no apprehenſion that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would ſway very little with ſo ſilly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim ſtill went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage: for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no ſecret from him, till his behaviour on the ſickneſs of Mr. Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had enſued on this occaſion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From theſe reaſons, therefore, Mr. Blifil ſaw no bar to his ſucceſs with Sophia. He concluded her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a firſt viſit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely anſwered his expectations.

Mr. Weſtern took care to way-lay the lover at his exit from his miſtreſs. He found him ſo elevated with his ſucceſs, ſo enamoured with his daughter, and ſo ſatisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antick actions to expreſs the extravagance of his joy: for he had not the leaſt command over any of his paſſions; and that which had at any time the aſcendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildeſt exceſſes.

As ſoon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kiſſes and embraces beſtowed on him by Weſtern, the good ſquire went inſtantly in queſt of his daughter; whom he no ſooner found, than he poured forth the moſt extravagant raptures, bidding her chuſe what cloaths and jewels ſhe pleaſed; and declaring that

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he had no other uſe for fortune but to make her happy. He then careſſed her again and again with the utmoſt profuſion of fondneſs, called her by the moſt endearing names, and proteſted ſhe was his only joy on earth.

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which ſhe did not abſolutely know the reaſon of, (for fits of fondneſs were not unuſual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought ſhe could never have a better opportunity of diſcloſing herſelf than at preſent; as far at leaſt as regarded Mr. Blifil; and ſhe too well foreſaw the neceſſity which ſhe ſhould ſoon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the ſquire, therefore, for all his profeſſions of kindneſs, ſhe added, with a look full of inexpreſſible ſoftneſs, 'And is it poſſible my papa can 'be ſo good as to place all his joy in 'his Sophia's happineſs?' which Weſtern having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiſs, ſhe then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after many warm and paſſionate declarations of affection and duty, ſhe begged him not to make her the moſt miſerable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom ſhe deteſted. 'This I entreat of you, dear 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'for your ſake, as well 'as my own, ſince you are ſo very kind 'to tell me your happineſs depends 'on mine.'—'How! what!' ſays Weſtern, ſtaring wildly. 'O Sir,' continued ſhe, 'not only your poor 'Sophia's happineſs, her very life, 'her being depends on your granting 'her requeſt. I cannot live with Mr. 'Blifil. To force me into this mar'riage, would be killing me.'—'You 'can't live with Mr. Blifil!' ſays Weſtern. 'No, upon my ſoul, I 'can't!' anſwered Sophia. 'Then 'die and be d—n'd!' cries he, ſpurning her from him. 'Oh, Sir!' cries Sophia, catching hold of the ſkirts of his coat, 'take pity on me, I beſeech 'you. Don't look and ſay ſuch cru'el—— Can you be unmov'd while 'you ſee your Sophy in this dreadful 'condition? Can the beſt of fathers 'break my heart? Will he kill me 'by the moſt painful, cruel, linger'ing death?'—'Pooh! pooh!' cries the ſquire; 'all ſtuff and nonſenſe, 'all maideniſh tricks. Kill you in'deed! Will marriage kill you?'—'Oh, Sir!' anſwered Sophia, 'ſuch 'a marriage is worſe than death. 'He is not even indifferent, I hate 'and deteſt him.'—'If you deteſt un 'never ſo much,' cries Weſtern, 'you 'ſhall ha'un.' This he bound by an oath too ſhocking to repeat; and after many violent aſſeverations, concluded in theſe words: 'I am re'ſolved upon the match; and unleſs 'you conſent to it, I will not give 'you a groat, not a ſingle farthing; 'no, though I ſaw you expiring with 'famine in the ſtreet, I would not re'lieve you with a morſel of bread. 'This is my fixed reſolution, and ſo 'I leave you to conſider on it.' He then broke from her with ſuch violence, that her face daſhed againſt the floor, and he burſt directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia proſtrate on the ground.

When Weſtern came into the hall, he there found Jones; who ſeeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almoſt breathleſs, could not forbear enquiring the reaſon of all theſe melancholy appearances. Upon which the ſquire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter; concluding with bitter denunciations againſt Sophia, and very pathetick lamentations of the miſery of all fathers who are ſo unfortunate as to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the reſolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil were yet a ſecret, was at firſt almoſt ſtruck dead with this relation; but recovering his ſpirits a little, mere deſpair, as he afterwards ſaid, inſpired him to mention a matter to Mr. Weſtern, which ſeemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He deſired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.'

If the ſquire had been as quick-ſighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, paſſion might at preſent very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office; and ſaid, 'Go, go; pr'ythee, 'try what can'ſt do:' and then ſwore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unleſs ſhe conſented to the match.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THE MEETING BETWEEN JONES AND SOPHIA.

JONES departed inſtantly in queſt of Sophia, whom he found juſt riſen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He preſently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderneſs and terror, cried, 'O, my Sophia, what means this 'dreadful ſight!' She looked ſoftly at him for a moment before ſhe ſpoke, and then ſaid, 'Mr. Jones, for Hea-'ven's ſake, how came you here? 'Leave me, I beſeech you, this mo-'ment.'—'Do not,' ſays he, 'im-'poſe ſo harſh a command upon me! 'my heart bleeds faſter than thoſe 'lips. O Sophia, how eaſily could I 'drain my veins to preſerve one drop 'of that dear blood!'—'I have too 'many obligations to you already,' anſwered ſhe; 'for ſure you meant 'them ſuch.' Here ſhe looked at him tenderly almoſt a minute, and then burſting into an agony, cried, 'O Mr. Jones, why did you ſave 'my life? My death would have 'been happier for us both.'—'Hap-'pier for us both!' cried he. 'Could 'racks or wheels kill me ſo painfully 'as Sophia's! I cannot bear the 'dreadful ſound. Do I live but for 'her!' Both his voice and look were full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs when he ſpoke theſe words, and at the ſame time he laid gently hold on her hand, which ſhe did not withdraw from him; to ſay the truth, ſhe hardly knew what ſhe did or ſuffered. A few moments now paſſed in ſilence between theſe lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and her's declining towards the ground: at laſt ſhe recovered ſtrength enough to deſire him again to leave her; for that her certain ruin would be the conſequence of their being found together: adding, 'O 'Mr. Jones, you know not, you 'know not, what hath paſſed this cruel 'afternoon.'—'I know all, my So-'phia,' anſwered he; 'your cruel 'father hath told me all, and he him-'ſelf hath ſent me hither to you.'—'My father ſent you to me!' replied ſhe; 'ſure you dream.'—'Would to 'Heaven,' cries he, 'it was but a 'dream. O Sophia, your father hath 'ſent me to you, to be an advocate 'for my odious rival, to ſolicit you 'in his favour. I took any means to 'get acceſs to you. O ſpeak to me, 'Sophia, comfort my bleeding heart! 'Sure no one ever loved, ever doated, 'like me. Do not unkindly with-'hold this dear, this ſoft, this gentle 'hand. One moment, perhaps, tears 'you for ever from me. Nothing leſs 'than this cruel occaſion could, I be-'lieve, have ever conquered the re-'ſpect and awe with which you have 'inſpired me.' She ſtood a moment ſilent, and covered with confuſion, then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, ſhe cried, 'What would Mr. Jones 'have me ſay?'—'O do but promiſe,' cries he, 'that you never will give 'yourſelf to Blifil.'—'Name not,' anſwered ſhe, 'the deteſted ſound. 'Be aſſured I never will give him 'what it is in my power to withhold 'from him.'—'Now then,' cries he, 'while you are ſo perfectly kind, go 'a little farther, and add that I may 'hope.'—'Alas,' ſays ſhe, 'Mr. 'Jones, whither will you drive me? 'What hope have I to beſtow? You 'know my father's intentions.'—'But I know,' anſwered he, 'your 'compliance with them cannot be 'compelled.'—'What,' ſays ſhe, 'muſt be the dreadful conſequence of 'my diſobedience? My own ruin is 'my leaſt concern. I cannot bear 'the thoughts of being the cauſe of 'my father's miſery.'—'He is him-'ſelf the cauſe,' cries Jones, 'by 'exacting a power over you which 'Nature hath not given him. Think 'on the miſery which I am to ſuffer, 'if I am to loſe you, and ſee on 'which ſide pity will turn the ba-'lance.'—'Think of it!' replied ſhe; 'can you imagine I do not feel the 'ruin which I muſt bring on you, 'ſhould I comply with your deſire? 'It is that thought which gives me 'reſolution to bid you fly from me for 'ever, and avoid your own deſtruction.' —'I fear no deſtruction,' cries he, 'but the loſs of Sophia; if you would 'ſave me from the moſt bitter agonies, 'recal that cruel ſentence. Indeed, I 'can never part with you; indeed, I 'cannot!'

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The lovers now ſtood both ſilent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almoſt as unable to hold it; when the ſcene, which I believe ſome of my readers will think had laſted long enough, was interrupted by one of ſo different a nature, that we ſhall reſerve the relation of it for a different chapter.

CHAP. IX.

BEING OF A MUCH MORE TEMPESTUOUS KIND THAN THE FORMER.

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had paſt in the hall, during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Weſtern in the manner above-mentioned, his ſiſter came to him, and was preſently informed of all that had paſt between her brother and Sophia, relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece, the good lady conſtrued to be an abſolute breach of the condition, on which ſhe had engaged to keep her love for Mr. Jones a ſecret. She conſidered herſelf, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all ſhe knew to the ſquire, which ſhe immediately did in the moſt explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter had never once entered into the ſquire's head, either in the warmeſt minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from ſuſpicion, or any other occaſion. He did indeed conſider a parity of fortune and circumſtances to be phyſically as neceſſary an ingredient in marriage, as difference of ſexes, or any other eſſential; and had no more apprehenſion of his daughter's falling in love with a poor man, than with any animal of a different ſpecies.

He became, therefore, like one thunder-ſtruck at his ſiſter's relation. He was, at firſt, incapable of making any anſwer, having been almoſt deprived of his breath by the violence of the ſurprize. This, however, ſoon returned, and, as is uſual in other caſes after an intermiſſion, with redoubled force and fury.

The firſt uſe he made of the power of ſpeech, after his recovery from the ſudden effects of his aſtoniſhment, was to diſcharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded haſtily to the apartment, where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or indeed rather roared forth, intentions of revenge every ſtep he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phillis (for that comes neareſt to the mark) are retired into ſome pleaſant ſolitary grove, to enjoy the delightful converſation of love; that baſhful boy who cannot ſpeak in publick, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time; here, while every object is ſerene, ſhould hoarſe thunder burſt ſuddenly through the ſhattered clouds, and rumbling roll along the ſky, the frightened maid ſtarts from the moſſy bank or verdant turf; the pale livery of death ſucceeds the red regimentals in which love had before dreſt her cheeks; fear ſhakes her whole frame, and her lover ſcarce ſupports her trembling, tottering limbs.

Or as when the two gentlemen, ſtrangers to the wondrous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at ſome inn or tavern at Saliſbury, if the great Dowdy, who acts the part of a madman, as well as ſome of his ſetters on do that of a fool, ſhould rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frightened ſtrangers ſtand aghaſt, ſcared at the horrid ſound, they ſeek ſome place of ſhelter from the approaching danger, and if the well-barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to eſcape the threatening fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, ſo turned ſhe pale at the noiſe of her father, who in a voice moſt dreadful to hear, came on ſwearing, curſing, and vowing the deſtruction of Jones. To ſay the truth, I believe the youth himſelf would, from ſome prudent conſiderations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherwiſe concerned himſelf, than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the ſquire having burſt

open

open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones; this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr. Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him: he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones: for, indeed, I believe, the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia, with water, cordials, and every thing necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western; nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effect of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former phrenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not Parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the squire from acts of hostility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very suppliant manner to Mr. Western, whom the parson held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a passion, it would be impossible to give him any satisfaction.

'I will have satisfaction o' thee,' answered the squire, 'so doff thy 'clothes. At unt half a man, and I'll 'lick thee as well as watt ever lick 'ed in thy life.' He then bespattered the youth with abundance of that language which passes between country gentlemen who embrace opposite sides of the question; with frequent applications to him to salute that part which is generally introduced into all controversies, that arise among the lower orders of the English gentry, at horse-races, cock-matches, and other publick places. Allusions to this part are likewise often made for the sake of the jest. And here, I believe, the wit is generally misunderstood. In reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your a—, for having just before threatened to kick his: for I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing, that in the many thousand kind invitations of this sort, which every one who hath conversed with country gentlemen, must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single instance where the desire hath been complied with. A great instance of their want of politeness: for in town nothing can be more common, than for the finest gentlemen to perform this ceremony every day to their superiors, without having that favour once requested of them.

To all such wit, Jones very calmly answered, 'Sir, this usage may, perhaps, cancel every other obligation 'you have conferred on me: but there 'is one you can never cancel; nor 'will I be provoked by your abuse, 'to lift my hand against the father of 'Sophia.'

At these words the squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the parson begged Jones to retire, saying, 'You behold, Sir, how he waxeth wroth at your abode here: therefore let me pray you not to tarry any 'longer. His anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him 'at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your visit, and refer 'what matters you have to urge in 'your behalf, to some other opportunity.'

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The squire now regained the liberty of his hands, and so much temper as to express some satisfaction in the restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat

his

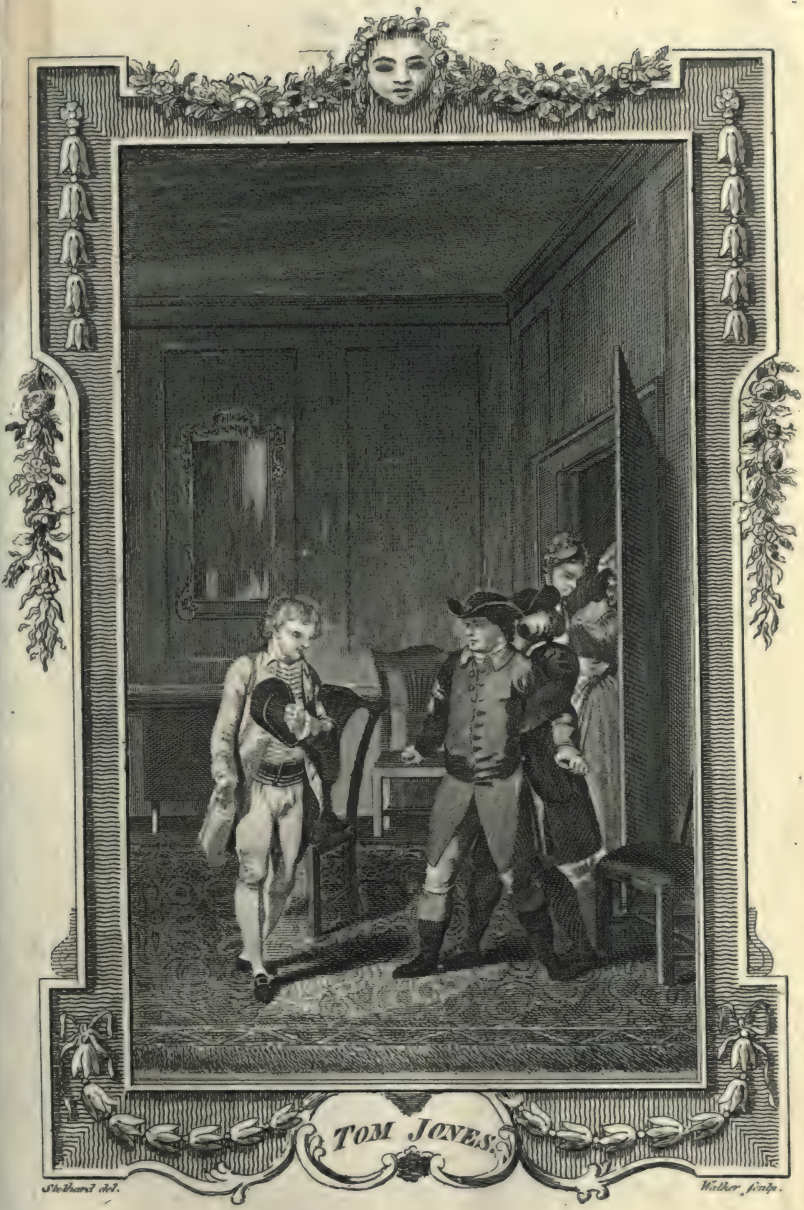

Plate V.

Publish'd as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Oct. 29th 1780.

his brains out; and adding, 'It would 'have vexed one confoundedly to have 'been hanged for such a rascal.'

The parson now began to triumph in the success of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture against anger, which might, perhaps, rather have tended to raise than to quiet that passion in some hasty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the ancients, particularly from Seneca; who hath, indeed, so well handled this passion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleasure and profit. The doctor concluded his harangue with the famous story of Alexander and Clytus; but as I find that entered in my common-place, under title *drunkenness*, I shall not insert it here.

The squire took no notice of this story, nor perhaps of any thing he said: for he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a tankard of beer; observing (which is, perhaps, as true as any observation on this fever of the mind) *that anger makes a man dry*.

No sooner had the squire swallowed a large draught, than he renewed the discourse on Jones, and declared a resolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr. Allworthy. His friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere motive of good-nature; but his dissuasion had no other effect, than to produce a large volley of oaths and curses, which greatly shocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a privilege which the squire claimed as a free-born Englishman. To say truth, the parson submitted to please his palate at the squire's table, at the expence of suffering this violence now and then to his ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the squire would not swear an oath the less, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill-manners, by rebuking a gentleman in his own house, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the squire himself: yet it so far operated on his conscience, that he put the laws very severely in execution against others, and the magistrate was the only person in the parish who could swear with impunity.

CHAP. X.

IN WHICH MR. WESTERN VISITS MR. ALLWORTHY.

MR. Allworthy was now retired from breakfast with his nephew, well satisfied with the report of the young gentleman's successful visit to Sophia, (for he greatly desired the match, more on account of the young lady's character, than of her riches;) when Mr. Western broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony, began as follows:

'There, you have done a fine piece 'of work truly! You have brought 'up your bastard to a fine purpose; 'not that I believe you have had any 'hand in it neither, that is, as a man 'may say, designedly: but there is a 'fine kettle of fish made o't up at our 'house.'—'What can be the matter, 'Mr. Western?' said Allworthy. 'O, 'matter enow of all conscience; my 'daughter hath fallen in love with 'your bastard, that's all: but I won't 'ge her a hapenny, not the twentieth 'part of a brass farthing. I always 'thought what would come o'breed-'ing up a bastard like a gentleman, 'and letting un come about to volks 'houses. It's well vor un I could 'not get at un, I'd a lick'd un, I'd a 'spoil'd his caterwauling, I'd a taught 'the son of a whore to meddle with 'the meat of his master. He shan't 'ever have a morsel of meat of mine, 'or a farthing to buy it: if she will 'ha un, one smock shall be her por-'tion. I'll sooner ge my estate to 'the zinking fund, that it may be sent 'to Hanover to corrupt our nation 'with.'—'I am heartily sorry,' cries Allworthy. 'Pox o' your sorrow,' says Western, 'it will do me abun-'dance of good, when I have lost my 'only child, my poor Sophy, that 'was the joy of my heart, and all the 'hope and comfort of my age; but I 'am resolved I will turn her out o' 'doors: she shall beg and starve, and 'rot in the streets. Not one hapenny, 'not a hapenny, shall she ever hae 'o' mine. The son of a bitch was

'always good at finding a hare sitting; and be rotted to'n. I little thought what puss he was looking after: but it shall be the worst he ever vound in his life. She shall be no better than carrion; the skin o'her is all he shall ha, and zu may tell un.'—'I am in amazement,' cries Allworthy, 'at what you tell me, after what passed between my nephew and the young lady no longer ago than yesterday.'—'Yes, Sir,' answered Western, 'it was after what passed between your nephew and she that the whole matter came out. Mr. Blifil, there, was no sooner gone, than the son of a whore came lurching about the house. Little did I think, when I used to love him for a sportsman, that he was all the while a poaching after my daughter.'—'Why, truly,' says Allworthy, 'I could wish you had not given him so many opportunities with her; and you will do me the justice to acknowledge, that I have always been averse to his staying so much at your house; though I own I had no suspicion of this kind.'—'Why, zounds,' cries Western, 'who could have thought it? What the devil had she to do wi'n? He did not come there a courting to her; he came there a hunting with me.'—'But was it possible,' says Allworthy, 'that you should never discern any symptoms of love between them, when you have seen them so often together?'—'Never in my life, as I hope to be saved,' cries Western. 'I never so much as seed him kiss her in all my life; and so far from courting her, he used rather to be more silent when she was in company than at any other time: and as for the girl, she was always less civil to'n than to any young man that came to the house. As to that matter, I am not more easy to be deceived than another; I would not have you think I am, neighbour!' Allworthy could scarce refrain laughter at this; but he resolved to do a violence to himself: for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good-breeding and good-nature to offend the squire in his present circumstances. He then asked Western what he would have him do upon this occasion. To which the other answered, that he would have him keep the rascal away from his house; and, that he would go and lock up the wench: for he was resolved to make her marry Mr. Blifil, in spite of her teeth. He then shook Blifil by the hand, and swore he would have no other son-in-law. Presently after which he took his leave, saying, his house was in such disorder, that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his daughter did not give him the slip; and as for Jones, he swore if he caught him at his house, he would qualify him to run for the gelding's plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long silence ensued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with sighs, which proceeded partly from disappointment, but more from hatred: for the success of Jones was much more grievous to him, than the loss of Sophia.

At length his uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following words: 'Alas, Sir, can it be a question what step a lover will take, when reason and passion point different ways? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to me, to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections on another; my passion bids me hope she may, in time, change her inclinations in my favour. Here, however, I conceive an objection may be raised, which, if it could not fully be answered, would totally deter me from any farther pursuit. I mean, the injustice of endeavouring to supplant another, in a heart of which he seems already in possession: but the determined resolution of Mr. Western shews, that in this case, I shall, by so doing, promote the happiness of every party; not only that of the parent, who will thus be preserved from the highest degree of misery, but of both the others, who must be undone by this match. The lady, I am sure, will be undone in every sense: for, besides the loss of most part of her fortune, she will be married not only to a beggar, but the little fortune which her father cannot withold from her, will be squandered on that wench

'with

'with whom I know he yet converſes. 'Nay, that is a trifle: for I know him 'to be one of the worſt men in the 'world; for had my dear uncle known 'what I have hitherto endeavoured to 'conceal, he muſt have long ſince a-'bandoned ſo profligate a wretch.'—'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'hath he 'done any thing worſe than I already 'know? Tell me, I beſeech you.'—'No,' replied Blifil, 'it is now paſt, 'and perhaps he may have repented of 'it.'—'I command you, on your 'duty,' ſaid Allworthy, 'to tell me 'what you mean?'—'You know, Sir,' ſays Blifil, 'I never diſobeyed you: 'but I am ſorry I mentioned it, ſince it 'may now look like revenge, whereas, 'I thank Heaven, no ſuch motive ever 'entered my heart; and if you oblige 'me to diſcover it, I muſt be his pe-'titioner to you for your forgiveneſs.'—'I will have no conditions,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I think I have 'ſhewn tenderneſs enough towards 'him; and more, perhaps, than you 'ought to thank me for.'—'More, 'indeed, I fear, than he deſerved,' cries Blifil; 'for in the very day of 'your utmoſt danger, when myſelf 'and all the family were in tears, he 'filled the houſe with riot and de-'bauchery. He drank, ſung, and roar-'ed; and when I gave him a gentle 'hint of the indecency of his actions, 'he fell into a violent paſſion, ſwore 'many oaths, called me raſcal, and 'ſtruck me.'—'How!' cries All-worthy, 'did he dare to ſtrike you?'—'I am ſure,' cries Blifil, 'I have 'forgiven him that long ago. I wiſh 'I could ſo eaſily forget his ingrati-'tude to the beſt of benefactors; and 'yet, even that, I hope, you will for-'give him, ſince he certainly muſt have 'been poſſeſſed with the devil: for that 'very evening, as Mr. Thwackum and 'myſelf were taking the air in the fields, 'and exulting in the good ſymptoms 'which then firſt began to diſcover 'themſelves, we unluckily ſaw him en-'gaged with a wench in a manner not 'fit to be mentioned. Mr. Thwack-'um, with more boldneſs than pru-'dence, advanced to rebuke him, when 'I am ſorry to ſay it) he fell upon the 'worthy man, and beat him ſo out-'rageouſly, that I wiſh he may have 'yet recovered the bruiſes. Nor was 'I without my ſhare of the effects of 'his malice, while I endeavoured to 'protect my tutor:—but that I have 'long forgiven; nay, I prevailed with 'Mr. Thwackum to forgive him too, 'and not to inform you of a ſecret 'which I feared might be fatal to him. 'And now, Sir, ſince I have unad-'viſedly dropped a hint of this matter; 'and your commands have obliged me 'to diſcover the whole; let me inter-'cede with you for him.'—'O child,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I know not whether 'I ſhould blame or applaud your good-'neſs in concealing ſuch villainy a 'moment: but where is Mr. Thwack-'um? Not that I want any confirma-'tion of what you ſay; but I will exa-'mine all the evidence of this mat-'ter, to juſtify to the world the ex-'ample I am reſolved to make of ſuch 'a monſter.'

Thwackum was now ſent for, and preſently appeared. He corroborated every circumſtance which the other had depoſed; nay, he produced the record upon his breaſt, where the hand-writing of Mr. Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr. Allworthy, that he ſhould have long ſince informed him of this matter, had not Mr. Blifil, by the moſt earneſt interpoſitions, prevented him. 'He is,' ſays he, 'an 'excellent youth; though ſuch for-'giveneſs of enemies is carrying the 'matter too far.'

In reality, Blifil had taken ſome pains to prevail with the parſon, and to prevent the diſcovery at that time; for which he had many reaſons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be ſoftened and relaxed from their uſual ſeverity by ſickneſs. Beſides, he imagined that if the ſtory was told when the fact was ſo recent, and the phyſician about the houſe, who might have unravelled the real truth, he ſhould never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he reſolved to hoard up this buſineſs, till the indiſcretion of Jones ſhould afford ſome additional complaints; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the moſt likely to cruſh him; and he watched, therefore, ſome ſuch opportunity as that with which fortune had now kindly preſented him. Laſtly, by prevailing with Thwackum to conceal the matter for a time, he knew

he ſhould confirm an opinion of his friendſhip to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to eſtabliſh in Mr. Allworthy.

CHAP. XI.

A SHORT CHAPTER; BUT WHICH CONTAINS SUFFICIENT MATTERS TO AFFECT THE GOOD-NATURED READER.

IT was Mr. Allworthy's cuſtom never to puniſh any one, not even to turn away a ſervant, in a paſſion. He reſolved, therefore, to delay paſſing ſentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as uſual; but his heart was too much loaded to ſuffer him to eat. His grief was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr. Allworthy; whence he concluded that Weſtern had diſcovered the whole affair between him and Sophia: but as to Mr. Blifil's ſtory, he had not the leaſt apprehenſion; for of much the greater part he was entirely innocent; and for the reſidue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himſelf, ſo he ſuſpected no remembrance on the other ſide. When dinner was over, and the ſervants departed, Mr. Allworthy began to harangue. He ſet forth, in a long ſpeech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly thoſe which this day had brought to light; and concluded by telling him, that unleſs he could clear himſelf of the charge, he was reſolved to baniſh him from his ſight for ever.

Many diſadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence, nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accuſation: for as Mr. Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenneſs, &c. while he lay ill, out of modeſty ſunk every thing that related particularly to himſelf, which indeed principally conſtituted the crime; Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, beſides, almoſt broken already; and his ſpirits were ſo ſunk, that he could ſay nothing for himſelf, but acknowledged the whole; and, like a criminal in deſpair, threw himſelf upon mercy; concluding, that, though he muſt own himſelf guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deſerve what would be to him the greateſt puniſhment in the world.

Allworthy anſwered, that he had forgiven him too often already, in compaſſion to his youth, and in hopes of his amendment: that he now found he was an abandoned reprobate, and ſuch as it would be criminal in any one to ſupport and encourage. 'Nay,' ſaid Mr. Allworthy to him, 'your audacious attempt to ſteal away the 'young lady, calls upon me to juſtify 'my own character in puniſhing you. 'The world, who have already cenſured the regard I have ſhewn for 'you, may think, with ſome colour 'at leaſt of juſtice, that I connive at 'ſo baſe and barbarous an action; an 'action of which you muſt have known 'my abhorrence; and which, had you 'had any concern for my eaſe and 'honour, as well as for my friendſhip, 'you would never have thought of 'undertaking. Fie upon it, young 'man! Indeed, there is ſcarce any 'puniſhment equal to your crimes; 'and I can ſcarce think myſelf juſtifiable in what I am now going to 'beſtow on you. However, as I have 'educated you like a child of my own, 'I will not turn you naked into the 'world. When you open this paper, 'therefore, you will find ſomething 'which may enable you, with induſtry, 'to get an honeſt livelihood; but if 'you employ it to worſe purpoſes, I 'ſhall not think myſelf obliged to ſupply you farther, being reſolved, from 'this day forward, to converſe no more 'with you on any account. I cannot 'avoid ſaying, there is no part of your 'conduct which I reſent more, than 'your ill-treatment of that good young 'man,' (meaning Blifil) 'who hath 'behaved with ſo much tenderneſs and 'honour towards you.'

Theſe laſt words were a doſe almoſt too bitter to be ſwallowd. A flood of tears now guſhed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of ſpeech and motion ſeemed to have deſerted him. It was ſome time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing; which he at length did, having firſt kiſſed his hands with a paſſion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be deſcribed.

The reader muſt be very weak, if, when he conſiders the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr. Allworthy, he

he ſhould blame the rigour of his ſentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakneſs, or from ſome worſe motive, condemned this juſtice and ſeverity as the higheſt cruelty. Nay, the very perſons who had before cenſured the good man for the kindneſs and tenderneſs ſhewn to a baſtard, (his own, according to the general opinion) now cried out as loudly againſt turning his own child out of doors. The women, eſpecially, were unanimous in taking the part of Jones, and raiſed more ſtories on the occaſion than I have room, in this chapter, to ſet down.

One thing muſt not be omitted, that in their cenſures on this occaſion, none ever mentioned the ſum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no leſs than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was ſent away pennyleſs, and ſome ſaid naked, from the houſe of this inhuman father.

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINING LOVE-LETTERS, &c.

JONES was commanded to leave the houſe immediately; and told, that his cloaths and every thing elſe ſhould be ſent to him whitherſoever he ſhould order them.

He accordingly ſet out, and walked above a mile, not regarding, and indeed ſcarce knowing, whither he went. At length a little brook obſtructing his paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the ſide of it; nor could he help muttering, with ſome little indignation, 'Sure my father will not deny me this 'place to reſt in?'

Here he preſently fell into the moſt violent agonies, tearing his hair from his head, and uſing moſt other actions which generally accompany fits of madneſs, rage, and deſpair.

When he had in this manner vented the firſt emotions of paſſion, he began to come a little to himſelf. His grief now took another turn, and diſcharged itſelf in a gentler way, till he became at laſt cool enough to reaſon with his paſſion, and to conſider what ſteps were proper to be taken in his deplorable condition.

And now the great doubt was, how to act with regard to Sophia. The thoughts of leaving her almoſt rent his heart aſunder: but the conſideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary, ſtill racked him, if poſſible, more; and if the violent deſire of poſſeſſing her perſon could have induced him to liſten one moment to this alternative, ſtill he was by no means certain of her reſolution to indulge his wiſhes at ſo high an expence. The reſentment of Mr. Allworthy, and the injury he muſt do to his quiet, argued ſtrongly againſt this latter; and laſtly, the apparent impoſſibility of his ſucceſs, even if he would ſacrifice all theſe conſiderations to it, came to his aſſiſtance; and thus honour at laſt, backed with deſpair, with gratitude to his benefactor, and with real love to his miſtreſs, got the better of burning deſire, and he reſolved rather to quit Sophia, than to purſue her to her ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing warmth which filled his breaſt, on the firſt contemplation of this victory over his paſſion. Pride flattered him ſo agreeably, that his mind perhaps enjoyed perfect happineſs; but this was only momentary. Sophia ſoon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph with no leſs bitter pangs, than a good-natured general muſt feel when he ſurveys the bleeding heaps, at the price of whoſe blood he hath purchaſed his laurels; for thouſands of tender ideas lay murdered before our conqueror.

Being reſolved, however, to purſue the paths of this Giant Honour, as the gigantick poet Lee calls it, he determined to write a farewel letter to Sophia, and accordingly proceeded to a houſe not far off, where, being furniſhed with proper materials, he wrote as follows.

'MADAM,

'WHEN you reflect on the ſitu-
'ation in which I write, I am
'ſure your good-nature will pardon
'any inconſiſtency or abſurdity which
'my letter contains; for every thing
'here flows from a heart ſo full, that
'no language can expreſs it's dic-
'tates.

'I have reſolved, Madam, to obey
'your

'your commands, in flying for ever 'from your dear, your lovely sight. 'Cruel, indeed, those commands are; 'but it is a cruelty which proceeds 'from fortune, not from my Sophia. 'Fortune hath made it necessary to 'your preservation, to forget there 'ever was such a wretch as I am.

'Believe me, I would not hint all 'my sufferings to you, if I imagined 'they could possibly escape your ears. 'I know the goodness and tenderness 'of your heart, and would avoid giv-'ing you any of those pains which 'you always feel for the miserable. 'O let nothing which you shall hear 'of my hard fortune, cause a mo-'ment's concern; for, after the loss 'of you, every thing is to me a trifle.

'O my Sophia! it is hard to leave 'you; it is harder still to desire you 'to forget me: yet the sincerest love 'obliges me to both. Pardon my 'conceiving that any remembrance of 'me can give you disquiet; but if I 'am so gloriously wretched, sacrifice 'me every way to your relief. Think 'I never loved you; or think, truly, 'how little I deserve you; and learn 'to scorn me for a presumption which 'can never be too severely punished. 'I am unable to say more.——May 'guardian angels protect you for 'ever!'

He was now searching his pocket for his wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing else, therein; for in truth he had, in his frantick disposition, tossed every thing from him; and amongst the rest, his pocket book, which he had received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now first occurred to his memory.

The house supplied him with a wafer for his present purpose, with which having sealed his letter, he returned hastily towards the brook-side, in order to search for the things which he had there lost. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who heartily condoled with him on his misfortune: for this had already reached his ears, and indeed those of all the neighbourhood.

Jones acquainted the game-keeper with his loss; and he as readily went back with him to the brook, where they searched every tuft of grass in the meadow, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had been; but all to no purpose, for they found nothing: for indeed, though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to search the only place where they were deposited; to wit, in the pockets of the said George; for he had just before found them, and being luckily apprized of their value, had very carefully put them up for his own use.

The game-keeper having exerted as much diligence in quest of the lost goods, as if he had hoped to find them, desired Mr. Jones to recollect if he had been in no other place: 'For sure,' said he, 'if you had lost them here so 'lately, the things must have been 'here still; for this is a very unlikely 'place for any one to pass by.' And indeed it was by great accident that he himself had passed through that field, in order to lay wires for hares, with which he was to supply a poulterer at Bath the next morning.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loss, and almost all thoughts concerning it; and turning to Black George, asked him earnestly, if he would do him the greatest favour in the world.

George answered, with some hesitation, 'Sir, you know you may com-'mand me whatever is in my power; 'and I heartily wish it was in my power 'to do you any service.' In fact, the question staggered him; for he had, by selling game, amassed a pretty good sum of money in Mr. Western's service, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow some small matter of him; but he was presently relieved from his anxiety, by being desired to convey a letter to Sophia, which with great pleasure he promised to do. And, indeed, I believe there are few favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. Jones; for he bore as much gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honest as men who love money better than any other thing in the universe, generally are.

Mrs. Honour was agreed by both to be the proper means by which this letter should pass to Sophia. Then they separated; the game-keeper returned home to Mr. Western's, and Jones walked to an ale-house at half a mile's distance, to wait for his messenger's return.

George

George no sooner came home to his master's house, than he met with Mrs. Honour; to whom, having first sounded her with a few previous questions, he delivered the letter for her mistress, and received at the same time another from her for Mr. Jones; which Honour told him she had carried all that day in her bosom, and began to despair of finding any means of delivering it.

The game-keeper returned hastily and joyfully to Jones, who having received Sophia's letter from him, instantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows.

'SIR,

'IT is impossible to express what I 'have felt since I saw you. Your 'submitting, on my account, to such 'cruel insults from my father, lays 'me under an obligation I shall ever 'own. As you know his temper, I 'beg you will, for my sake, avoid him. 'I wish I had any comfort to send you; 'but believe this, that nothing but 'the last violence shall ever give my 'hand or heart where you would be 'sorry to see them bestowed.'

Jones read this letter a hundred times over, and kissed it a hundred times as often. His passion now brought all tender desires back into his mind. He repented that he had writ to Sophia in the manner we have seen above; but he repented more that he had made use of the interval of his messenger's absence, to write and dispatch a letter to Mr. Allworthy, in which he had faithfully promised and bound himself to quit all thoughts of his love. However, when his cool reflection returned, he plainly perceived that his case was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unless to give him some little glimpse of hope, from her constancy, of some favourable accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his resolution, and taking leave of Black George, set forward to a town about five miles distant, whither he had desired Mr. Allworthy, unless he pleased to revoke his sentence, to send his things after him.

CHAP. XIII.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF SOPHIA ON THE PRESENT OCCASION; WHICH NONE OF HER SEX WILL BLAME, WHO ARE CAPABLE OF BEHAVING IN THE SAME MANNER. AND THE DISCUSSION OF A KNOTTY POINT IN THE COURT OF CONSCIENCE.

SOPHIA had passed the last twenty-four hours in no very desirable manner. During a large part of them she had been entertained by her aunt, with lectures of prudence, recommending to her the example of the polite world; where love (so the good lady said) is at present entirely laughed at, and where women consider matrimony, as men do offices of publick trust, only as the means of making their fortunes, and of advancing themselves in the world. In commenting on which text, Mrs. Western had displayed her eloquence during several hours.

These sagacious lectures, though little suited either to the taste or inclination of Sophia, were, however, less irksome to her than her own thoughts, that formed the entertainment of the night; during which she never once closed her eyes.

But though she could neither sleep nor rest in her bed; yet, having no avocation from it, she was found there by her father at his return from Allworthy's; which was not till past ten o'clock in the morning. He went directly up to her apartment, opened the door, and seeing she was not up, cried, 'Oh! you are safe then; and 'I am resolved to keep you so.' He then locked the door, and delivered the key to Honour; having first given her the strictest charge with great promises of rewards for her fidelity, and most dreadful menaces of punishment, in case she should betray her trust.

Honour's orders were, not to suffer her mistress to come out of her room without the authority of the squire himself, and to admit none to her but him and her aunt; but she was herself to attend her with whatever Sophia pleased, except only pen, ink, and paper, of which she was forbidden the use.

The squire ordered his daughter to dress herself, and attend him at dinner: which she obeyed; and having sat the usual time, was again conducted to her prison.

In

In the evening, the gaoler Honour brought her the letter which she received from the game-keeper. Sophia read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. Mrs. Honour expressed great astonishment at this behaviour in her mistress; nor could she forbear very eagerly begging to know the cause of this passion. Sophia made her no answer for some time, and then starting suddenly up, caught her maid by the hand, and cried, 'O Honour! I am undone.'—'Marry 'forbid,' cries Honour; 'I wish the 'letter had been burnt before I had 'brought it to your la'ship. I'm 'sure I thought it would have comforted your la'ship, or I would have 'seen it at the devil before I would 'have touched it.'—'Honour,' says Sophia, 'you are a good girl, and it 'is vain to attempt concealing longer 'any weakness from you; I have 'thrown away my heart on a man 'who hath forsaken me.'—'And is 'Mr. Jones,' answered the maid, 'such a *perfidy* man?'—'He hath 'taken his leave of me,' says Sophia, 'for ever, in that letter. Nay, he hath 'desired me to forget him. Could he 'have desired that, if he had loved 'me? Could he have borne such a 'thought? Could he have written 'such a word?'—'No, certainly, 'Ma'am,' cries Honour; 'and to be 'sure, if the best man in England was 'to desire me to forget him, I'd take 'him at his word. Marry come up! 'I am sure your la'ship hath done 'him too much honour, ever to think 'on him. A young lady who may 'take her choice of all the young 'men in the county! And, to be 'sure, if I may be so presumptuous as 'to offer my poor opinion, there is 'young Mr. Blifil, who besides that 'he is come of honest parents, and 'will be one of the greatest squires all 'hereabouts, he is to be sure, in my 'poor opinion, a more handsomer and a 'more politer man by half; and besides he is a young gentleman of a 'sober character, and who may defy 'any of the neighbours to say black is 'his eye: he follows no dirty trollops, 'nor can any bastards be laid at his 'door. Forget him, indeed! I thank 'Heaven I myself am not so much at 'my last prayers, as to suffer any man 'to bid me forget him twice. If the 'best he that wears a head, was for to 'go for to offer for to say such an affronting word to me, I would never 'give him my company afterwards, if 'there was another young man in the 'kingdom. And as I was a saying, to 'be sure, there is young Mr. Blifil.'—'Name not his detested name,' cries Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am,' says Honour, 'if your la'ship doth not like 'him, there be more jolly handsome 'young men that would court your 'la'ship, if they had but the least encouragement. I don't believe there 'is *arrow* young gentleman in this 'county, or in the next to it, that 'if your la'ship was but to look as if 'you had a mind to him, would not 'come about to make his offers directly.'—'What a wretch dost thou 'imagine me,' cries Sophia, 'by affronting my ears with such stuff! I 'detest all mankind.'—'Nay to be 'sure, Ma'am,' answered Honour, 'your la'ship hath had enough to give 'you a surfeit of them. To be used 'ill by such a poor beggarly bastardly 'fellow.'—'Hold your blasphemous 'tongue,' cries Sophia; 'how dare 'you mention his name with disrespect before me? He use me ill! no, 'his poor bleeding heart suffered more 'when he writ the cruel words, than 'mine from reading them. O! he is 'all heroick virtue, and angelick goodness! I am ashamed of the weakness of my own passion, for blaming 'what I ought to admire. O Honour! it is my good only which he 'consults. To my interest he sacrifices both himself and me. The apprehension of ruining me, hath driven 'him to despair.'—'I am very glad,' says Honour, 'to hear your la'ship 'takes that into your consideration: 'for, to be sure, it must be nothing 'less than ruin, to give your mind to 'one that is turned out of doors, and 'is not worth a farthing in the world.' —'Turned out of doors!' cries Sophia hastily; 'how! what dost thou 'mean?'—'Why, to be sure, Ma'am, 'my master no sooner told Squire Allworthy about Mr. Jones having offered to make love to your ladyship, 'than the squire stripped him stark-naked, and turned him out of doors.' —'Ha!' says Sophia, 'I have been 'the cursed, wretched cause, of his

'destruc-

'destruction?—turned naked out of 'doors! Here, Honour, take all the 'money I have; take the rings from 'my fingers. Here, my watch; carry 'him all. Go, find him immediate-'ly.'—'For Heaven's sake, Ma'am,' answered Mrs. Honour, 'do but con-'sider if my master should miss any 'of these things, I should be made to 'answer for them. Therefore let me 'beg your ladyship not to part with 'your watch and jewels. Besides, the 'money, I think, is enough of all 'conscience; and as for that, my ma-'ster can never know any thing of the 'matter.'—'Here then,' cries Sophia, 'take every farthing I am worth; find 'him out immediately, and give it him. 'Go, go; lose not a moment.'

Mrs. Honour departed according to orders, and finding Black George below stairs, delivered him the purse, which contained sixteen guineas, being indeed the whole stock of Sophia: for though her father was very liberal to her, she was much too generous herself to be rich.

Black George having received the purse, set forward toward the alehouse; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this money likewise. His conscience, however, immediately started at this suggestion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice answered, that his conscience should have considered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his 500 l. That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater importance, it was absurd, if not downright hypocrisy, to affect any qualms at this trifle. In return to which, Conscience, like a good lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute breach of trust, as here, where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former case. Avarice presently treated this with ridicule, called it a distinction without a difference, and absolutely insisted, that when once all pretensions of honour and virtue were given up in any one instance, that there was no precedent for resorting to them upon a second occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not Fear stept into her assistance, and very strenuously urged, that the real distinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honour, but of safety: for, that the secreting the 500 l. was a matter of very little hazard, whereas the detaining the sixteen guineas was liable to the utmost danger of discovery.

By this friendly aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a compleat victory in the mind of Black George; and, after making him a few compliments on his honesty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

CHAP. XIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER, CONTAINING A SHORT DIALOGUE BETWEEN SQUIRE WESTERN AND HIS SISTER.

MRS. Western had been engaged abroad all that day. The squire met her at her return home; and when she enquired after Sophia, he acquainted her that he had secured her safe enough. 'She is locked up in my cham-'ber,' cries he; 'and Honour keeps 'the key.' As his looks were full of prodigious wisdom and sagacity when he gave his sister this information, it is probable he expected much applause from her for what he had done: but how was he disappointed, when, with a most disdainful aspect, she cried—'Sure, brother, you are the weakest 'of all men! Why will you not con-'fide in me for the management of my 'niece? Why will you interpose? 'You have now undone all that I have 'been spending my breath in order to 'bring about. While I have been 'endeavouring to fill her mind with 'maxims of prudence, you have been 'provoking her to reject them. Eng-'lish women, brother, I thank Hea-'ven, are no slaves. We are not to 'be locked up like the Spanish and 'Italian wives. We have as good a 'right to liberty as yourselves. We 'are to be convinced by reason and 'persuasion only, and not governed 'by force. I have seen the world, 'brother, and know what arguments 'to make use of; and if your folly 'had not prevented me, should have

'prevailed with her to form her conduct by thoſe rules of prudence and diſcretion which I formerly taught her.'—'To be ſure,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I am always in the wrong.'—'Brother,' anſwered the lady, 'you are not in the wrong, unleſs when you meddle with matters beyond your knowledge. You muſt agree, that I have ſeen moſt of the world; and happy had it been for my niece, if ſhe had not been taken from under my care. It is by living at home with you that ſhe hath learnt romantick notions of love and nonſenſe.'—'You don't imagine, I hope,' cries the ſquire, 'that I have taught her any ſuch things.'—'Your ignorance, brother,' returned ſhe, 'as the great Milton ſays, almoſt ſubdues my patience*.'—'D—n Milton,' anſwered the ſquire, 'if he had the impudence to ſay ſo to my face, I'd lend him a douſe, thof he was never ſo great a man. Patience! an you come to that, ſiſter; I have more occaſion of patience, to be uſed like an overgrown ſchool-boy, as I am by you. Do you think no one hath any underſtanding unleſs he hath been about at court? Pox! the world is come to a fine paſs, indeed, if we are all fools, except a parcel of roundheads and Hanover rats. Pox! I hope the times are a coming that we ſhall make fools of them, and every man ſhall enjoy his own. That's all, ſiſter; and every man ſhall enjoy his own. I hope to zee it, ſiſter, before the Hanover rats have eat up all our corn, and left us nothing but turneps to feed upon.'—'I proteſt, brother,' cries ſhe, 'you are now got beyond my underſtanding. Your jargon of turneps and Hanover rats is to me perfectly unintelligible.'—'I believe,' cries he, 'you don't care to hear o'em; but the country-intereſt may ſucceed one day or other for all that.'—'I wiſh,' anſwered the lady, 'you would think a little of your daughter's intereſt: for, believe me, ſhe is in greater danger than the nation.'—'Juſt now,' ſaid he, 'you chid me for thinking on her, and would ha' her left to you.'—'And if you will promiſe to interpoſe no more,' anſwered ſhe, 'I will, out of my regard to my niece, undertake the charge.'—'Well, do then,' ſaid the ſquire; 'for you know I always agreed, that women are the propereſt to manage women.'

Mrs. Weſtern then departed, muttering ſomething with an air of diſdain concerning women and the management of the nation. She immediately repaired to Sophia's apartment, who was now, after a day's confinement, releaſed again from her captivity.

* The reader may perhaps ſubdue his own patience, if he ſearches for this in Milton.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK VII.

CONTAINING THREE DAYS.

CHAP. I.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE WORLD AND THE STAGE.

THE world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have conſidered human life as a great drama, reſembling, in almoſt every particular, thoſe ſcenical repreſentations which Theſpis is firſt reported to have invented; and which have been ſince received with ſo much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought has been carried ſo far, and is become ſo general, that ſome words proper to the theatre, and which were at firſt metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiſcriminately and literally ſpoken of both: thus *ſtage*, and *ſcene*, are by common uſe grown as familiar to us, when we ſpeak of life in general, as when we confine ourſelves to dramatick performances; and when we mention tranſactions behind the *curtain*, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than DruryLane.

It may ſeem eaſy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical ſtage is nothing more than a repreſentation, or, as Ariſtotle calls it, an imitation of what really exiſts; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to thoſe, who by their writings or actions have been ſo capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or miſtaken for, the originals.

But, in reality, we are not ſo fond of paying compliments to theſe people whom we uſe as children frequently do the inſtruments of their amuſement, and have much more pleaſure in hiſſing and buffeting them than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reaſons which have induced us to ſee this anology between the world and the ſtage.

Some have conſidered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as perſonating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earneſt thought the king or emperor whom he repreſents. Thus the

hypocrite may be ſaid to be a player; and, indeed, the Greeks call them both by one and the ſame name.

The brevity of life hath likewiſe given occaſion to this compariſon. So the immortal Shakeſpeare—

——Life's a poor player,
That ſtorms and ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hacknied quotation, I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the Deity, publiſhed about nine years ago, and long ſince buried in oblivion. A proof that good books, no more than good men, do always ſurvive the bad.

From thee* all human actions take their ſprings,
The riſe of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vaſt theatre of time diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence aſſign'd,
Their pride, their paſſions, to thy ends inclin'd:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then, at thy nod, the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that rememberance ſays—the things have been!

In all theſe, however, and in every other ſimilitude of life to the theatre, the reſemblance hath been always taken from the ſtage only. None, as I remember, have at all conſidered the audience at this great drama.

But as nature often exhibits ſome of her beſt performances to a very full houſe; ſo will the behaviour of her ſpectators no leſs admit the above-mentioned compariſon, than that of her actors. In this vaſt theatre of time are ſeated the friend and the critick: here are claps and ſhouts, hiſſes and groans; in ſhort, every thing which was ever ſeen or heard at the theatre-royal.

Let us examine this in one example: for inſtance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that ſcene which nature was pleaſed to exhibit in the 12th chapter of the preceding book, where ſhe introduced Black George running away with the 500l. from his friend and benefactor.

Thoſe who ſat in the world's upper gallery, treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their uſual vociferation; and every term of ſcurrilous reproach was moſt probably vented on that occaſion.

If we had deſcended to the next order of ſpectators, we ſhould have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though leſs of noiſe and ſcurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the Devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as uſual, was no doubt divided: thoſe who delight in heroick virtue and perfect character, objected to the producing ſuch inſtances of villainy, without puniſhing them very ſeverely for the ſake of example. Some of the author's friends cried—'Look'e, 'gentlemen, the man is a villain; but 'it is nature for all that.' And all the young criticks of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accuſtomed politeneſs. Moſt of them were attending to ſomething elſe. Some of thoſe few who regarded the ſcene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refuſed to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the beſt judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the ſcenes of this great theatre of nature, (and no author ought to write any thing beſides dictionaries and ſpelling-books, who hath not this privilege) can cenſure the action, without conceiving any abſolute deteſtation of the perſon whom perhaps nature may not have deſigned to act an ill part in all her dramas: for in this inſtance, life moſt exactly reſembles the ſtage, ſince it is often the ſame perſon who repreſents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to-day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greateſt genius the world hath ever produced, ſometimes condeſcends to play the fool; ſo did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wiſe, according to Horace, many years

* The Deity.

ago

ago: nay, Cicero reports them to have been incredibly childiſh. Theſe, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jeſt only: but ſeveral eminent characters have, in numberleſs inſtances of their lives, played the fool egregiouſly in earneſt; ſo far as to render it a matter of ſome doubt, whether their wiſdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the applauſe or cenſure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred, of mankind.

Thoſe perſons, indeed, who have paſſed any time behind the ſcenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the ſeveral diſguiſes which are there put on, but alſo with the fantaſtick and capricious behaviour of the paſſions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to reaſon, the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and ſeldom to exert himſelf) may moſt probably have learned to conſtrue the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the Engliſh phraſe, 'to ſtare at nothing.'

A ſingle bad act no more conſtitutes a villain in life, than a ſingle bad part on the ſtage. The paſſions, like the managers of a play-houſe, often force men upon parts, without conſulting their judgment, and ſometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himſelf acts; nay, it is common to ſee vice ſit as aukwardly on ſome men, as the character of Iago would on the honeſt face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour, and of true underſtanding, is never haſty to condemn. He can cenſure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage againſt the guilty party. In a word, they are the ſame folly, the ſame childiſhneſs, the ſame ill-breeding, and the ſame ill-nature, which raiſe all the clamours and uproars both in life, and on the ſtage. The worſt of men generally have the words *rogue* and *villain* moſt in their mouths; as the loweſt of all wretches are the apteſt to cry out *low* in the pit.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING A CONVERSATION WHICH MR. JONES HAD WITH HIMSELF.

JONES received his effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following anſwer to his letter.

'SIR,

'I Am commanded by my uncle to 'acquaint you, that as he did not 'proceed to thoſe meaſures he had 'taken with you, without the greateſt 'deliberation, and after the fulleſt evi'dence of your unworthineſs, ſo will 'it be always out of your power to 'cauſe the leaſt alteration in his reſo'lution. He expreſſes great ſurprize 'at your preſumption in ſaying, you 'have reſigned all pretenſions to a 'yound lady, to whom it is impoſſible 'you ſhould ever have had any; her 'birth and fortune having made her 'ſo infinitely your ſuperior. Laſtly, 'I am commanded to tell you, that 'the only inſtance of your compliance 'with my uncle's inclinations, which 'he requires, is, your immediately 'quitting this country. I cannot con'clude this without offering you my 'advice, as a chriſtian, that you would 'ſeriouſly think of amending your life: 'that you may be aſſiſted with grace ſo 'to do, will be always the prayer of 'your humble ſervant,

'W. BLIFIL.'

Many contending paſſions were raiſed in our hero's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at laſt over the indignant and iraſcible; and a flood of tears came ſeaſonably to his aſſiſtance, and poſſibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or burſting his heart.

He grew, however, ſoon aſhamed of indulging this remedy; and ſtarting up he cried, 'Well, then, I will give Mr. 'Allworthy the only inſtance he re'quires of my obedience: I will go 'this moment; but whither! why 'let fortune direct; ſince there is no 'other who thinks it of any conſe'quence what becomes of this wretch'ed perſon, it ſhall be a matter of 'equal indifference to myſelf. Shall 'I alone regard what no other— Ha! 'have I not reaſon to think there is 'another! One, whoſe value is above 'that of the whole world! I may, I 'muſt imagine my Sophia is not in'different to what becomes of me. 'Shall I then leave this only friend—

'and

'and such a friend? Shall I not stay 'with her?—Where! how can I stay 'with her? Have I any hopes of even 'seeing her, though she was as desi- 'rous as myself, without exposing her 'to the wrath of her father? And to 'what purpose? Can I think of soli- 'citing such a creature to consent to 'her own ruin? Shall I indulge any 'passion of mine at such a price? Shall 'I lurk about this country like a thief, 'with such intentions? No, I disdain, 'I detest the thought! Farewel, So- 'phia; farewel, most lovely, most be- 'loved—' Here passion stopped his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And now having taken a resolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himself whither he should go. *The world*, as Milton phrases it, *lay all before him*; and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might resort for comfort or assistance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy, and he had no reason to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters should indeed be very cautious how they discard their dependents; for the consequence to the unhappy sufferer is being discarded by all others.

What course of life to pursue, or to what business to apply himself, was a second consideration; and here the prospect was all a melancholy void. Every profession, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worse, money: for matters are so constituted, that 'Nothing out of nothing,' is not a truer maxim in physicks than in politicks; and every man who is greatly destitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At last the ocean, that hospitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he instantly resolved to accept her kind invitation. To express myself less figuratively, he determined to go to sea.

This thought indeed no sooner suggested itself, than he eagerly embraced it; and having presently hired horses, he set out for Bristol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we shall resort a while to Mr. Western's, and see what farther happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

THE morning in which Mr. Jones departed, Mrs. Western summoned Sophia into her apartment; and having first acquainted her that she had obtained her liberty of her father, she proceeded to read her a long lecture on the subject of matrimony; which she treated not as a romantick scheme of happiness arising from love, as it hath been described by the poets; nor did she mention any of those purposes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as instituted by sacred authority: she considered it rather as a fund in which prudent women deposit their fortunes to the best advantage, in order to receive a larger interest for them, than they could have elsewhere.

When Mrs. Western had finished, Sophia answered, that she was very incapable of arguing with a lady of her aunt's superior knowledge and experience, especially on a subject which she had so very little considered, as this of matrimony.

'Argue with me, child!' replied the other; 'I do not indeed expect 'it. I should have seen the world to 'very little purpose truly, if I am to 'argue with one of your years. I 'have taken this trouble, in order to 'instruct you. The ancient philoso- 'phers, such as Socrates, Alcibiades, 'and others, did not use to argue 'with their scholars. You are to 'consider me, child, as Socrates, not 'asking your opinion, but only in- 'forming you of mine.' From which last words the reader may possibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philosophy of Socrates, than she had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot resolve his curiosity as to this point.

'Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I have 'never presumed to controvert any 'opinion of yours; and this subject, 'as I have said, I have never yet 'thought of, and perhaps never may.'

'Indeed, Sophy,' replied the aunt, 'this dissimulation with me is very 'foolish. The French shall as soon 'persuade me, that they take foreign

'towns

'towns in defence only of their own 'country, as you can impose on me to 'believe you have never yet thought 'seriously of matrimony. How can 'you, child, affect to deny that you 'have considered of contracting an 'alliance when you so well know I 'am acquainted with the party with 'whom you desire to contract it? An 'alliance as unnatural, and contrary 'to your interest, as a separate league 'with the French would be to the in-'terest of the Dutch! But however, 'if you have not hitherto considered 'of this matter, I promise you it is 'now high time; for my brother is 'resolved immediately to conclude the 'treaty with Mr. Blifil; and indeed 'I am a sort of guarantee in the af-'fair, and have promised your con-'currence.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'this is the only instance in which I 'must disobey both yourself and my 'father. For this is a match which 'requires very little consideration in 'me to refuse.'

'If I was not as great a philosopher 'as Socrates himself,' returned Mrs. Western, 'you would overcome my 'patience. What objection can you 'have to the gentleman?'

'A very solid objection, in my o-'pinion,' says Sophia—'I hate him.'

'Will you never learn a proper use 'of words?' answered the aunt. 'In-'deed, child, you should consult Bai-'ley's Dictionary. It is impossible 'you should hate a man from whom 'you have received no injury. By 'hatred, therefore, you mean no more 'than dislike, which is no sufficient ob-'jection against your marrying of him. 'I have known many couples, who 'have entirely disliked each other, 'lead very comfortable, genteel lives. 'Believe me, child, I know these 'things better than you. You will 'allow me, I think, to have seen the 'world, in which I have not an ac-'quaintance who would not rather be 'thought to dislike her husband, than 'to like him. The contrary is such 'out-of fashion, romantick nonsense, 'that the very imagination of it is 'shocking.'

'Indeed, Madam,' replied Sophia, 'I shall never marry a man I dislike. 'If I promise my father never to con-'sent to any marriage contrary to his 'inclinations, I think I may hope he 'will never force me into that state 'contrary to my own.'

'Inclinations!' cries the aunt, with some warmth. 'Inclinations! I am 'astonished at your assurance. A 'young woman of your age, and un-'married, to talk of inclinations! 'But whatever your inclinations may 'be, my brother is resolved;—nay, 'since you talk of inclinations, I shall 'advise him to hasten the treaty. In-'clinations!'

Sophia then flung herself upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her shining eyes. She entreated her aunt to have mercy upon her, and not to resent so cruelly her unwilling-ness to make herself miserable; often urging, that she alone was concern-ed; and that her happiness only was at stake.

As a bailiff, when well authorized by his writ, having possessed himself of the person of some unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern; in vain the wretched captive attempts to raise compassion; in vain the ten-der wife bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to re-luctance. The noble Bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumstance of di-stress, greatly rises above all the mo-tives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler resolves to deliver his miserable prey.

Not less blind to the tears, or less deaf to every entreaty of Sophia, was the politick aunt; nor less determined was she to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She answered with great impetuosity, 'So far, Madam, from your being 'concerned alone, your concern is 'the least, or surely the least impor-'tant. It is the honour of your fa-'mily which is concerned in this al-'liance; you are only the instrument. 'Do you conceive, Mistress, that in 'an intermarriage between kingdoms, 'as when a daughter of France is 'married into Spain, the princess her-'self is alone considered in the match? 'No, it is a match between two king-'doms, rather than between two per-'sons. The same happens in great 'families, such as ours. The alli-'ance between the families is the prin-'cipal matter. You ought to have a

'greater

'greater regard for the honour of 'your family, than for your own per-'son; and if the example of a prin-'cess cannot inspire you with these 'noble thoughts, you cannot surely 'complain at being used no worse 'than all princesses are used.'

'I hope, Madam,' cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, 'I 'shall never do any thing to dishonour 'my family: but as for Mr. Blifil, 'whatever may be the consequence, I 'am resolved against him, and no force 'shall prevail in his favour.'

Western, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhausted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent passion, crying—'D—n me then if shatunt ha'un! d—n 'me, if shatunt, that's all—that's all! 'D—n me if shatunt!'

Mrs. Western had collected a sufficient quantity of warmth for the use of Sophia; but she now transferred it all to the squire. 'Brother,' said she, 'it is astonishing that you will interfere in a matter which you had totally left to my negociation. Regard to my family hath made me take upon 'myself to be the mediating power, 'in order to rectify those mistakes in 'policy which you have committed in 'your daughter's education. For, brother, it is you, it is your preposterous conduct, which hath eradicated 'all the seeds that I had formerly sown 'in her tender mind. It is you yourself who have taught her disobe-'dience.'—'Blood!' cries the squire, foaming at the mouth, 'you are enough 'to conquer the patience of the devil! 'Have I ever taught my daughter disobedience? Here she stands.—Speak 'honestly, girl: did ever I bid you 'be disobedient to me? Have not I 'done every thing to humour, and to 'gratify you, and to make you obedient to me? And very obedient to 'me she was when a little child, before you took her in hand, and spoiled her, by filling her head with a 'pack of court notions. Why—why '—why—did not I overhear you telling her she must behave like a prin-'cess? You have made a Whig of the 'girl; and how should her father, or any body else, expect any obedience 'from her?'—'Brother,' answered Mrs. Western, with an air of great disdain, 'I cannot express the contempt 'I have for your politicks of all kinds; 'but I will appeal likewise to the young 'lady herself, whether I have ever 'taught her any principles of disobedience.—On the contrary, niece, have 'I not endeavoured to inspire you with 'a true idea of the several relations in 'which a human creature stands in society? Have I not taken infinite pains 'to shew you, that the law of nature 'hath enjoined a duty on children to 'their parents? Have I not told you 'what Plato says on that subject? A 'subject on which you was so notoriously ignorant when you came first 'under my care, that I verily believe 'you did not know the relation between a daughter and a father.'—'Tis a lye,' answered Western. 'The 'girl is no such fool, as to live to eleven years old, without knowing that 'she was her father's relation.'—'O 'more than Gothic ignorance!' answered the lady. 'And as for your 'manners, brother, I must tell you, 'they deserve a cane.'—'Why then 'you may gi' it me, if you think you 'are able,' cries the squire; 'nay, I 'suppose your niece there will be ready 'enough to help you.'—'Brother,' said Mrs. Western, 'though I despise 'you beyond expression, yet I shall 'endure your insolence no longer; so 'I desire my coach may be got ready 'immediately, for I am resolved to 'leave your house this very morning.' —'And a good riddance too,' answered he; 'I can bear your insolence 'no longer, an you come to that. 'Blood! it is almost enough of itself, 'to make my daughter undervalue my 'sense, when she hears you telling me 'every minute you despise me.'—'It 'is impossible, it is impossible,' cries the aunt; 'no one can undervalue 'such a boar.'—'*Boar!*' answered the squire. 'I am no *boar*; no, nor ass; 'no, nor *rat* neither, Madam. Re-'member that—I am no rat. I am a 'true Englishman, and not of your 'Hanover breed, that have eat up the 'nation.'—'Thou art one of those 'wise men,' cries she, 'whose nonsen-'sical principles have undone the nation; by weakening the hands of 'our government at home, and by 'discouraging our friends, and encou-'raging our enemies abroad.'—'Ho! 'are you come back to your politicks?' cries

cries the ſquire. 'As for thoſe, I de-'ſpiſe them as much as I do a f—t.' Which laſt word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the moſt proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expreſſed for her politicks, which moſt affected Mrs. Weſtern, I will not determine; but ſhe flew into the moſt violent rage, uttered phraſes improper to be here related, and inſtantly burſt out of the houſe. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to ſtop or to follow her: for the one was ſo much poſſeſſed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almoſt motionleſs.

The ſquire, however, ſent after his ſiſter the ſame holla which attends the departure of a hare, when ſhe is firſt ſtarted before the hounds. He was indeed a great maſter of this kind of vociferation, and had a holla proper for moſt occaſions in life.

Women who, like Mrs. Weſtern, know the world, and have applied themſelves to philoſophy and politicks, would have immediately availed themſelves of the preſent diſpoſition of Mr. Weſtern's mind, by throwing in a few artful compliments to his underſtanding at the expence of his abſent adverſary; but poor Sophia was all ſimplicity. By which word we do not intend to inſinuate to the reader, that ſhe was ſilly, which is generally underſtood as a ſynonimous term with ſimple: for ſhe was indeed a moſt ſenſible girl, and her underſtanding was of the firſt rate; but ſhe wanted all that uſeful art which females convert to ſo many good purpoſes in life, and which, as it rather ariſes from the heart, than from the head, is often the property of the ſilliеſt of women.

CHAP. IV.

A PICTURE OF A COUNTRY GENTLEWOMAN, TAKEN FROM THE LIFE

MR. Weſtern having finiſhed his holla, and taken a litttle breath, began to lament, in very pathetick terms, the unfortunate condition of men, who are, ſays he, always *whipt in* by the humours of ſome d—n'd b— or other. I think I was *hard run* enough by 'your mother for one man; but after giving her a *dodge*, here's another b— follows me upon the *foil*; but curſe my jacket if I will be *run down* in this manner by any o'um!

Sophia never had a ſingle diſpute with her father, till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom ſhe had loved moſt tenderly, though ſhe loſt her in the eleventh year of her age. The ſquire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper-ſervant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour by making what the world calls a good huſband. He very ſeldom ſwore at her, (perhaps not above once a week) and never beat her: ſhe had not the leaſt occaſion for jealouſy, and was perfect miſtreſs of her time; for ſhe was never interrupted by her huſband, who was engaged all the morning in his field-exerciſes, and all the evening with bottle companions. She ſcarce indeed ever ſaw him but at meals; where ſhe had the pleaſure of carving thoſe diſhes which ſhe had before attended at the dreſſing. From theſe meals ſhe retired about five minutes after the other ſervants, having only ſtaid to drink 'The 'king over the water.' Such were, it ſeems, Mr. Weſtern's orders: for it was a maxim with him, that women ſhould come in with the firſt diſh, and go out after the firſt glaſs. Obedience to theſe orders was perhaps no difficult taſk: for the converſation (if it may be called ſo) was ſeldom ſuch as could entertain a lady. It conſiſted chiefly of hallooing, ſinging, relations of ſporting adventures, b—d—y, and abuſe of women and of the government.

Theſe, however, were the only ſeaſons when Mr. Weſtern ſaw his wife: for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally ſo drunk that he could not ſee; and in the ſporting ſeaſon he always aroſe from her before it was light. Thus was ſhe perfect miſtreſs of her time; and had beſides a coach and four uſually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badneſs of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little uſe: for none who had ſet ſo much value on their neck, would have paſſed through the one, or who had ſet any value on their hours, would have viſited the other. Now to deal honeſtly with the

reader, she did not make all the return expected to so much indulgence: for she had been married against her will, by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her side: for the squire's estate was upwards of 3000l. a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000l. Hence perhaps she had contracted a little gloominess of temper: for she was rather a good servant, than a good wife; nor had she always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth, with which the squire received her, even with a good-humoured smile. She would, moreover, sometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her husband, which in the gentlest terms she would take some of the few opportunities he gave her, of remonstrating against. And once in her life she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the request ever after; being well assured, that all the husbands in London are cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good reasons, Western at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, so he never forgot it afterwards: but when any thing in the least soured him, as a bad scenting-day, or a distemper among his hounds, or any other such misfortune, he constantly vented his spleen by invectives against the deceased; saying, 'If my wife was alive now, 'she would be glad of this.'

These invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before Sophia: for as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her mother better than him. And this jealousy Sophia seldom failed of heightening on these occasions: for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuse of her mother, but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuse; with which desire he never could prevail upon her by any promise or threats to comply.

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the squire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I must inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE GENEROUS BEHAVIOUR OF SOPHIA TOWARDS HER AUNT.

SOPHIA kept silence during the foregoing speech of her father, nor did she once answer otherwise than with a sigh; but as he understood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, so he was not satisfied without some farther approbation of his sentiments, which he now demanded in the usual way of his daughter; telling her, he expected she was ready to take the part of every body against him, as she had always done that of the b—— her mother. Sophia remaining still silent, he cried out, 'What, art dumb! Why dost unt 'speak? Was not thy mother a d—d 'b—to me? Answer me that. What, 'I suppose, you despise your father 'too, and don't think him good enough 'to speak to?'

'For Heaven's sake, Sir,' answered Sophia, 'do not give so cruel a turn 'to my silence, I am sure I would 'sooner die than be guilty of any dis-'respect towards you; but how can I 'venture to speak, when every word 'must either offend my dear papa, or 'convict me of the blackest ingrati-'tude as well as impiety to the me-'mory of the best of mothers? for 'such, I am certain, my mama was 'always to me.'

'And your aunt, I suppose, is the 'best of sisters too!' replied the squire. 'Will you be so kind as to allow that 'she is a b—? I may fairly insist upon 'that, I think.'

'Indeed, Sir,' says Sophia, 'I have 'great obligations to my aunt. She 'hath been a second mother to me.'

'And a second wife to me too,' returned Western; 'so you will take her 'part too! You won't confess that 'she hath acted the part of the vilest 'sister in the world?'

'Upon

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I muſt belye my heart wickedly if I 'did. I know my aunt and you dif- 'fer very much in your ways of think- 'ing: but I have heard her a thouſand 'times expreſs the greateſt affection 'for you; and I am convinced, ſo far 'from her being the worſt ſiſter in the 'world, there are very few who love a 'brother better.'

'The Engliſh of all which is,' anſwered the ſquire, 'that I am in the 'wrong. Ay, certainly. Ay, to be 'ſure; the woman is in the right, and 'the man in the wrong, always!'

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I do not ſay ſo.'

'What don't you ſay?' anſwered the father; 'you have the impudence 'to ſay ſhe's in the right: doth it not 'follow then of courſe that I'm in the 'wrong? And perhaps I am in the 'wrong, to ſuffer ſuch a preſbyterian 'Hanoverian b— to come into my 'houſe. She may 'dite me of a plot, 'for any thing I know, and give my 'eſtate to the government.'

'So far, Sir, from injuring you or 'your eſtate,' ſays Sophia, 'if my 'aunt had died yeſterday I am convinc- 'ed ſhe would have left you her whole 'fortune.'

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I ſhall not preſume to aſſert; but certain it is, theſe laſt words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more ſenſible effect than all ſhe had ſaid before. He received the ſound with much the ſame action, as a man receives a bullet in his head. He ſtarted, ſtaggered, and turned pale. After which he remained ſilent above a minute, and then began in the following heſitating manner: 'Yeſterday! ſhe would have left 'me her eſteate yeſterday! would ſhe? 'Why yeſterday, of all the days of 'the year? I ſuppoſe if ſhe dies to- 'morrow, ſhe will leave it to ſome- 'body elſe, and perhaps out of the 'family.'—'My aunt, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'hath very violent paſſions; and 'I can't anſwer what ſhe may do un- 'der their influence.'

'You can't!' returned the father; 'and pray who hath been the occaſion 'of putting her into thoſe violent 'paſſions? Nay, who hath actually 'put her into them? Was not you 'and ſhe hard at it before I came into 'the room? Beſides, was not all our 'quarrel about you? I have not quar- 'relled with ſiſter this many years but 'upon your account; and now you 'would throw the whole blame upon 'me, as thof I ſhould be the occaſion 'of her leaving the eſteate out o' the 'family. I could have expected no 'better indeed; this is like the re- 'turn you make to all the reſt of my 'fondneſs.'

'I beſeech you then,' cries Sophia, 'upon my knees I beſeech you, if I 'have been the unhappy occaſion of 'this difference, that you will endea- 'vour to make it up with my aunt, 'and not ſuffer her to leave your 'houſe in this violent rage of anger: 'ſhe is a very good-natured woman, 'and a few civil words will ſatisfy 'her. Let me entreat you, Sir.'

'So I muſt go and aſk pardon for 'your fault, muſt I?' anſwered Weſt- en. 'You have loſt the hare, and I 'muſt draw every way to find her 'again? Indeed, if I was certain—' Here he ſtopt, and Sophia throwing in more entreaties, at length prevailed upon him: and after venting two or three bitter ſarcaſtical expreſſions againſt his daughter, he departed as faſt as he could to recover his ſiſter, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then retired to her chamber of mourning, where ſhe indulged herſelf (if the phraſe may be allowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over the letter which ſhe had received from Jones more than once; her muff too was uſed on this occaſion; and ſhe bathed both theſe, as well as herſelf, with her tears. In this ſituation, the friendly Mrs. Honour exerted her utmoſt abilities to comfort her afflicted miſtreſs. She ran over the names of many young gentlemen; and having greatly commended their parts and perſons, aſſured Sophia that ſhe might take her choice of any. Theſe methods muſt have certainly been uſed with ſome ſucceſs in diſorders of the like kind, or ſo ſkilful a practitioner as Mrs. Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard, that the college of chambermaids hold them to be as ſovereign remedies as any in the female diſpenſary; but whether it was that Sophia's diſeaſe differed inwardly, from thoſe

caſes with which it agreed in external ſymptoms, I will not aſſert; but in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at laſt ſo incenſed her miſtreſs, (which was no eaſy matter) that with an angry voice ſhe diſmiſſed her from her preſence.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING GREAT VARIETY OF MATTER.

THE ſquire overtook his ſiſter juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into the coach, and partly by force, and partly by ſolicitation, prevailed upon her to order her horſes back into their quarters. He ſucceeded in this attempt without much difficulty: for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a moſt placable diſpoſition, and greatly loved her brother, though ſhe deſpiſed his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had firſt ſet on foot this reconciliation, was now made the ſacrifice to it. They both concurred in their cenſures on her conduct; jointly declared war againſt her; and directly proceeded to counſel, how to carry it on in the moſt vigorous manner. For this purpoſe, Mrs. Weſtern propoſed not only an immediate concluſion of the treaty with Allworthy; but as immediately to carry it into execution: ſaying, that there was no other way to ſucceed with her niece, but by violent methods, which ſhe was convinced Sophia had not ſufficient reſolution to reſiſt. 'By violent,' ſays ſhe, 'I mean rather, haſty meaſures: 'for as to confinement, or abſolute 'force, no ſuch things muſt or can 'be attempted. Our plan muſt be 'concerted for a ſurprize, and not for 'a ſtorm.'

Theſe matters were reſolved on, when Mr. Blifil came to pay a viſit to his miſtreſs. The ſquire no ſooner heard of his arrival, than he ſtept aſide, by his ſiſter's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the moſt bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refuſal.

The impetuoſity of the ſquire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wiſely foreſaw, was not able to reſiſt him. She agreed, therefore, to ſee Blifil, though ſhe had ſcarce ſpirits or ſtrength ſufficient to utter her aſſent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved, was no eaſy taſk. Had this circumſtance been out of the caſe, much leſs reſolution than what ſhe was really miſtreſs of, would perhaps have ſerved her; but it is no unuſual thing to aſcribe thoſe actions entirely to fear, which are in a great meaſure produced by love.

In purſuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr. Blifil's viſit. Scenes, like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have obſerved, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we ſhall ſtrictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to paſs over all thoſe matters, which they deſpair of placing in a ſhining light. A rule, we conceive, of excellent uſe, as well to the hiſtorian as to the poet; and which, if followed, muſt at leaſt have this good effect, that many a great evil (for ſo all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a ſmall one.

It is poſſible the great art uſed by Blifil at this interview, would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumſtances her confident, and to have revealed the whole ſecret of her heart to him; but ſhe had contracted ſo ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that ſhe was reſolved to place no confidence in him: for ſimplicity, when ſet on it's guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed ſuch as is generally preſcribed to virgins upon the ſecond formal viſit from one who is appointed for their huſband.

But though Blifil declared himſelf perfectly ſatisfied with his reception to the ſquire, yet that gentleman, who in company with his ſiſter had overheard all, was not ſo well pleaſed. He reſolved, in purſuance of the advice of the ſage lady, to puſh matters as forward as poſſible; and, addreſſing himſelf to his intended ſon-in-law in the hunting phraſe, he cried, after a loud holla, 'Follow her, boy, follow 'her; run in, run in: that's it, ho- 'neys. Dead! dead! dead! Never be 'baſhful, nor ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I?

'Allworthy

'Allworthy and I can finish all matters between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wedding to-morrow.'

Blifil having conveyed the utmost satisfaction into his countenance, answered—'As there is nothing, Sir, in this world, which I so eagerly desire, as an alliance with your family, except my union with the most amiable and deserving Sophia, you may easily imagine how impatient I must be to see myself in possession of my two highest wishes. If I have not therefore importuned you on this head, you will impute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by endeavouring to hurry on so blessed an event, faster than a strict compliance with all the rules of decency and decorum will permit. But if by your interest, Sir, she might be induced to dispense with any formalities—'

'Formalities, with a pox!' answered the squire, 'Pooh, all stuff and nonsense. I tell thee, she shall ha' thee to-morrow; you will know the world better hereafter, when you come to my age. Women never gi' their consent, man, if they can help it; 'tis not the fashion. If I had staid for her mother's consent, I might have been a batchelor to this day. To her, to her, to her! that's it, you jolly dog! I tell thee sha't ha' her to-morrow morning.'

Blifil suffered himself to be overpowered by the forcible rhetorick of the squire; and it being agreed that Western should close with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having first earnestly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haste, in the same manner as a popish inquisitor begs the lay power to do no violence to the heretick delivered over to it, and against whom the church hath passed sentence.

And to say the truth, Blifil had passed sentence against Sophia; for however pleased he had declared himself to Western with his reception, he was by no means satisfied, unless it was that he was satisfied of the hatred and scorn of his mistress; and this had produced no less reciprocal hatred and scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, why then did he not put an immediate end to all farther courtship? I answer, for that very reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr. Blifil was not of the complexion of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he saw; yet he was far from being destitute of that appetite which is said to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing taste, which serves to direct men in their choice of the object, or food, of their several appetites; and this taught him to consider Sophia as a most delicious morsel, indeed to regard her with the same desires which an ortolan inspires into the soul of an epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia, rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightness to her eyes, and her breast rose higher with her sighs. Indeed, no one hath seen beauty in it's highest lustre, who hath never seen it in distress. Blifil therefore looked on this human ortolan with greater desire, than when he viewed her last; nor was his desire at all lessened by the aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the pleasure he proposed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to lust: nay, he had some farther views, from obtaining the absolute possession of her person, which we detest too much even to mention; and revenge itself was not without it's share in the gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor Jones, and supplanting him in her affection, added another spur to his pursuit, and promised another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Besides all these views, which to some scrupulous persons may seem to savour too much of malevolence, he had one prospect, which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was, the estate of Mr. Western; which was all to be settled on his daughter and her issue; for so extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that provided his child would but consent to be miserable with the husband he chose, he cared not at what price he purchased him.

For these reasons Mr. Blifil was so desirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himself of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end proposed

was

was religious, (as surely matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the means. As, to other occasions he used to apply the philosophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, so that the means were fair and consistent with moral rectitude. To say truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of those great masters.

Little deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr. Western; who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little consequence, as Blifil himself conceived them to be; but as the sentiments of Mr. Allworthy were of a very different kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, Blifil was so well assisted by Western, that he succeeded without difficulty: for, as Mr. Allworthy had been assured by her father, that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had suspected concerning Jones was entirely false, Blifil had nothing more to do, than to confirm these assertions; which he did with such equivocations, that he preserved a salvo for his conscience; and had the satisfaction of conveying a lye to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia, by Allworthy, who said he would on no account be accessary to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will; he answered, that the real sentiments of young ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it; and that, if he could believe her father, she had all the affection for him which any lover could desire. 'As for Jones,' said he, 'whom I am loth to call villain, though his behaviour to you, 'Sir, sufficiently justifies the appellation, his own vanity, or perhaps 'some wicked views, might make 'him boast of a falshood; for if there 'had been any reality in Miss Western's love to him, the greatness of 'her fortune would never have suffered him to desert her, as you are 'well informed he hath. Lastly, Sir, 'I promise you I would not myself, 'for any consideration, no not for 'the whole world, consent to marry 'this young lady, if I was not persuaded she had all the passion for me 'which I desire she should have.'

This excellent method of conveying a falshood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and imposture, hath quieted the conscience of many a notable deceiver; and yet when we consider that it is Omniscience on which these endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem capable only of affording a very superficial comfort; and that this artful and refined distinction, between communicating a lye, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it costs them.

Allworthy was pretty well satisfied with what Mr. Western and Mr. Blifil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the priest, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up so much time, that Western offered to bind himself by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happiness of the young couple. Indeed he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent person might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was: but this eagerness was natural to him on all occasions; and he conducted every scheme he undertook in such a manner, as if the success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole happiness of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and son-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happiness to others, had not Sophia herself prevented it, and taken measures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of those taxes which these wise bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human species in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

A STRANGE RESOLUTION OF SOPHIA, AND A MORE STRANGE STRATAGEM OF MRS. HONOUR.

THOUGH Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own interest, she was not without some little

tle attachment to Sophia. To say truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no sooner, therefore, heard a piece of news which she imagined to be of great importance to her mistress, than, quite forgetting the anger which she had conceived two days before, at her unpleasant dismission from Sophia's presence, she ran hastily to inform her of this news.

The beginning of her discourse was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. 'O dear Ma'am,' says she, 'what doth your la'ship think! To be sure 'I am frightened out of my wits, 'and yet I thought it my duty to tell 'your la'ship, though perhaps it 'may make you angry; for we ser'vants don't always know what will 'make our ladies angry; for, to be 'sure, every thing is always laid to 'the charge of a servant. When our 'ladies are out of humour, to be sure, 'we must be scolded; and to be sure, 'I should not wonder if your la'ship 'should be out of humour; nay, it 'must surprize you certainly, ay, and 'shock you too!'—'Good Honour, 'let me know it without any longer 'preface,' says Sophia: 'there are few 'things, I promise you, which will 'surprize, and fewer which will shock 'me.'—'Dear Ma'am,' answered Honour, 'to be sure, I overheard my master 'talking to Parson Supple about get'ting a licence this very afternoon; 'and to be sure I heard him say your 'la'ship should be married to-morrow 'morning.' Sophia turned pale at these words, and repeated eagerly, 'To-morrow morning!'—'Yes, Ma'dam,' replied the trusty waiting-woman, 'I will take my oath I heard 'my master say so.'—'Honour,' says Sophia, 'you have both surprized and 'shocked me to such a degree, that I 'have scarce any breath or spirits left. 'What is to be done in my dreadful 'situation?'—'I wish I was able to 'advise your la'ship,' says she. 'Do 'advise me,' cries Sophia; 'pray, 'dear Honour, advise me! Think 'what you would attempt if it was 'your own case.'—'Indeed, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'I wish your la'ship 'and I could change situations; that 'is, I mean without hurting your 'la'ship; for to be sure I don't wish 'you so bad as to be a servant; but 'because, that if so be it was my case, 'I should find no manner of difficulty 'in it; for, in my poor opinion, young 'Squire Blifil is a charming, sweet, 'handsome man.'—'Don't mention 'such stuff,' cries Sophia. 'Such 'stuff,' repeated Honour, 'why there—'Well, to be sure, what's one man's 'meat is another man's poison; and 'the same is altogether as true of wo'men.'—'Honour,' says Sophia, 'rather than submit to be the wife of 'that contemptible wretch, I would 'plunge a dagger into my heart.'—'O lud, Ma'am,' answered the other, 'I am sure you frighten me out of 'my wits now. Let me beseech your 'la'ship not to suffer such wicked 'thoughts to come into your head. 'O lud, to be sure I tremble every 'inch of me. Dear Ma'am, consider, 'that to be denied christian burial, 'and to have your corpse buried in 'the highway, and a stake drove 'through you, as Farmer Halfpenny 'was served at Ox-Cross; and, to be 'sure, his ghost hath walked there 'ever since, for several people have 'seen him. To be sure it can be no'thing but the devil which can put such 'wicked thoughts into the head of 'any body; for certainly it is less 'wicked to hurt all the world than 'one's own dear self, and so I have 'heard said by more parsons than one. 'If your la'ship hath such a violent 'aversion, and hates the young gen'man so very bad, that you can't 'bear to think of going into bed to 'him; for to be sure there may be 'such antipathies in nature, and one 'had lieverer touch a toad than the 'flesh of some people.'

Sophia had been too much wrapped in contemplation, to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent discourse of her maid; interrupting her, therefore, without making any answer to it, she said, 'Honour, I am come 'to a resolution. I am determined to 'leave my father's house this very 'night; and if you have the friend'ship for me which you have often 'professed, you will keep me compa'ny.'—'That I will, Ma'am, to the 'world's end,' answered Honour; 'but I beg your la'ship to consider 'the consequence, before you under'take any rash action. Where can 'your la'ship possibly go?'—'There 'is,'

'is,' replied Sophia, 'a lady of quality in London, a relation of mine, who ſpent ſeveral months with my aunt in the country; during all which time ſhe treated me with great kindneſs, and expreſſed ſo much pleaſure in my company, that ſhe earneſtly deſired my aunt to ſuffer me to go with her to London. As ſhe is a woman of very great note, I ſhall eaſily find her out, and I make no doubt of being very well and kindly received by her.'—'I would not have your la'ſhip too confident of that,' cries Honour; 'for the firſt lady I lived with uſed to invite people very earneſtly to her houſe; but if ſhe heard afterwards they were coming, ſhe uſed to get out of the way. Beſides, though this lady would be very glad to ſee your la'ſhip, as to be ſure any body would be glad to ſee your la'ſhip; yet when ſhe hears your la'ſhip is run away from my maſter—' 'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia; 'ſhe looks upon the authority of a father in a much lower light than I do: for ſhe preſſed me violently to go to London with her; and when I refuſed to go without my father's conſent, ſhe laughed me to ſcorn, called me ſilly country girl, and ſaid I ſhould make a pure loving wife, ſince I could be ſo dutiful a daughter. So I have no doubt but ſhe will both receive me, and protect me too, till my father, finding me out of his power, can be brought to ſome reaſon.'

'Well but, Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'how doth your la'ſhip think of making your eſcape? Where will you get any horſes or conveyance? For as for your own horſe, as all the ſervants know a little how matters ſtand between my maſter and your la'ſhip, Robin will be hanged before he will ſuffer it to go out of the ſtable without my maſter's expreſs orders.'—'I intend to eſcape,' ſaid Sophia, 'by walking out of the doors when they are open. I thank Heaven my legs are very well able to carry me. They have ſupported me many a long evening, after a fiddle, with no very agreeable partner; and ſurely they will aſſiſt me in running from ſo deteſtable a partner for life.'—'O Heavens, Ma'am, doth your la'ſhip know what you are ſaying?' cries Honour: 'would you think of walking about the country by night, and alone?'—'Not alone,' anſwered the lady; 'you have promiſed to bear me company.'—'Yes, to be ſure,' cries Honour, 'I will follow your la'ſhip through the world; but your la'ſhip had almoſt as good be alone; for I ſhall not be able to defend you, if robbers or other villains ſhould meet with you. Nay, I ſhould be in as horrible a fright as your la'ſhip, for to be certain, they would raviſh us both. Beſides, Ma'm, conſider how cold the nights are now! we ſhould be frozen to death.'—'A good briſk pace,' anſwered Sophia, 'will preſerve us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for I will take a piſtol with me. There are two always charged in the hall.'—'Dear Ma'am, you frighten me more and more,' cries Honour; 'ſure your la'ſhip would not venture to fire it off! I had rather run any chance, than your la'ſhip ſhould do that.'—'Why ſo?' ſays Sophia, ſmiling; 'would not you, Honour, fire a piſtol at any one who ſhould attack your virtue?'—'To be ſure, Ma'am;' cries Honour, 'one's virtue is a dear thing, eſpecially to us poor ſervants, for it is our livelihood, as a body may ſay; yet I mortally hate fire-arms; for ſo many accidents happen by them.'—'Well, well,' ſays Sophia, 'I believe I may inſure your virtue at a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms with us; for I intend to take horſes at the very firſt town we come to, and we ſhall hardly be attacked in our way thither. Look'e, Honour, I am reſolved to go, and if you will attend me, I promiſe you I will reward you to the very utmoſt of my power.'

This laſt argument had a ſtronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And ſince ſhe ſaw her miſtreſs ſo determined, ſhe deſiſted from any farther diſſuaſions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very ſtubborn difficulty occured, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more eaſily got over by the miſtreſs than by the maid: for when a lady

lady hath once taken a reſolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obſtacles are conſidered as trifles. But Honour was inſpired by no ſuch motive; ſhe had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to ſhun; and beſides the real value of her clothes, in which conſiſted a great part of her fortune, ſhe had a capricious fondneſs for ſeveral gowns, and other things; either becauſe they became her, or becauſe they were given her by ſuch a particular perſon; becauſe ſhe had bought them lately, or becauſe ſhe had had them long; or for ſome other reaſons equally good; ſo that ſhe could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her, expoſed to the mercy of Weſtern, who, ſhe doubted not, would make them ſuffer martyrdom in his rage.

The ingenious Mrs. Honour having applied all her oratory to diſſuade her miſtreſs from her purpoſe, when ſhe found her poſitively determined, at laſt ſtarted the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz. to get herſelf turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. 'Oh! Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'your la'ſhip may truſt that to me; 'we ſervants very well know how to 'obtain this favour of our maſters 'and miſtreſſes; though ſometimes, indeed, where they owe us more wages 'than they can readily pay, they will 'put up with all our affronts, and will 'hardly take any warning we can 'give them: but the ſquire is none of 'thoſe; and ſince your la'ſhip is reſolved upon ſetting out to-night, I 'warrant I get diſcharged this after-'noon.' It was then reſolved that ſhe ſhould pack up ſome linen, and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorſe than the ſailor feels when he throws over the goods of others in order to ſave his own life.

CHAP. VIII.

CONTAINING SCENES OF ALTERCATION, OF NO VERY UNCOMMON KIND.

MRS. Honour had ſcarce ſooner parted from her young lady, than ſomething (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any falſe accuſation, and poſſibly he might have no hand in it) but ſomething, I ſay, ſuggeſted itſelf to her, that by ſacrificing Sophia and all her ſecrets to Mr. Weſtern, ſhe might probably make her fortune. Many conſiderations urged this diſcovery. The fair proſpect of a handſome reward for ſo great and acceptable a ſervice to the ſquire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprize ſhe had undertaken; the uncertainty of it's ſucceſs; night, cold, robbers, raviſhers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all theſe operate upon her, that ſhe was almoſt determined to go directly to the ſquire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge, to decree on one ſide, before ſhe had heard the other. And here, firſt, a journey to London appeared very ſtrongly in ſupport of Sophia. She eagerly longed to ſee a place in which ſhe fancied charms ſhort only of thoſe which a raptured ſaint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as ſhe knew Sophia to have much more generoſity than her maſter, ſo her fidelity promiſed her a greater reward than ſhe could gain by treachery. She then croſs-examined all the articles which had raiſed her fears on the other ſide; and found, on fairly ſifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both ſcales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her miſtreſs being thrown into the ſcale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumſtance ſtruck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had it's whole weight been fairly put into the other ſcale. This was the length of time which muſt intervene before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promiſes; for though ſhe was entitled to her mother's fortune, at the death of her father, and to the ſum of 3000l. left her by her uncle, when ſhe came of age; yet theſe were diſtant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generoſity of the young lady; whereas the rewards ſhe might expect from Mr. Weſtern were immediate. But while ſhe was purſuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which preſided over the integrity of Mrs. Honour, or perhaps mere chance, ſent an accident in her way, which at

once preſerved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended buſineſs.

Mrs. Weſtern's maid claimed great ſuperiority over Mrs. Honour, on ſeveral accounts. Firſt, her birth was higher: for her great grandmother, by the mother's ſide, was a couſin, not far removed, to an Iriſh peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And laſtly, ſhe had been at London, and had of conſequence ſeen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. Honour with that reſerve, and had always exacted of her thoſe marks of diſtinction which every order of females preſerves and requires in converſation with thoſe of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the reſpect which the other demanded, Mrs. Weſtern's maid was not at all pleaſed with her company: indeed, ſhe earneſtly longed to return home to the houſe of her miſtreſs, where ſhe domineered at will over all the other ſervants. She had been greatly, therefore, diſappointed in the morning, when Mrs. Weſtern had changed her mind on the very point of departure, and had been in what is vulgarly called a glouting humour ever ſince.

In this humour, which was none of the ſweeteſt, ſhe came into the room where Honour was debating with herſelf, in the manner we have above related. Honour no ſooner ſaw her, than ſhe addreſſed her in the following obliging phraſe, 'Soh! Madam, I find 'we are to have the pleaſure of your 'company longer, which I was afraid 'the quarrel between my maſter and 'your lady would have robbed us 'of.'—'I don't know, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'who you mean, 'by we, and us. I aſſure you I do 'not look on any of the ſervants in 'this houſe to be proper company for 'me. I am company, I hope, for 'their betters, every day in the week. 'I do not ſpeak on your account, Mrs. 'Honour, for you are a civilized 'young woman, and when you have 'ſeen a little more of the world, I 'ſhould not be aſhamed to walk with 'you in St. James's Park.'—'Hoity! 'toity!' cries Honour, 'Madam is in 'her airs, I proteſt. Mrs. Honour, 'forſooth! ſure, Madam, you might 'call me by my ſirname; for though 'my lady calls me Honour, I have 'a ſirname as well as other folks. 'Aſhamed to walk with me, quotha! 'Marry, as good as yourſelf, I hope.' —'Since you make ſuch a return to 'my civility,' ſaid the other, 'I muſt 'acquaint you, Mrs. Honour, that 'you are not ſo good as me. In the 'country one is indeed obliged to take 'up with all kind of trumpery, but 'in town I viſit none but the women 'of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs. 'Honour, there is ſome difference, I 'hope, between you and me.'—'I 'hope ſo too,' anſwered Honour; 'there 'is ſome difference in our ages, and— 'I think, in our perſons.' Upon ſpeaking which laſt words, ſhe ſtrutted by Mrs. Weſtern's maid with the moſt provoking air of contempt; turning up her noſe, toſſing her head, and violently bruſhing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put on one of her moſt malicious ſneers, and ſaid, 'Creature, you are below 'my anger; and it is beneath me to 'give ill words to ſuch an audacious 'ſaucy trollop; but, huſſey, I muſt tell 'you, your breeding ſhews the meanneſs of your birth as well as of your 'education; and both very properly 'qualify you to be the mean ſervingwoman of a country girl.'—'Don't 'abuſe my lady,' cries Honour; 'I 'won't take that of you; ſhe's as much 'better than yours as ſhe is younger, 'and ten thouſand times more handſomer.'

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, ſent Mrs. Weſtern to ſee her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being aſked the reaſon by her miſtreſs, ſhe preſently acquainted her, that her tears were occaſioned by the rude treatment of that creature there; meaning Honour. 'And, Madam,' continued ſhe, 'I could have deſpiſed all ſhe ſaid to 'me, but ſhe hath had the audacity 'to affront your ladyſhip, and to call 'you ugly————Yes, Madam, ſhe 'called you ugly old cat, to my face. 'I could not bear to hear your ladyſhip called ugly.'—'Why do you 'repeat her impudence ſo often?' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern. And then turning to Mrs. Honour, ſhe aſked her, how ſhe had the aſſurance to mention her name with diſreſpect. 'Diſreſpect, 'Madam!' anſwered Honour; 'I never

'mentioned

'mentioned your name at all; I said 'somebody was not as handsome as 'my mistress; and to be sure you know 'that as well as I.'—'Hussy,' replied the lady,' I will make such a saucy 'trollop as yourself know that I am 'not a proper subject of your dis-'course. And if my brother doth 'not discharge you this moment, I 'will never sleep in his house again. 'I will find him out, and have you 'discharged this moment.'——'Dis-'charged!' cries Honour; 'and sup-'pose I am, there are more places in 'the world than one. Thank Heaven, 'good servants need not want places; 'and if you turn away all who do not 'think you handsome, you will want 'servants very soon; let me tell you 'that.'

Mrs. Western spoke, or rather thundered in answer; but as she was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words; we shall, therefore, omit inserting a speech, which, at best, would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in search of her brother, with a countenance so full of rage, that she resembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a second bout at altercation, which soon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank; but not without some loss of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muslin.

CHAP. IX.

THE WISE DEMEANOUR OF MR. WESTERN IN THE CHARACTER OF A MAGISTRATE. A HINT TO JUSTICES OF PEACE, CONCERNING THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS OF A CLERK; WITH EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF PATERNAL MADNESS AND FILIAL AFFECTION.

LOGICIANS sometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often over-reach themselves in a scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour; who, instead of recovering the rest of her clothes, had like to have stopped even those she had on her back from escaping: for the squire no sooner heard of her having abused his sister, than he swore twenty oaths he would send her to Bridewell.

Mrs. Western was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the trespass of a stage-coachman, who had overturned her post-chaise into a ditch; nay, she had even broken the law, in refusing to prosecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a sum of money, but of her earrings; at the same time d—ning her, and saying, 'such handsome b—s as 'you don't want jewels to set them off, 'and be d—n'd to you.' But now, so uncertain are our tempers, and so much do we at different times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her brother to execute justiceship (for it was, indeed, a syllable more than justice) on her wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a justice of peace ought ever to be without, namely, some understanding in the law of this realm. He, therefore, whispered in the ear of the justice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; 'For I am 'afraid, Sir,' says he, 'you cannot 'legally commit any one to Bridewell 'only for ill-breeding.'

In matters of high importance, particularly in cases relating to the game, the justice was not always attentive to these admonitions of his clerk: for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many justices of peace suppose they have a large discretionary power. By virtue of which, under the notion of searching for, and taking away engines for the destruction of the game, they often commit trespasses, and sometimes felony, at their pleasure.

But this offence was not of quite so high a nature, nor so dangerous to the society. Here, therefore, the justice behaved with some attention to the advice of his clerk: for, in fact, he had already had two informations exhibited against him in the King's Bench, and had no curiosity to try a third.

The squire, therefore, putting on a most wise and significant countenance,

after a preface of several hum's and ha's, told his sister, that upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion, that as there was no breaking up of the peace; such as the law, says he, calls breaking open a door, as breaking a hedge, or breaking a head, or any such sort of breaking; the matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, nor trespasses nor damages; and, therefore, there was no punishment in the law for it.

Mrs. Western said, she knew the law much better; that she had known servants very severely punished for affronting their masters: and then named a certain justice of the peace in London, who, she said, would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time, when a master or mistress desired it.

'Like enough,' cries the squire, 'it 'may be in London; but the law is 'different in the country.' Here followed a very learned dispute between the brother and sister, concerning the law, which we would insert, if we imagined many of our readers could understand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magistrate; and Mrs. Western was, in the end, obliged to content herself with the satisfaction of having Honour turned away; to which Sophia herself very readily and chearfully consented.

Thus fortune, after having diverted herself, according to custom, with two or three frolicks, at last disposed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who, indeed, succeeded admirably well in her deceit, considering it was the first she had ever practised. And, to say the truth, I have often concluded, that the honest part of mankind would be much too hard for the knavish, if they would bring themselves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmost perfection. She no sooner saw herself secure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had raised most horrible ideas in her mind, than she resumed those airs which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place, with as much affection of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practised at the resignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleases, therefore, we chuse rather to say she resigned; which hath, indeed, been always held a synonimous expression with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. Western ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his sister declared she would not sleep another night under the same roof with so impudent a slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that every thing was ready early in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed bag and baggage, to the great satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the house, exactly at the dreadful and ghostly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In these Mrs. Western herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory stile than before; but her father treated her in so violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will, which so highly pleased the good squire, that he changed his frowns into smiles, and his menaces into promises; he vowed his whole soul was wrapped in her's, that her consent (for so he construed the words, 'You know, Sir, I must not, 'nor can refuse to obey any absolute 'command of yours,') had made him the happiest of mankind. He then gave her a large bank-bill to dispose of in any trinkets she pleased, and kissed and embraced her in the fondest manner, while tears of joy trickled from those eyes, which a few moments before had darted fire and rage against the dear object of all his affection.

Instances of this behaviour in parents are so common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little astonished at the whole conduct of Mr. Western. If he should, I own I am not able to account for it; since that he loved his daughter most tenderly, is, I think, beyond dispute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children most compleatly miserable by the same conduct; which, though it is almost universal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the most unac-

countable

countable of all the abſurdities which ever entered into the brain of *that ſtrange, prodigious creature, man.*

The latter part of Mr. Weſtern's behaviour had ſo ſtrong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it ſuggeſted a thought to her, which not all the ſophiſtry of her politick aunt, nor all the menaces of her father, had ever once brought into her head. She reverenced her father ſo piouſly, and loved him ſo paſſionately, that ſhe had ſcarce ever felt more pleaſing ſenſations, than what aroſe from the ſhare ſhe frequently had of contributing to his amuſement, and ſometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the ſatisfaction of hearing almoſt every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immenſe happineſs ſhe ſhould convey to her father by her conſent to this match, made a ſtrong impreſſion on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of ſuch an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as ſhe had a very deep ſenſe of religion. Laſtly, when ſhe reflected how much ſhe herſelf was to ſuffer, being indeed to become little leſs than a ſacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, ſhe felt an agreeable tickling, in a certain little paſſion, which, though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often ſo kind as to lend great aſſiſtance in executing the purpoſes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of ſo heroick an action, and began to compliment herſelf with much premature flattery; when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, ſuddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-ſhew, kicked all out before him. In truth (for we ſcorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine, by aſcribing her actions to ſupernatural impulſe) the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and ſome hopes (however diſtant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately deſtroyed all, which filial love, piety, and pride, had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we muſt now look back to Mr. Jones.

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING SEVERAL MATTERS, NATURAL ENOUGH, PERHAPS, BUT LOW.

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that we left Mr. Jones, in the beginning of this book, on his road to Briſtol, being determined to ſeek his fortune at ſea, or rather indeed to fly away from his fortune on ſhore.

It happened (a thing not very unuſual) that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; ſo that having miſſed his right track, and being aſhamed to aſk information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to grow dark. Jones ſuſpecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehenſions; but he inſiſted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very ſtrange if he ſhould not know the road to Briſtol; though, in reality, it would have been much ſtranger if he had known it, having never paſſed through it in his life before.

Jones had not ſuch implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village, he enquired of the firſt fellow he ſaw, whether they were in the road to Briſtol. 'Whence did you come?' cries the fellow. 'No matter,' ſays Jones, a little haſtily, 'I want to know 'if this be the road to Briſtol.'—— 'The road to Briſtol!' cries the fellow, ſcratching his head, 'why Maſ'ter, I believe, you will hardly get to 'Briſtol this way to-night.'—'Pr'ythee, friend, then,' anſwered Jones, 'do tell us which is the way.'—— 'Why, meaſter,' cries the fellow, 'you 'muſt be come out of your road the 'Lord knows whither: for thick way 'goeth to Glocester'——'Well, and 'which way goes to Briſtol?' ſaid Jones. 'Why, you be going away 'from Briſtol,' anſwered the fellow. —'Then,' ſaid Jones, 'we muſt go 'back again.'—'Ay, you muſt,' ſaid the fellow. 'Well, and when we come 'back to the top of the hill, which 'way muſt we take?'—'Why, you 'muſt

'must keep the ſtraight road.'—'But I 'remember there are two roads, one 'to the right, and the other to the 'left.'—'Why, you muſt keep the 'right-hand road, and then go ſtraight 'forwards; only remember to turn 'firſt to your right, and then to your 'left again, and then to your right; 'and that brings you to the ſquire's, 'and then you muſt keep ſtraight for-'wards, and turn to the left.'

Another fellow now came up, and aſked which way the gentlemen were going: of which being informed by Jones, he firſt ſcratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, that he muſt keep the right-hand round for about a mile, or a mile and half, or ſuch a matter, and then he muſt turn ſhort to the left, which would bring him round by Meaſter Jin Bearnes's. 'But which 'is Mr. John Bearnes's?' ſays Jones. —'Lord,' cries the fellow, 'why don't 'you know Meaſter Jin Bearnes?' 'Whence then did you come?'

Theſe two fellows had almoſt conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well-looking man (who was indeed a quaker) accoſted him thus: 'Friend, I perceive thou haſt loſt thy 'way; and if thou wilt take my ad-'vice, thou wilt not attempt to find it 'to-night. It is almoſt dark, and the 'road is difficult to hit; beſides, there 'have been ſeveral robberies commit-'ted lately between this and Briſtol. 'Here is a very creditable good houſe 'juſt by, where thou may'ſt find good 'entertainment for thyſelf and thy 'cattle till morning.' Jones, after a little perſuaſion, agreed to ſtay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the publick-houſe.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, he hoped he would excuſe the badneſs of his accommodation: for that his wife was gone from home, and had locked up almoſt every thing, and carried the keys along with her. Indeed, the fact was, that a favourite daughter of her's was juſt married, and gone that morning home with her huſband; and that ſhe and her mother together had almoſt ſtripped the poor man of all his goods, as well as money: for though he had ſeveral children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her conſideration; and to the humour of this one child ſhe would, with pleaſure, have ſacrificed all the reſt, and her huſband into the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone, yet he could not reſiſt the importunities of the honeſt quaker; who was the more deſirous of ſitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour; and which the poor quaker thought his converſation might in ſome meaſure relieve.

After they had paſſed ſome time together, in ſuch a manner that my honeſt friend might have thought himſelf at one of his ſilent meetings, the quaker began to be moved by ſome ſpirit or other, probably that of curioſity; and ſaid, 'Friend, I perceive ſome ſad 'diſaſter hath befallen thee; but, pray 'be of comfort. Perhaps thou haſt 'loſt a friend. If ſo, thou muſt con-'ſider we are all mortal; and why 'ſhouldſt thou grieve, when thou 'knoweſt thy grief will do thy friend 'no good? We are all born to af-'fliction. I myſelf have my ſorrows 'as well as thee, and moſt probably 'greater ſorrows; though I have a 'clear eſtate of 100l. a year, which 'is as much as I want, and I have a 'conſcience, I thank the Lord, void 'of offence. My conſtitution is ſound 'and ſtrong; and there is no man can 'demand a debt of me, nor accuſe me 'of an injury—yet, friend, I ſhould 'be concerned to think thee as mi-'ſerable as myſelf.'

Here the quaker ended, with a deep ſigh; and Jones preſently anſwered—'I am very ſorry, Sir, for your un-'happineſs, whatever is the occaſion 'of it.'—'Ah! friend,' replied the quaker, 'one only daughter is the oc-'caſion. One who is my greateſt de-'light upon earth, and who within 'this week is run away from me, and 'is married againſt my conſent. I had 'provided her a proper match, a ſo-'ber man, and one of ſubſtance; but 'ſhe, forſooth, would chuſe for her-'ſelf, and away ſhe is gone with a young 'fellow not worth a groat. If ſhe had 'been dead, as I ſuppoſe thy friend is, 'I ſhould have been happy!'—'That 'is very ſtrange, Sir,' ſaid Jones.—'Why,

'Why, would it not be better for her 'to be dead, than to be a beggar?' replied the quaker: 'for, as I told 'you, the fellow is not worth a groat; 'and surely she cannot expect that I 'shall ever give her a shilling. No, 'as she hath married for love, let her 'live on love if she can; let her carry 'her love to market, and see whether 'any one will change it into silver, or 'even into halfpence.'—'You know 'your own concern best, Sir,' said Jones. 'It must have been,' continued the quaker, a long premeditated scheme to cheat me: for they have 'known one another from their infancy; and I always preached to her 'against love—and told her, a thousand times over, it was all folly and 'wickedness. Nay, the cunning slut 'pretended to hearken to me, and to 'despise all wantonness of the flesh; 'and yet, at last, broke out at a window, two pair of stairs: for I began, 'indeed, a little to suspect her, and had 'locked her up carefully, intending the 'very next morning to have married 'her up to my liking. But she disappointed me within a few hours, and 'escaped away to the lover of her own 'chusing, who lost no time: for they 'were married and bedded, and all 'within an hour.

'But it shall be the worst hour's 'work for them both that ever they 'did; for they may starve, or beg, 'or steal together, for me. I will 'never give either of them a farthing.' Here Jones, starting up, cried, 'I really must be excused; I wish you 'would leave me.'—'Come, come, 'friend,' said the quaker, 'don't give 'way to concern. You see there are 'other people miserable besides yourself.'—'I see there are madmen, and 'fools, and villains in the world!' cries Jones. 'But let me give you a piece 'of advice; send for your daughter 'and son-in-law home, and don't be 'yourself the only cause of misery to 'one you pretend to love.'—'Send 'for her and her husband home!' cries the quaker, loudly; 'I would 'sooner send for the two greatest enemies I have in the world?'—'Well, 'go home yourself, or where you 'please,' said Jones, 'for I will sit 'no longer in such company.'—'Nay, 'friend,' answered the quaker, 'I 'scorn to impose my company on any 'one.' He then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones pushed him with some violence out of the room.

The subject of the quaker's discourse had so deeply affected Jones, that he stared very wildly all the time he was speaking. This the quaker had observed, and this, added to the rest of his behaviour, inspired honest Broadbrim with a conceit, that his companion was, in reality, out of his senses. Instead of resenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compassion for his unhappy circumstances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he desired him to take great care of his guest, and to treat him with the highest civility.

'Indeed,' says the landlord, 'I 'shall use no such civility towards 'him: for it seems, for all his laced 'waistcoat, there, he is no more a gentleman than myself; but a poor parish 'bastard, bread up at a great squire's 'about thirty miles off, and now turned out of doors, (not for any good, 'to be sure.) I shall get him out of 'my house as soon as possible. If I 'do loose my reckoning, the first loss 'is always the best. It is not above 'a year ago that I lost a silver spoon.'

'What dost thou talk of a parish 'bastard, Robin?' answered the quaker: 'thou must certainly be mistaken 'in thy man.'

'Not at all,' replied Robin; 'the 'guide, who knows him very well, 'told it me.' For, indeed, the guide had no sooner taken his place at the kitchen fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew, or had ever heard, concerning Jones.

The quaker was no sooner assured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compassion for him vanished; and the honest plain man went home, fired with no less indignation than a duke would have felt, at receiving an affront from such a person.

The landlord himself conceived an equal disdain for his guest; so that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he could have no bed there. Besides disdain of the mean condition of his guest, Robin entertained violent suspicion of his intentions; which were, he supposed,

ſuppoſed, to watch ſome favourable opportunity of robbing the houſe. In reality he might have been very well eaſed of theſe apprehenſions by the prudent precaution of his wife and daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature ſuſpicious, and had been more particularly ſo ſince the loſs of his ſpoon. In ſhort, the dread of being robbed totally abſorbed the comfortable conſideration that he had nothing to loſe.

Jones being aſſured that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himſelf to a great chair made with ruſhes; when ſleep, which had lately ſhunned his company in much better apartments, generouſly paid him a viſit in his humble cell

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to reſt. He returned therefore to the kitchen fire, whence he could ſurvey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was ſeated; and as for the window to that room, it was impoſſible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his eſcape through it.

CHAP. XI.

THE ADVENTURE OF A COMPANY OF SOLDIERS.

THE landlord having taken his ſeat directly oppoſite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, though they neither knew his ſuſpicions, nor had any of their own. The true cauſe of their watching did indeed at length put an end to it; for this was no other than the ſtrength and goodneſs of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quantity, they grew at firſt very noiſy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both aſleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compoſe the fears of Robin. He continued ſtill waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr. Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his ſeat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no ſooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all ruſhed upon him in as tumultuous a manner as if they intended to take his little caſtle by ſtorm.

The landlord was now forced from his poſt to furniſh his numerous gueſts with beer, which they called for with great eagerneſs; and upon his ſecond or third return from the cellar, he ſaw Mr. Jones ſtanding before the fire, in the midſt of the ſoldiers; for it may eaſily be believed, that the arrival of ſo much good company ſhould put an end to any ſleep, unleſs that from which we are only to be awakened by the laſt trumpet.

The company having now pretty well ſatisfied their thirſt, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumſtance often productive of much miſchief and diſcontent among the inferior rank of gentry, who are apt to find great difficulty in aſſeſſing the ſum, with exact regard to diſtributive juſtice, which directs, that every man ſhall pay according to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the preſent occaſion; and it was the greater, as ſome gentlemen had in their extreme hurry marched off, after their firſt draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the ſaid reckoning.

A violent diſpute now aroſe, in which every word may be ſaid to have been depoſed upon oath; for the oaths were at laſt equal to all the other words ſpoken. In this controverſy, the whole company ſpoke together, and every man ſeemed wholly bent to extenuate the ſum which fell to his ſhare; ſo that the moſt probable concluſion which could be foreſeen, was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's ſhare to pay, or (what is much the ſame thing) would remain unpaid.

All the while Mr. Jones was engaged in converſation with the ſerjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the preſent diſpute, being privileged, by immemorial cuſtom, from all contribution.

The diſpute now grew ſo very warm, that it ſeemed to draw towards a military deciſion, when Jones ſtepping forward, ſilenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the

the whole reckoning; which, indeed, amounted to no more than three shillings and four-pence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and applause of the whole company. The terms, honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, resounded through the room; nay, my landlord himself began to have a better opinion of him, and almost to disbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The serjeant had informed Mr. Jones, that they were marching against the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious Duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the highest; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt pushing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had some heroick ingredients in his composition, and was a hearty well-wisher to the glorious cause of liberty, and of the Protestant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumstances which would have warranted a much more romantick and wild undertaking, it should occur to him to serve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had said all in his power to encourage and promote this good disposition, from the first moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble resolution aloud, which was received with great pleasure by the whole company; who all cried out, 'God bless King 'George, and your honour!' and then added, with many oaths, 'we will stand 'by you both to the last drops of our 'blood.'

The gentleman, who had been all night tippling at the alehouse, was prevailed on by some arguments which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the same expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr. Jones being put up in the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide, stepping up to Jones, said, 'Sir, I hope you will consider 'that the horses have been kept out 'all night, and we have travelled a 'great ways out of our way.' Jones was surprized at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the soldiers with the merits of his cause; who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some said, he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deserved to run the gantlope; and the serjeant shook his cane at him, and wished he had him under his command; swearing heartily he would make an example of him.

Jones contented himself, however, with a negative punishment, and walked off with his new comrades; leaving the guide to the poor revenge of cursing and reviling him; in which latter the landlord joined, saying—'Ay, 'ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you. 'A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go 'for a soldier. He shall wear a laced 'waistcoat, truly. It is an old pro-'verb and a true one, "All is not "gold that glisters." I am glad my 'house is well rid of him.'

All that day the serjeant and the young soldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining stories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the service, and had, by his own dexterity, so well ingratiated himself with his officers, that he had promoted himself to a halbert, chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was most excellently well skilled.

Much mirth and festivity passed among the soldiers during their march. In which the many occurrences that had passed at their last quarters were remembered; and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleased on his officers; some of which were of the coarser kind, and very near bordering on scandal. This brought to our hero's mind the custom which he had read among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging, on certain festivals and solemn occasions, the liberty to slaves, of using an uncontrouled freedom of speech towards their masters.

Our little army, which consisted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The serjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had

picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he said, was as fine a man as ever he saw, (meaning the Tippler) for that he was near six feet, well-proportioned, and strongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank. The new soldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the six-foot man, he being first produced, came next to survey Jones; at the first sight of whom, the lieutenant could not help shewing some surprize; for, besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely seen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably annexed to the features of their superiors.

'Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'my 'serjeant informed me, that you are 'desirous of enlisting in the company 'I have at present under my com-'mand; if so, Sir, we shall very glad-'ly receive a gentleman who promises 'to do much honour to the company, 'by bearing arms in it.'

Jones answered, that he had not mentioned any thing of enlisting himself; that he was most zealously attached to the glorious cause for which they were going to fight, and was very desirous of serving as a volunteer; concluding with some compliments to the lieutenant, and expressing the great satisfaction he should have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his resolutions, shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers.

CHAP. XII.

THE ADVENTURE OF A COMPANY OF OFFICERS.

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near sixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had served in the capacity of an ensign at the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the Duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

In this commission he had continued ever since, viz. near forty years; during which time he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he had first entered into the service.

Nor was this ill success in his profession solely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will which this man bore him, to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himself; but solely to the indiscretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though she was remarkably fond of her husband, would not purchase his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew nor suspected, that he really bore him any; for he could not suspect an ill-will for which he was not conscious of giving any cause; and his wife, fearing what her husband's nice regard to his honour might have occasioned, contented herself with preserving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conquest.

This unfortunate officer (for so I think he may be called) had many good qualities, besides his merit in his profession; for he was a religious, honest, good-natured man; and had behaved so well in his command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved, not only by the soldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours; so that he really spoke no language at all, and could barely make himself understood on the most ordinary occasions. There were likewise two ensigns, both very young fellows; one of

of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was son to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As soon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had passed among the soldiers upon their march; 'And yet,' says he, 'notwithstanding all their 'vociferation, I dare swear they will 'behave more like Grecians than Trojans when they come to the enemy.' —'Grecians and Trojans!' says one of the ensigns, 'who the devil are 'they? I have heard of all the troops 'in Europe, but never of any such as 'these.'

'Don't pretend to more ignorance 'than you have, Mr. Northerton,' said the worthy lieutenant; 'I suppose you have heard of the Greeks 'and Trojans, though, perhaps, you 'never read Pope's Homer; who, I 'remember, now the gentleman mentions it, compares the march of the 'Trojans to the cackling of geese, and 'greatly commends the silence of the 'Grecians. And, upon my honour, 'there is great justice in the cadet's 'observation.'

'Begar, me remember dem ver well,' said the French lieutenant, 'me ave 'read dem at school, in, dans, Madam 'Daciere; des Greek, des Trojan, dey 'fight for von woman—ouy, ouy, me 'ave read all dat.'

'D—n *Homo*, with all my heart,' says Northerton, 'I have the marks 'of him in my a—yet. There's Thomas of our regiment, always carries 'a *Homo* in his pocket: d—n me if 'ever I come at it, if I don't burn 'it. And there's Corderius, another 'd—n'd son of a whore that hath got 'me many a flogging.'

'Then you have been at school, 'Mr. Northerton?' said the lieutenant.

'Ay d—n me, have I,' answered he, 'the devil take my father for sending me thither. The old put wanted 'to make a parson of me; but d—n 'me, thinks I to myself, I'll nick you 'there, old cull: the devil a smack 'of your nonsense shall you ever get 'into me. There's Jemmy Oliver of 'our regiment, he narrowly escaped 'being a pimp too; and that would 'have been a thousand pities. For 'd—n me if he is not one of the prettiest fellows in the whole world; but 'he went farther than I with the old 'cull; for Jemmy can neither write 'nor read.

'You give your friend a very good 'character,' said the lieutenant, 'and 'a very deserved one, I dare say; but 'pr'ythee, Northerton, leave off that 'foolish, as well as wicked, custom of 'swearing: for you are deceived, I 'promise you, if you think there is 'wit or politeness in it. I wish, too, 'you would take my advice, and desist 'from abusing the clergy. Scandalous names and reflections cast on 'any body of men, must be always 'unjustifiable; but especially so, when 'thrown on so sacred a function: for 'to abuse the body, is to abuse the 'function itself; and I leave to you 'to judge, how inconsistent such behaviour is, in men who are going to 'fight in defence of the Protestant religion.'

Mr. Adderly, which was the name of the other ensign, had sat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without seeming to listen to the discourse: he now answered, 'O mon-'sieur, *on ne parle pas de la religion* 'dans la guerre.'—'Well said, Jack,' cries Northerton; 'if *la religion* was 'the only matter, the parsons should 'fight their own battles for me.'

'I don't know, gentlemen,' says Jones, 'what may be your opinion: 'but I think no man can engage in a 'nobler cause than that of his religion; and I have observed, in the 'little I have read of history, that no 'soldiers have fought so bravely, as 'those who have been inspired with a 'religious zeal: for my own part, 'though I love my king and country, 'I hope, as well as any man in it, 'yet the protestant interest is no small 'motive to my becoming a volunteer 'in the cause.'

Northerton now winked on Adderly, and whispered to him slily, 'Smoke 'the prig, Adderly, smoke him!' Then turning to Jones, said to him, 'I am 'very glad, Sir, you have chosen our 'regiment to be a volunteer in: for 'if our parson should at any time take 'a cup too much, I find you can supply his place. I presume, Sir, you 'have been at the university; may I 'crave the favour to know what college?'

'Sir,' answered Jones, 'so far from

'having been at the univerſity, I have 'even had the advantage of yourſelf: 'for I was never at ſchool.'

'I preſumed,' cries the enſign, 'only 'upon the information of your great 'learning—' 'Oh, Sir!' anſwered Jones, 'it is as poſſible for a man to 'know ſomething without having been 'at ſchool, as it is to have been at 'ſchool and to know nothing.'

'Well ſaid, young volunteer!' cries the lieutenant. 'Upon my word, Nor-'therton, you had better let him alone, 'for he will be too hard for you.'

Northerton did not very well reliſh the ſarcaſm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was ſcarce ſufficient to juſtify a blow, or a raſcal, or ſcoundrel, which were the only repartees that ſuggeſted themſelves. He was, therefore, ſilent at preſent; but reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of returning the jeſt by abuſe.

It now came to the turn of Mr. Jones to give a toaſt, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impoſſible that any one preſent ſhould gueſs the perſon he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toaſt-maſter, was not contented with Sophia only. He ſaid he muſt have her ſurname; upon which Jones heſitated a little, and preſently after named Miſs Sophia Weſtern. Enſign Northerton declared he would not drink her health in the ſame round with his own toaſt, unleſs ſomebody would vouch for her. 'I knew one Sophia 'Weſtern,' ſays he, 'that was lain 'with by half the young fellows at 'Bath; and, perhaps, this is the ſame 'woman.' Jones very ſolemnly aſſured him of the contrary; aſſerting, that the young lady he named was one of great faſhion and fortune. 'Aye, 'aye,' ſays the enſign, 'and ſo ſhe is; 'd—n me it is the ſame woman; and 'I'll hold half a dozen of Burgundy, 'Tom French of our regiment brings 'her into company with us at any ta-'vern in Bridges Street.' He then proceeded to deſcribe her perſon exactly, (for he had ſeen her with her aunt;) and concluded with ſaying, that her father had a great eſtate in Somerſetſhire.

The tenderneſs of lovers can ill brook the leaſt jeſting with the names of their miſtreſſes. However Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his diſpoſition, did not reſent theſe ſlanders as haſtily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To ſay the truth, having ſeen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily underſtand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really miſtaken his charmer for ſome other. But now turning to the enſign with a ſtern aſpect, he ſaid, 'Pray, Sir, chuſe ſome 'other ſubject for your wit: for I pro-'miſe you I will bear no jeſting with 'this lady's character.'—'Jeſting,' cries the other, 'd—n me if ever I 'was more in earneſt in my life. Tom 'French of our regiment had both her 'and her aunt at Bath.'—'Then I 'muſt tell you in earneſt,' cries Jones, 'that you are one of the moſt impu-'dent raſcals upon earth.'

He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, then the enſign, together with a volley of curſes, diſcharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him inſtantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionleſs before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interpoſed, by ſtepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill conſequences of his ſtay; aſking him, what he could have done leſs. 'Zounds!' ſays he, 'I was but 'in jeſt with the fellow. I never heard 'any harm of Miſs Weſtern in my life.' —'Have not you?' ſaid the lieutenant; 'then you richly deſerve to be hanged, 'as well for making ſuch jeſts, as for 'uſing ſuch a weapon. You are my 'priſoner, Sir; nor ſhall you ſtir from 'hence, till a proper guard comes to 'ſecure you.'

Such an aſcendant had our lieutenant over this enſign, that all that fervency of courage which had levelled our poor hero with the floor, would ſcarce have animated the ſaid enſign to have drawn his ſword againſt the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his ſide; but all the ſwords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, ſecured by the French officer

So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final iſſue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the deſire of their commanding officer, had raiſed up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little, if any, ſign of life in him, they again let him fall. Adderly damning him for having blooded his waiſtcoat; and the Frenchman declaring, 'Begar 'me no tuſh the Engliſeman, de mort; 'me ave heard de Engliſe ley, law, 'what you call, hang up de man dat 'tuſh him laſt.'

When the good lieutenant applied himſelf to the door, he applied himſelf likewiſe to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he diſpatched him for a file of muſqueteers and a ſurgeon. Theſe commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himſelf ſeen, not only produced the ſoldiers, but preſently drew up the landlord of the houſe, his wife and ſervants, and, indeed, every one elſe, who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To deſcribe every particular, and to relate the whole converſation of the enſuing ſcene, is not within my power, unleſs I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now ſpoke. The reader muſt, therefore, content himſelf with the moſt remarkable incidents; and perhaps he may very well excuſe the reſt.

The firſt thing done, was ſecuring the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the cuſtody of ſix men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To ſay the truth, ſo whimſical are the deſires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to ſome corner of the world, where the fame of it ſhould never have reached his ears.

It ſurprizes us, and ſo, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, ſhould have applied his chief care rather to ſecure the offender than to preſerve the life of the wounded perſon. We mention this obſervation, not with any view of pretending to account for ſo odd a behaviour, but leſt ſome critick ſhould hereafter plume himſelf on diſcovering it. We would have theſe gentlemen know, we can ſee what is odd in characters as well as themſelves, but it is our buſineſs to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and ſagacious reader to conſult that original book of nature, whence every paſſage in our work is tranſcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for it's authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different diſpoſition. They ſuſpended their curioſity concerning the perſon of the enſign, till they ſhould ſee him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At preſent, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, ſoon began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of life and motion. Theſe were no ſooner perceived by the company (for Jones was, at firſt, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to preſcribing for him: for as none of the phyſical order was preſent, every one there took that office upon him.

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand: every one then cry'd, 'Call the barber;' but none ſtirred a ſtep. Several cordials were likewiſe preſcribed in the ſame ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of his ſtrong beer, with a toaſt, which he ſaid was the beſt cordial in England.

The perſon principally aſſiſtant on this occaſion, indeed the only one who did any ſervice, or ſeemed likely to do any, was the landlady. She cut off ſome of her hair, and applied it to the wound, to ſtop the blood. She fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expreſt great contempt for her huſband's preſcription of beer, ſhe diſpatched one of her maids to her own cloſet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as ſoon as it was brought, ſhe prevailed upon Jones, who was juſt returned to his ſenſes, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the ſurgeon, who having viewed the wound, having ſhaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient inſtantly to bed: in which place,

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we think proper to leave him some time to his repose; and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

CONTAINING THE GREAT ADDRESS OF THE LANDLADY; THE GREAT LEARNING OF A SURGEON, AND THE SOLID SKILL IN CASUISTRY OF THE WORTHY LIEUTENANT.

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer: 'I am afraid, 'Sir,' said she, 'this young man did 'not behave himself as well as he 'should do to your honours; and if 'he had been killed, I suppose he had 'but his *desarts*; to be sure, when 'gentlemen admit inferior *parsons* into their company, they *oft* to keep 'their distance; but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know 'how to do it. For my own part, I 'am sure, I should not have suffered 'any fellows to *include* themselves 'into gentlemen's company: but I '*thoft* he had been an officer himself, 'till the serjeant told me he was but a 'recruit.'

'Landlady,' answered the lieutenant, 'you mistake the whole matter. 'The young man behaved himself extremely well; and is, I believe, a 'much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young 'fellow dies, the man who struck him 'will have most reason to be sorry 'for it: for the regiment will get 'rid of a very troublesome fellow, 'who is a scandal to the army; and 'if he escapes the hands of justice, 'blame me, Madam, that's all.'

'Ay! ay! good lack-a-day!' said the landlady, 'who could have *thoft* 'it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your 'honour will see justice done; and to 'be sure it *oft* to be to every one. 'Gentlemen *oft* not to kill poor folks 'without answering for it. A poor 'man hath a soul to be saved as well as 'his betters.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said the lieutenant, 'you do the volunteer wrong; 'I dare swear he is more of a gentle-'man than the officer.'

'Ay!' cries the landlady; 'why, 'look you there now: well, my first 'husband was a wise man; he used to 'say, you can't always know the in-'side by the outside. Nay, that might 'have been well enough too: for I 'never *saw'd* him till he was all over 'blood. Who would have *thoft* it! 'mayhap some young gentleman crost 'in love. Good lack-a-day! if 'he should die, what a concern it 'would be to his parents! Why, sure 'the devil must possess the wicked 'wretch to do such an act. To be 'sure he is a scandal to the army, as 'your honour says: for most of the 'gentlemen of the army, that ever I 'saw, are quite different sort of people, 'and look as if they would scorn to 'spill any christian blood as much as 'any men; I mean, that is, in a civil 'way, as my first husband used to say. 'To be sure, when they come into 'the wars, there must be bloodshed; 'but that they are not to be blamed 'for. The more of our enemies they 'kill there, the better; and I wish, 'with all my heart, they could kill 'every mother's son of them.'

'O fie, Madam,' said the lieutenant, smiling, 'all, is rather too bloody-'minded a wish.'

'Not at all, Sir,' answered she, 'I 'am not at all bloody-minded, only to 'our enemies, and there's no harm in 'that. To be sure it is natural for us 'to wish our enemies dead, that the 'wars may be at an end, and our 'taxes be lowered: for it is a dread-'ful thing to pay as we do. Why, 'now, there is above forty shillings 'for window-lights, and yet we have 'stopped up all we could, we have al-'most blinded the house, I am sure: 'says I to the excise man, says I, "I "think you *oft* to favour us, I am sure "we are very good friends to the go-"vernment:" and so we are for *sartain*, 'for we pay a mint of money to 'um. 'And yet I often think to myself, the 'government doth not imagine itself 'more obliged to us, than to those 'that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, 'ay; it is the way of the world.'

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only

only by saying, 'Better, I believe, 'than he would have been by this time, 'if I had not been called; and, even as 'it is, perhaps, it would have been 'lucky if I could have been called 'sooner.'—'I hope, Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'the skull is not fractured.'—'Hum,' cries the surgeon, 'fractures 'are not always the most dangerous 'symptoms. Contusions and lacera-'tions are often attended with worse 'phænomena, and with more fatal 'consequences than fractures. Peo-'ple who know nothing of the matter 'conclude, if the skull is not frac-'tured, all is well; whereas, I had 'rather see a man's skull broke all to 'pieces, than some contusions I have 'met with.'—'I hope,' says the lieu-tenant, 'there is no such symptoms 'here.'—'Symptoms,' answered the surgeon, 'are not always regular nor 'constant. I have known very un-'favourable symptoms in the morn-'ing change to favourable ones at 'noon, and return to unfavourable 'again at night. Of wounds, indeed, 'it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo re-'pente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I 'remember, called to a patient, who 'had received a violent contusion in 'his tibia, by which the exterior cutis 'was lacerated, so that there was a 'profuse sanguinary discharge; and 'the interior membranes were so di-'vellicated, that the os or bone very 'plainly appeared through the aper-'ture of the vulnus or wound. Some 'febrile symptoms intervening at the 'same time, (for the pulse was ex-'uberant, and indicated much phle-'botomy) I apprehended an imme-'diate mortification. To prevent 'which, I presently made a large 'orifice in the vein of the left-arm, 'whence I drew twenty ounces of 'blood; which I expected to have 'found extremely sizy and glutinous, 'or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleu-'retick complaints; but, to my sur-'prize, it appeared rosy and florid, and 'it's consistency differed little from 'the blood of those in perfect health. 'I then applied a fomentation to the 'part, which highly answered the in-'tention, and after three or four times 'dressing, the wound began to dis-'charge a thick pus or matter, by 'which means the cohesion—but per-'haps I do not make myself perfectly 'well understood.'—'No, really,' an-swered the lieutenant, 'I cannot say 'I understand a syllable.'—'Well, 'Sir,' said the surgeon, 'then I shall 'not tire your patience; in short, 'within six weeks, my patient was able 'to walk upon his legs, as perfectly 'as he could have done before he re-'ceived the contusion.'—'I wish, Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'you would be so 'kind only to inform me, whether the 'wound this young gentleman hath 'had the misfortune to receive, is like-'ly to prove mortal?'—'Sir,' answer-ed the surgeon, 'to say whether a 'wound will prove mortal, or not, at 'first dressing, would be very weak 'and foolish presumption: we are all 'mortal, and symptoms often occur 'in a cure which the greatest of our 'profession could never foresee.'—'But do you think him in danger?' says the other. 'In danger! ay, 'surely,' cries the doctor; 'who is 'there among us, who in the most 'perfect health can be said not to be 'in danger? Can a man, therefore, 'with so bad a wound as this be said 'to be out of danger? All I can say, 'at present, is, that it is well I was 'called as I was; and perhaps it would 'have been better if I had been called 'sooner. I will see him again early 'in the morning, and in the mean 'time let him be kept extremely quiet, 'and drink liberally of water-gruel.'—'Wont you allow him sack-whey,' said the landlady? 'Ay, ay, sack-'whey,' cries the doctor, if you will, 'provided it be very small.'—'And 'a little chicken-broth too,' added she. 'Yes, yes, chicken-broth,' said the doctor, 'is very good.'—'Mayn't 'I make him some jellies too?' said the landlady. 'Ay, ay,' answered the doctor, 'jellies are very good for 'wounds, for they promote cohesion.' And, indeed, it was luckily she had not named soupe, or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone, than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant; who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favourable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman and all the neigh-bourhood entertained; (and perhaps very

very rightly:) for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheleſs very much of a ſurgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned diſcourſe of the ſurgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very ſtrict guard; intending in the morning to attend him to a juſtice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Glouceſter to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor ſpeak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening our commander ſent a meſſage to Mr. Jones, that if a viſit would not be troubleſome he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones; and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones aſſured his friend, that if he had not received expreſs orders to the contrary from the ſurgeon, he ſhould have got up long ago: for he appeared to himſelf to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme ſoreneſs on that ſide of his head.

'I ſhould be very glad,' quoth the lieutenant, 'that you was as well as 'you fancy yourſelf: for then you 'would be able to do yourſelf juſtice 'immediately; for when a matter 'can't be made up, as in a caſe of a 'blow, the ſooner you take him out 'the better; but I am afraid you think 'yourſelf better than you are, and he 'would have too much advantage over 'you.'

'I'll try, however,' anſwered Jones, 'if you pleaſe, and will be ſo kind to 'lend me a ſword; for I have none 'here of my own.'

'My ſword is heartily at your ſer'vice, my dear boy,' cries the lieutenant, kiſſing him; 'you are a brave 'lad, and I love your ſpirit; but I 'fear your ſtrength: for ſuch a blow, 'and ſo much loſs of blood, muſt 'have very much weakened you; and 'though you feel no want of ſtrength 'in your bed, yet you moſt probably 'would after a thruſt or two. I can't 'conſent to your taking him out to'night; but I hope you will be able 'to come up with us before we get 'many days march advance; and I give 'you my honour you ſhall have ſatis'faction, or the man who hath injured 'you ſhan't ſtay in our regiment.'

'I wiſh,' ſaid Jones, 'it was poſſi'ble to decide this matter to-night: 'now you have mentioned it to me, I 'ſhall not be able to reſt.'

'O never think of it,' returned the other; 'a few days will make no dif'ference. The wounds of honour are 'not like thoſe in your body. They 'ſuffer nothing by the delay of cure. 'It will be altogether as well for you, 'to receive ſatisfaction a week hence 'as now.'

'But ſuppoſe,' ſays Jones, 'I ſhould 'grow worſe, and die of the conſe'quences of my preſent wound.'

'Then your honour,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'will require no reparation 'at all; I myſelf will do juſtice to 'your character, and teſtify to the 'world your intention to have acted 'properly if you had recovered.'

'Still,' replied Jones, 'I am con'cerned at the delay. I am almoſt 'afraid to mention it to you who are 'a ſoldier; but though I have been a 'very wild young fellow, ſtill in my 'moſt ſerious moments, and at the 'bottom, I am really a chriſtian.'

'So am I too, I aſſure you,' ſaid the officer: 'and ſo zealous a one, 'that I was pleaſed with you at din'ner for taking up the cauſe of your 'religion; and I am a little offended 'with you, now, young gentleman, 'that you ſhould expreſs a fear of de'claring your faith before any one.'

'But how terrible muſt it be,' cries Jones, 'to any one who is really a 'chriſtian, to cheriſh malice in his 'breaſt, in oppoſition to the command 'of Him who hath expreſsly forbid it? 'How can I bear to do this on a ſick 'bed? Or how ſhall I make up my 'account, with ſuch an article as this 'in my boſom againſt me?'

'Why, I believe there is ſuch a com'mand,' cries the lieutenant; 'but a 'man of honour can't keep it. And 'you muſt be a man of honour, if you 'will be in the army. I remember I 'once put the caſe to our chaplain over 'a bowl of punch, and he confeſſed 'there was much difficulty in it; but 'ſaid, he hoped there might be a lati'tude granted to ſoldiers in this one 'inſtance; and to be ſure it is our duty

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'to hope so: for who would bear to 'live without his honour! No, no, my 'dear boy, be a good christian as long 'as you live; but be a man of honour 'too, and never put up an affront: 'not all the books, nor all the parsons 'in the world, shall ever persuade me 'to that. I love my religion very 'well, but I love my honour more. 'There must be some mistake in the 'wording the text, or in the transla-'tion, or in the understanding it, or 'somewhere or other. But however 'that be, a man must run the risque, 'for he must preserve his honour. So 'compose yourself to-night, and I pro-'mise you, you shall have an oppor-'tunity of doing yourself justice.' Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones therefore having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

A MOST DREADFUL CHAPTER INDEED; AND WHICH FEW READERS OUGHT TO VENTURE UPON IN AN EVENING, ESPECIALLY WHEN ALONE.

JONES swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the serjeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily, that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his bed, and having his cloaths already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the serjeant with his design, though he might have done it with great safety; for the halberdier was himself a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not these virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the serjeant, that now he was entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely a sword; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. 'For which,' says he, 'I will give you any reasonable price. 'Nor do I insist upon it's being silver-'hilted, only a good blade, and such 'as may become a soldier's thigh.'

The serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in it's common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humour in the sick man. 'Sir,' says he, 'I believe I can fit 'you. I have a most excellent piece 'of stuff by me. It is not, indeed, 'silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth 'not become a soldier; but the handle 'is decent enough, and the blade one 'of the best in Europe. It is a blade 'that—a blade that—in short, I will 'fetch it you this instant, and you 'shall see it and handle it. I am glad 'to see your honour so well, with all 'my heart.'

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the serjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The serjeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said, (nay he swore very heartily) that the blade was taken from a French officer of

very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. 'I took it myself,' says he, 'from his side, after I had knocked 'him o' the head. The hilt was a 'golden one. That I sold to one 'of our fine gentlemen; for there are 'some of them, an't please your ho-'nour, who value the hilt of a sword 'more than the blade.'

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The serjeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid lest he should injure his family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas; and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

'Twenty guineas!' says Jones, in the utmost surprize; 'sure you think 'I am mad, or that I never saw a 'sword in my life. Twenty guineas, 'indeed! I did not imagine you would 'endeavour to impose upon me. Here, 'take the sword—No, now I think on't, 'I will keep it myself, and shew it to 'your officer in the morning, acquaint-'ing him, at the same time, what a 'price you asked me for it.'

The serjeant, as we have said, had always his wit *(in sensu prædicto)* about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprize as the other had shewn, and said, 'I am cer-'tain, Sir, I have not asked you so 'much out of the way. Besides, you 'are to consider, it is the only sword 'I have, and I must run the risque of 'my officer's displeasure, by going 'without one myself. And truly, 'putting all this together, I don't 'think twenty shillings was so much 'out of the way.'

'Twenty shillings!' cries Jones; 'why you just now asked me twenty 'guineas.'—'How!' cries the serjeant: 'sure your honour must have mis-'taken me; or else I mistook myself—'and indeed I am but half awake. 'Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder 'your honour flew into such a passion; 'I say twenty guineas too! No, no, I 'meant twenty shillings, I assure you. 'And when your honour comes to 'consider every thing, I hope you will 'not think that so extravagant a price. 'It is indeed true, you may buy a 'weapon which looks as well for less 'money. But—'

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, 'I will be so far from making any 'words with you, that I will give you 'a shilling more than your demand.' He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The serjeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandize, and not a little pleased with his dextrous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the serjeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as it's colour was white, shewed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his new purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. 'Very well,' said he, 'and in 'what cause do I venture my life? 'Why, in that of my honour.—And 'who is this human being? A rascal 'who hath injured and insulted me 'without provocation.—But is not re-'venge forbidden by Heaven? Yes, 'but it is enjoined by the world.— 'Well, but shall I obey the world, in 'opposition to the express commands 'of Heaven? Shall I incur the Divine 'displeasure, rather than be called— 'Ha—coward—scoundrel?—I'll think 'no more; I am resolved, and must 'fight him.'

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the centinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more, drawn from him by the surgeon,

was

Plate IX

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was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right-hand he carried a ſword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raiſed in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter-evening over a Chriſtmas-fire in Somerſetſhire.

When the centinel firſt ſaw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier's cap; and in the ſame inſtant his knees fell to blows with each other. Preſently his whole body was ſeized with worſe than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occaſion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot ſay. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miſs his man.

Jones ſeeing the fellow fall, gueſſed the cauſe of his fright, at which he could not forbear ſmiling, not in the leaſt reflecting on the danger from which he had juſt eſcaped. He then paſſed by the fellow, who ſtill continued in the poſture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a ſolitary ſituation, he found —an empty quart-pot ſtanding on the table, on which ſome beer being ſpilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at preſent it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to ſome other apartment; but, upon ſearching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the centinel had been poſted. He then proceeded to call Northerton ſeveral times by his name; but no one anſwered; nor did this ſerve to any other purpoſe, than to confirm the centinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghoſt was come in ſearch of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror, and I wiſh, with all my heart, ſome of thoſe actors, who are hereafter to repreſent a man frightened out of his wits, had ſeen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, inſtead of performing ſeveral antick tricks and geſtures, for the entertainment and applauſe of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at leaſt deſpairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole houſe, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently ſtole back again to his chamber, and to his bed: whether he would not have been able to have gotten undiſcovered, had any other perſon been on the ſame ſtair-caſe, ſave only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the centinel had been poſted, was half full of people, ſome in their ſhirts, and others not half dreſt, all very earneſtly enquiring of each other, what was the matter.

The ſoldier was now found lying in the ſame place and poſture in which we juſt before left him. Several immediately applied themſelves to raiſe him, and ſome concluded him dead: but they preſently ſaw their miſtake; for he not only ſtruggled with thoſe who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined ſo many ſpirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being poſſeſſed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he ſaw or felt, into nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and ſeeing two or three of his comrades preſent, he came a little to himſelf; but when they aſked him what was the matter, he anſwered, 'I am a dead man; that's 'all; I am a dead man. I can't re-'cover it. I have ſeen him.'—'What 'haſt thou ſeen, Jack?' ſays one of the ſoldiers. 'Why, I have ſeen the 'young volunteer that was killed yeſ-'terday.' He then imprecated the moſt heavy curſes on himſelf, if he had not ſeen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and noſtrils, paſs by him into the chamber where enſign Northerton was, and then ſeizing the enſign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women preſent believed it firmly, and

prayed Heaven to defend them from murder. Amongſt the men, too, many had faith in the ſtory; but others turned it into deriſion and ridicule; and a ſerjeant, who was preſent, anſwered very coolly, 'Young man, you 'will hear more of this, for going to 'ſleep, and dreaming on your poſt.'

The ſoldier replied, 'You may puniſh me if you pleaſe; but I was as 'broad awake as I am now; and the 'devil carry me away, as he hath the 'enſign, if I did not ſee the dead man, 'as I tell you, with eyes as big and 'as fiery as two large flambeaux.'

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the houſe, were both now arrived: for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the centinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to riſe immediately, though he had no great apprehenſions of any miſchief; whereas the apprehenſions of the latter were much greater, leſt her ſpoons and tankards ſhould be upon the march, without having received any ſuch orders from her.

Our poor centinel, to whom the ſight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had ſeen before, again related the dreadful ſtory, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the laſt-mentioned perſons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; beſides, having ſo lately left Jones in the condition we have ſeen, he had no ſuſpicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, ſhe had no kind of averſion to the doctrine of ſpirits; but there was a circumſtance in the tale which ſhe well knew to be falſe, as we ſhall inform the reader preſently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone; it was now certain, that his body was no longer in cuſtody. Upon this occaſion, the lieutenant formed a concluſion not very different from what the ſerjeant is juſt mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the centinel to be taken priſoner. So that, by a ſtrange reverſe of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life) the guard became the guarded.

CHAP. XV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE FOREGOING ADVENTURE.

BESIDES the ſuſpicion of ſleep, the lieutenant harboured another and worſe doubt againſt the poor centinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one ſyllable of the apparition, ſo he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impoſe upon him, and that the fellow had, in reality, been bribed by Northerton to let him eſcape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in ſeveral actions, having received ſeveral wounds; and, in a word, having behaved himſelf always like a good and valiant ſoldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the leaſt ill opinion of ſuch a perſon, we ſhall not delay a moment in reſcuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton, then, as we have before obſerved, was fully ſatisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, ſeen, or heard, or gueſſed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here inſinuate, that he was heatheniſhly inclined to believe in, or to worſhip, the Goddeſs Nemeſis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, beſides, of an active diſpoſition, and had a great antipathy to thoſe cloſe winter-quarters in the caſtle of Glouceſter, for which a juſtice of peace might poſſibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from ſome uneaſy meditation on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be aſhamed of this building, as it is, or at leaſt might be made of more benefit to ſociety than almoſt any other publick erection. In a word, to hint at no more reaſons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was

deſirous

desirous of departing that evening; and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was extremely strong and well made. His face, too, was accounted handsome by the generality of women; for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon, that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened, by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed, that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers of a different complexion should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular, which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company: for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that she had the money, and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may, perhaps, expect, from the compassionate temper of this good woman, that when she saw the poor centinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but so far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have had any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which rung at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own, and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen, (for neither durst he sit up, nor she lie in bed alone) the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. 'Joe,' says the mistress, 'don't you hear the gentleman's 'bell ring? why dont you go up?'—'It is not my business,' answered the drawer, 'to wait upon the chambers: 'it is Betty chambermaid's!'—'If 'you come to that,' answered the maid, 'it is not my business to wait upon 'gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, 'sometimes; but the devil fetch me 'if ever I do again, since you make 'your preambles about it.' The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore, if the drawer

drawer did not go up immediately, ſhe would turn him away that very morning. 'If you do, Madam,' ſays he, 'I can't help it. I won't do a-'nother ſervant's buſineſs.' She then applied herſelf to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain, Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both inſiſted it was not their buſineſs, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and ſaid, 'Come, I will put an end 'to this contention;' and then turning to the ſervants, commended them for their reſolution, in neither giving up the point; but added, he was ſure, if one would conſent to go, the other would. To which propoſal they both agreed in an inſtant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and cloſe together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeaſed the wrath of the landlady, by ſatisfying her why they were both ſo unwilling to go alone.

They returned ſoon after, and acquainted their miſtreſs, that the ſick gentleman was ſo far from being dead, that he ſpoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his ſervice to the captain, and ſhould be very glad of the favour of ſeeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his deſires, and ſitting down by his bedſide, acquainted him with the ſcene which had happened below; concluding with his intention to make an example of the centinel.

Upon this, Jones related to him the whole truth, and earneſtly begged him not to puniſh the poor ſoldier: 'Who, 'I am confident,' ſays he, 'is as in-'nocent of the enſign's eſcape, as he 'is of forging any lye, or of endea-'vouring to impoſe on you.'

The lieutenant heſitated a few moments, and then anſwered: 'Why, as 'you have cleared the fellow of one 'part of the charge, ſo it will be im-'poſſible to prove the other; becauſe 'he was not the only centinel. But I 'have a good mind to puniſh the raſ-'cal for being a coward. Yet who 'knows what effect the terror of ſuch 'an apprehenſion may have; and, to 'ſay the truth, he hath always behaved 'well againſt an enemy. Come, it is 'a good thing to ſee any ſign of reli-'gion in theſe fellows; ſo I promiſe 'you he ſhall be ſet at liberty when 'we march. But hark, the general 'beats. My dear boy, give me ano-'ther buſs. Don't diſcompoſe nor 'hurry yourſelf; but remember the 'chriſtian doctrine of patience, and I 'warrant you will ſoon be able to do 'yourſelf juſtice, and to take an ho-'nourable revenge on the fellow who 'hath injured you.' The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

CONTAINING ABOVE TWO DAYS.

CHAP. I.

A WONDERFUL LONG CHAPTER CONCERNING THE MARVELLOUS; BEING MUCH THE LONGEST OF ALL OUR INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the courſe of our hiſtory will oblige us to relate ſome matters of a more ſtrange and ſurprizing kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiſs in the prolegominous, or introductory chapter, to ſay ſomething of that ſpecies of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we ſhall, as well for the ſake of ourſelves, as of others, endeavour to ſet ſome certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more neceſſary, as criticks* of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while ſome are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the ſame thing which is impoſſible may be yet probable†, others have ſo little hiſtorick or poetick faith, that they believe nothing to be either poſſible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own obſervation.

Firſt, then, I think it may very reaſonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of poſſibility; and ſtill remembers that what is not poſſible for man to perform, it is ſcarce poſſible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction, perhaps, gave birth to many ſtories of the ancient heathen deities, (for moſt of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being deſirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite; and conſequently they could not be ſhocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been ſtrongly urged in

* By this word, here, and in moſt other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It is happy for M. Dacier that he is not an Iriſhman.

defence

defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lyes to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish Polypheme had confined himself to his milk diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who shewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the objects of scorn and derision. A conduct which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a christian writer: for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed, so is it horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of these deities who have been long since dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shaftesbury observes, that nothing is more cold, than the invocation of a muse by a modern: he might have added, that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more poetry, as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like arsenick, and other dangerous drugs in physick, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors, to which or to whom a horse-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummery, I purposely omit the mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds these surprizing imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

Man, therefore, is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.

Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us, we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'that it is no excuse for a 'poet who relates what is incredible, 'that the thing related is really matter 'of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend to the historian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of so extraordinary a nature, as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such as was the successless armament of Xerxes, described by Herodotus, or the successful expedition of Alexander, related by Arian. Such, of later years, was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story; nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential parts of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts, not of such consequence, nor so necessary, which

which though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion in complaisance to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the Ghost of George Viller's, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the Ghost of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his Discourse upon Death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as the History of the Rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprize of his readers, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction, therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom if ever quits, till he forsakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, those historians, who relate publick transactions, have the advantage of us who confine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and publick records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan, and an Antoninus, a Nero, and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we who deal in private characters, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no publick notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us not only to keep within the limits of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of a Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet, in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend's scrutore, concealed himself in a publick office of the Temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections, arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking-place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber, discharged a pistol-ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited, that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out, 'Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now present!' Manifesting in this a more seared and callous conscience than even Nero himself; of whom we are told by Suetonius, that the consciousness of his guilt after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued; nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conscience.

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him; that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any one individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the publick revenue; that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest sim-

plicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants; that he was most industrious in searching after merit in distress, and eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done; that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his publick beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without tinsel, or external ostentation; that he filled every relation in life with the most adequate virtue; that he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign, a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and chearful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these, the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say—

——*Quis credit? nemo Hercule! nemo;*
Vel duo, vel nemo.

And yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the person, nor of any thing like him. Such *raræ aves* should be remitted to the epitaph-writer, or to some poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into a rhime, with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the actions should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very actors and characters themselves to have performed: for what may be only wonderful and surprizing in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatick criticks call conservation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against it's own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of M. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to belief than either instance? Whereas both these being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almost universally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter, women of virtue and discretion; nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble to reconcile or account for this monstrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his life: which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn; a place which might, indeed, close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroick figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, the more he can surprize the reader, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his 5th chapter of the Bathos, 'The great art of all poetry is 'to mix truth with fiction; in order to 'join the credible with the surprizing.'

For

For though every good author will confine himſelf within the bounds of probability, yet it is by no means neceſſary that his character, or his incidents, ſhould be trite, common, or vulgar; ſuch as happen in every ſtreet, or in every houſe, or which may be met with in the home articles of a newſpaper. Nor muſt he be inhibited from ſhewing many perſons and things which may poſſibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer ſtrictly obſerves the rules above-mentioned, he hath diſcharged his part; and is then intitled to ſome faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he diſbelieves him. For want of a portion of ſuch faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the ſtage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large aſſembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had had the previous ſuffrages of many ladies of the firſt rank; one of whom, very eminent for her underſtanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH THE LANDLADY PAYS A VISIT TO MR. JONES.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to cloſe his eyes, but all in vain; his ſpirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to ſleep. So having amuſed, or rather tormented himſelf with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day-light, he called for ſome tea; upon which occaſion my landlady herſelf vouchſafed to pay him a viſit.

This was indeed the firſt time ſhe had ſeen him, or at leaſt had taken any notice of him; but as the lieutenant had aſſured her that he was certainly ſome young gentleman of faſhion, ſhe now determined to ſhew him all the reſpect in her power: for, to ſpeak truly, this was one of thoſe houſes where gentlemen, to uſe the language of advertiſements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no ſooner began to make his tea, than ſhe likewiſe began to diſcourſe. 'La! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think it 'is great pity that ſuch a pretty young 'gentleman ſhould undervalue himſelf 'ſo, as to go about with theſe ſoldier 'fellows. They call themſelves gen. 'tlemen, I warrant you; but, as my 'firſt huſband uſed to ſay, they ſhould 'remember it is we that pay them. 'And, to be ſure, it is very hard upon 'us, to be obliged to pay them, and 'keep 'em too, as we publicans are; 'I had twenty of 'um laſt night beſides 'officers: nay, for matter o' that, I 'had rather have the ſoldiers than the 'officers; for nothing is ever good 'enough for thoſe ſparks; and I am 'ſure, if you were to ſee the bills; 'la, Sir, it is nothing! I have had 'leſs trouble, I warrant you, with a 'good ſquire's family, where we take 'forty or fifty ſhillings of a night, be'ſides horſes. And yet I warrants 'me, there is *narrow* a one of all thoſe 'officer fellows, but looks upon him'ſelf to be as good as *arrow* a ſquire of '500l. a year. To be ſure it doth me 'good to hear their men run about after 'um, crying, "Your honour, your "honour!" Marry come up with ſuch 'honour, and an ordinary at a ſhilling 'a head. Then there's ſuch ſwearing 'among 'um, to be ſure, it frightens 'me out o' my wits; I thinks nothing 'can ever proſper with ſuch wicked people. And here one of 'um has 'uſed you in ſo barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how well the 'reſt would ſecure him; they all hang 'together: for if you had been in dan'ger of death, which I am glad to ſee 'you are not, it would have been all 'as one to ſuch wicked people. They 'would have let the murderer go.— 'Laud have mercy upon 'um! I would 'not have ſuch a ſin to anſwer for, for 'the whole world! But though you 'are likely, with the bleſſing, to re'cover, there is laa for him yet; and 'if you will employ Lawyer Small, I 'dareſt be ſworn he'll make the fellow 'fly the country for him: though per'haps he'll have fled the country be'fore; for it is here to-day, and gone 'to-morrow, with ſuch chaps. I hope, 'however, you'll learn more wit for 'the future, and return back to your 'friends: I warrant they are all mi'ſerable for your loſs; and if they was 'but to know what had happened. La, 'my ſeeming! I would not for the 'world they ſhould. Come, come,

'we know very well what all the matter is; but if one won't, another will; so pretty a gentleman need never want a lady. I am sure, if I was as you, I would see the finest she that ever wore a head hanged, before I would go for a soldier for her.—Nay, don't blush so!' (for indeed he did to a violent degree;) 'why, you thought Sir, I knew nothing of the matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.' —'How!' says Jones, starting up, 'do you know my Sophia?'—'Do I! aye marry,' cries the landlady; 'many's the time hath she lain in this house.'—'With her aunt, I suppose,' says Jones. 'Why, there it is now!' cries the landlady. 'Aye, aye, aye, I know the old lady very well. And a sweet young creature is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't.'—'A sweet creature!' cried Jones, 'O heavens!

"Angels are painted fair, to look like her.
"There's in her all that we believe of
"Heaven,
"Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
"Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

'And could I ever have imagined 'that you had known my Sophia!'— 'I wish,' says the landlady, 'you knew half so much of her. What would 'you have given to have sat by her 'bed-side? What a delicious neck she 'hath! Her lovely limbs have stretched themselves in that very bed you 'now lie in.'—'Here!' cries Jones; 'hath Sophia ever lain here?'—'Aye, 'aye, here; there; in that very bed,' says the landlady, 'where I wish you 'had her this moment; and she may 'wish so too, for any thing I know to 'the contrary; for she hath mentioned 'your name to me——' 'Ha!' cries he, 'did she ever mention her poor 'Jones?—You flatter me now; I can 'never believe so much.'—'Why, 'then,' answered she, 'as I hope to 'be saved, and may the devil fetch me, 'if I speak a syllable more than the 'truth, I have heard her mention Mr. 'Jones; but in a civil and modest way, 'I must confess, yet I could perceive 'she thought a great deal more than she 'said.'—'O my dear woman,' cries Jones, 'her thoughts of me I shall ne'ver be worthy of. O she is all gen'tleness, kindness, goodness! Why 'was such a rascal as I born, ever to 'give her soft bosom a moment's uneasiness? Why am I cursed? I, who 'would undergo all the plagues and 'miseries which any dæmon ever invented for mankind, to procure her 'any good; nay, torture itself could 'not be misery to me, did I but know 'that she was happy.'—'Why, look 'you there now,' says the landlady, 'I told her you was a constant *lover*.' —'But pray, Madam, tell me when 'or where you knew any thing of me; 'for I never was here before, nor do 'I remember ever to have seen you.' —'Nor is it possible you should,' answered she; 'for you was a little thing, 'when I had you in my lap at the 'squire's.'—'How! the squire's,' says Jones; 'what do you know the 'great and good Mr. Allworthy, then?' —'Yes, marry I do,' says she; 'who 'in this country doth not?'—'The 'fame of his goodness, indeed,' answered Jones, 'must have extended farther than this; but Heaven only can 'know him, can know that benevolence which is copied from itself, and 'sent upon earth as it's own pattern. 'Mankind are as ignorant of such divine goodness, as they are unworthy 'of it; but none so unworthy of it as 'myself. I who was raised by him to 'such a height; taken in, as you must 'well know, a poor base-born child, 'adopted by him, and treated as his 'own son, to dare by my own follies 'to disoblige him; to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it 'all: for I never will be so ungrateful 'as ever to think he has done an act 'of injustice by me. No, I deserve to 'be turned out of doors, as I am. 'And now, Madam,' says he, 'I believe you will not blame me for turning soldier, especially with such a 'fortune as this in my pocket.' At which words he shook a purse, which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase) struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered coldly, that to be sure people were the best judges what was most proper for their circumstances.—'But hark!' says she, 'I think I hear somebody call.— 'Coming! coming!—The devil's in 'all our volk, nobody hath any ears!

'—I must

—'I must go down stairs: if you 'want any more breakfast, the maid 'will come up.—Coming!' At which words, without taking any leave, she flung out of the room: for the lower sort of people are very tenacious of respect; though they are contented to give this gratis to persons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own order without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

CHAP. III.

IN WHICH THE SURGEON MAKES HIS SECOND APPEARANCE.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be mistaken in imagining the landlady knew more than she did, nor surprized that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occasion of the quarrel; and as for the rest of her knowledge, the sagacious reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding scene. Great curiosity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her house without enquiring as much as possible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no sooner gone, than Jones, instead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the same bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not consider that such kind of lovers will make a very inconsiderable part of our readers.

In this situation the surgeon found him, when he came to dress his wound. The doctor perceiving, upon examination, that his pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great danger: for he apprehended a fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by bleeding; but Jones would not submit, declaring he would lose no more blood; 'And, 'doctor,' says he, 'if you will be so 'kind only to dress my head, I have no 'doubt of being well in a day or two.'

'I wish,' answered the surgeon, 'I 'could assure your being well in a 'month or two. Well, indeed! no, 'no! people are not so soon well of 'such contusions; but, Sir, I am not 'at this time of day to be instructed 'in my operations by a patient; and I 'insist on making a revulsion before I 'dress you.'

Jones persisted obstinately in his refusal, and the doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same time, that he would not be answerable for the ill consequence; and hoped he would do him the justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promised he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen; where, addressing himself to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

'It is an eating fever, then!' says the landlady; 'for he hath devoured two 'swingeing buttered toasts this morn-'ing for breakfast.'

'Very likely,' says the doctor; 'I 'have known people to eat in a fever; 'and it is very easily accounted for; 'because the acidity occasioned by 'the febrile matter, may stimulate the 'nerves of the diaphragm, and thereby 'occasion a craving, which will not be 'easily distinguishable from a natural 'appetite; but the aliment will not be 'concreted, nor assimilated into a chyle, 'and so will corrode the vascular ori-'fices, and thus will aggravate the fe-'brifick symptoms. Indeed, I think the 'gentleman in a very dangerous way; 'and if he is not blooded, I am afraid 'will die.'

'Every man must die some time or 'other,' answered the good woman; 'it is no business of mine. I hope, doc-'tor, you will not have me hold him 'while you bleed him. But, hark'e! a 'word in your ear; I would advise you, 'before you proceed too far, to take 'care who is to be your paymaster.'

'Paymaster!' said the doctor, staring; 'why, I've a gentleman under my hands, 'have I not?'

'I imagined so, as well as you,' said the landlady; 'but, as my first husband 'used to say, every thing is not what it 'looks to be. He is an arrant scrub, I 'assure you. However, take no notice 'that I mentioned any thing to you of 'the matter; but I think people in bu-'siness *oft* always to let one another 'know such things.'

'And

'And have I suffered such a fellow 'as this,' cries the doctor, in a passion, 'to instruct me? Shall I hear my prac- 'tice insulted by one who will not pay 'me! I am glad I have made this dis- 'covery in time. I will see now whether 'he will be blooded or no.' He then immediately went up-stairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap, into which he was fallen; and, what was still worse, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

'Will you be blooded, or no?' cries the doctor, in a rage. 'I have told 'you my resolution already,' answered Jones; 'and I wish with all my heart 'you had taken my answer: for you 'have waked me out of the sweetest sleep 'which I ever had in my life.'

'Aye, aye,' cries the doctor, 'many 'a man hath dosed away his life. Sleep 'is not always good, no more than 'food; but remember I demand of you 'for the last time, will you be blood- 'ed?'—'I answer you for the last time,' said Jones, 'I will not.'—'Then I 'wash my hands of you,' cries the doctor; 'and I desire you to pay me for 'the trouble I have had already. Two 'journies, at five shillings each, two 'dressings, at five shillings more, and 'half-a-crown for phlebotomy.'—'I 'hope,' said Jones, 'you don't intend 'to leave me in this condition.'—'In- 'deed but I shall,' said the other.—'Then,' said Jones, 'you have used 'me rascally, and I will not pay you 'a farthing.'—'Very well,' cries the doctor, 'the first loss is the best. What 'a pox did my landlady mean by send- 'ing for me to such vagabonds!' At which words he flung out of the room; and his patient turning himself about, soon recovered his sleep, but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH IS INTRODUCED ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST BARBERS THAT EVER WAS RECORDED IN HISTORY, THE BARBER OF BAGDAD, NOR HE IN DON QUIXOTE, NOT EXCEPTED.

THE clock had now struck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself: for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen, and a suit of cloaths; but first he slipt on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain tumults he found rising within his stomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accosted her with great civility, and asked what he could have for dinner. 'For din- 'ner!' says she; 'it is an odd time a 'day to think about dinner. There 'is nothing dress in the house, and the 'fire is almost out.'—'Well but,' says he, 'I must have something to eat, 'and it is almost indifferent to me 'what: for to tell you the truth, I 'was never more hungry in my life.'—'Then,' says she, 'I believe there 'is a piece of cold buttock and carrot, 'which will fit you.'—'Nothing bet- 'ter,' answered Jones; 'but I should 'be obliged to you, if you would let 'it be fried.' To which the landlady consented; and said, smiling, she was glad to see him so well recovered. For the sweetness of our hero's temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom: but she loved money so much, that she hated every thing which had the semblance of poverty.

Jones now returned, in order to dress himself, while his dinner was preparing; and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into small inconveniences, such as slaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a jest; and those who do, are often displeased with being themselves the subjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least respect of persons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I shall not mention, as the reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary person.

Jones

Jones being impatient to be dreſſed, for a reaſon which may be eaſily imagined, thought the ſhaver was very tedious in preparing his ſuds, and begged him to make haſte; to which the other anſwered, with much gravity, for he never diſcompoſed his muſcles on any account, 'Festina lentè, is a 'proverb which I learnt long before 'I ever touched a razor.'—'I find, 'friend, you are a ſcholar,' replied Jones. 'A poor one,' ſaid the barber; 'non omnia poſſumus omnes.'—'Again!' ſaid Jones; 'I fancy you are good at 'capping verſes.'—'Excuſe me, Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'non tanti me dignor 'honore.' And then proceeding to his operation, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'ſince I 'have dealt in ſuds, I could never diſ-'cover more than two reaſons for ſhav-'ing; the one is, to get a beard, and 'the other to get rid of one. I con-'jecture, Sir, it may not be long ſince 'you ſhaved from the former of theſe 'motives. Upon my word you have 'had good ſucceſs; for one may ſay 'of your beard, that it is tondenti gra-'vior.'—'I conjecture,' ſays Jones, 'that thou art a very comical fellow.' —'You miſtake me widely, Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I am too much addicted 'to the ſtudy of philoſophy, hinc illæ 'lacrymæ; Sir, that's my misfortune: 'too much learning hath been my 'ruin.'—'Indeed,' ſays Jones, 'I con-'feſs, friend, you have more learning 'than generally belongs to your trade; 'but I can't ſee how it can have in-'jured you.'—'Alas, Sir!' anſwered the ſhaver, 'my father diſinherited me 'for it. He was a dancing-maſter; 'and becauſe I could read before I 'could dance, he took an averſion to 'me, and left every farthing among his 'other children.—Will you pleaſe to 'have your temples—Oh, la! I aſk 'your pardon, I fancy there is hiatus 'in manuſcriptis. I heard you was 'going to the wars: but I find it is a 'miſtake.'—'Why do you conclude 'ſo?' ſays Jones. 'Sure, Sir,' anſwered the barber, 'you are too wiſe 'a man to carry a broken head thither; 'for that would be carrying coals to 'Newcaſtle.'

'Upon my word,' cries Jones, 'thou 'art a very odd fellow, and I like thy 'humour extremely; I ſhall be very 'glad if thou wilt come to me after din-'ner, and drink a glaſs with me. I long 'to be better acquainted with thee!'

'O dear Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I 'can do you twenty times as great a 'favour, if you will accept of it.'— 'What is that, my friend?' cries Jones. 'Why, I will drink a bottle with 'you, if you pleaſe; for I dearly love 'good-nature; and as you have found 'me out to be a comical fellow, ſo I 'have no ſkill in phyſiognomy, if you 'are not one of the beſt-natured gen-'tlemen in the univerſe.' Jones now walked down ſtairs neatly dreſſed, and perhaps the famed Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not reſemble Venus at all in her perſon, ſo neither did ſhe in her taſte. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if ſhe had ſeen with the eyes of her miſtreſs; for that poor girl fell ſo violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her paſſion afterwards coſt her many a ſigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for ſhe had refuſed a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occaſion it ſhould, his dinner remaining in ſtatu quo, as did the fire which was to dreſs it. This diſappointment might have put many a philoſophical temper into a paſſion; but it had no ſuch effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, ſaying, ſince it was ſo difficult to get it heated, he would eat the beef cold. But now the good woman, whether moved by compaſſion, or by ſhame, or by what other motive, I cannot tell, firſt gave her ſervants a round ſcold for diſobeying the orders which ſhe had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, ſhe ſet about the matter in good earneſt, and ſoon accompliſhed it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as lucus a non lucendo; for it was an apartment into which the ſun had ſcarce ever looked. It was, indeed, the worſt room in the houſe; and happy was it for Jones that it was ſo. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but

but having once satisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expressed some resentment at having been shewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after some time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his company, had he not been listening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that she had gathered round her with the history of poor Jones, part of which she had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious composition; for she said he was a poor parish boy, taken into the house of Squire Allworthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned out of doors for his misdeeds, particularly for making love to his young mistress, and probably for robbing the house; 'For how else should he come by 'the little money he hath? And this,' says she, 'is your gentleman, for-'sooth!'—'A servant of Squire All-'worthy!' says the barber, 'what's 'his name?'—'Why, he told me his 'name was Jones,' says she; 'per-'haps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, 'and he told me, too, that the Squire 'had mentioned him as his own son, 'thof he had quarrelled with him 'now.'—'And if his name be Jones, 'he told you the truth,' said the barber; 'for I have relations who live 'in that country; nay, and some peo-'ple say he is his son.'—'Why doth 'he not go by the name of his father?' —'I can't tell that,' said the barber; 'many people's sons don't go by the 'name of their father.'—'Nay,' said the landlady, 'if I thought he was a 'gentleman's son, thof he was a bye-'blow, I should behave to him in an-'other-guess manner; for many of 'these bye-blows come to be great 'men; and, as my poor first husband 'used to say, never affront any custo-'mer that's a gentleman.'

CHAP. V.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. JONES AND THE BARBER.

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine, drank his health, by the appellation of *doctissime tonsorum*. '*Ago tibi gratias*, '*domine*,' said the barber; and then looking very stedfastly at Jones, he said, with great gravity, and with a seeming surprize, as if he had recollected a face he had seen before, 'Sir, 'may I crave the favour to know if 'your name is not Jones?' To which the other answered, that it was. '*Proh* '*Deum atque hominum fidem*,' says the barber; 'how strangely things come 'to pass! Mr. Jones, I am your most 'obedient servant. I find you do not 'know me, which indeed is no won-'der, since you never saw me but once, 'and then you was very young. Pray, 'Sir, how doth the good Squire All-'worthy? How doth *ille optimus om-'nium patronus!*' — 'I find,' said Jones, 'you do indeed know me; but 'I have not the like happiness of re-'collecting you.'—'I do not wonder 'at that,' cries Benjamin; 'but I am 'surprized I did not know you sooner, 'for you are not in the least altered. 'And pray, Sir, may I, without of-'fence, require whither you are tra-'velling this way?'—'Fill the glass, 'Mr. Barber,' said Jones, 'and ask 'no more questions.'—'Nay, Sir,' answered Benjamin, 'I would not be 'troublesome; and I hope you don't 'think me a man of an impertinent 'curiosity, for that is a vice which 'nobody can lay to my charge: but 'I ask pardon, for when a gentleman 'of your figure travels without his 'servants, we may suppose him to be, 'as we say, *in casu incognito*; and per-'haps I ought not to have mentioned 'your name.'—'I own,' says Jones, 'I did not expect to have been so well 'known in this country as I find I am; 'yet, for particular reasons, I shall 'be obliged to you if you will not 'mention my name to any other per-'son, till I am gone from hence.'— '*Pauca verba*,' answered the barber; 'and I wish no other here knew you 'but myself; for some people have 'tongues: but I promise you I can 'keep a secret; my enemies will allow 'me that virtue.'—'And yet that is 'not the characteristick of your profes-'sion,

'ſion, Mr. Barber,' anſwered Jones. 'Alas, Sir,' replied Benjamin, '*Non ſi male nunc & olim ſic erat:* I was 'not born nor bred a barber, I aſſure 'you. I have ſpent moſt of my time 'among gentlemen; and, though I ſay 'it, I underſtand ſomething of gentility. And if you had thought me 'as worthy of your confidence as you 'have ſome other people, I ſhould have 'ſhewn you I could have kept a ſecret 'better. I ſhould not have degraded 'your name in a publick kitchen: 'for, indeed, Sir, ſome people have not 'uſed you well; for beſides making 'a publick proclamation of what you 'told them of a quarrel between your'ſelf and Squire Allworthy, they add'ed lyes of their own; things which 'I knew to be lyes.'—'You ſurprize 'me greatly,' cries Jones. 'Upon my 'word, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I 'tell the truth: and I need not tell 'you, my landlady was the perſon. I 'am ſure it moved me to hear the ſto'ry, and I hope it is all falſe; for I 'have a great reſpect for you, I do 'aſſure you, I have, and have had ever 'ſince the good-nature you ſhewed to 'Black George, which was talked of 'all over the country; and I received 'more than one letter about it. In'deed, it made you beloved by every 'body. You will pardon me, there'fore; for it was real concern at what 'I heard made me aſk any queſtions; 'for I have no impertinent curioſity 'about me: but I love good-nature, 'and thence became *amoris abundan'tia ergo te.*'

Every profeſſion of friendſhip eaſily gains credit with the miſerable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, beſides his being miſerable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the profeſſions of Benjamin, and received him into his boſom. The ſcraps of Latin, ſome of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not ſavour of profound literature, ſeemed yet to indicate ſomething ſuperior to a common barber, and ſo indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had ſaid, as to his original and education; and at length, after much entreaty, he ſaid, 'Since you have heard, 'my friend, ſo much of my affairs, 'and ſeem ſo deſirous to know the 'truth, if you will have patience to 'hear it, I will inform you of the 'whole.'—'Patience!' cries Benjamin; 'that I will, if the chapter was 'never ſo long; and I am very much 'obliged to you for the honour you 'do me.'

Jones now began and related the whole hiſtory, forgetting only a circumſtance or two, namely, every thing which paſſed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum; and ended with his reſolution to go to ſea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpoſe, and brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help obſerving, that there muſt be ſurely ſomething more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy againſt him, or ſo good a man would never have diſmiſſed one he had loved ſo tenderly, in ſuch a manner. To which Jones anſwered, he doubted not but ſuch villainous arts had been made uſe of to deſtroy him.

And ſurely it was ſcarce poſſible for any one to have avoided making the ſame remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones one ſingle circumſtance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in thoſe injurious lights in which they had been miſrepreſented to Allworthy: nor could he mention thoſe many falſe accuſations which had been from time to time preferred againſt him to Allworthy; for with none of theſe he was himſelf acquainted. He had likewiſe, as we have obſerved, omitted many material facts in his preſent relation. Upon the whole indeed, every thing now appeared in ſuch favourable colours to Jones, that malice itſelf would have found it no eaſy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones deſired to conceal or to diſguiſe the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have ſuffered any cenſure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for puniſhing him, than on his own actions for deſerving it; but, in reality, ſo it happened, and ſo it always will happen: for let a man be never ſo honeſt, the account of his own conduct will, in ſpite of himſelf, be ſo very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well ſtrained, will

leave all their foulneſs behind. For though the facts themſelves may appear, yet ſo different will be the motives, circumſtances, and conſequences, when a man tells his own ſtory, and when his enemy tells it, that we ſcarce can recognize the facts to be one and the ſame.

Though the barber had drank down this ſtory with greedy ears, he was not yet ſatisfied. There was a circumſtance behind, which his curioſity, cold as it was, moſt eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiouſly concealed the name of the young lady. The barber, therefore, after ſome heſitation, and many hums and ha's, at laſt begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cauſe of all this miſchief. Jones paused a moment, and then ſaid, 'Since 'I have truſted you with ſo much, 'and ſince, I am afraid, her name is 'become too publick already on this 'occaſion, I will not conceal it from 'you. Her name is Sophia Weſtern.'

'*Prob Deum atque hominum fidem!* 'Squire Weſtern hath a daughter grown 'a woman!'—'Ay, and ſuch a wo'man,' cries Jones, 'that the world 'cannot match. No eye ever ſaw any 'thing ſo beautiful; but that is her 'leaſt excellence: ſuch ſenſe, ſuch 'goodneſs! oh, I could praiſe her for 'ever, and yet ſhould omit half her 'virtues.'—'Mr. Weſtern a daugh'ter grown up!' cries the barber; 'I 'remember the father a boy; well, '*tempus edax rerum*.'

The wine being now at an end, the barber preſſed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones abſolutely refuſed, ſaying he had already drank more than he ought; and that he now choſe to retire to his room, where he wiſhed he could procure himſelf a book. 'A book!' cries Benjamin, 'what 'book would you have; Latin or Eng'liſh? I have ſome curious books in 'both languages: ſuch as Eraſmi Col'loquia, Ovid de Triſtibus, Gradus 'ad Parnaſſum; and, in Engliſh, I 'have ſeveral of the beſt books, though 'ſome of them are a little torn; but 'I have a great part of Stowe's Chro'nicle, the ſixth volume of Pope's Ho'mer, the third volume of the Spec'tator, the ſecond volume of Echard's 'Roman Hiſtory, the Craftſman, Ro'binſon Cruſoe, Thomas à Kempis, 'and two volumes of Tom Brown's 'works.'

'Thoſe laſt,' cries Jones, 'are 'books I never ſaw; ſo if you pleaſe 'to lend me one of thoſe volumes.' The barber aſſured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greateſt wits that ever the nation produced. He then ſtepped to his houſe, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very ſtrict injunctions of ſecreſy from Jones, and having ſworn inviolably to maintain it, they ſeparated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH MORE OF THE TALENTS OF MR. BENJAMIN WILL APPEAR, AS WELL AS WHO THIS EXTRAORDINARY PERSON WAS.

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneaſy at the deſertion of his ſurgeon; as he apprehended ſome inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dreſſing his wound; he enquired therefore of the drawer what other ſurgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuſe to be concerned after another had been ſent for before him; 'But, Sir,' ſays he, 'if 'you will take my advice, there is not a 'man in the kingdom can do your 'buſineſs better than the barber who 'was with you laſt night. We look 'upon him to be one of the ableſt men 'at a cut in all this neighbourhood. 'For though he hath not been here 'above three months, he hath done 'ſeveral great cures.'

The drawer was preſently diſpatched for little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himſelf accordingly, and attended; but with ſo different an air and aſpect from that which he wore when his baſon was under his arm, that he could ſcarce be known to be the ſame perſon.

'So, Tonſor,' ſays Jones, 'I find 'you have more trades than one; how

'came

'came you not to inform me of this 'laſt night?'—'A ſurgeon,' anſwered Benjamin, with gravity, 'is a profeſſion, not a trade. The reaſon 'why I did not acquaint you laſt night 'that I profeſſed this art, was that I 'then concluded you was under the 'hands of another gentleman; and I 'never love to interfere with my brethren in their buſineſs. *Ars omnibus communis:* but now, Sir, if you 'pleaſe, I will inſpect your head, and 'when I ſee into your ſkull, I will 'give my opinion of your caſe.'

Jones had no great faith in his new profeſſor, however he ſuffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as ſoon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and ſhake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peeviſh manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. 'Shall I anſwer 'you as a ſurgeon, or a friend?' ſaid Benjamin. 'As a friend, and ſeri-'ouſly,' ſaid Jones. 'Why then, 'upon my ſoul,' cries Benjamin, 'it 'would require a great deal of art to 'keep you from being well after a 'very few dreſſings; and if you will 'ſuffer me to apply ſome ſalve of mine, 'I will anſwer for the ſucceſs.' Jones gave his conſent, and the plaiſter was applied accordingly.

'There, Sir,' cries Benjamin, 'now 'I will, if you pleaſe, reſume my for-'mer ſelf; but a man is obliged to 'keep up ſome dignity in his counte-'tenance while he is performing theſe 'operations, or the world will not 'ſubmit to be handled by him. You 'can't imagine, Sir, of how much 'conſequence a grave aſpect is to a 'grave character. A barber may make 'you laugh, but a ſurgeon ought ra-'ther to make you cry.'

'Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or 'Mr. Barber-Surgeon,' ſaid Jones. 'O dear Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, interrupting him, '*infandum regina ju-'bes renovare dolorem.* You recal 'to my mind that cruel ſeparation of 'the united fraternities, ſo much to 'the prejudice of both bodies, as all 'ſeparations muſt be, according to the 'old adage, *vis unita fortior*; which, 'to be ſure, there are not wanting ſome 'of one or of the other fraternity who 'are able to conſtrue. What a blow 'was this to me, who unite both in my 'own perſon!'—'Well, by whatever 'name you pleaſe to be called,' continued Jones, 'you certainly are one 'of the oddeſt, moſt comical fellows, 'I ever met with; and muſt have ſome-'thing very ſurprizing in your ſtory, 'which you muſt confeſs I have a right 'to hear.'—'I do confeſs it,' anſwered Benjamin, 'and will very readily 'acquaint you with it, when you have 'ſufficient leiſure; for I promiſe you 'it will require a good deal of time.' Jones told him, he could never be more at leiſure than at preſent. 'Well 'then,' ſaid Benjamin, 'I will obey 'you; but firſt I will faſten the door, 'that none may interrupt us.' He did ſo, and then advancing with a ſolemn air to Jones, ſaid; 'I muſt be-'gin by telling you, Sir, that you 'yourſelf have been the greateſt enemy 'I ever had.' Jones was a little ſtartled at this ſudden declaration. 'I your 'enemy, Sir!' ſays he with much amazement, and ſome ſternneſs in his look. 'Nay, be not angry,' ſaid Benjamin, 'for I promiſe you I am not. 'You are perfectly innocent of having 'intended me any wrong; for you 'was then an infant; but I ſhall, I 'believe, unriddle all this the moment 'I mention my name. Did you never 'hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who 'had the honour of being reputed 'your father, and the misfortune of 'being ruined by that honour?'—'I 'have indeed heard of that Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'and I have always be-'lieved myſelf to be his ſon.'—'Well, 'Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I am 'that Partridge; but I here abſolve 'you from all filial duty, for I do 'aſſure you, you are no ſon of mine.' —'How!' replied Jones; and is it 'poſſible that a falſe ſuſpicion ſhould 'have drawn all the ill conſequences 'upon you, with which I am too well 'acquainted?'—'It is poſſible,' cries Benjamin, 'for it is ſo; but though 'it is natural enough for men to hate 'even the innocent cauſes of their ſuf-'ferings, yet I am of a different tem-'per. I have loved you ever ſince I 'heard of your behaviour to Black 'George, as I told you; and I am 'convinced, from this extraordinary 'meeting, that you are born to make 'me amends for all that I have ſuf-'fered on that account. Beſides, I 'dreamt, the night before I ſaw you,

'that I ſtumbled over a ſtool without 'hurting myſelf; which plainly ſhew-'ed me ſomething good was towards 'me; and laſt night I dreamt again, 'that I rode behind you on a milk-'white mare, which is a very excellent 'dream, and betokens much good for-'tune; which I am reſolved to purſue, 'unleſs you have the cruelty to deny 'me.'

'I ſhould be very glad, Mr. Par-'tridge,' anſwered Jones, 'to have 'it in my power to make you amends 'for your ſufferings on my account; 'though at preſent I ſee no likelihood 'of it; however, I aſſure you I will 'deny you nothing which is in my 'power to grant.'

'It is in your power ſure enough,' replied Benjamin; 'for I deſire nothing 'more than leave to attend you in this 'expedition. Nay, I have ſo entirely 'ſet my heart upon it, that if you 'ſhould refuſe me, you will kill both 'a barber and a ſurgeon in one breath.'

Jones anſwered ſmiling, that he ſhould be very ſorry to be the occaſion of ſo much miſchief to the publick. He then advanced many prudential reaſons, in order to diſſuade Benjamin (whom we ſhall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpoſe; but all were in vain, Partridge relied ſtrongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. 'Beſides, Sir,' ſays he, 'I promiſe 'you, I have as good an inclination 'to the cauſe as any man can poſſibly 'have; and go I will, whether you 'admit me to go in your company or 'not.'

Jones, who was as much pleaſed with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not conſulted his own inclination, but the good of the other, in deſiring him to ſtay behind; when he found his friend ſo reſolute, at laſt gave his conſent; but then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid, 'Perhaps Mr. Partridge, you think 'I ſhall be able to ſupport you, but I 'really am not:' and then taking out his purſe, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge anſwered, that his dependence was only on his future favour; for he was thoroughly convinced he would ſhortly have enough in his power. 'At preſent, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I 'believe I am rather the richer man 'of the two; but all I have is at your 'ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. I in-'ſiſt upon your taking the whole, and 'I beg only to attend you in the qua-'lity of your ſervant, *nil deſperandum 'eſt teucro duce & auſpice teucro.*' But to this generous propoſal concerning the money, Jones would by no means ſubmit.

It was reſolved to ſet out the next morning; when a difficulty aroſe concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horſe.

'If I may preſume to give my ad-'vice,' ſays Partridge, 'this port-'manteau, with every thing in it, ex-'cept a few ſhirts, ſhould be left be-'hind. Thoſe I ſhall be eaſily able 'to carry for you, and the reſt of your 'cloaths will remain very ſafely lock-'ed up in my houſe.'

This method was no ſooner propoſed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING BETTER REASONS THAN ANY WHICH HAVE YET APPEARED FOR THE CONDUCT OF PARTRIDGE; AN APOLOGY FOR THE WEAKNESS OF JONES; AND SOME FARTHER ANECDOTES CONCERNING MY LANDLADY.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the moſt ſuperſtitious of men, he would hardly, perhaps, have deſired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-ſtool, and white mare, if his proſpect had been no better than to have ſhared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himſelf, that Mr. Allworthy ſhould turn his ſon (for ſo he moſt firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reaſon which he had heard aſſigned. He concluded, therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often, from his correſpondents, heard the wildeſt character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young

young gentleman to return back to his father, he ſhould by that means render a ſervice to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had ſacrificed him to his own reputation. And this ſuſpicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the foundling-child; from his great ſeverity to Partridge, who knowing himſelf to be innocent, could not conceive that any other ſhould think him guilty; laſtly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publickly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of ſmart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injuſtice: for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to aſcribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can poſſibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, perſuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he ſhould again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and ſhould be again reſtored to his native country; a reſtoration which Ulyſſes himſelf never wiſhed more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well ſatisfied with the truth of what the other had aſſerted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cauſe. A blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of cenſure. To ſay the truth, there are but two ways by which men become poſſeſſed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which laſt, I preſume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are maſter of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and concluſive: for a man who hath been impoſed on by ever ſo many, may ſtill hope to find others more honeſt; whereas, he who receives certain neceſſary admonitions from within, that this is impoſſible, muſt have very little underſtanding indeed, if he ever renders himſelf liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wiſdom which is to be acquired this way, we ſeldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reaſon why ſome old men are too apt to deſpiſe the underſtandings of all thoſe who are a little younger than themſelves.

Jones ſpent moſt part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the houſe, or rather the huſband of the landlady. He had but lately made his deſcent down ſtairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which diſtemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and, during the reſt, he walked about the houſe, ſmoked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himſelf in the leaſt with any kind of buſineſs. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing; and had ſpent a very ſmall fortune, which he inherited from an induſtrious farmer, his uncle, in hunting, horſe-racing, and cock-fighting; and had been married by my landlady for certain purpoſes, which he had long ſince deſiſted from anſwering, for which ſhe hated him heartily. But as he was a ſurly kind of a fellow, ſo ſhe contented herſelf with frequently upbraiding him by diſadvantageous compariſons with her firſt huſband, whoſe praiſe ſhe had eternally in her mouth; and as ſhe was for the moſt part miſtreſs of the profit, ſo ſhe was ſatisfied to take upon herſelf the care and government of the family; and after a long ſucceſsleſs ſtruggle, to ſuffer her huſband to be maſter of himſelf.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a ſmall diſpute aroſe between this fond couple concerning him. 'What,' ſays the wife, 'you have 'been tippling with the gentleman, I 'ſee!'—'Yes,' anſwered the huſband, 'we have cracked a bottle together; 'and a very gentleman-like man he is, 'and hath a very pretty notion of horſe-'fleſh. Indeed he is young, and hath 'not ſeen much of the world; for I 'believe he hath been at a very few 'horſe-races.'—'O ho! he is one of 'your order, is he?' replies the landlady; 'he muſt be a gentleman, to be 'ſure, if he is a horſe-racer. The de-'vil fetch ſuch gentry; I am ſure I 'wiſh I had never ſeen any of them. 'I have reaſon to love horſe-racers tru-

'ly!'

'ly!'—'That you have,' says the husband; 'for I was one, you know.'—'Yes,' answered she, 'you are a pure one indeed! As my first husband used to say, I may put all the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and see never the worse.'—'D—n your first husband,' cries he. 'Don't d—n a better man than yourself,' answered the wife; 'if he had been alive, you durst not have done it.'—'Then you think,' says he, 'I have not so much courage as yourself; for you have d—n'd him often in my hearing.'—'If I did,' says she, 'I have repented of it many's the good time and oft: and if he was so good to forgive me a word spoken in haste, or so, it doth not become such a one as you to *twitter* me. He was a husband to me, he was; and if ever I did make use of an ill word or so in a passion, I never called him rascal; I should have told a lye if I had called him a rascal.' Much more she said, but not in his hearing: for having lighted his pipe, he staggered off as fast as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no more of her speech, as it approached still nearer and nearer to a subject too indelicate to find any place in this history.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bedside of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with the knapsack at his back. This was his own workmanship; for besides his other trades, he was no indifferent taylor. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own house, but was stopped in his way by the landlady, who refused to suffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have said, absolute governess in these regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her rules; so the bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger sum than might have been expected from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to disclose some maxims, which publicans hold to be the grand mysteries of their trade. The first is, if they have any thing good in their house (which indeed very seldom happens) to produce it only to persons who travel with great equipages. Secondly, to charge the same for the very worst provisions, as if they were the best. And, lastly, if any of their guests call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have; so that the amount by the head may be much the same.

The bill being made and discharged, Jones set forward, with Partridge carrying the knapsack; nor did the landlady condescend to wish him a good journey: for this was, it seems, an inn frequented by people of fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their livelihood by people of fashion, contract as much insolence to the rest of mankind, as if they really belonged to that rank themselves.

CHAP. VIII.

JONES ARRIVES AT GLOUCESTER, AND GOES TO THE BELL; THE CHARACTER OF THAT HOUSE, AND OF A PETTIFOGGER, WHICH HE MEETS WITH.

MR. Jones and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of *little*, was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six feet high) having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their house of entertainment the sign of the Bell, an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and is still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this, and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to, the state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her

her temper: for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband. I say, at present; for she freely confesses that her brother's documents made at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the spirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood, and abandoned the sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly, good-natured woman, and so industrious to oblige, that the guests must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her sagacity soon discovered, in the air of our hero, something which distinguished him from the vulgar. She ordered her servants, therefore, immediately to shew him into a room, and presently afterwards invited him to dinner with herself; which invitation he very thankfully accepted: for, indeed, much less agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worse entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting, and so long a walk.

Besides Mr. Jones and the good governess of the mansion, there sat down at table an attorney of Salisbury; indeed, the very same who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whose name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling; there was likewise present another person, who stiled himself a lawyer, and who lived somewhere near Lidlinch in Somersetshire. This fellow, I say, stiled himself a lawyer, but was indeed a most vile pettifogger, without sense or knowledge of any kind; one of those who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a sort of supernumeraries in the profession, who are the hacknies of attornies, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a post-boy.

During the time of dinner, the Somersetshire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had seen at Mr. Allworthy's; for he had often visited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occasion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the honour of speaking to any person in that family higher than the butler. Jones answered all his questions with much civility, though he never remembered to have seen the pettifogger before; and though he concluded, from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he usurped a freedom with his betters to which he was by no means entitled.

As the conversation of fellows of this kind is of all others the most detestable to men of any sense, the cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taste, lament, as the severest lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the room, than the pettifogger, in a whispering tone, asked Mrs. Whitefield, if she knew who that fine spark was. She answered, she had never seen the gentleman before. 'The gentleman, 'indeed!' replied the pettifogger; 'a 'pretty gentleman, truly! Why, he's 'the bastard of a fellow who was 'hanged for horse-stealing. He was 'dropt at Squire Allworthy's door, 'where one of the servants found him 'in a box so full of rain-water, that 'he would certainly have been drown-'ed, had he not been reserved for an-'other fate.'—'Ay, ay, you need not 'mention it, I protest; we understand 'what that fate is very well,' cries Dowling, with a most facetious grin. 'Well,' continued the other, 'the 'Squire ordered him to be taken in: 'for he is a *timbersome* man every 'body knows, and was afraid of draw-'ing himself into a scrape; and there 'the bastard was bred up, and fed and 'clothified all to the world like any 'gentleman; and there he got one of 'the servant-maids with child, and per-'suaded her to swear it to the Squire 'himself; and afterwards he broke the 'arm of one Mr. Thwackum, a cler-'gyman, only because he reprimanded

'him

'him for following whores; and afterwards he ſnapt a piſtol at Mr. Bliſil behind his back; and once, when Squire Allworthy was ſick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the houſe, to prevent him from ſleeping: and twenty other pranks he hath played; for all which, about four or five days ago, juſt before I left the country, the ſquire ſtript him ſtark-naked, and turned him out of doors.'

'And very juſtly too, I proteſt,' cries Dowling; 'I would turn my own ſon out of doors, if he was guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name of this pretty gentleman?'

'The name o'un!' anſwered the pettifogger; 'why, he is called Thomas Jones.'

'Jones!' anſwered Dowling, a little eagerly; 'what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's! was that the gentleman that dined with us?'—'The very ſame,' ſaid the other. 'I have heard of the gentleman,' cries Dowling, 'often; but I never heard any ill character of him.'—'And I am ſure,' ſays Mrs. Whitefield, 'if half what this gentleman hath ſaid be true, Mr. Jones hath the moſt deceitful countenance I ever ſaw; for ſure his looks promiſe ſomething very different; and I muſt ſay, for the little I have ſeen of him, he is as civil a well-bred man as you would wiſh to converſe with.'

The pettifogger calling to mind that he had not been ſworn, as he uſually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with ſo many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were ſhocked: and ſhe put a ſtop to his ſwearing, by aſſuring him of her belief. Upon which he ſaid, 'I hope, Madam, you imagine I would ſcorn to tell ſuch things of any man, unleſs I knew them to be true. What intereſt have I in taking away the reputation of a man who never injured me? I promiſe you every ſyllable of what I have ſaid is fact, and the whole country knows it.'

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reaſon to ſuſpect that the pettifogger had any motive or temptation to abuſe Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he had ſo confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her ſkill in phyſiognomy, and henceforwards conceived ſo ill an opinion of her gueſt, that ſhe heartily wiſhed him out of her houſe.

This diſlike was now farther encreaſed by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, that though he carried the knapſack, and contented himſelf with ſtaying among ſervants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his ſervant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himſelf.

Dowling ſat all this while ſilent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at laſt he opened his lips, and proteſted that the gentleman looked like another ſort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmoſt haſte, declared he muſt be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of buſineſs, and wiſhed he could divide himſelf into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The pettifogger now likewiſe departed, and Jones deſired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but ſhe refuſed, and with a manner ſo different from that with which ſhe had received him at dinner, that it a little ſurprized him. And now he perceived her behaviour totally changed; for, inſtead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, ſhe wore a conſtrained ſeverity on her countenance, which was ſo diſagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he reſolved, however late, to quit the houſe that evening.

He did indeed account ſomewhat unfairly for this ſudden change; for beſides ſome hard and unjuſt ſurmizes concerning female fickleneſs and mutability, he began to ſuſpect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horſes; a ſort of animals which, as they dirty no ſheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore conſidered as the more deſirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her juſtice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot: in reality, ſhe looked on our hero as a ſorry ſcoundrel, and therefore treated him as ſuch; for which not even Jones himſelf,

himself, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating circumstance which attends unjustly depriving men of their reputation; for a man who is conscious of having an ill character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his conversation, unless where a perfect intimacy must have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the case of Jones; for as he was a perfect stranger to the truth, so he was with good reason offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly against the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonstrated much against it to no purpose, at last condescended to take up his knapsack, and to attend his friend.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING SEVERAL DIALOGUES BETWEEN JONES AND PARTRIDGE, CONCERNING LOVE, COLD, HUNGER, AND OTHER MATTERS; WITH THE LUCKY AND NARROW ESCAPE OF PARTRIDGE, AS HE WAS ON THE VERY BRINK OF MAKING A FATAL DISCOVERY TO HIS FRIEND.

THE shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains: the feathered creation had betaken themselves to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five, just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her; who now, with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day, in order to sit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet; and, turning to his companion, asked him, if he had ever beheld so delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready answer to his question, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated some passages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his description of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the story from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleasing themselves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same object at the same time. 'Those 'lovers,' added he, 'must have had 'souls truly capable of feeling all the 'tenderness of the sublimest of all hu'man passions.'—'Very probably,' cries Partridge; 'but I envy them 'more, if they had bodies incapable 'of feeling cold; for I am almost 'frozen to death, and am very much 'afraid I shall lose a piece of my nose 'before we get to another house of 'entertainment. Nay, truly, we may 'well expect some judgment should 'happen to us for our folly in run'ning away so by night, from one of 'the most excellent inns I ever set my 'foot into. I am sure I never saw 'more good things in my life; and 'the greatest lord in the land cannot 'live better in his own house than he 'may there. And to forsake such a 'house, and go a rambling about the 'country, the Lord knows whither, '*per devia rura viarum!* I say no'thing, for my part; but some peo'ple might not have charity enough 'to conclude we were in our sober 'senses.'—'Fie upon it, Mr. Par'tridge!' says Jones, 'have a better 'heart; consider you are going to face 'an enemy; and are you afraid of 'facing a little cold? I wish, indeed, 'we had a guide to advise which of 'these roads we should take.'—'May 'I be so bold,' says Partridge, 'to 'offer my advice? *interdum stultus op'portuna loquitur*'—'Why, which 'of them,' cries Jones, 'would you 'recommend?'—'Truly, neither of

'them,' answered Partridge. 'The 'only road we can be certain of find- 'ing, is the road we came. A good 'hearty pace will bring us back to 'Glouceſter in an hour; but if we 'go forward, the Lord Harry knows 'when we ſhall arrive at any place; 'for I ſee at leaſt fifty miles before 'me, and no houſe in all the way.'— 'You ſee, indeed, a very fair proſ- 'pect,' ſays Jones, 'which receives 'great additional beauty from the ex- 'treme luſtre of the moon. However, 'I will keep the left-hand track, as 'that ſeems to lead directly to thoſe 'hills, which we were informed lie 'not far from Worceſter. And here, 'if you are inclined to quit me, you 'may, and return back again; but 'for my part, I am reſolved to go 'forward.'

'It is unkind in you, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'to ſuſpect me of any ſuch 'intention. What I have adviſed, 'hath been as much on your account 'as on my own; but ſince you are 'determined to go on, I am as much 'determined to follow. *I præ, ſequar 'te.*'

They now travelled ſome miles without ſpeaking to each other, during which ſuſpenſe of diſcourſe Jones often ſighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reaſon. At length Jones made a full ſtop, and turning about, cries, 'Who 'knows, Partridge, but the loveliest 'creature in the univerſe may have her 'eyes now fixed on that very moon 'which I behold at this inſtant?'— 'Very likely, Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'and if my eyes were fixed 'on a good ſirloin of roaſt beef, the 'devil might take the moon and her 'horns into the bargain.'—'Did ever 'Tramontane make ſuch an anſwer?' cries Jones. 'Pr'ythee, Partridge, 'waſt thou ever ſuſceptible of love in 'thy life, or hath time worn away all 'the traces of it from thy memory?' —'Alack-a-day,' cries Partridge, 'well would it have been for me if I 'had never known what love was. '*Infandum regina jubes renovare do- 'lorem.* I am ſure I have taſted all 'the tenderneſs, and ſublimities, and 'bitterneſſes of the paſſion.'—'Was 'your miſtreſs unkind then?' ſays Jones. 'Very unkind indeed, Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'for ſhe married 'me, and made one of the moſt con- 'founded wives in the world. How- 'ever, Heaven be praiſed, ſhe's gone; 'and if I believed ſhe was in the 'moon, according to a book I once 'read, which teaches that to be the 'receptacle of departed ſpirits, I would 'never look at it, for fear of ſeeing 'her: but I wiſh, Sir, that the moon 'was a looking-glaſs for your ſake, 'and that Miſs Sophia Weſtern was 'now placed before it.'—'My dear 'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'what a 'thought was there! a thought which 'I am certain could never have enter- 'ed into any mind but that of a lover. 'O Partridge, could I hope once a- 'gain to ſee that face; but, alas! all 'thoſe golden dreams are vaniſhed for 'ever, and my only refuge from fu- 'ture miſery is to forget the object of 'all my former happineſs.'—'And 'do you really deſpair of ever ſeeing 'Miſs Weſtern again?' anſwered Partridge: 'if you will follow my ad- 'vice, I will engage you ſhall not 'only ſee her, but have her in your 'arms.'—'Ha! do not awaken a 'thought of that nature,' cries Jones. 'I have ſtruggled ſufficiently to con- 'quer all ſuch wiſhes already.'— 'Nay,' anſwered Partridge, 'if you 'do not wiſh to have your miſtreſs in 'your arms, you are a moſt extraor- 'dinary lover indeed.'—'Well, well,' ſays Jones, 'let us avoid this ſubject; 'but pray what is your advice?'— 'To give it you in the military phraſe 'then,' ſays Partridge, 'as we are 'ſoldiers; to the right about. Let 'us return the way we came; we may 'yet reach Glouceſter to-night, though 'late; whereas, if we proceed, we are 'likely, for aught I ſee, to ramble 'about for ever without coming either 'to houſe or home.'—'I have already 'told you, my reſolution is to go on,' anſwered Jones; 'but I would have 'you go back. I am obliged to you 'for your company hither; and I beg 'of you to accept a guinea, as a ſmall 'inſtance of my gratitude. Nay, it 'would be cruel in me to ſuffer you 'to go any farther; for, to deal plain- 'ly with you, my chief end and de- 'ſire is a glorious death in the ſervice 'of my king and country.'—'As for 'your money,' replied Partridge, 'I 'beg, Sir, you will put it up; I will 'receive none of you at this time.

'for

'for at preſent I am, I believe, the 'richer man of the two. And as 'your reſolution is to go on, ſo mine 'is to follow you if you do. Nay, 'now my preſence appears abſolutely 'neceſſary to take care of you, ſince 'your intentions are ſo deſperate; for, 'I promiſe you my views are much 'more prudent. As you are reſolved 'to fall in battle, if you can, ſo I am 'reſolved as firmly to come to no 'hurt if I can help it. And indeed I 'have the comfort to think there will 'be but little danger; for a popiſh 'prieſt told me the other day, the bu-'ſineſs would ſoon be over, and he 'believed without a battle.'—'A 'popiſh prieſt,' cries Jones, 'I have 'heard, is not always to be believed 'when he ſpeaks in behalf of his re-'ligion.'—'Yes, but ſo far,' an-ſwered the other, 'from ſpeaking in 'behalf of his religion, he aſſured 'me, the catholicks did not expect to 'be any gainers by the change; for 'that Prince Charles was as good a 'proteſtant as any in England; and 'that nothing but regard to right, 'made him and the reſt of the popiſh 'party to be Jacobites.'—'I believe 'him to be as much a proteſtant, as 'I believe he hath any right,' ſays Jones; 'and I make no doubt of our 'ſucceſs, but not without a battle. 'So that I am not ſo ſanguine as your 'friend the popiſh prieſt.'—'Nay, to 'be ſure, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'all the prophecies I have ever read, 'ſpeak of a great deal of blood to be 'ſpilt in the quarrel, and the miller 'with three thumbs, who is now a-'live, is to hold the horſes of three 'kings, up to his knees in blood. 'Lord have mercy upon us all, and 'ſend us better times!'—'With what 'ſtuff and nonſenſe haſt thou filled 'thy head?' anſwered Jones. 'This, 'too, I ſuppoſe, comes from the po-'piſh prieſt. Monſters and prodigies 'are the proper arguments to ſupport 'monſtrous and abſurd doctrines. 'The cauſe of King George is the 'cauſe of liberty and true religion. 'In other words, it is the cauſe of 'common ſenſe, my boy; and I war-'rant you will ſucceed, though Bria-'rius himſelf was to riſe again with 'his hundred thumbs, and to turn 'miller.' Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed caſt into the utmoſt confuſion by this declaration of Jones. For, to inform the reader of a ſecret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the ſame party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation: for the tall, long-ſided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monſter of Virgil, had related the ſtory of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her uſual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cauſe for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and moſt firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the abovementioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almoſt diſcovered to him before he found out his own miſtake. And at this the reader will be the leſs inclined to wonder, if he pleaſes to recollect the doubtful phraſe in which Jones firſt communicated his reſolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been leſs ambiguous, Partridge might very well have conſtrued them as he did; being perſuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the ſame inclination in their hearts: nor did it ſtagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of ſoldiers; for he had the ſame opinion of the army which he had of the reſt of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was ſtill much more attached to little Benjamin than to either; for which reaſon he no ſooner diſcovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, ſince he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be ſo deſperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a conſtant correſpondence with ſome of his neighbours ſince he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man; who, as Partridge had been inſtructed, was to

be that gentleman's heir; and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his son.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promised great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be instrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already observed, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he had himself declared the violent attachment he had to the person and character of Jones: but possibly the views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little share in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at least, in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered, that his master and himself, like some prudent fathers and sons, though they travelled together in great friendship, had embraced opposite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; interest, however, is an ingredient seldom omitted by wise men, when they would work others to their own purposes. This is indeed a most excellent medicine, and, like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

CHAP. X.

IN WHICH OUR TRAVELLERS MEET WITH A VERY EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very steep hill. Here Jones stopt short, and directing his eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his companion, and said, 'Partridge, I wish I was at the 'top of this hill; it must certainly afford a most charming prospect, especially by this light: for the solemn 'gloom which the moon casts on all 'objects, is beyond expression beautiful, especially to an imagination 'which is desirous of cultivating melancholy ideas.'—'Very probably,' answered Partridge; 'but if the top 'of the hill be propereſt to produce 'melancholy thoughts, I suppose the 'bottom is the likeliest to produce merry ones, and these I take to be much 'the better of the two. I protest you 'have made my blood run cold with 'the very mentioning the top of that 'mountain; which seems to me to be 'one of the highest in the world. No, 'no, if we look for any thing, let it 'be for a place under-ground, to screen 'ourselves from the frost.'—'Do so,' said Jones, 'let it be but within hear'ing of this place, and I will hollow 'to you at my return back.'—'Surely, Sir, you are not mad,' said Partridge. 'Indeed I am,' answered Jones, 'if ascending this hill be madness: 'but as you complain so much of the 'cold already, I would have you stay 'below. I will certainly return to you 'within an hour.'—'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have determined to 'follow you wherever you go.' Indeed he was now afraid to stay behind; for though he was coward enough in all respects, yet his chief fear was that of ghosts, with which the present time of night, and the wildness of the place, extremely well suited.

At this instant Partridge espied a glimmering light through some trees, which seemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture, 'O 'Sir! Heaven hath at last heard my 'prayers, and hath brought us to a 'house; perhaps it may be an inn. 'Let me beseech you, Sir, if you have 'any compassion either for me or yourself, do not despise the goodness of 'Providence, but let us go directly to 'yon light. Whether it be a public-'house or no, I am sure, if they be 'christians that dwell there, they will 'not refuse a little house-room to persons in our miserable condition.' Jones at length yielded to the earnest supplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light issued.

They

They soon arrived at the door of this house, or cottage; for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked several times without receiving any answer from within; at which Partridge, whose head was full of nothing but of ghosts, devils, witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon 'us, sure the people must be all dead! 'I can see no light neither now, and 'yet I am certain I saw a candle burning but a moment before.—Well! I 'have heard of such things.'—'What 'hast thou heard of?' said Jones. 'The people are either fast asleep, or 'probably, as this is a lonely place, 'are afraid to open their door.' He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old woman opening an upper-casement, asked who they were, and what they wanted. Jones answered they were travellers who had lost their way, and having seen a light in the window, had been led thither in hopes of finding some fire to warm themselves. 'Whoever you are,' cries the woman, 'you have no business here; 'nor shall I open the door to any body 'at this time of night.' Partridge, whom the sound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the most earnest supplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, saying he was almost dead with the cold: to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the frost. He assured her, that the gentleman who spoke to her, was one of the greatest squires in the country; and made use of every argument, save one, which Jones afterwards effectually added, and this was, the promise of half a crown: a bribe too great to be resisted by such a person; especially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely subdued those apprehensions of thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last, to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire, ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those thoughts which were always uppermost in his mind, began a little to disturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which he had a stronger faith, than he had in witchcraft; nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inspire this idea, than the old woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the first, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any evidence.

Many circumstances likewise conspired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a place; and in a house, the outside of which seemed much too good for her; but where the inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant manner. To say the truth, Jones himself was not a little surprized at what he saw: for, besides the extraordinary neatness of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks and curiosities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso.

While Jones was admiring these things, and Partridge sat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the house of a witch, the old woman said, 'I hope, gentlemen, you will make 'what haste you can; for I expect my 'master presently, and I would not 'for double the money he should 'find you here.'—'Then you have 'a master?' cries Jones. 'Indeed you 'will excuse me, good woman, but I 'was surprized to see all those fine 'things in your house.'—'Ah, Sir!' said she, 'if the twentieth part of these 'things were mine, I should think my-'self a rich woman: but pray, Sir, 'do not stay much longer; for I look 'for him in every minute.'—'Why, 'sure he would not be angry with you,' says Jones, 'for doing a common act 'of charity.'—'Alack-a-day, Sir!' said she, 'he is a strange man, not at 'all like other people. He keeps no 'company with any body, and seldom 'walks out but by night, for he doth 'not care to be seen; and all the coun-'try people are as much afraid of 'meeting him; for his dress is enough 'to frighten those who are not used to 'it. They call him, *The Man of the 'Hill*, (for there he walks by night) 'and the country people are not, I 'believe, more afraid of the devil him-'self. He would be terribly angry if 'he found you here.'—'Pray, Sir,' says

says Partridge, 'don't let us offend the 'gentleman; I am ready to walk, 'and was never warmer in my life.— 'Do, pray, Sir, let us go—here are 'pistols over the chimney: who knows 'whether they be charged or no, or 'what he may do with them.'—'Fear 'nothing, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'I 'will secure thee from danger.'— 'Nay, for matter o' that, he never 'doth any mischief,' said the woman; 'but to be sure it is necessary he should 'keep some arms for his own safety; 'for his house hath been beset more 'than once; and it is not many nights 'ago, that we thought we heard 'thieves about it: for my own part, 'I have often wondered that he is not 'murdered by some villain or other, 'as he walks out by himself at such 'hours: but then, as I said, the peo- 'ple are afraid of him; and besides, 'they think, I suppose, he has no 'thing about him worth taking.'—'I 'should imagine, by this collection of 'rarities,' cries Jones, 'that your 'master had been a traveller.'—'Yes, 'Sir,' answered she, 'he hath been a 'very great one; there be few gentle- 'men that know more of all matters 'than he; I fancy he hath been croft 'in love, or whatever it is, I know 'not, but I have lived with him above 'these thirty years, and in all that 'time he hath hardly spoke to six 'living people.' She then again soli- cited their departure, in which she was backed by Partridge; but Jones pur- posely protracted the time: for his curi- osity was greatly raised to see this ex- traordinary person. Though the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her answers with desiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded so far as to pull him by the sleeve, he still con- tinued to invent new questions, till the old woman, with an affrighted countenance, declared she heard her master's signal; and at the same in- stant more than one voice was heard without the door, crying, 'D—n your 'blood, shew us your money this in- 'stant! Your money, you villain, or 'we will blow your brains about your 'ears!'

'O, good Heaven!' cries the old woman, 'some villains, to be sure, have 'attacked my master. O la! what shall 'I do? what shall I do?'—How!' cries Jones; 'how—are these pistols loaded?' —'O, good Sir, there is nothing in 'them, indeed! O, pray don't mur- 'der us, gentlemen!' (for in reality she now had the same opinion of those within, as she had of those without.) Jones made her no answer; but snatch- ing an old broad sword which hung in the room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mer- cy. Jones asked no questions, but fell so briskly to work with his broad sword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and, without offering to at- tack our hero, betook themselves to their heels, and made their escape: for he did not attempt to pursue them, be- ing contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he conclud- ed he had pretty well done their busi- ness: for both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing at the same time great concern, lest he should have received any harm from the villains. The old man stared a moment at Jones, and then cried, 'No, Sir, no; I have 'very little harm, I thank you.—Lord 'have mercy upon me!'—'I see, Sir,' said Jones, 'you are not free from ap- 'prehensions even of those who have 'had the happiness to be your deli- 'verers; nor can I blame any suspi- 'cions which you may have: but, in- 'deed, you have no real occasion for 'any; here are none but your friends 'present. Having mist our way this cold 'night, we took the liberty of warm- 'ing ourselves at your fire, whence 'we were just departing, when we heard 'you call for assistance; which, I must 'say, Providence alone seems to have 'sent you.'—'Providence, indeed,' cries the old gentleman, 'if it be so!' —'So it is, I assure you,' cries Jones; 'here is your own sword, Sir. I have 'used it in your defence, and I now re- 'turn it into your own hand.' The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, looked stedfastly at Jones dur- ing some moments; and then with a sigh, cried out, 'You will pardon me, 'young gentleman, I was not always 'of a suspicious temper, nor am I a 'friend to ingratitude.'—'Be thank- 'ful then,' cries Jones, 'to that Pro- 'vidence,

'vidence to which you owe your deli-
'verance: as to my part, I have only
'discharged the common duties of hu-
'manity, and what I would have done
'for any fellow-creature in your situ-
'ation.'—'Let me look at you a little
'longer,' cries the old gentleman; 'you
'are a human creature then? Well,
'perhaps you are! Come pray walk
'into my little hut. You have been
'my deliverer indeed.'

The old woman was distracted between the fears which she had of her master, and for him; and Partridge was, if possible, in a greater fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her master speak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but Partridge no sooner saw the gentleman, than the strangeness of his dress infused greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt, either from the strange description which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To say the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more constant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This person was of the tallest size, with a long beard as white as snow. His body was cloathed with the skin of an ass, made something into the form of a coat. He wore likewise boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

As soon as the old gentleman came into his house, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy escape from the ruffians. 'Yes,' cried he, 'I
'have escaped indeed, thanks to my
'preserver.'—'O the blessing on him,'
answered she, 'he is a good gentleman,
'I warrant him. I was afraid your wor-
'ship would have been angry with me
'for letting him in; and to be certain
'I should not have done it, had not I
'seen by the moon-light, that he
'was a gentleman, and almost frozen
'to death. And to be certain it must
'have been some good angel that sent
'him hither, and tempted me to do it.'

'I am afraid Sir,' said the old gentleman to Jones, 'that I have nothing
'in this house which you can either
'eat or drink, unless you will accept
'a dram of brandy; of which I can
'give you some most excellent, and
'which I have had by me these thirty
'years.' Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper speech; and then the other asked him, whither he was travelling when he missed his way; saying, 'I must own myself surprized,
'to see such a person as you appear to
'be journeying on foot at this time of
'night. I suppose, Sir, you are a
'gentleman of these parts; for you do
'not look like one who is used to tra-
'vel far without horses.'

'Appearances,' cried Jones, 'are of-
'ten deceitful; men sometimes look
'like what they are not. I assure you
'I am not of this country, and whi-
'ther I am travelling, in reality, I scarce
'know myself.'

'Whoever you are, or whitherso-
'ever you are going,' answered the old man, 'I have obligations to you which
'I can never return.'

'I once more,' replied Jones, 'af-
'firm, that you have none: for there
'can be no merit in having hazarded
'that in your service, on which I set
'no value. And nothing is so con-
'temptible in my eyes as life.'

'I am sorry, young gentleman,' answered the stranger, 'that you have any
'reason to be so unhappy, at your
'years.'

'Indeed I am, Sir,' answered Jones,
'the most unhappy of mankind.'—
'Perhaps you have had a friend, or a
'mistress?' replied the other. 'How
'could you,' cries Jones, 'mention
'two words sufficient to drive me to
'distraction!'—'Either of them are
'enough to drive any man to distrac-
'tion,' answered the old man. 'I en-
'quire no further, Sir. Perhaps my
'curiosity hath led me too far already?'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries Jones, 'I can-
'not censure a passion, which I feel
'at this instant in the highest degree.
'You will pardon me, when I assure
'you, that every thing which I have
'seen or heard since I first entered this
'house, hath conspired to raise the
'greatest curiosity in me. Something
'very extraordinary must have deter-
'mined you to this course of life; and
'I have reason to fear your own history
'is not without misfortunes.'

Here the old gentleman again sighed, and remained silent for some minutes; at last, looking earnestly on Jones, he said, 'I have read that a good coun-
'tenance is a letter of recommenda-
'tion; if so, none ever can be more

'strongly

'strongly recommended than yourself. 'If I did not feel some yearning towards you from another consideration, I must be the most ungrateful 'monster upon earth; and I am really 'concerned it is no otherwise in my 'power, than by words, to convince 'you of my gratitude.'

Jones, after a moment's hesitation, answered, that it was in his power by words to gratify him extremely. 'I 'have confest a curiosity,' said he, 'Sir; 'need I say how much obliged I should 'be to you, if you would condescend 'to gratify it? Will you suffer me 'therefore to beg, unless any consideration restrains you, that you would 'be pleased to acquaint me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the society of mankind, 'and to betake yourself to a course of 'life to which it sufficiently appears 'you were not born?'

'I scarce think myself at liberty to 'refuse you any thing, after what 'hath happened,' replied the old man. 'If you desire, therefore, to hear the 'story of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge 'rightly, in thinking there is commonly something extraordinary in 'the fortunes of those who fly from 'society: for however it may seem a 'paradox, or even a contradiction, 'certain it is, that great philanthropy 'chiefly inclines us to avoid and detest mankind; not on account so 'much of their private and selfish 'vices, but for those of a relative 'kind; such as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every other species of malevolence. These are the 'vices which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather than see and converse with, she avoids society itself. However, without a compliment to you, you do not appear to 'me one of those whom I should shun 'or detest; nay, I must say, in what 'little hath dropt from you, there appears some parity in our fortunes; 'I hope, however, yours will conclude 'more successfully.'

Here some compliments passed between our hero and his host, and then the latter was going to begin his history, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehensions had now pretty well left him, but some effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was presently brought, and Partridge swallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

IN WHICH THE MAN OF THE HILL BEGINS TO RELATE HIS HISTORY.

'I Was born in a village of Somer-'setshire, called Mark, in the 'year 1657; my father was one of 'those whom they call gentlemen 'farmers. He had a little estate of 'about three hundred pounds a year 'of his own, and rented another 'estate of near the same value. He 'was prudent and industrious, and so 'good a husbandman, that he might 'have led a very easy and comfortable 'life, had not an arrant vixen of a 'wife soured his domestick quiet. 'But though this circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not 'make him poor: for he confined her 'almost entirely at home, and rather chose to bear eternal upbraidings in his own house, than to injure 'his fortune, by indulging her in the 'extravagances she desired abroad.'

'By this Xanthippe—' ('So was 'the wife of Socrates called,' said Partridge—) 'by this Xanthippe he had 'two sons, of which I was the younger. He designed to give us both 'good educations; but my eldest brother, who, unhappily for him, was 'the favourite of my mother, utterly 'neglected his learning; insomuch 'that, after having been five or six 'years at school with little or no improvement, my father being told by 'his master, that it would be to no 'purpose to keep him longer there, at 'last complied with my mother, in 'taking him home from the hands of 'that tyrant, as she called his master; 'though indeed he gave the lad much 'less correction than his idleness deserved, but much more, it seems, 'than the young gentleman liked, 'who constantly complained to his 'mother of his severe treatment, and 'she as constantly gave him a hearing.'

'Yes,

'Yes, yes,' cries Partridge, 'I 'have seen such mothers: I have been 'abused myself by them, and very 'unjustly; such parents deserve cor- 'rection as much as their children.'

Jones chid the pedagogue for this interruption; and then the stranger proceeded. 'My brother now, at the 'age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learn- 'ing, and to every thing else but to 'his dog and gun; with which latter 'he became so expert, that, though 'perhaps you may think it incredible, 'he could not only hit a standing 'mark with great certainty, but hath 'actually shot a crow as it was flying 'in the air. He was likewise excel- 'lent at finding a hare sitting; and 'was soon reputed one of the best 'sportsmen in the country. A repu- 'tation which both he and his mother 'enjoyed as much as if he had been 'thought the finest scholar.'

'The situation of my brother made 'me at first think my lot the harder, 'in being continued at school; but I 'soon changed my opinion; for as I 'advanced pretty fast in learning, 'my labours became easy, and my 'exercise so delightful, that holidays 'were my most unpleasant time: for 'my mother, who never loved me, 'now apprehending that I had the 'greater share of my father's affection, 'and finding, or at least thinking, 'that I was more taken notice of by 'some gentlemen of learning, and 'particularly by the parson of the pa- 'rish, than my brother, she now ha- 'ted my sight, and made home so 'disagreeable to me, that what is call- 'ed by school-boys black Monday, 'was to me the whitest in the whole 'year.

'Having, at length, gone through 'the school at Taunton, I was thence 'removed to Exeter College in Ox- 'ford, where I remained four years; 'at the end of which an accident hap- 'pened, that put a final end to my 'studies; and whence I may truly 'date the rise of all which happened 'to me afterwards in life.

'There was at the same college 'with myself, one Sir George Gre- 'sham, a young fellow who was in- 'titled to a very considerable fortune; 'which he was not, by the will of 'his father, to come into full posses- 'sion of till he arrived at the age of 'twenty-five. However, the libera- 'lity of his guardians gave him little 'cause to regret the abundant caution 'of his father: for they allowed him 'five hundred pounds a year while he 'remained at the university, where he 'kept his horses and his whore, and 'lived as wicked and as prostitute a 'life as he could have done had he 'been never so entirely master of his 'fortune; for, besides the five hun- 'dred a year which he received from 'his guardians, he found means to 'spend a thousand more. He was 'above the age of twenty-one, and 'had no difficulty in gaining what 'credit he pleased.

'This young fellow, among many 'other tolerable bad qualities, had 'one very diabolical. He had a great 'delight in destroying and ruining the 'youth of inferior fortune, by draw- 'ing them into expences which they 'could not afford so well as himself; 'and the better, and worthier, and 'soberer any young man was, the 'greater pleasure and triumph had he 'in his destruction. Thus acting the 'character which is recorded of the 'devil, and going about seeking whom 'he might devour.

'It was my misfortune to fall into 'an acquaintance and intimacy with 'this gentleman. My reputation of 'diligence in my studies made me a 'desirable object of his mischievous 'intention; and my own inclination 'made it sufficiently easy for him to 'effect his purpose; for though I had 'applied myself with much industry 'to books, in which I took great de- 'light, there were other pleasures in 'which I was capable of taking much 'greater; for I was high-mettled, 'had a violent flow of animal spirits, 'was a little ambitious, and extremely 'amorous.

'I had not long contracted an inti- 'macy with Sir George, before I 'became a partaker of all his plea- 'sures; and when I was once entered 'on that scene, neither my inclina- 'tion, nor my spirit, would suffer 'me to play an under-part. I was 'second to none in the company in 'any acts of debauchery; nay, I soon 'distinguished myself so notably in 'all riots and disorders, that my name 'generally stood first in the roll of 'delinquents; and instead of being

'lamented as the unfortunate pupil 'of Sir George, I was now accuſed 'as the perſon who had miſled and 'debauched that hopeful young gentle-'man; for though he was the ring-'leader and promoter of all the miſ-'chief, he was never ſo conſidered, 'I fell at laſt under the cenſure of the 'vice-chancellor, and very narrowly 'eſcaped expulſion.

'You will eaſily believe, Sir, that 'ſuch a life as I am now deſcribing 'muſt be incompatible with my fur-'ther progreſs in learning; and that 'in proportion as I addicted myſelf 'more and more to looſe pleaſure, I 'muſt grow more and more remiſs in 'application to my ſtudies. This 'was truly the conſequence; but this 'was not all. My expences now 'greatly exceeded not only my for-'mer income, but thoſe additions 'which I extorted from my poor ge-'nerous father, on pretences of ſums 'being neceſſary for preparing for my 'approaching degree of batchelor of 'arts. Theſe demands, however, 'grew at laſt ſo frequent and exor-'bitant, that my father, by ſlow de-'grees, opened his ears to the ac-'counts which he received from many 'quarters, of my preſent behaviour, 'and which my mother failed not to 'echo very faithfully and loudly; 'adding, "Ay, this is the fine gen-"tleman, the ſcholar, who doth ſo "much honour to his family; and is "to be the making of it. I thought "what all this learning would come "to. He is to be the ruin of us all, "I find, after his elder brother hath "been denied neceſſaries for his ſake, "to perfect his education forſooth, "for which he was to pay us ſuch "intereſt: I thought what the intereſt "would come to." With much 'more of the ſame kind; but I have, 'I believe, ſatisfied you with this 'taſte.

'My father, therefore, began now 'to return remonſtrances, inſtead of 'money, to my demands, which 'brought my affairs perhaps a little 'ſooner to a criſis; but had he remit-'ted me his whole income, you will 'imagine it could have ſufficed a very 'ſhort time to ſupport one who kept 'pace with the expences of Sir George 'Greſham.

'It is more than poſſible, that the 'diſtreſs I was now in for money, 'and the impracticability of going on 'in this manner, might have reſtored 'me at once to my ſenſes, and to my 'ſtudies, had I opened my eyes be-'fore I became involved in debts 'from which I ſaw no hopes of ever 'extricating myſelf. This was in-'deed the great art of Sir George, 'and by which he accompliſhed the 'ruin of many, whom he afterwards 'laughed at as fools and coxcombs, 'for vying, as he called it, with a 'man of his fortune. To bring this 'about, he would now and then ad-'vance a little money himſelf, in or-'der to ſupport the credit of the un-'fortunate youth with other people; 'till, by means of that very credit, 'he was irretrievably undone.

'My mind being, by theſe means, 'grown as deſperate as my for-'tune, there was ſcarce a wickedneſs 'which I did not meditate, in order 'for my relief. Self-murder itſelf 'became the ſubject of my ſerious de-'liberation; and I had certainly re-'ſolved on it, had not a more ſhame-'ful, though perhaps leſs ſinful, 'thought expelled it from my head.' —Here he heſitated a moment, and then cried out, 'I proteſt ſo many 'years have not waſhed away the ſhame 'of this act; and I ſhall bluſh while I 'relate it.' Jones deſired him to paſs over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out, 'O pray, Sir, let 'us hear this; I had rather hear this 'than all the reſt: as I hope to be 'ſaved, I will never mention a word 'of it!' Jones was going to rebuke him, but the ſtranger prevented it, by proceeding thus: 'I had a chum, a 'very prudent, frugal young lad, 'who, though he had no very large 'allowance, had by his parſimony 'heaped up upwards of forty guineas, 'which I knew he kept in his eſcri-'tore. I took therefore an opportu-'nity of purloining his key from his 'breeches pocket while he was aſleep, 'and thus made myſelf maſter of all 'his riches. After which I again con-'veyed his key into his pocket, and 'counterfeiting ſleep, though I never 'once cloſed my eyes, lay in bed till 'after he aroſe and went to prayers; 'an exerciſe to which I had long been 'unaccuſtomed.

'Timorous

'Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often subject themselves to discoveries which those of a bolder kind escape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his escritore, I had, perhaps, escaped even his suspicion; but as it was plain that the person who robbed him had possessed himself of his key, he had no doubt, when he first missed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful dispositon, and much inferior in strength, and, I believe, in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worse bodily consequences which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor; and, upon swearing to the robbery, and to the circumstances of it, very easily obtained a warrant against one who had now so bad a character through the whole university.

'Luckily for me, I lay out of the college the next evening: for that day I attended a young lady in a chaise to Whitney, where we staid all night; and in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient news concerning myself to make me turn my horse another way.'

'Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the warrant?' said Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed without regarding any impertinent questions; which he did as follows.

'Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itself was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at first remonstrated against it; but upon producing my wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the country into the great Cirencester road, and made such haste, that we spent the next evening (save one) in London.

'When you consider the place where I now was, and the company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very short time brought me to an end of that sum of which I had so iniquitously possessed myself.

'I was now reduced to a much higher degree of distress than before; the necessaries of life began to be numbered among my wants; and what made my case still the more grievous, was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, shared the same distresses with myself. To see a woman you love in distress; to be unable to relieve her, and at the same time to reflect that you have brought her into this situation, is, perhaps, a curse of which no imagination can represent the horrors to those who have not felt it.'—'I believe it from my soul,' cries Jones; 'and I pity you from the bottom of my heart.' He then took two or three disorderly turns about the room; and at last begged pardon, and flung himself into his chair, crying, 'I thank Heaven, I have escaped that!'

'This circumstance,' continued the gentleman, 'so severely aggravated the horrors of my present situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less pain endure the raging of my own natural unsatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical desires of a woman on whom I so extravagantly doated, that though I knew she had been the mistress of half my acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to consent to an action which the world might think so much to my disadvantage. And as, possibly, she compassionated the daily anxieties which she must have perceived me suffer on her account, she resolved to put an end to my distress. She soon, indeed, found means to relieve me from my troublesome and perplexed situation: for while I was distracted with various inventions to supply her with pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whose care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

'Here I first began seriously to reflect on the miscarriages of my former life; on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myself; and on the grief which I must have occasioned to one of the best of fathers. When I added to all these the perfidy of my mistress, such was the horror of my mind, that life, instead

'of being longer desirable, grew the 'object of my abhorrence; and I could 'have gladly embraced death, as my 'dearest friend, if it had offered itself 'to my choice unattended by shame.

'The time of the assizes soon came, 'and I was removed by *habeas corpus* 'to Oxford, where I expected certain 'conviction and condemnation; but, 'to my great surprize, none appeared 'against me; and I was, at the end 'of the sessions, discharged for want of 'prosecution. In short, my chum 'had left Oxford; and whether from 'indolence, or from what other mo'tive, I am ignorant, had declined 'concerning himself any farther in the 'affair.'

'Perhaps,' cries Partridge, 'he did 'not care to have your blood upon 'his hands; and he was in the right 'on't. If any person was to be hanged 'upon my evidence, I should never 'be able to lie alone afterwards, for 'fear of seeing his ghost.'

'I shall shortly doubt, Partridge,' says Jones, 'whether thou art more 'brave or wise.'—'You may laugh at 'me, Sir, if you please,' answered Partridge; 'but if you will hear a 'very short story which I can tell, and 'which is most certainly true, per'haps you may change your opinion. 'In the parish where I was born—' Here Jones would have silenced him; but the stranger interceded, that he might be permitted to tell his story; and in the mean time promised to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: 'In 'the parish where I was born, there 'lived a farmer whose name was Bri'dle, and he had a son named Fran'cis, a good hopeful young fellow: 'I was at the grammar-school with 'him, where I remember he was got in'to Ovid's Epistles; and he could con'strue you three lines together some'times without looking into a dictio'nary. Besides all this, he was a very 'good lad, never missed church o'Sun'days, and was reckoned one of the 'best psalm-singers in the whole pa'rish. He would indeed now and then 'take a cup too much; and that was 'the only fault he had.'—'Well, but 'to come to the ghost,' cries Jones. 'Never fear, Sir, I shall come to him 'soon enough,' answered Partridge. 'You must know, then, that Farmer 'Bridle lost a mare; a sorrel one, to 'the best of my remembrance; and so 'it fell out, that this young Francis 'shortly afterward being at a fair at 'Hindon; and, as I think, it was on '—I can't remember the day; and 'being as he was, what should he 'happen to meet, but a man upon his 'father's mare. Frank called out pre'sently, "Stop thief!" and it being 'in the middle of the fair, it was im'possible, you know, for the man to 'make his escape. So they appre'hended him, and carried him before 'the justice; I remember it was Jus'tice Willoughby of Noyle; a very 'worthy good gentleman; and he 'committed him to prison, and bound 'Frank in a recognizance, I think 'they call it, a hard word compound'ed of *re* and *cognosco*; but it differs 'in it's meaning from the use of the 'simple, as many other compounds 'do.—Well, at last, down came 'my Lord Justice Page to hold the 'assizes, and so the fellow was had 'up; and Frank was had up for a 'witness—to be sure I shall never for'get the face of the judge, when he 'began to ask him what he had to say 'against the prisoner. He made poor 'Frank tremble and shake in his shoes. "Well, you fellow," says my lord, "what have you to say? Don't stand "humming and hawing, but speak "out!" But, however, he soon turn'ed altogether as civil to Frank, and 'began to thunder at the fellow; and 'when he asked him if he had any 'thing to say for himself, the fellow 'said he had found the horse. "Ay!" 'answered the judge, "thou art a "lucky fellow; I have travelled the "circuit these forty years, and never "found a horse in my life: but I'll "tell thee what, friend, thou wast "more lucky than thou didst know "of; for thou didst not only find "a horse, but a halter too, I pro"mise thee." To be sure I shall ne'ver forget the word. Upon which 'every body fell a laughing, as how 'could they help it? Nay, and twen'ty other jests he made, which I can't 'remember now. There was some'thing about his skill in horse-flesh, 'which made all the folks laugh. To 'be certain, the judge must have been 'a very brave man, as well as a man 'of much learning. It is indeed charm-

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'ing ſport, to hear trials upon life and 'death. One thing, I own, I thought 'a little hard, that the priſoner's coun'ſel was not ſuffered to ſpeak for him, 'though he deſired only to be heard 'one very ſhort word; but my lord 'would not hearken to him, though 'he ſuffered a counſellor to talk againſt 'him for above half an hour. I 'thought it hard, I own, that there 'ſhould be ſo many of them; my 'lord, and the court, and the jury, 'and the counſellors, and the witneſ'ſes, all upon one poor man, and he 'too in chains. Well, the fellow was 'hanged, as to be ſure it could be no 'otherwiſe; and poor Frank could ne'ver be eaſy about it. He never was 'in the dark alone, but he fancied he 'ſaw the fellow's ſpirit.'—'Well, 'and this is thy ſtory?' cries Jones. 'No, no,' anſwered Partridge; 'O 'Lord have mercy upon me!—I am 'juſt now coming to the matter; for 'one night, coming from the alehouſe 'in a long narrow dark lane, there he 'ran directly up againſt him; and the 'ſpirit was all in white, and fell upon 'Frank; and Frank, who is a ſturdy 'lad, fell upon the ſpirit again, and 'there they had a tuſſel together, and 'poor Frank was dreadfully beat: 'indeed he made a ſhift at laſt to 'crawl home; but what with the 'beating, and what with the fright, 'he lay ill above a fortnight: and all 'this is moſt certainly true, and the 'whole pariſh will bear witneſs to it.'

The ſtranger ſmiled at this ſtory, and Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter; upon which Partridge cried, 'Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and ſo did 'ſome others, particularly a ſquire, 'who is thought to be no better than 'an atheiſt; who, forſooth, becauſe 'there was a calf with a white face 'found dead in the ſame lane the next 'morning, would fain have it, that 'the battle was between Frank and 'that; as if a calf would ſet upon a 'man. Beſides, Frank told me he 'knew it to be a ſpirit, and could 'ſwear to him in any court in Chriſ'tendom; and he had not drank above 'a quart or two, or ſuch a matter, of 'liquor at the time. Lud have mercy 'upon us, and keep us all from dip'ping our hands in blood, I ſay!'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid Jones to the ſtranger, 'Mr. Partridge hath finiſhed his 'ſtory, and I hope will give you no 'future interruption, if you will be 'ſo kind to proceed.' He then reſumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think proper to give it to our reader, and ſhall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XII.

IN WHICH THE MAN OF THE HILL CONTINUES HIS HISTORY.

'I Had now regained my liberty,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'but had loſt 'my reputation; for there is a wide 'difference between the caſe of a man 'who is barely acquitted of a crime in 'a court of juſtice, and of him who is 'acquitted in his own heart, and in 'the opinion of the people. I was 'conſcious of my guilt, and aſhamed 'to look any one in the face; ſo re'ſolved to leave Oxford the next morn'ing, before the day-light diſcovered 'me to the eyes of any beholders.

'When I had got clear of the city, 'it firſt entered into my head to return 'home to my father, and endeavour 'to obtain his forgiveneſs; but as I 'had no reaſon to doubt his know'ledge of all which had paſt, and as I 'was well aſſured of his great averſion 'to all acts of diſhoneſty, I could en'tertain no hopes of being received by 'him, eſpecially ſince I was too certain 'of all the good offices in the power 'of my mother: nay, had my father's 'pardon been as ſure as I conceived his 'reſentment to be, I yet queſtion whe'ther I could have had the aſſurance 'to behold him, or whether I could, 'upon any terms, have ſubmitted to 'live and converſe with thoſe who I 'was convinced knew me to have been 'guilty of ſo baſe an action.

'I haſtened therefore back to Lon'don, the beſt retirement of either 'grief or ſhame, unleſs for perſons of 'a very publick character; for here 'you have the advantage of ſolitude, 'without it's diſadvantage, ſince you 'may be alone and in company at the 'ſame time; and while you walk or 'ſit unobſerved, noiſe, hurry, and a 'conſtant ſucceſſion of objects, enter'tain the mind, and prevent the ſpi'rits from preying on themſelves, or

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'rather on grief or shame, which are 'the most unwholesome diet in the 'world; and on which (though there 'are many who never taste either but 'in publick) there are some who can 'feed very plentifully, and very fatal-'ly, when alone.

'But as there is scarce any human 'good without it's concomitant evil, 'so there are people who find an in-'convenience in this unobserving tem-'per of mankind; I mean, persons 'who have no money; for as you are 'not put out of countenance, so nei-'ther are you cloathed or fed by those 'who do not know you. And a man 'may be as easily starved in Leaden-'hall Market as in the Desarts of Ara-'bia.

'It was at present my fortune to be 'destitute of that great evil, as it is 'apprehended to be by several writers; 'who, I suppose, were over-burden-'ed with it; namely, money.'—'With 'submission, Sir,' said Partridge, 'I 'do not remember any writers who 'have called it *malorum*; but *irrita-'menta malorum. Effodiuntur opes irri-'tamenta malorum.*'—'Well, Sir,' con-tinued the stranger, 'whether it be an 'evil, or only the cause of evil, I was 'entirely void of it, and at the same 'time of friends; and, as I thought, of 'acquaintance; when one evening, as 'I was passing through the Inner Tem-'ple, very hungry, and very miserable, 'I heard a voice on a sudden hailing 'me with great familiarity by my christ-'ian name; and upon my turning 'about, I presently recollected the per-'son who so saluted me, to have been 'my fellow-collegiate; one who had 'left the university above a year, and 'long before any of my misfortunes 'had befallen me. This gentleman, 'whose name was Watson, shook me 'heartily by the hand, and expressing 'great joy at meeting me, proposed 'our immediately drinking a bottle 'together. I first declined the pro-'posal, and pretended business; but as 'he was very earnest and pressing, hun-'ger at last overcame my pride, and I 'fairly confessed to him I had no mo-'ney in my pocket; yet not without 'framing a lye for an excuse, and im-'puting it to my having changed my 'breeches that morning. Mr. Wat-'son answered, "I thought, Jack, you "and I had been too old acquaintance "for you to mention such a matter." 'He then took me by the arm, and was 'pulling me along; but I gave him 'very little trouble, for my own in-'clinations pulled me much stronger 'than he could do.

'We then went into the Friars, 'which you know is the scene of all 'mirth and jollity. Here when we ar-'rived at the tavern, Mr. Watson ap-'plied himself to the drawer only, with-'out taking the least notice of the 'cook; for he had no suspicion but that 'I had dined long since. However, as 'the case was really otherwise, I forg-'ed another falshood, and told my com-'panion, I had been at the farther 'end of the city on business of conse-'quence, and had snapt up a mutton-'chop in haste, so that I was again 'hungry, and wished he would add a 'beef-steak to his bottle.'—'Some peo-'ple,' cries Partridge, 'ought to have 'good memories, or did you find just 'money enough in your breeches to 'pay for the mutton-chop?'—'Your 'observation is right,' answered the stranger, 'and I believe such blun-'ders are inseparable from all dealing 'in untruth. But, to proceed—I be-'gan now to feel myself extremely hap-'py. The meat and wine soon reviv-'ed my spirits to a high pitch, and I 'enjoyed much pleasure in the conver-'sation of my old acquaintance; the 'rather, as I thought him entirely ig-'norant of what had happened at the 'university since his leaving it.

'But he did not suffer me to remain 'long in this agreeable delusion; for 'taking a bumper in one hand, and 'holding me by the other, "Here, my 'boy," cries he, "here's wishing you "joy of your being so honourably ac-"quitted of that affair laid to your "charge." I was thunderstruck with 'confusion at those words; which 'Watson observing, proceeded thus: "Nay, never be ashamed, man; thou "hast been acquitted, and no one now "dares call thee guilty; but pr'ythee "do tell me, who am thy friend, I "hope thou didst really rob him; for "rat me if it was not a meritorious "action to strip such a sneaking pi-"tiful rascal; and instead of the two "hundred guineas, I wish you had ta-"ken as many thousands. Come, come, "my boy, don't be shy of confessing to "me; you are not now brought before

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" one of the pimps. D—n me, if I " don't honour you for it; for, as I " hope for salvation, I would have " made no manner of scruple of doing " the same thing."

' This declaration a little relieved ' my abashment; and as wine had now ' somewhat opened my heart, I very ' freely acknowledged the robbery; but ' acquainted him that he had been mis- ' informed as to the sum taken, which ' was a little more than a fifth part of ' what he had mentioned.'

" I am sorry for it with all my heart," ' quoth he, " and I wish thee better " success another time. Though, if you " will take my advice, you shall have " no occasion to run any such risque. " Here," said he, (taking some dice ' out of his pocket) " here's the stuff! " Here are the implements; here are " the little doctors which cure the dis- " tempers of the purse! Follow but " my counsel, and I will shew you a " way to empty the pocket of a *queer* " *cull*, without any danger of the *nub-* " *bing cheat*."

' *Nubbing cheat!*' cries Partridge; ' pray, Sir, what is that?'

' Why that, Sir,' says the stranger, 'is ' a cant phrase for the *gallows*; for as ' gamesters differ little from highway- ' men in their morals, so they do very ' much resemble them in their lan- ' guage.

' We had now each drank our bot- ' tle; when Mr. Watson said, the board ' was sitting, and that he must attend, ' earnestly pressing me, at the same time, ' to go with him and try my fortune. ' I answered, he knew that was at pre- ' sent out of my power, as I had in- ' formed him of the emptiness of my ' pocket. To say the truth, I doubt- ' ed not, from his many strong expres- ' sions of friendship, but that he would ' offer to lend me a small sum for that ' purpose; but he answered, " Never " mind that, man, e'en boldly run a " *levant*;" [Partridge was going to enquire the meaning of that word; but Jones stopped his mouth] " but be cir- " cumspect as to the man, I will tip " you the proper person, which may " be necessary; as you do not know " the town, nor can distinguish a rum " cull from a queer one."

' The bill was now brought, when ' Watson paid his share, and was de- ' parting. I reminded him, not with- ' out blushing, of my having no mo- ' ney. He answered, " That signifies " nothing; score it behind the door, " or make a bold brush, and take no " notice. Or—stay," says he, " I will " go down stairs first, and then do you " take up my money, and score the " whole reckoning at the bar, and I " will wait for you at the corner." I ' expressed some dislike at this, and ' hinted my expectations that he would ' have deposited the whole; but he ' swore he had not another sixpence in ' his pocket.

' He then went down, and I was pre- ' vailed on to take up the money and ' follow him, which I did close enough ' to hear him tell the drawer the reck- ' oning was upon the table. The draw- ' er passed by me up the stairs; but ' I made such haste into the street, that ' I heard nothing of his disappoint- ' ment; nor did I mention a syllable at ' the bar, according to my instructions.

' We now went directly to the gaming- ' table, where Mr. Watson, to my sur- ' prize, pulled out a large sum of mo- ' ney, and placed it before him, as did ' many others; all of them, no doubt, ' considering their own heaps as so ma- ' ny decoy birds, which were to entice ' and draw over the heaps of their ' neighbours.

' Here it would be tedious to relate ' all the freaks which fortune, or ra- ' ther the dice, played in this her tem- ' ple. Mountains of gold were in a ' few moments reduced to nothing at ' one part of the table, and rose as sud- ' denly in another. The rich grew in ' a moment poor, and the poor as sud- ' denly became rich; so that it seemed ' a philosopher could no where have so ' well instructed his pupils in the con- ' tempt of riches; at least he could no ' where have better inculcated the un- ' certainty of their duration.

' For my own part, after having ' considerably improved my small estate, ' I at last entirely demolished it. ' Mr. Watson, too, after much vari- ' ety of luck, rose from the table in ' some heat, and declared he had lost ' a cool hundred, and would play no ' longer. Then coming up to me, he ' asked me to return with him to the ' tavern; but I positively refused, say- ' ing, I would not bring myself a se- ' cond time into such a dilemma; and ' especially as he had lost all his mo-

' ney,

'ney, and was now in my own condition. "Pooh," says he, "I have "just borrowed a couple of guineas "of a friend, and one of them is at "your service." He immediately put 'one of them into my hand, and I no 'longer resisted his inclination.

'I was at first a little shocked at returning to the same house whence we 'had departed in so unhandsome a manner; but when the drawer, with very 'civil address, told us, he believed we 'had forgot to pay our reckoning, I 'became perfectly easy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay 'himself, and acquiesced in the unjust 'charge which had been laid on my 'memory.

'Mr. Watson now bespoke the most 'extravagant supper he could well 'think of; and though he had contented himself with simple claret be'fore, nothing now but the most pre'cious Burgundy would serve his pur'pose.

'Our company was soon encreased 'by the addition of several gentlemen 'from the gaming-table; most of whom, 'as I afterwards found, came not to 'the tavern to drink, but in the way 'of business: for the true gamesters pre'tended to be ill, and refused their 'glass, while they plied heartily two 'young fellows, who were to be after'wards pillaged, as indeed they were 'without mercy. Of this plunder I 'had the good fortune to be a sharer, 'though I was not yet let into the se'cret.

'There was one remarkable accident 'attended this tavern play; for the 'money, by degrees, totally disappear'ed, so that though at the beginning 'the table was half covered with gold, 'yet before the play ended, which it 'did not till the next day, being Sun'day, at noon, there was scarce a sin'gle guinea to be seen on the table: 'and this was the stranger, as every 'person present except myself declared 'he had lost; and what was become of 'the money, unless the devil himself 'carried it away, is difficult to deter'mine.'

'Most certainly he did,' says Partridge, 'for evil spirits can carry 'away any thing without being seen, 'though there were never so many 'folk in the room; and I should not 'have been surprized if he had carried 'away all the company of a set of 'wicked wretches, who were at play 'in sermon-time! And I could tell 'you a true story, if I would, where 'the devil took a man out of bed 'from another man's wife, and car'ried him away through the key-hole 'of the door. I have seen the very 'house where it was done, and no'body hath lived in it these thirty 'years.'

Though Jones was a little offended by the impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid smiling at his simplicity. The stranger did the same, and then proceeded with this story, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

IN WHICH THE FOREGOING STORY IS FARTHER CONTINUED.

'MY fellow-collegiate had now 'entered me in a new scene 'of life. I soon became acquainted 'with the whole fraternity of sharpers, 'and was let into their secrets. I 'mean, into the knowledge of those 'gross cheats which are proper to im'pose upon the raw and unexperi'enced: for there are some tricks of a 'finer kind, which are known only 'to a few of the gang, who are at the 'head of their profession; a degree of 'honour beyond my expectation; for 'drink, to which I was immoderately 'addicted, and the natural warmth 'of my passions, prevented me from 'arriving at any great success in an 'art, which requires as much cool'ness as the most austere school of 'philosophy.

'Mr. Watson, with whom I now 'lived in the closest amity, had un'luckily the former failing to a very 'great excess; so that instead of mak'ing a fortune by his profession, as 'some others did, he was alternately 'rich and poor, and was often oblig'ed to surrender to his cooler friends 'over a bottle which they never tasted, 'that plunder that he had taken from 'culls at the public table.

'However, we both made a shift to 'pick up an uncomfortable livelihood, 'and for two years I continued of the 'calling, during which time I tasted 'all the varieties of fortune; some-

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'times flouriſhing in affluence, and 'at others being obliged to ſtruggle with 'almoſt incredible difficulties. To-'day wallowing in luxury, and to-'morrow reduced to the coarſeſt and 'moſt homely fare. My fine cloaths 'being often on my back in the even-'ing, and at the pawnſhop next morn-'ing.

'One night, as I was returning 'pennyleſs from the gaming-table, I 'obſerved a very great diſturbance, 'and a large mob gathered together 'in the ſtreet. As I was in no danger 'from pick-pockets, I ventured into 'the crowd, where, upon enquiry, I 'found that a man had been robbed 'and very ill uſed by ſome ruffians. 'The wounded man appeared very 'bloody, and ſeemed ſcarce able to 'ſupport himſelf on his legs. As I 'had not therefore been deprived of 'my humanity by my preſent life and 'converſation, though they had left 'me very little of either honeſty or 'ſhame, I immediately offered my 'aſſiſtance to the unhappy perſon, who 'thankfully accepted it, and putting 'himſelf under my conduct, begged 'me to convey him to ſome tavern, 'where he might ſend for a ſurgeon, 'being, as he ſaid, faint with loſs of 'blood. He ſeemed indeed highly 'pleaſed at finding one who appeared 'in the dreſs of a gentleman: for as 'to all the reſt of the company preſent, 'their outſides were ſuch that he could 'not wiſely place any confidence in 'them.

'I took the poor man by the arm, 'and led him to the tavern where we 'kept our rendezvous, as it happened 'to be the neareſt at hand. A ſur-'geon happening luckily to be in 'the houſe, immediately attended, 'and applied himſelf to dreſſing his 'wounds, which I had the pleaſure 'to hear were not likely to be mortal.

'The ſurgeon having very expedi-'tiouſly and dextrouſly finiſhed his 'buſineſs, began to enquire in what 'part of the town the wounded man 'lodged; who anſwered, that he was 'come to town that very morning; 'that his horſe was at an inn in Pic-'cadilly, and that he had no other 'lodging, and very little or no ac-'quaintance in town.

'This ſurgeon, whoſe name I have 'forgot, though I remember it began 'with an R, had the firſt character in 'his profeſſion, and was ſerjeant-ſur-'geon to the king. He had more-'over many good qualities, and was 'a very generous, good-natured man, 'and ready to do any ſervice to his 'fellow-creatures. He offered his 'patient the uſe of his chariot to car-'ry him to his inn, and at the ſame 'time whiſpered in his ear, that if he 'wanted any money, he would fur-'niſh him.

'The poor man was not now ca-'pable of returning thanks for his ge-'nerous offer: for having had his 'eyes for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, 'he threw himſelf back in his chair, 'crying, "O, my ſon! my ſon!" 'and then fainted away.

'Many of the people preſent ima-'gined this accident had happened 'through his loſs of blood; but I, 'who at the ſame time began to re-'collect the features of my father, 'was now confirmed in my ſuſpicion, 'and ſatisfied that it was he himſelf 'who appeared before me. I preſently 'ran to him, raiſed him in my arms, 'and kiſſed his cold lips with the ut-'moſt eagerneſs. Here I muſt draw 'a curtain over a ſcene which I can-'not deſcribe: for though I did not 'loſe my being, as my father for a 'while did, my ſenſes were however 'ſo overpowered with affright and 'ſurprize, that I am a ſtranger to 'what paſt during ſome minutes, and 'indeed till my father had again re-'covered from his ſwoon, and I found 'myſelf in his arms; both tenderly 'embracing each other, while the 'tears trickled apace down the cheeks 'of each of us.

'Moſt of thoſe preſent ſeemed af-'fected by this ſcene, which we, who 'might be conſidered as the actors in 'it, were deſirous of removing from 'the eyes of all ſpectators, as faſt as 'we could; my father therefore ac-'cepted the kind offer of the ſurgeon's 'chariot, and I attended him in it to 'his inn.

'When we were alone together, he 'gently upbraided me with having 'neglected to write to him during ſo 'long a time; but entirely omitted 'the mention of that crime which had 'occaſioned it. He then informed 'me of my mother's death, and in-'ſiſted on my returning home with

'him, saying, that he had long suffered the greatest anxiety on my account; that he knew not whether he had most feared my death, or wished it; since he had so many more dreadful apprehensions for me. At last, he said, a neighbouring gentleman, who had just recovered a son from the same place, informed him where I was; and that to reclaim me from this course of life, was the sole cause of his journey to London. He thanked Heaven he had succeeded so far as to find me out by means of an accident, which had like to have proved fatal to him; and had the pleasure to think he partly owed his preservation to my humanity, with which he professed himself to be more delighted than he should have been with my filial piety, if I had known that the object of all my care was my own father.

'Vice had not so depraved my heart, as to excite in it an insensibility of so much paternal affection, though so unworthily bestowed. I presently promised to obey his commands in my return home with him, as soon as he was able to travel, which indeed he was in a very few days, by the assistance of that excellent surgeon who had undertaken his cure.

'The day preceding my father's journey, (before which time I scarce ever left him) I went to take my leave of some of my most intimate acquaintance, particularly of Mr. Watson, who dissuaded me from burying myself, as he called it, out of a simple compliance with the fond desires of a foolish old fellow. Such solicitations, however, had no effect, and I once more saw my own home. My father now greatly solicited me to think of marriage; but my inclinations were utterly averse to any such thoughts. I had tasted of love already; and perhaps you know the extravagant excesses of that most tender and most violent passion.' Here the old gentleman paused, and looked earnestly at Jones; whose countenance, within a minute's space, displayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which, the old man, without making any observations, renewed his narrative.

'Being now provided with all the 'necessaries of life, I betook myself 'once again to study, and that with a 'more inordinate application than I 'had ever done formerly. The books 'which now employed my time solely, 'were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by many 'thought to be the subject only of 'farce and ridicule. I now read over 'the works of Aristotle and Plato, 'with the rest of those inestimable 'treasures which ancient Greece hath 'bequeathed to the world.

'These authors, though they instructed me in no science by which 'men may promise to themselves to 'acquire the least riches or worldly 'power, taught me, however, the art 'of despising the highest acquisitions 'of both. They elevate the mind, and 'steel and harden it against the capricious invasions of fortune. They 'not only instruct in the knowledge 'of wisdom, but confirm men in her 'habits, and demonstrate plainly, 'that this must be our guide, if we 'propose ever to arrive at the greatest 'worldly happiness; or to defend 'ourselves with any tolerable security 'against the misery which every where 'surrounds and invests us.

'To this I added another study, 'compared to which all the philosophy 'taught by the wisest heathens is little better than a dream; and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest 'jester ever pleased to represent it. 'This is that divine wisdom which 'is alone to be found in the Holy 'Scriptures: for those impart to us 'the knowledge and assurance of 'things much more worthy our attention than all which this world 'can offer to our acceptance: of 'things which Heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us; and to the 'smallest knowledge of which, the 'highest human wit, unassisted, could 'never ascend. I began now to think 'all the time I had spent with the 'best heathen writers, was little more 'than labour lost: for however pleasant and delightful their lessons may 'be, or however adequate to the right 'regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only; yet, when 'compared with the glory revealed in 'Scripture, their highest documents 'will appear as trifling, and of as

'little

'little conſequence as the rules by 'which children regulate their childiſh 'little games and paſtime. True it 'is, that philoſophy makes us wiſer, 'but chriſtianity makes us better men. 'Philoſophy elevates and ſteels the 'mind, chriſtianity ſoftens and ſweet-'ens it. The former makes us the ob-'jects of human admiration, the latter 'of Divine love. That inſures us a 'temporal, but this an eternal happi-'neſs. But I am afraid I tire you 'with my rhapſody.'

'Not at all,' cries Partridge; 'Lud 'forbid we ſhould be tired with good 'things!'

'I had ſpent,' continued the ſtran-ger, 'about four years in the moſt de-'lightful manner to myſelf, totally 'given up to contemplation, and en-'tirely unembarraſſed with the affairs 'of the world, when I loſt the beſt 'of fathers, and one whom I ſo ſin-'cerely loved, that my grief at his 'loſs exceeds all deſcription. I now 'abandoned my books, and gave my-'ſelf up for a whole month to the 'efforts of melancholy and deſpair. 'Time, however, the beſt phyſician 'of the mind, at length brought me 'relief.'—'Ay, ay, *tempus edax re-'rum*,' ſaid Partridge. 'I then,' con-tinued the ſtranger, 'betook myſelf 'again to my former ſtudies, which I 'may ſay perfected my cure: for phi-'loſophy and religion may be called 'the exerciſes of the mind; and when 'this is diſordered, they are as whole-'ſome as exerciſe can be to a diſtem-'pered body. They do indeed pro-'duce ſimilar effects with exerciſe: 'for they ſtrengthen and confirm the 'mind; till man becomes, in the 'noble ſtrain of Horace,

'*Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque*
'*rotundus,*
'*Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:*
'*In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna**.'

Here Jones ſmiled at ſome conceit which intruded itſelf into his imagi-nation; but the ſtranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

'My circumſtances were now great-'ly altered by the death of that beſt of 'men: for my brother, who was now 'become maſter of the houſe, differed 'ſo widely from me in his inclina-'tions, and our purſuits in life had 'been ſo very various, that we were 'the worſt of company to each other; 'but what made our living together 'ſtill more diſagreeable, was the little 'harmony which could ſubſiſt between 'the few who reſorted to me, and the 'numerous train of ſportſmen who of-'ten attended my brother from the 'field to the table: for ſuch fellows, 'beſides the noiſe and nonſenſe with 'which they perſecute the ears of ſober 'men, endeavour always to attack 'them with affront and contempt. 'This was ſo much the caſe, that nei-'ther I myſelf, nor my friends, could 'ever ſit down to a meal with them, 'without being treated with deriſion, 'becauſe we were unacquainted with 'the phraſes of ſportſmen. For men 'of true learning, and almoſt univer-'ſal knowledge, always compaſſion-'ate the ignorance of others: but fel-'lows who excel in ſome little, low, 'contemptible art, are always certain 'to deſpiſe thoſe who are unacquainted 'with that art.

'In ſhort, we ſoon ſeparated; and 'I went, by the advice of a phyſician, 'to drink the Bath waters: for my 'violent affliction, added to a ſeden-'tary life, had thrown me into a kind 'of paralytick diſorder, for which thoſe 'waters are accounted an almoſt cer-'tain cure. The ſecond day after my 'arrival, as I was walking by the ri-'ver, the ſun ſhone ſo intenſely hot, '(though it was early in the year) 'that I retired to the ſhelter of ſome 'willows, and ſat down by the river-'ſide. Here I had not been ſeated 'long, before I heard a perſon, on the 'other ſide the willows, ſighing and 'bemoaning himſelf bitterly. On a 'ſudden, having uttered a moſt im-'pious oath, he cried, "I am reſolv-"ed to bear it no longer." And di-'rectly threw himſelf into the water.

'I immediately ſtarted, and ran to-'wards the place, calling at the ſame 'time as loudly as I could for aſſiſt-'ance. An angler happened luckily

* 'Firm in himſelf, who on himſelf relies,
'Poliſh'd and round, who runs his proper courſe,
'And breaks misfortunes with ſuperior force.'

FRANCIS.

'to be a fishing a little below me, 'though some very high sedge had hid 'him from my sight. He immediately 'came up, and both of us together, 'not without some hazard of our lives, 'drew the body to the shore. At first 'we perceived no sign of life remain-'ing; but having held the body up 'by the heels, (for we soon had assist-'ance enough) it discharged a vast 'quantity of water at the mouth, and 'at length began to discover some 'symptoms of breathing, and a little 'afterwards to move both it's hands 'and it's legs.

'An apothecary, who happened to 'be present among others, advised 'that the body, which seemed now 'to have pretty well emptied itself of 'water, and which began to have ma-'ny convulsive motions, should be di-'rectly taken up, and carried into a 'warm bed. This was accordingly 'performed; the apothecary and my-'self attending.

'As we were going towards an inn, 'for we knew not the man's lodging, 'luckily a woman met us; who, after 'some violent screaming, told us, that 'the gentleman lodged at her house.

'When I had seen the man safely 'deposited there, I left him to the care 'of the apothecary; who, I suppose, 'used all the right methods with him, 'for the next morning I heard he had 'perfectly recovered his senses.

'I then went to visit him, intend-'ing to search out as well as I could 'the cause of his having attempted so 'desperate an act, and to prevent, as 'far as I was able, his pursuing such 'wicked intentions for the future. I 'was no sooner admitted into his 'chamber, than we both instantly 'knew each other; for who should 'this person be, but my good friend 'Mr. Watson! Here I will not trou-'ble you with what passed at our first 'interview; for I would avoid pro-'lixity as much as possible.'—'Pray 'let us hear all,' cries Partridge, 'I 'want mightily to know what brought 'him to Bath.'

'You shall hear every thing mate-'rial,' answered the stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing time to both ourselves and the reader.

CHAP. XIV.

IN WHICH THE MAN OF THE HILL CONCLUDES HIS HISTORY.

'MR. Watson,' continued the 'stranger, 'very freely ac-'quainted me, that the unhappy situ-'ation of his circumstances, occasioned 'by a tide of ill-luck, had in a man-'ner forced him to a resolution of de-'stroying himself.

'I now began to argue very seri-'ously with him, in opposition to this 'heathenish, or indeed diabolical prin-'ciple, of the lawfulness of self-mur-'der; and said every thing which 'occured to me on the subject; but, 'to my great concern, it seemed to 'have very little effect on him. He 'seemed not at all to repent of what 'he had done, and gave me reason to 'fear he would soon make a second 'attempt of the like horrible kind.

'When I had finished my discourse, 'instead of endeavouring to answer 'my arguments, he looked me sted-'fastly in the face, and with a smile 'said, "You are strangely altered, "my good friend, since I remember "you. I question whether any of our "bishops could make a better argu-"ment against suicide than you have "entertained me with; but unless you "can find somebody who will lend "me a cool hundred, I must either "hang, or drown, or starve; and in "my opinion the last death is the most "terrible of the three."

'I answered him very gravely, that 'I was indeed altered since I had seen 'him last. That I had found leisure 'to look into my follies, and to re-'pent of them. I then advised him 'to pursue the same steps; and at last 'concluded with an assurance, that I 'myself would lend him a hundred 'pounds, if it would be of any ser-'vice to his affairs, and he would not 'put it in the power of a die to de-'prive him of it.

'Mr. Watson, who seemed almost 'composed in slumber by the former 'part of my discourse, was rouzed by 'the latter. He seized my hand eager-'ly, gave me a thousand thanks, and 'declared I was a friend indeed; add-'ing, that he hoped I had a better opi-

'nion

'nion of him, than to imagine he had 'profited so little by experience, as to 'put any confidence in those damned 'dice, which had so often deceived 'him. "No, no," cries he, "let me "but once handsomely be set up again, "and if ever fortune makes a broken "merchant of me afterwards, I will "forgive her."

'I very well understood the lan-'guage of *setting up*, and *broken mer-'chant*. I therefore said to him, with 'a very grave face, "Mr. Watson, "you must endeavour to find out some "business or employment, by which "you may procure yourself a liveli-"hood; and I promise you, could I "see any probability of being repaid "hereafter, I would advance a much "larger sum than what you have men-"tioned, to equip you in any fair and "honourable calling; but as to gam-"ing, besides the baseness and wick-"edness of making it a profession, you "are really, to my own knowledge, "unfit for it, and it will end in your "certain ruin."

"Why now, that's strange," an-'swered he: "neither you, nor any "of my friends, would ever allow me "to know any thing of the matter, "and yet, I believe I am as good a "hand at every game as any of you "all; and I heartily wish I was to "play with you only for your whole "fortune; I should desire no better "sport, and I would let you name "your game into the bargain: but "come, my dear boy, have you the "hundred in your pocket?"

'I answered I had only a bill for '50l. which I delivered him, and pro-'mised to bring him the rest next 'morning; and after giving him a 'little more advice, took my leave.

'I was indeed better than my word; 'for I returned to him that very af-'ternoon. When I entered the room, 'I found him sitting up in his bed, at 'cards with a notorious gamester. 'This sight, you will imagine, shock-'ed me not a little; to which I may add 'the mortification of seeing my bill 'delivered by him to his antagonist, 'and thirty guineas only given in ex-'change for it.

'The other gamester presently quit-'ted the room, and then Watson de-'clared he was ashamed to see me; "But," says he, "I find luck runs "so damnably against me, that I will "resolve to leave off play for ever. "I have thought of the kind propo-"sal you made me ever since; and I "promise you there shall be no fault "in me, if I do not put it in execu-"tion."

'Though I had no great faith in 'his promises, I produced him the 'remainder of the hundred in conse-'quence of my own; for which he 'gave me a note, which was all I 'ever expected to see in return for my 'money.

'We were prevented from any far-'ther discourse at present, by the ar-'rival of the apothecary; who, with 'much joy in his countenance, and 'without even asking his patient how 'he did, proclaimed there was great 'news arrived in a letter to himself, 'which he said would shortly be pub-'lick—that the Duke of Monmouth 'was landed in the West with a vast 'army of Dutch; and that another 'vast fleet hovered over the coast of 'Norfolk, and was to make a descent 'there, in order to favour the duke's 'enterprize with a diversion on that 'side.

'This apothecary was one of the 'greatest politicians of his time. He 'was more delighted with the most 'paultry packet, than with the best 'patient; and the highest joy he was 'capable of, he received from having 'a piece of news in his possession an 'hour or two sooner than any other 'person in the town. His advices, how-'ever, were seldom authentick; for he 'would swallow almost any thing as a 'truth; a humour which many made 'use of to impose upon him.

'Thus it happened with what he at 'present communicated; for it was 'known within a short time after-'wards, that the duke was really land-'ed; but that his army consisted only 'of a few attendants; and as to the 'diversion in Norfolk, it was entirely 'false.

'The apothecary staid no longer in 'the room than while he acquainted 'us with his news; and then, without 'saying a syllable to his patient on 'any other subject, departed to spread 'his advices all over the town.

'Events of this nature in the pub-'lick are generally apt to eclipse all pri-'vate concerns. Our discourse, there-

'fore,

'fore, now became entirely political. 'For my own part, I had been for 'some time very seriously affected with 'the danger to which the protestant 'religion was so visibly exposed, under 'a popish prince; and thought the ap-'prehension of it alone sufficient to 'justify that insurrection: for no real 'security can ever be found against the 'persecuting spirit of popery, when 'armed with power, except the depriv-'ing it of that power, as woeful expe-'rience presently shewed. You know 'how King James behaved after get-'ting the better of this attempt; how 'little he valued either his royal word, 'or coronation oath, or the liberties 'and rights of his people. But all had 'not the sense to foresee this at first; 'and therefore the Duke of Monmouth 'was weakly supported: yet all could 'feel, when the evil came upon them; 'and therefore all united, at last, to 'drive out that king, against whose 'exclusion a great party among us had 'so warmly contended, during the 'reign of his brother, and for whom 'they now fought with such zeal and 'affection.'

'What you say,' interrupted Jones, 'is very true; and has often struck 'me, as the most wonderful thing I 'ever read of in history, that so soon 'after this convincing experience, 'which brought our whole nation to 'join so unanimously in expelling 'King James, for the preservation of 'our religion and liberties, there should 'be a party among us mad enough to 'desire the placing his family again on 'the throne.'—'You are not in ear-'nest!' answered the old man; 'there can 'be no such party. As bad an opinion 'as I have of mankind, I cannot be-'lieve them infatuated to such a de-'gree! There may be some hot-headed 'papists, led by their priests to en-'gage in this desperate cause, and think 'it a holy war; but that protestants, 'that members of the church of Eng-'land, should be such apostates, such '*felos de se*, I cannot believe it: no, 'no, young man, unacquainted as I 'am with what has past in the world 'for these last thirty years, I cannot 'be so imposed upon as to credit so 'foolish a tale: but I see you have a 'mind to sport with my ignorance.'—'Can it be possible,' replied Jones, 'that you have lived so much out of the 'world, as not to know, that during 'that time there have been two rebel-'lions in favour of the son of King 'James, one of which is now actually 'raging in the very heart of this king-'dom?' At these words the old gen-tleman started up, and, in a most so-lemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him, if what he said was really true: which the other as solemnly affirming, he walked se-veral turns about the room, in a pro-found silence, then cried, then laughed, and, at last, fell down on his knees, and blessed God, in a loud thanksgiv-ing prayer, for having delivered him from all society with human nature, which could be capable of such mon-strous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his story, he resumed it again in this manner.

'As mankind, in the days I was 'speaking of, was not yet arrived to 'that pitch of madness which I find 'they are capable of now; and which, 'to be sure, I have only escaped by 'living alone and at a distance from 'the contagion, there was a consider-'able rising in favour of Monmouth: 'and my principles strongly inclining 'me to take the same part, I deter-'mined to join him; and Mr. Wat-'son, from different motives, concur-'ing in the same resolution, (for the 'spirit of a gamester will carry a man 'as far upon such an occasion as the 'spirit of patriotism) we soon provided 'ourselves with all necessaries, and 'went to the duke, at Bridgewater.

'The unfortunate event of this en-'terprize, you are, I conclude, as well 'acquainted with as myself. I escaped, 'together with Mr. Watson, from the 'battle at Sedgemore, in which action 'I received a slight wound. We rode 'near forty miles together on the Ex-'eter road; and then abandoning our 'horses, scrambled as well as we could 'through the fields and bye-roads, till 'we arrived on a little wild hut on a 'common, where a poor old woman 'took all the care of us she could, 'and dressed my wound with salve, 'which quickly healed it.'

'Pray, Sir, where was the wound?' says Partridge. The stranger satisfied him it was in his arm, and then con-

tinued

tinued his narrative. 'Here, Sir,' said he, 'Mr. Watſon left me the next 'morning, in order, as he pretended, 'to get us ſome proviſion from the 'town of Cullumpton; but—can I re- 'late it! or can you believe it!—this 'Mr. Watſon, this friend, this baſe, 'barbarous, treacherous villain, be- 'trayed me to a party of horſe belong- 'ing to King James; and, at his re- 'turn, delivered me into their hands.

'The ſoldiers, being ſix in num- 'ber, had now ſeized me, and were 'conducting me to Taunton gaol; 'but neither my preſent ſituation, nor 'the apprehenſions of what might hap- 'pen to me, were half ſo irkſome to 'my mind as the company of my 'falſe friend; who, having ſurrendered 'himſelf, was likewiſe conſidered as a 'priſoner, though he was better treat- 'ed, as being to make his peace at 'my expence. He at firſt endeavoured 'to excuſe his treachery; but when 'he received nothing but ſcorn and 'upbraiding from me, he ſoon changed 'his note, abuſed me as the moſt 'atrocious and malicious rebel, and 'laid all his own guilt to my charge, 'who, as he declared, had ſolicited, 'and even threatened him, to make him 'take up arms againſt his gracious, as 'well as lawful, ſovereign.

'This falſe evidence (for, in reality, 'he had been much the forwarder of 'the two) ſtung me to the quick, and 'raiſed an indignation ſcarce conceiv- 'able by thoſe who have not felt it. 'However, fortune at length took pi- 'ty on me; for as we were got a little 'below Wellington, in a narrow 'lane, my guards received a falſe 'alarm, that near fifty of the enemy 'were at hand, upon which they ſhifted 'for themſelves, and left me and my 'betrayer to do the ſame. That vil- 'lain immediately ran from me; and 'I am glad he did, or I ſhould have 'certainly endeavoured, though I had 'no arms, to have executed vengeance 'on his baſeneſs.

'I was now once more at liberty, 'and immediately withdrawing from 'the highway into the fields, I travel- 'led on, ſcarce knowing which way I 'went, and making it my chief care 'to avoid all public roads, and all 'towns, nay, even the moſt homely 'houſes; for I imagined every human 'creature whom I ſaw, deſirous of be- 'traying me.

'At laſt, after rambling ſeveral 'days about the country, during which 'the fields afforded me the ſame bed, 'and the ſame food, which nature be- 'ſtows on our ſavage brothers of the 'creation, I at length arrived at this 'place, where the ſolitude and wild- 'neſs of the country invited me to 'fix my abode. The firſt perſon with 'whom I took up my habitation was 'the mother of this old woman, with 'whom I remained concealed, till the 'news of the glorious Revolution put 'an end to all my apprehenſions of 'danger, and gave me an opportunity 'of once more viſiting my own home, 'and of enquiring a little into my af- 'fairs, which I ſoon ſettled as agree- 'ably to my brother as to myſelf; hav- 'ing reſigned every thing to him, for 'which he paid me the ſum of a thou- 'ſand pounds, and ſettled on me an 'annuity for life.

'His behaviour in this laſt inſtance, 'as in all others, was ſelfiſh and un- 'generous. I could not look on him 'as my friend, nor indeed did he de- 'ſire that I ſhould; ſo I preſently took 'my leave of him, as well as of my 'other acquaintance; and from that 'day to this my hiſtory is little better 'than a blank.'

'And is it poſſible, Sir,' ſays Jones, 'that you can have reſided here, from 'that day to this?'—'O no, Sir,' an- ſwered the gentleman, 'I have been a 'great traveller, and there are few 'parts of Europe with which I am not 'acquainted.'—'I have not, Sir,' cried Jones, 'the aſſurance to aſk it of you 'now. Indeed it would be cruel, af- 'ter ſo much breath as you have al- 'ready ſpent. But you will give me 'leave to wiſh for ſome farther oppor- 'tunity of hearing the excellent ob- 'ſervations which a man of your 'ſenſe and knowledge of the world muſt 'have made in ſo long a courſe of 'travels.'—'Indeed, young gentle- 'man,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'I will 'endeavour to ſatisfy your curioſity 'on this head likewiſe, as far as I am 'able.' Jones attempted freſh apo- logies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge ſat with greedy and impatient ears, the ſtranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF EUROPE; AND A CURIOUS DISCOURSE BETWEEN MR. JONES AND THE MAN OF THE HILL.

'IN Italy the landlords are very si-
'lent. In France they are more
'talkative, but yet civil. In Germany
'and Holland they are generally very
'impertinent. And as for their ho-
'nesty, I believe it is pretty equal in
'all those countries. The *laquais à*
'*louange* are sure to lose no opportu-
'nity of cheating you: and as for
'the postilions, I think they are pret-
'ty much alike all the world over.
'These, Sir, are the observations on
'men which I made in my travels; for
'these were the only men I ever con-
'versed with. My design, when I
'went abroad, was to divert myself
'by seeing the wondrous variety of
'prospects, beasts, birds, fishes, in-
'sects, and vegetables, with which
'God has been pleased to enrich the
'several parts of this globe. A va-
'riety, which, as it must give great
'pleasure to a contemplative beholder,
'so it doth admirably display the pow-
'er, and wisdom, and goodness, of the
'Creator. Indeed, to say the truth,
'there is but one work in his whole
'creation that doth him any dishonour,
'and with that I have long since avoid-
'ed holding any conversation.

'You will pardon me,' cries Jones,
'but I have always imagined, that
'there is in this very work you men-
'tion, as great variety as in all the
'rest; for besides the difference of in-
'clination, customs and climates have,
'I am told, introduced the utmost
'diversity in human nature.'—'Very
'little, indeed,' answered the other;
'those who travel in order to acquaint
'themselves with the different man-
'ners of men, might spare themselves
'much pains, by going to a carnival
'at Venice; for there they will see at
'once all which they can discover in
'the several courts of Europe. The
'same hypocrisy, the same fraud; in
'short, the same follies and vices, dres-
'sed in different habits. In Spain,
'these are equipped with much gra-
'vity; and in Italy, with vast splendor.
'In France, a knave is dressed like a
'fop, and in the northern countries,
'like a sloven. But human nature is
'every where the same, every where
'the object of detestation and scorn.

'As for my own part, I past through
'all these nations, as you perhaps may
'have done through a crowd at a shew,
'jostling to get by them, holding my
'nose with one hand, and defending
'my pockets with the other, without
'speaking a word to any of them,
'while I was pressing on to see what I
'wanted to see; which, however en-
'tertaining it might be in itself, scarce
'made me amends for the trouble the
'company gave me.'

'Did you not find some of the na-
'tions, among which you travelled,
'less troublesome to you than others?'
said Jones. 'O yes,' replied the old
man; 'the Turks were much more
'tolerable to me than the Christians.
'For they are men of profound taci-
'turnity, and never disturb a stranger
'with questions. Now and then in-
'deed they bestow a short curse upon
'him, or spit in his face as he walks
'the streets, but then they have done
'with him; and a man may live an
'age in their country without hearing
'a dozen words from them. But of
'all the people I ever saw, Heaven de-
'fend me from the French! With
'their damned prates and civilities,
'and doing the honour of their na-
'tion to strangers, (as they are pleased
'to call it;) but indeed setting forth
'their own vanity, they are so trou-
'blesome, that I had infinitely rather
'pass my life with the Hottentots, than
'set my foot in Paris again. They
'are a nasty people, but their nasti-
'ness is mostly *without*; whereas in
'France, and some other nations that
'I won't name, it is all *within*, and
'makes them stink much more to my
'reason, than that of Hottentots does
'to my nose.

'Thus, Sir, I have ended the his-
'tory of my life; for as to all that se-
'ries of years during which I have
'lived retired here, it affords no variety
'to entertain you, and may be almost
'considered as one day. The retire-
'ment has been so compleat, that I
'could hardly have enjoyed a more
'absolute solitude in the deserts of
'the Thebais, than here in the midst
'of this populous kingdom. As I
'have no estate, I am plagued with
'no

'no tenants or ſtewards; my annuity 'is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed 'it ought to be; for it is much leſs 'than what I might have expected, 'in return for what I gave up. Viſits 'I admit none; and the old woman 'who keeps my houſe knows, that 'her place entirely depends upon her 'ſaving me all the trouble of buying 'the things that I want, keeping off 'all ſolicitation or buſineſs from me, 'and holding her tongue whenever I 'am within hearing. As my walks 'are all by night, I am pretty ſecure 'in this wild, unfrequented place, 'from meeting any company. Some 'few perſons I have met by chance, 'and ſent them home heartily fright-'ed; as from the oddneſs of my dreſs 'and figure, they took me for a ghoſt 'or hobgoblin. But what has hap-'pened to-night ſhews, that even here 'I cannot be ſafe from the villainy of 'men; for without your aſſiſtance, I 'had not only been robbed, but very 'probably murdered.'

Jones thanked the ſtranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his ſtory, and then expreſſed ſome wonder how he could poſſibly endure a life of ſuch ſolitude; 'In which,' ſays he, 'you may well complain of the want 'of variety. Indeed I am aſtoniſhed 'how you have filled up, or rather 'killed, ſo much of your time.'

'I am not at all ſurprized,' anſwer-ed the other, 'that to one whoſe af-'fections and thoughts are fixed on 'the world, my hours ſhould appear 'to have wanted employment in this 'place; but there is one ſingle act, 'for which the whole life of man is 'infinitely too ſhort. What time can 'ſuffice for the contemplation and 'worſhip of that glorious, immortal, 'and eternal Being, among the works 'of whoſe ſtupendous creation, not 'only this globe, but even thoſe 'numberleſs luminaries which we may 'here behold ſpangling all the ſky, 'though they ſhould many of them 'be ſuns lighting different ſyſtems 'of worlds, may poſſibly appear but 'as a few atoms, oppoſed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man who, by divine meditations, is ad-mitted, as it were, into the conver-ſation of this ineffable, incompre-'henſible Majeſty, think days, or 'years, or ages, too long, for the 'continuance of ſo raviſhing an ho-'nour? Shall the trifling amuſements, 'the paſſing pleaſures, the ſilly buſi-'neſs of the world, roll away our 'hours too ſwiftly from us; and ſhall 'the pace of time ſeem ſluggiſh to 'a mind exerciſed in ſtudies ſo high, ſo 'important, and ſo glorious! As no 'time is ſufficient, ſo no place is im-'proper for this great concern. On 'what object can we caſt our eyes, 'which may not inſpire us with ideas 'of his power, of his wiſdom, and 'of his goodneſs? It is not neceſſary, 'that the riſing ſun ſhould dart his 'fiery glories over the eaſtern horizon; 'nor that the boiſterous winds ſhould 'ruſh from their caverns, and ſhake 'the lofty foreſt; nor that the open-'ing clouds ſhould pour their deluges 'on the plains: it is not neceſſary, I 'ſay, that any of theſe ſhould pro-'claim his Majeſty; there is not an 'inſect, not a vegetable, of ſo low an 'order in the creation, as not to be 'honoured with bearing marks of the 'attributes of it's great Creator; marks 'not only of his power, but of his 'wiſdom and goodneſs. Man alone, 'the king of this globe, the laſt and 'greateſt work of the Supreme Being, 'below the ſun; man alone hath baſe-'ly diſhonoured his own nature, and 'by diſhoneſty, cruelty, ingratitude, 'and treachery, hath called his Ma-'ker's goodneſs in queſtion, by puz-'zling us to account, how a benevo-'lent Being ſhould form ſo fooliſh, 'and ſo vile an animal. Yet this is 'the Being from whoſe converſation 'you think, I ſuppoſe, that I have 'been unfortunately reſtrained; and 'without whoſe bleſſed ſociety, life, 'in your opinion, muſt be tedious and 'inſipid.'

'In the former part of what you 'ſaid,' replied Jones, 'I moſt hear-'tily and readily concur; but I be-'lieve, as well as hope, that the 'abhorrence which you expreſs for 'mankind, in the concluſion, is much 'too general. Indeed you here fall 'into an error, which, in my little 'experience, I have obſerved to be a 'very common one, by taking the 'character of mankind from the worſt 'and baſeſt among them; whereas, 'indeed, as an excellent writer ob-'ſerves, nothing ſhould be eſteemed 'as characteriſtical of a ſpecies, but

'what is to be found among the beſt 'and moſt perfect individuals of that 'ſpecies. This error, I believe, is 'generally committed by thoſe who, 'from want of proper caution in the 'choice of their friends and acquaintance, have ſuffered injuries from bad 'and worthleſs men; two or three inſtances of which are very unjuſtly 'charged on all human nature.'

'I think I had experience enough 'of it,' anſwered the other. 'My 'firſt miſtreſs, and my firſt friend, 'betrayed me in the baſeſt manner, 'and in matters which threatened to 'be of the worſt conſequences, even 'to bring me to a ſhameful death.'

'But you will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'if I deſire you to reflect who 'that miſtreſs, and who that friend 'were. What better, my good Sir, 'could be expected in love derived 'from the ſtews, or in friendſhip firſt 'produced and nouriſhed at the gaming-table! To take the characters of 'women from the former inſtance, or 'of men from the latter, would be as 'unjuſt as to aſſert, that air is a nauſeous and unwholeſome element, be'cauſe we find it ſo in a jakes. I have 'lived but a ſhort time in the world, 'and yet have known men worthy of 'the higheſt friendſhip, and women 'of the higheſt love.'

'Alas! young man,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'you have lived, you con'feſs, but a very ſhort time in the 'world; I was ſomewhat older than 'you when I was of the ſame opi'nion.'

'You might have remained ſo ſtill,' replies Jones, 'if you had not been 'unfortunate, I will venture to ſay 'incautious, in the placing your af'fections. If there was indeed much 'more wickedneſs in the world than 'there is, it would not prove ſuch general aſſertions againſt human na'ture, ſince much of this arrives by 'mere accident; and many a man who 'commits evil, is not totally bad and 'corrupt in his heart. In truth, none 'ſeem to have any title to aſſert human nature to be neceſſarily and univerſally evil, but thoſe whoſe own 'minds afford them one inſtance of 'this natural depravity; which is not, 'I am convinced, your caſe.'

'And ſuch,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'will 'be always the moſt backward to aſ'ſert any ſuch thing. Knaves will no 'more endeavour to perſuade us of the 'baſeneſs of mankind, than a high'wayman will inform you that there 'are thieves on the road. This would 'indeed be a method to put you on 'your guard, and to defeat their own 'purpoſes. For which reaſon, though 'knaves, as I remember, are very apt 'to abuſe particular perſons; yet they 'never caſt any reflection on human 'nature in general.' The old gentleman ſpoke this ſo warmly, that as Jones deſpaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no anſwer.

The day now began to ſend forth it's firſt ſtreams of light, when Jones made an apology to the ſtranger for his having ſtaid ſo long, and perhaps detained him from his reſt. The ſtranger anſwered, he never wanted reſt leſs than at preſent; for that day and night were indifferent ſeaſons to him, and that he commonly made uſe of the former for the time of his repoſe, and of the latter for his walks and lucubrations. 'However,' ſaid he, 'it is now 'a moſt lovely morning, and if you 'can bear any longer to be without 'your own reſt or food, I will gladly 'entertain you with the ſight of ſome 'very fine proſpects, which I believe 'you have not yet ſeen.'

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately ſet forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repoſe, juſt as the ſtranger had finiſhed his ſtory; for his curioſity was ſatisfied, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe was not forcible enough in it's operation to conjure down the charms of ſleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this ſeaſon, glad of the ſame favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our hiſtory.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IX.

CONTAINING TWELVE HOURS.

CHAP. I.

OF THOSE WHO LAWFULLY MAY, AND OF THOSE WHO MAY NOT WRITE SUCH HISTORIES AS THIS.

AMONG other good uſes for which I have thought proper to inſtitute theſe ſeveral introductory chapters, I have conſidered them as a kind of mark or ſtamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to diſtinguiſh, what is true and genuine in this hiſtorick kind of writing, from what is falſe and counterfeit. Indeed it ſeems likely that ſome ſuch mark may ſhortly become neceſſary, ſince the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably ſerve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a ſwarm of fooliſh novels, and monſtrous romances, will be produced, either to the great impoveriſhing of bookſellers, or to the great loſs of time, and depravation of morals, in the reader; nay, often to the ſpreading of ſcandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honeſt people.

I queſtion not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper, from the ſame conſideration of guarding againſt the purſuit of thoſe ſcribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-maſter, and yet no wiſe afraid nor aſhamed to aſſume the ſame titles with the greateſt genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's ſkin.

By the device therefore of this motto, it became impracticable for any man to preſume to imitate the Spectators, without underſtanding at leaſt one ſentence in the learned languages. In the ſame manner I have now ſecured myſelf from the imitation of thoſe who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whoſe learning is not equal to any eſſay.

I would not be here underſtood to inſinuate, that the greateſt merit of

such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakespeare, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and and four faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that most of the authors would not have attempted to shew their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim* *, may be more truly said of the historian and biographer, than of any other species of writing: for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions shew to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt, that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term Romance; a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than Doomsday-book, or the vast authentick book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a pruritus, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend that by encouraging such authors, we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean, to the characters of many good and valuable members of society: for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent therefore, for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is genius; without a rich vein of which, no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius, I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas, by invention, is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or, to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contem-

* —— Each desperate blockhead dares to write;
Verse is the trade of every living wight. FRANCIS.

plation,

plation. This, I think, can rarely exiſt without the concomitancy of judgment: for how we can be ſaid to have diſcovered the true eſſence of two things, without diſcerning their difference, ſeems to me hard to conceive. Now this laſt is the undiſputed province of judgment; and yet ſome men of wit have agreed, with all the dull fellows in the world, in repreſenting theſe two to have been ſeldom or never the property of one and the ſame perſon.

But though they ſhould be ſo, they are not ſufficient for our purpoſe without a good ſhare of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was neceſſary to prove that tools are of no ſervice to a workman, when they are not ſharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All theſe uſes are ſupplied by learning: for nature can only furniſh us with capacity, or, as I have choſe to illuſtrate it, with the tools of our profeſſion; learning muſt fit them for uſe, muſt direct them in it; and, laſtly, muſt contribute, part at leaſt, of the materials. A competent knowledge of hiſtory, and of the Belles Lettres, is here abſolutely neceſſary; and without this ſhare of knowledge at leaſt, to affect the character of an hiſtorian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a houſe without timber or mortar, or brick or ſtone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both hiſtorians of our order, were maſters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another ſort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to beſtow, and this is to be had by converſation. So neceſſary is this to the underſtanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than thoſe learned pedants, whoſe lives have been entirely conſumed in colleges, and among books: for however exquiſitely human nature may have been deſcribed by writers, the true practical ſyſtem can only be learnt in the world. Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither phyſick, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, muſt perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately ſoever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have deſcribed the plant, he himſelf would adviſe his diſciple to ſee it in the garden. As we muſt perceive, that after the niceſt ſtrokes of a Shakeſpeare, or a Johnſon, of a Wycherley, or an Otway, ſome touches of nature will eſcape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive*, can convey to him; ſo on the real ſtage, the character ſhews himſelf in a ſtronger and bolder light, than he can be deſcribed. And if this be the caſe in thoſe fine and nervous deſcriptions, which great authors themſelves have taken from life, how much more ſtrongly will it hold when the writer himſelf takes his lines not from Nature, but from books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the juſtneſs nor ſpirit of an original.

Now this converſation in our hiſtorian muſt be univerſal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not inſtruct him in low; nor *e converſo*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the ſuperior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may ſufficiently enable him to deſcribe at leaſt that in which he hath been converſant; yet he will even here fall greatly ſhort of perfection: for the follies of either rank do in reality illuſtrate each other. For inſtance, the affectation of high life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the ſimplicity of the low; and again, the rudeneſs and barbarity of this latter ſtrikes with much ſtronger ideas of abſurdity when contraſted with, and oppoſed to, the politeneſs which controuls the former. Beſides, to ſay the truth, the manners of our hiſtorian

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and theſe two moſt juſtly celebrated actreſſes, in this place; as they have all formed themſelves on the ſtudy of Nature only, and not on the imitation of their predeceſſors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the ſervile herd of imitators can never poſſibly arrive at.

will

will be improved by both these conversations: for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other, of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. 'The author who will make 'me weep,' says Horace, 'must first 'weep himself.' In reality, no man can paint a distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt but that the most pathetick and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time, that, instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter; from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING A VERY SURPRIZING ADVENTURE INDEED, WHICH MR. JONES MET WITH IN HIS WALK WITH THE MAN OF THE HILL.

AURORA now first opened her casement (Anglicè, the day began to break) when Jones walked forth in company with the stranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view; and which we would likewise present to the reader but for two reasons. First, we despair of making those who have seen this prospect, admire our description. Secondly, we very much doubt whether those who have not seen it would understand it.

Jones stood for some minutes fixed in one posture, and directing his eyes towards the south; upon which the old gentleman asked, what he was looking at with so much attention. 'Alas, Sir,' answered he, with a sigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace 'out my own journey hither. Good 'Heavens! what a distance is Glou'cester from us! What a vast tract of 'land must be between me and my 'own home.'—'Ay, ay, young gen'tleman,' cries the other, 'and, by 'your sighing, from what you love 'better than your own home, or I am 'mistaken. I perceive now the ob'ject of your contemplation is not 'within your sight, and yet I fancy 'you have a pleasure in looking that 'way.' Jones answered with a smile, 'I find, old friend, you have not 'forgot the sensations of your youth. 'I own my thoughts were employed 'as you have guessed.'

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and which hangs over a vast and extensive wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a distance the most violent screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion, (for indeed the occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather slid, down the hill; and without the least apprehension or concern for his own safety, made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued.

He had not entered far into the wood, before he beheld a most shocking sight indeed, a woman stript half naked, under the hand of a ruffian, who had put his garter about her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval; but fell instantly upon the villain, and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick, that he laid him sprawling on the ground, before he could defend himself; indeed, almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the prosecution of his blows, till the woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, she believed he had sufficiently done his business.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance: he presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary accident which had sent him thither for her relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that Heaven seemed to have designed

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signed him as the happy instrument of her protection. 'Nay,' answered she, 'I could almost conceive you to be 'some good angel; and, to say the 'truth, you look more like an angel 'than a man, in my eye.' Indeed he was a charming figure; and if a very fine person, and a most comely set of features, adorned with youth, health, strength, freshness, spirit, and good nature, can make a man resemble an angel, he certainly had that resemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelick species: she seemed to be, at least, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her cloaths being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpose, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he discovered, greatly to his surprize, and perhaps not a little to his satisfaction, this very person to be no other than Ensign Northerton. Nor had the ensign forgotten his former antagonist, whom he knew the moment he came to himself. His surprize was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleasure was rather less on this occasion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looked him stedfastly in the face, 'I fancy, Sir,' said he, 'you 'did not expect to meet me any more 'in this world; and I confess I had 'as little expectation to find you here. 'However, fortune, I see, hath brought 'us once more together, and hath 'given me satisfaction for the injury I 'have received, even without my own 'knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour, indeed,' answered Northerton, 'to take satisfaction by knocking a 'man down behind his back. Neither 'am I capable of giving you satisfaction here, as I have no sword; but 'dare behave like a gentleman, let us 'go where I can furnish myself with 'one, and I will do by you as a gentleman of honour ought.'

'Doth it become such a villain as 'you are,' cries Jones, 'to contami-'nate the name of honour, by assuming it? But I shall waste no time in 'discourse with you—justice requires 'satisfaction of you now, and shall 'have it.' Then turning to the woman, he asked her if she was near her home; or, if not, whether she was acquainted with any house in the neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent clothes, in order to proceed to a justice of peace.

She answered, she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himself, said he had a friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good man of the hill, when our hero departed, sat himself down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern, had attended the issue.

Jones then stepping without the wood, perceived the old man sitting as we have just described him: he presently exerted his utmost agility, and with surprizing expedition ascended the hill.

The old man advised him to carry the woman to Upton, which, he said, was the nearest town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of conveniences. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty: nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner, that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might, without any breach of honour, depart; not being obliged, as he imagined, by any

any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore, at his return, found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton; but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed: 'As to the fellow's escape,' said she, 'it gives me no uneasiness: 'for philosophy and christianity both 'preach up forgiveness of injuries. 'But for you, Sir, I am concerned at 'the trouble I give you; nay, indeed, 'my nakedness may well make me 'ashamed to look you in the face; and 'if it was not for the sake of your 'protection, I should wish to go alone.'

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the causes of her confusion. 'With regard to the former,' says he, 'I have done no more 'than my duty in protecting you; and 'as for the latter, I will entirely remove it by walking before you all 'the way; for I would not have my 'eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my power of resisting the attractive charms of so much beauty.'

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the same manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore: but though I cannot believe that Jones was designedly tempted by his fair-one to look behind him, yet as she frequently wanted his assistance to help her over stiles, and had besides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, safe into the famous town of Upton.

CHAP. III.

THE ARRIVAL OF MR. JONES, WITH HIS LADY, AT THE INN; WITH A VERY FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF UPTON.

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how she fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton; we must beg him to suspend his curiosity for a short time, as we are obliged, for some very good reasons, which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no sooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, presented the fairest appearance to the street. Here Jones, having ordered a servant to shew a room above stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled fair hastily following, was laid hold on by the master of the house, who cried, 'Hey-day! where is that beggar-wench 'going? Stay below stairs, I desire 'you!' But Jones at that instant thundered from above, 'Let the lady come 'up!' in so authoritative a voice, that the good man instantly withdrew his hand, and the lady made the best of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wished her joy of her safe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the landlady up with some clothes. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and said, she hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand times more. During this short conversation, she covered her white bosom as well as she could possibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid stealing a sly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their residence at a house of exceeding good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any conversation of a disreputable kind to pass under her roof. Indeed, so foul and contagious are all such proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent scenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad house, or of a house of ill repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not

Not that I would intimate, that ſuch ſtrict chaſtity as was preſerved in the temple of Veſta can poſſibly be maintained at a publick inn. My good landlady did not hope for ſuch a bleſſing, nor would any of the ladies I have ſpoken of, or indeed any others of the moſt rigid note, have expected or inſiſted on any ſuch thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very ſtrictly adhered to; and this her virtuous gueſts, who did not travel in rags, would very reaſonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of ſuſpicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purpoſes in their intention, which, though tolerated in ſome chriſtian countries, connived at in others, and practiſed in all, are however as expreſsly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is univerſally believed in thoſe countries. The landlady therefore had no ſooner received an intimation of the entrance of the aboveſaid perſons, than ſhe began to meditate the moſt expeditious means for their expulſion. In order to this ſhe had provided herſelf with a long and deadly inſtrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demoliſh the labours of the induſtrious ſpider. In vulgar phraſe, ſhe had taken up the broomſtick, and was juſt about to ſally from the kitchen, when Jones accoſted her with a demand of a gown, and other veſtments, to cover the half-naked woman above ſtairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than ſolicitations of extraordinary offices of kindneſs, on behalf of thoſe very perſons with whom we are highly incenſed. For this reaſon Shakeſpeare hath artfully introduced his Deſdemona ſoliciting favours for Caſſio of her huſband, as the means of enflaming not only his jealouſy, but his rage, to the higheſt pitch of madneſs; and we find the unfortunate Moor leſs able to command his paſſion on this occaſion, than even when he beheld his valued preſent to his wife in the hands of his ſuppoſed rival. In fact, we regard theſe efforts as inſults on our underſtanding; and to ſuch the pride of man is very difficultly brought to ſubmit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I ſuppoſe, ſome of this pride in her compoſition; for Jones had ſcarce ended his requeſt, when ſhe fell upon him with a certain weapon, which, though it be neither long, nor ſharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from it's appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wiſe men; nay, by many brave ones; inſomuch, that ſome who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandiſhed; and rather than run the hazard of it's execution, have contented themſelves with making a moſt pitiful and ſneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of theſe; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforeſaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any reſiſtance; but in a moſt cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagoniſt to deſiſt from purſuing her blows: in plain Engliſh, he only begged her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to hear him; but before he could obtain his requeſt, my landlord himſelf entered into the fray, and embraced that ſide of the cauſe which ſeemed to ſtand very little in need of aſſiſtance.

There are a ſort of heroes who are ſuppoſed to be determined in their chuſing or avoiding a conflict by the character and behaviour of the perſon whom they are to engage. Theſe are ſaid to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been ſubmiſſive to her, he was no ſooner attacked by her huſband, than he demonſtrated an immediate ſpirit of reſentment, and enjoined him ſilence under a very ſevere penalty; no leſs than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The huſband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, anſwered, 'You muſt pray firſt to be made 'able; I believe I am a better man than 'yourſelf; ay, every way, that I am!' And preſently proceeded to diſcharge half a dozen whores at the lady above

ſtairs; the laſt of which had ſcarce iſſued from his lips, when a ſwingeing blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand aſſaulted him over the ſhoulders.

It is a queſtion whether the landlord or the landlady was the moſt expeditious in returning this blow. My landlord, whoſe hands were empty, fell to with his fiſt; and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewiſe, had not the deſcent of this broom been prevented, not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate accident, viz. by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the houſe at that inſtant, (for fear had cauſed him to run every ſtep from the hill) and who, ſeeing the danger which threatened his maſter, or companion, (which you chuſe to call him) prevented ſo ſad a cataſtrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandiſhed aloft in the air.

The landlady ſoon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to reſcue her arm from the hands of Partridge, ſhe let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the diſcipline of her huſband, ſhe fell with the utmoſt fury on that poor fellow, who had already given ſome intimation of himſelf, by crying, 'Zounds! do you intend to kill 'my friend?'

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however ſtand ſtill when his friend was attacked; nor was he much diſpleaſed with that part of the combat which fell to his ſhare: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as ſoon as he received them; and now the fight was obſtinately maintained on all parts, and it ſeemed doubtful to which ſide fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had liſtened at the top of the ſtairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, deſcended ſuddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion deſiſt, but rather redoubled his fury when he found freſh ſuccours were arrived to his aſſiſtance.

Victory muſt now have fallen to the ſide of the travellers (for the braveſt troops muſt yield to numbers) had not Suſan, the chambermaid, come luckily to ſupport her miſtreſs. This Suſan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phraſe) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thaleſtris herſelf, or any of her ſubject Amazons; for her form was robuſt and manlike, and every way made for ſuch encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great miſchief to an enemy, ſo was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herſelf: her noſe being already flat to her face; her lips were ſo large, that no ſwelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were ſo hard, that a fiſt could hardly make any impreſſion on them. Laſtly, her cheek-bones ſtood out as if Nature had intended them for two baſtions to defend her eyes in thoſe encounters for which ſhe ſeemed ſo well calculated, and to which ſhe was moſt wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her miſtreſs maintained ſo unequal a fight with one of either ſex. Here ſhe preſently challenged Partridge to ſingle combat. He accepted the challenge, and a moſt deſperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let looſe, began to lick their bloody lips; now Victory, with golden wings, hung hovering in the air. Now Fortune, taking her ſcales from her ſhelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, againſt the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put ſuddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already ſufficiently feaſted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately deſiſted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the ſame favour of their antagoniſts: but Suſan was not ſo kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and beſtrid her enemy, was now cuffing him luſtily with both her hands, without any regard

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to his requeſt of a ceſſation of arms, or to thoſe loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No ſooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the reſcue of his defeated companion, from whom he, with much difficulty, drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately ſenſible of his deliverance; for he ſtill lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands; nor did he ceaſe roaring, till Jones had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord, who had no viſible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well-ſcratched face with her handkerchief, ran both haſtily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. Theſe the landlady preſently uſhered into that room where Mr. Jones had at firſt depoſited his fair prize, as it was the beſt apartment in the houſe. Hither they were obliged to paſs through the field of battle, which they did with the utmoſt haſte, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as deſirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed, their caution was quite unneceſſary: for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cauſe of all the bloodſhed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no leſs occupied in reſcuing Partridge from the fury of Suſan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to waſh his face, and to ſtop that bloody torrent which Suſan had plentifully ſet a flowing from his noſtrils.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH THE ARRIVAL OF A MAN OF WAR PUTS A FINAL END TO HOSTILITIES, AND CAUSES THE CONCLUSION OF A FIRM AND LASTING PEACE BETWEEN ALL PARTIES.

A Serjeant and a file of muſqueteers, with a deſerter in their cuſtody, arrived about this time. The ſerjeant preſently enquired for the principal magiſtrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himſelf was veſted in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, ſpread himſelf before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor diſtreſſed lady, who ſat down at a table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but leſt my fair readers ſhould be in pain concerning a particular circumſtance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before ſhe had quitted the room above ſtairs, ſhe had ſo well covered herſelf with a pillow-bier which ſhe there found, that her regard to decency was not in the leaſt violated by the preſence of ſo many men as were now in the room.

One of the ſoldiers now went up to the ſerjeant, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear; upon which he ſtedfaſtly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, ſaying, 'I aſk par-'don, Madam; but I am certain I 'am not deceived, you can be no 'other perſon than Captain Waters's 'lady.'

The poor woman, who in her preſent diſtreſs had very little regarded the face of any perſon preſent, no ſooner looked at the ſerjeant, than ſhe preſently recollected him, and calling him by his name, anſwered, that ſhe was indeed the unhappy perſon he imagined her to be; but added, 'I 'wonder any one ſhould know me in 'this diſguiſe.' To which the ſerjeant replied he was very much ſurprized to ſee her ladyſhip in ſuch a dreſs, and was afraid ſome accident had happened to her. 'An accident 'hath happened to me, indeed,' ſays ſhe; 'and I am highly obliged to this 'gentleman,' (pointing to Jones) 'that 'it was not a fatal one, or that I am 'now living to mention it.'—'What-'ever the gentleman hath done,' cries the ſerjeant, 'I am ſure the captain 'will make him amends for it; and 'if I can be of any ſervice, your 'ladyſhip may command me, and I 'ſhall think myſelf very happy to have 'it in my power to ſerve your lady-'ſhip; and ſo indeed may any one, 'for I know the captain will well re-'ward them for it.'

The landlady, who heard from the ſtairs all that paſſed between the ſerjeant

and Mrs. Waters, came haſtily down, and running directly up to her, began to aſk pardon for the offences ſhe had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, 'Lud! Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'how 'ſhould I have imagined that a lady 'of your faſhion would appear in ſuch 'a dreſs? I am ſure, Madam, if I 'had once ſuſpected that your lady-'ſhip was your ladyſhip, I would 'ſooner have burnt my tongue out, 'than have ſaid what I have ſaid: and 'I hope your ladyſhip will accept of 'a gown, till you can get your own 'clothes.'

'Pr'ythee, woman,' ſays Mrs. Waters, 'ceaſe your impertinence: how 'can you imagine I ſhould concern 'myſelf about any thing which comes 'from the lips of ſuch low creatures 'as yourſelf! But I am ſurprized at 'your aſſurance in thinking, after what 'is paſt, that I will condeſcend to 'put on any of your dirty things. I 'would have you know, creature, I 'have a ſpirit above that.'

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: 'For I muſt 'confeſs,' cries he, 'our appearance 'was a little ſuſpicious when we firſt 'came in: and I am well aſſured, all 'this good woman did, was, as ſhe 'profeſſed, out of regard to the repu-'tation of her houſe.'

'Yes, upon my truly was it,' ſays ſhe, 'the gentleman ſpeaks very much 'like a gentleman, and I ſee very 'plainly is ſo; and to be certain the 'houſe is well known to be a houſe 'of as good reputation as any on the 'road; and, though I ſay it, is fre-'quented by gentry of the beſt qua-'lity, both Iriſh and Engliſh. I defy 'any body to ſay black is my eye, for 'that matter. And, as I was ſaying, 'if I had known your ladyſhip to be 'your ladyſhip, I would as ſoon have 'burnt my fingers as have affronted 'your ladyſhip; but truly where gen-'try come and ſpend their money, I 'am not willing that they ſhould be 'ſcandalized by a ſet of poor ſhabby 'vermin, that, wherever they go, leave 'more lice than money behind them: 'ſuch folks never raiſe my compaſſion; 'for, to be certain, it is fooliſh to have 'any for them; and if our juſtices did 'as they ought, they would be all 'whipt out of the kingdom; for to 'be certain, it is what is moſt fitting 'for them. But as for your lady-'ſhip, I am heartily ſorry your lady-'ſhip hath had a misfortune; and if 'your ladyſhip will do me the honour 'to wear my clothes till you can get 'ſome of your ladyſhip's own, to be 'certain the beſt I have is at your 'ladyſhip's ſervice.'

Whether cold, ſhame, or the perſuaſions of Mr. Jones, prevailed moſt on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be pacified by this ſpeech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herſelf in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewiſe beginning his oration to Jones, but was preſently interrupted by that generous youth, who ſhook him heartily by the hand, and aſſured him of entire forgiveneſs, ſaying, 'If you are ſatisfied, my wor-'thy friend, I promiſe you I am;' and indeed in one ſenſe the landlord had the better reaſon to be ſatisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had ſcarce felt a ſingle blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time waſhing his bloody noſe at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the inſtant when his maſter and the landlord were ſhaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable diſpoſition, he was pleaſed with thoſe ſymptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore ſome marks of Sûſan's fiſt, and many more of her nails, he rather choſe to be contented with his fortune in the laſt battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroick Suſan was likewiſe well contented with her victory, though it had coſt her a black-eye, which Partridge had given her at the firſt onſet. Between theſe two, therefore, a league was ſtruck, and thoſe hands which had been the inſtruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus reſtored to a perfect calm; at which the ſerjeant, though it may ſeem ſo contrary to the principles of his profeſſion, teſtified his approbation. 'Why now, that's 'friendly,' ſaid he, 'd—n me! I hate 'to ſee two people bear ill-will to one 'another, after they have had a tuſ-'ſel. The only way, when friends

'quarrel,

'quarrel, is to see it out fairly in a 'friendly manner, as a man may call 'it, either with fist, or sword, or pis-'tol, according as they like, and then 'let it be all over: for my own part, 'd—n me, if ever I love my friend 'better than when I am fighting with 'him. To bear malice, is more like 'a Frenchman than an Englishman.'

He then proposed a libation, as a necessary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well versed in ancient history; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to support the custom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, since he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the proposal, than immediately agreeing with the learned serjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor used on these occasions, to be brought in; and then began the ceremony himself. He placed his right-hand in that of the landlord, and seizing the bowl with his left, uttered the usual words, and then made his libation. After which the same was observed by all present. Indeed, there is very little need of being particular in describing the whole form, as it differed so little from those libations of which so much is recorded in ancient authors, and their modern transcribers. The principal difference lay in two instances: for, first, the present company poured their liquor only down their throats; and, secondly, the serjeant, who officiated as priest, drank the last; but he preserved, I believe, the ancient form, in swallowing much the largest draught of the whole company, and in being the only person present who contributed nothing towards the libation, besides his good offices in assisting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themselves round the kitchen fire, where good-humour seemed to maintain an absolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his shameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable assembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now bespoke was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all dressed three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

AN APOLOGY FOR ALL HEROES WHO HAVE GOOD STOMACHS, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE OF THE AMOROUS KIND.

HEROES, notwithstanding the high ideas which by the means of flatterers they may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at least (which is much the major part of most) are liable to the worst infirmities, and subject to the vilest offices of human nature. Among these latter, the act of eating, which hath by several wise men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philosophick dignity, must be in some measure performed by the greatest prince, hero, or philosopher upon earth; nay, sometimes nature hath been so frolicksome as to exact of these dignified characters a much more exorbitant share of this office, than she hath obliged those of the lowest order to perform.

To say the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the necessities of man demand; but when those great personages I have just mentioned condescend to aim at confining such low offices to themselves, as when, by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now, after this short preface, we think it no disparagement to our hero, to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether Ulysses, who by the way seems to have had the best stomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the Odyssey, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at least of that flesh which formerly

merly had contributed to the compoſition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourſelves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in conſiderations of a very different nature, which paſſed unobſerved by Jones, till he had entirely ſatisfied that appetite which a faſt of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no ſooner ended, then his attention to other matters revived; with theſe matters therefore we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whoſe perſonal accompliſhments we have hitherto ſaid very little, was in reality one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world. His face, beſides being the picture of health, had in it the moſt apparent marks of ſweetneſs and good-nature. Theſe qualities were indeed ſo characteriſtical in his countenance, that while the ſpirit and ſenſibility in his eyes, though they muſt have been perceived by an accurate obſerver, might have eſcaped the notice of the leſs diſcerning, ſo ſtrongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almoſt every one who ſaw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almoſt inexpreſſible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a moſt maſculine perſon and mien; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was beſide active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured; and had a flow of animal ſpirits, which enlivened every converſation where he was preſent.

When the reader hath duly reflected on thoſe many charms which all centered in our hero, and conſidered at the ſame time the freſh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark of more prudery than candour, to entertain a bad opinion of her, becauſe ſhe conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever cenſures may be paſſed upon her, it is my buſineſs to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To ſpeak out boldly at once, ſhe was in love, according to the preſent univerſally received ſenſe of that phraſe, by which love is applied indiſcriminately to the definable objects of all our paſſions, appetites, and ſenſes, and is underſtood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to theſe ſeveral objects may poſſibly be one and the ſame in all caſes, it's operations, however, muſt be allowed to be different; for how much ſoever we may be in love with an excellent ſirloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damaſk roſe, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never ſmile, nor ogle, nor dreſs, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the ſaid beef, &c. Sigh, indeed, we ſometimes may; but it is generally in the abſence, not in the preſence of the beloved object. For otherwiſe we might poſſibly complain of their ingratitude and deafneſs, with the ſame reaſon as Paſiphae doth of her bull, whom ſhe endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practiſed with good ſucceſs in the drawing-room, on the much more ſenſible, as well as tender hearts, of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens, in that love which operates between perſons of the ſame ſpecies, but of different ſexes. Here we are no ſooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpoſe indeed are our youth inſtructed in all the arts of rendering themſelves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I queſtion whether any of thoſe trades which deal in ſetting off and adorning the human perſon would procure a livelihood. Nay, thoſe great poliſhers of our manners, who are by ſome thought to teach what principally diſtinguiſhes us from the brute creation, even dancing-maſters themſelves, might poſſibly find no place in ſociety. In ſhort, all the graces which young ladies, and young gentlemen too, learn from others, and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glaſs, they add of their own, are in reality thoſe very *ſpicula & facies amoris*, ſo often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are ſometimes called

in our own language, *the whole artillery of love.*

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no ſooner ſat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a deſcription hitherto unaſſayed either in proſe or verſe, we think proper to invoke the aſſiſtance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occaſion.

'Say then, you Graces, you that 'inhabit the heavenly manſions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are 'truly divine, are always in her preſence, and well know all the arts of 'charming; ſay, what were the weapons now uſed to captivate the heart 'of Mr. Jones.

'Firſt, from two lovely blue eyes, 'whoſe bright orbs flaſhed lightning 'at their diſcharge, flew forth two 'pointed ogles. But happily for our 'hero, hit only a vaſt piece of beef 'which he was then conveying into 'his plate, and harmleſs ſpent their 'force. The fair warrior perceived 'their miſcarriage, and immediately 'from her fair boſom drew forth a 'deadly ſigh. A ſigh, which none could 'have heard unmoved, and which was 'ſufficient at once to have ſwept off a 'dozen beaus; ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo 'tender, that the inſinuating air muſt 'have found it's ſubtle way to the 'heart of our hero, had it not luckily 'been driven from his ears by the 'coarſe bubbling of ſome bottled-ale, 'which at that time he was pouring 'forth. Many other weapons did ſhe 'eſſay; but the god of eating (if there 'be any ſuch deity; for I do not con'fidently aſſert it) preſerved his vota'ry; or perhaps it may not be *dignus 'vindice nodus*, and the preſent ſecu'rity of Jones may be accounted for 'by natural means: for as love fre'quently preſerves from the attacks of 'hunger, ſo may hunger poſſibly, in 'ſome caſes, defend us againſt love.

'The fair-one, enraged at her fre'quent diſappointments, determined 'on a ſhort ceſſation of arms. Which 'interval ſhe employed in making rea'dy every engine of amorous warfare, 'for the renewing of the attack when 'dinner ſhould be over.

'No ſooner then was the cloth re'moved, than ſhe again began her 'operations. Firſt, having planted her 'right-eye ſideways againſt Mr. Jones, 'ſhe ſhot from it's corner a moſt pene'trating glance; which, though great 'part of it's force was ſpent before it 'reached our hero, did not vent itſelf 'abſolutely without effect. This the 'fair-one perceiving, haſtily withdrew 'her eyes, and levelled them down'wards, as if ſhe was concerned for 'what ſhe had done: though by this 'means ſhe deſigned only to draw him 'from his guard, and indeed to open 'his eyes, through which ſhe intended 'to ſurprize his heart. And now, 'gently lifting up thoſe two bright 'orbs which had already begun to 'make an impreſſion on poor Jones, 'ſhe diſcharged a volley of ſmall charms 'at once from her whole countenance 'in a ſmile. Not a ſmile of mirth, 'nor of joy; but a ſmile of affection, 'which moſt ladies have always ready 'at their command, and which ſerves 'them to ſhew at once their good hu'mour, their pretty dimples, and their 'white teeth.

'This ſmile our hero received full 'in his eyes, and was immediately 'ſtaggered with it's force. He then 'began to ſee the deſigns of the enemy, 'and indeed to feel their ſucceſs. A 'parley was now ſet on foot between 'the parties; during which the artful 'fair ſo ſlily and imperceptibly car'ried on her attack, that ſhe had al'moſt ſubdued the heart of our hero, 'before ſhe again repaired to acts of 'hoſtility. To confeſs the truth, I 'am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a 'kind of Dutch defence, and treache'rouſly delivered up the garriſon with'out duly weighing his allegiance to 'the fair Sophia. In ſhort, no ſooner 'had the amorous parley ended, and 'the lady had unmaſked the royal bat'tery, by careleſsly letting her hand'kerchief drop from her neck, than 'the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely 'taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed 'the uſual fruits of her victory.'

Here the Graces think proper to end their deſcription, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAP. VI.

A FRIENDLY CONVERSATION IN THE KITCHEN, WHICH HAD A VERY

VERY COMMON, THOUGH NOT VERY FRIENDLY, CONCLUSION.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themſelves in the manner which is partly deſcribed in the foregoing chapter, they were likewiſe furniſhing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen; and this in a double ſenſe, by affording them matter for their converſation, and at the ſame time drink to enliven their ſpirits.

There were now aſſembled round the kitchen fire, beſides my landlord and landlady, who occaſionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the ſerjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the man of the hill, concerning the ſituation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the ſerjeant proceeded to that part of her hiſtory which was known to him. He ſaid ſhe was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. 'Some 'folks,' ſays he, 'uſed indeed to doubt 'whether they were lawfully married 'in a church or no. But, for my part, 'that's no buſineſs of mine; I muſt 'own, if I was put to my corporal 'oath, I believe ſhe is little better than 'one of us; and I fancy the captain 'may go to Heaven when the ſun ſhines 'upon a rainy day. But if he does, 'that is neither here nor there; for he 'won't want company. And the lady, 'to give the devil his due, is a very 'good ſort of lady, and loves the 'cloth, and is always deſirous to do 'ſtrict juſtice to it; for ſhe hath beg-'ged off many a poor ſoldier, and, by 'her good will, would never have any 'of them puniſhed. But yet, to be 'ſure, Enſign Northerton and ſhe were 'very well acquainted together at our 'laſt quarters, that is the very right 'and truth of the matter. But the 'captain, he knows nothing about it; 'and as long as there is enough for 'him too, what does it ſignify? He loves 'her not a bit the worſe, and I am 'certain would run any man through 'the body that was to abuſe her; there-'fore I wont abuſe her, for my part. I 'only repeat what other folks ſay; and 'to be certain, what every body ſays, 'there muſt be ſome truth in.'—'Ay, 'ay, a great deal of truth, I warrant 'you,' cries Partridge; '*veritas odium* '*parit*.'—'All a parcel of ſcandalous 'ſtuff,' anſwered the miſtreſs of the houſe. 'I am ſure, now ſhe is dreſt, 'ſhe looks like a very good ſort of 'lady, and ſhe behaves herſelf like 'one; for ſhe gave me a guinea for 'the uſe of my clothes.'—'A very 'good lady, indeed,' cries the land-lord; 'and if you had not been a little 'too haſty, you would not have quar-'relled with her as you did at firſt.' —'You need mention that, with my 'truly!' anſwered ſhe; 'if it had not 'been for your nonſenſe, nothing had 'happened. You muſt be meddling 'with what did not belong to you, and 'throw in your fool's diſcourſe.'— 'Well, well,' anſwered he, 'what's 'paſt cannot be mended, ſo there's an 'end of the matter.'—'Yes,' cries ſhe, 'for this once, but will it be mended 'ever the more hereafter? This is 'not the firſt time I have ſuffered for 'your numſcull's pate. I wiſh you 'would always hold your tongue in 'the houſe, and meddle only in mat-'ters without doors which concern 'you. Don't you remember what 'happened about ſeven years ago?'— 'Nay, my dear,' returned he, 'don't 'rip up old ſtories. Come, come, all's 'well, and I am ſorry for what I have 'done.' The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-making ſerjeant, ſorely to the diſplea-ſure of Partridge; who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a promoter of thoſe harmleſs quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The ſerjeant aſked Partridge whi-ther he and his maſter were travelling. 'None of your *magiſters*,' anſwered Partridge; 'I am no man's ſervant, I 'aſſure you; for though I have had 'misfortunes in the world, I write gen-'tleman after my name; and as poor 'and ſimple as I may appear now, I 'have taught grammar-ſchool in my 'time: *Sed hei mihi, non ſum quod fui.*' —'No offence, I hope, Sir,' ſaid the ſerjeant; 'where then, if I may ven-'ture to be ſo bold, may you and your 'friend be travelling?'—'You have 'now denominated us right,' ſays Par-tridge. '*Amici ſumus*. And I promiſe 'you my friend is one of the greateſt

'gentlemen

' gentlemen in the kingdom,' (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears) ' he is the heir ' of Squire Allworthy.'—' What, the ' ſquire who doth ſo much good all ' over the country?' cries my landlady. ' Even he,' anſwered Partridge. ' Then ' I warrant,' ſays ſhe, ' he'll have a ' ſwingeing great eſtate hereafter.'— ' Moſt certainly,' anſwered Partridge. —' Well,' replied the landlady, ' I ' thought, the firſt moment I ſaw him, ' he looked like a good ſort of gen- ' tleman; but my huſband here, to ' be ſure, is wiſer than any body.'— ' I own, my dear,' cries he, ' it was ' a miſtake.'—' A miſtake indeed!' an- ſwered ſhe; ' but when did you ever ' know me to make ſuch miſtakes?'— ' But how comes it, Sir,' cries the landlord, ' that ſuch a great gentle- ' man walks about the country a foot?' —' I don't know,' returned Partridge; ' great gentlemen have humours ſome- ' times. He hath now a dozen horſes ' and ſervants at Glouceſter; and no- ' thing would ſerve him but, laſt night, ' it being very hot weather, he muſt ' cool himſelf with a walk to yon high ' hill, whither I likewiſe walked with ' him, to bear him company; but if ' ever you catch me there again!—for I ' was never ſo frightened in all my life. ' We met with the ſtrangeſt man there!' —' I'll be hang'd,' cries the landlord, ' if it was not the Man of the Hill, as ' they call him, if indeed he be a man; ' but I know ſeveral people who be- ' lieve it is the devil that lives there!' —' Nay, nay, like enough,' ſays Par- tridge; ' and now you put me in the ' head of it, I verily and ſincerely be- ' lieve it was the devil; though I could ' not perceive his cloven foot, but ' perhaps he might have the power gi- ' ven him to hide that, ſince evil ſpi- ' rits can appear in what ſhapes they ' pleaſe.'—' And pray, Sir,' ſays the ſerjeant, ' no offence I hope; but pray ' what ſort of a gentleman is the de- ' vil? for I have heard ſome of our ' officers ſay, there is no ſuch perſon; ' and that it is only a trick of the par- ' ſons, to prevent their being broke; ' for if it was publickly known that ' there was no devil, the parſons would ' be of no more uſe than we are in ' time of peace.'—' Thoſe officers,' ſays Partridge, ' are very great ſcho- ' lars, I ſuppoſe.'—' Not much of ' *ſchollards*, neither,' anſwered the ſer- jeant; ' they have not half your learn- ' ing, Sir, I believe; and to be ſure ' I thought there muſt be a devil, ' notwithſtanding what they ſaid, ' though one of them was a captain; ' for methought, thinks I to myſelf, if ' there be no devil, how can wicked ' people be ſent to him; and I have ' read all that upon a book.'—' Some ' of your officers,' quoth the landlord, ' will find there is a devil, to their ' ſhame, I believe. I don't queſtion ' but he'll pay off ſome old ſcores, up- ' on my account. Here was one quar- ' tered upon me half a year, who had ' the conſcience to take up one of my ' beſt beds, though he hardly ſpent a ' ſhilling a day in the houſe, and ſuf- ' fered his men to roaſt cabbages at the ' kitchen fire, becauſe I would not give ' them a dinner on a Sunday. Every ' good chriſtian muſt deſire there ſhould ' be a devil for the puniſhment of ſuch ' wretches.'—' Hark'e, landlord,' ſaid the ſerjeant, ' don't abuſe the cloth; ' for I won't take it.'—' D——n the ' cloth,' anſwered the landlord, ' I have ' ſuffered enough by them.'—' Bear ' witneſs, gentlemen,' ſays the ſerjeant, ' he curſes the king, and that's high ' treaſon.'—' I curſe the king, you ' villain!' ſaid the landlord. ' Yes, ' you did,' cries the ſerjeant, ' you ' curſed the cloth, and that's curſing ' the king. It's all one and the ſame; ' for every man who curſes the cloth, ' would curſe the king if he durſt; ſo ' for matter o'that, it's all one and the ' ſame thing.'—' Excuſe me there, Mr. ' Serjeant,' quoth Partridge, ' that's ' a *non ſequitur*.'—' None of your out- ' landiſh linguo,' anſwered the ſerjeant, leaping from his ſeat; ' I will not ſit ' ſtill and hear the cloth abuſed.'— ' You miſtake me, friend,' cries Par- tridge, ' I did not mean to abuſe the ' cloth; I only ſaid your concluſion ' was a *non ſequitur* *.'—' You are ano- ther,' cries the ſerjeant, an' you ' come to that. No more a *ſequitur* ' than yourſelf. You are a pack of ' raſcals, and I'll prove it; for I will ' fight the beſt man of you all for

* This word, which the ſerjeant took for an affront, is a term in logick, and means that the concluſion does not follow the premiſes.

'twenty pounds.' This challenge effectually silenced Partridge, whose stomach for drubbing did not so soon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whose bones were less sore, and whose appetite for fighting was somewhat sharper, did not so easily brook the affront, of which he conceived some part at least fell to his share. He started therefore from his seat, and advancing to the serjeant, swore he looked upon himself to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refused the wager; upon which both immediately stripped and engaged, till the driver of horses was so well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhaust his small remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now desirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared: but all in vain; for the coachman was disabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this disability to the god of drink, no less than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had sacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk; nor was Partridge in a much better situation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other vessel in his house.

The mistress of the inn being summoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing scene: and at the same time expressed great concern for the young lady; who, she said, was under the utmost uneasiness at being prevented from pursuing her journey. 'She is 'a sweet pretty creature,' added she, 'and I am certain I have seen her face 'before. I fancy she is in love, and 'running away from her friends. Who 'knows but some young gentleman or 'other may be expecting her, with a 'heart as heavy as her own?'

Jones fetched a hearty sigh at those words; of which, though Mrs. Waters observed it, she took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, she could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her suspecting some very dangerous rival in his affections. The awkward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occasion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct answer to any of her questions; but she was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the discovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as she could not see his heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same repast. A sentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish, than the desires of those females who can be contented enough to abstain from the possession of their lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

CHAP VII.

CONTAINING A FULLER ACCOUNT OF MRS. WATERS, AND BY WHAT MEANS SHE CAME INTO THAT DISTRESSFUL SITUATION FROM WHICH SHE WAS RESCUED BY JONES.

THOUGH Nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both, as requires much art, and pains too, to subdue and keep under. A conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good breeding.

As Jones therefore might very justly be called a well-bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few hints to the lady; but when he had perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance; the rather as he was not without suspicion, that there were some circumstances

circumſtances which muſt have raiſed her bluſhes, had ſhe related the whole truth.

Now ſince it is poſſible that ſome of our readers may not ſo eaſily acquieſce under the ſame ignorance, and as we are very deſirous to ſatisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourſelves of the real fact; with the relation of which we ſhall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived ſome years with one Captain Waters, who was a captain in the ſame regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She paſt for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the ſerjeant ſaid, there were ſome doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we ſhall not at preſent take upon us to reſolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am ſorry to ſay it, had for ſome time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned enſign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That ſhe had a remarkable fondneſs for that young fellow is moſt certain; but whether ſhe indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not ſo extremely clear, unleſs we will ſuppoſe that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one alſo.

The diviſion of the regiment to which Captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the enſign; ſo that the former had reached Worceſter the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain, that ſhe ſhould accompany him in his march as far as Worceſter, where they were to take their leave of each other; and ſhe was thence to return to Bath, where ſhe was to ſtay till the end of the winter's campaign againſt the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To ſay the truth, the lady had made him an aſſignation at this very place, and promiſed to ſtay at Worceſter till his diviſion came thither; with what view, and for what purpoſe, muſt be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature, by any comments to the diſadvantage of the loveliеſt part of the creation.

Northerton no ſooner obtained a releaſe from his captivity, as we have ſeen, than he haſted away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the laſt mentioned city, ſome few hours after Captain Waters had left her: at his firſt arrival, he made no ſcruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at leaſt in a court of honour, though he left ſome circumſtances which might be queſtionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it ſpoken! are more generally capable of that violent and apparently diſintereſted paſſion of love, which ſeeks only the good of it's object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no ſooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was expoſed, than ſhe loſt every conſideration beſides that of his ſafety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate ſubject of debate between them.

After much conſultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould go acroſs the country to Hereford, whence he might find ſome conveyance to one of the ſea-ports in Wales; and thence might make his eſcape abroad. In all which expeditions Mrs. Waters declared ſhe would bear him company, and for which ſhe was able to furniſh him with money, (a very material article to Mr. Northerton) ſhe having then in her pocket three bank-notes to the amount of ninety pounds, beſides ſome caſh, and a diamond ring of pretty conſiderable value on her finger. All which ſhe, with the utmoſt confidence, revealed to this wicked man; little ſuſpecting ſhe ſhould by theſe means inſpire him with a deſign of robbing her. Now as they muſt, by taking horſes from Worceſter, have furniſhed any purſuers with the means of hereafter diſcovering their rout, the enſign propoſed, and the lady preſently agreed, to make their firſt ſtage on foot; for which purpoſe the hardneſs of the froſt was very ſeaſonable.

The main part of the lady's bag-

gage was already at Bath, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things, therefore, being settled in the evening, they arose early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worcester; it being then about two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themselves from one place to another, and with whom consequently a coach is reckoned among the necessaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of strength and agility; and as her mind was no less animated with spirit, she was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for some miles in a high road, which Northerton said he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the side of a large wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himself, expressed some apprehension from travelling any longer in so public a way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair companion to strike with him into a path which seemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard Hill.

Whether the execrable scheme which he now attempted to execute, was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now first came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any interruption; he suddenly slipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands upon the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters, that she was not of the weakest order of females; for no sooner did she perceive, by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his hellish intentions were, than she stood stoutly to her defence, and so strongly struggled with her enemy, screaming all the while for assistance, that she delayed the execution of the villain's purpose several minutes: by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief, at that very instant when her strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loss than that of her clothes, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy satisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a scene of folly, as well as villainy, which we could scarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly persuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded, therefore, that his only safety lay in flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor woman's money and ring, would make him amends for the additional burden he was to lay on his conscience.

And here, reader, we must strictly caution thee, that thou dost not take any occasion from the misbehaviour of such a wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper person to be enrolled among the number of such. If therefore his baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his commission.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

BOOK. X.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES FORWARD ABOUT TWELVE HOURS.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS VERY NECESSARY TO BE PERUSED BY MODERN CRITICKS.

READER, it is impoſſible we ſhould know what ſort of perſon thou wilt be: for perhaps thou mayeſt be as learned in human nature as Shakeſpeare himſelf was, and perhaps thou mayeſt be no wiſer than ſome of his editors. Now, leſt this latter ſhould be the caſe, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholeſome admonitions; that thou mayeſt not as groſsly miſunderſtand and miſrepreſent us, as ſome of the ſaid editors have miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented their author.

Firſt, then, we warn thee not too haſtily to condemn any of the incidents in this our hiſtory, as impertinent and foreign to our main deſign, becauſe thou doſt not immediately conceive in what manner ſuch incident may conduce to that deſign. This work may, indeed, be conſidered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critick to preſume to find fault with any of it's parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final cataſtrophe, is a moſt preſumptuous abſurdity. The alluſion and metaphor we have here made uſe of, we muſt acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occaſion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to expreſs the difference between an author of the firſt rate, and a critick of the loweſt.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou doſt not find out too near a reſemblance between certain characters here introduced; as, for inſtance, between the landlady who appears in the ſeventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteriſticks, in which moſt individuals of every profeſſion and occupation agree. To be able to preſerve theſe characteriſticks, and at the ſame time to diverſify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice diſtinction between

between two perſons actuated by the ſame vice or folly, is another; and as this laſt talent is found in very few writers, ſo is the true diſcernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the obſervation of this forms a very principal pleaſure in thoſe who are capable of the diſcovery: every perſon, for inſtance, can diſtinguiſh between Sir Epicure Mammon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter, and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquiſite judgment: for want of which, vulgar ſpectators of plays very often do great injuſtice in the theatre; where I have ſometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worſe evidence than the reſemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the ſtage would run the hazard of being condemned as a ſervile imitation of Dido; but that happily very few of our play-houſe criticks underſtand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we muſt admoniſh thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head) not to condemn a character as a bad one, becauſe it is not perfectly a good one. If thou doſt delight in theſe models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taſte; but as we have not, in the courſe of our converſation, ever happened to meet with any ſuch perſon, we have not choſen to introduce any ſuch here. To ſay the truth, I little queſtion whether mere man ever arrived at this conſummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever exiſted a monſter bad enough to verify that

——nulla virtute redemptum
*A vitiis——**

in Juvenal: nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purpoſes ſerved by inſerting characters of ſuch angelick perfection, or ſuch diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; ſince, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with ſorrow and ſhame, than to draw any good uſes from ſuch patterns; for in the former inſtance he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a pattern of excellence, in his nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, at ſeeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodneſs in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-diſpoſed mind, though there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little blemiſhes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our compaſſion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral uſe than the imperfections which are ſeen in examples of this kind; ſince ſuch form a kind of ſurprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked perſons. The foibles and vices of men in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects, from the virtues which contraſt them and ſhew their deformity; and when we find ſuch vices attended with their evil conſequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to ſhun them for our own ſake, but to hate them for the miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

And now, my friend, having given you theſe few admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING THE ARRIVAL OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, WITH VERY EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES WHICH ENSUED AT THE INN.

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal, man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, ſports wantonly over the lawns; now on ſome hollow tree, the owl, ſhrill choriſter of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of ſome modern connoiſſeurs in muſick; now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he ſtaggers through the church-yard to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin; now

* Whoſe vices are not allayed with a ſingle virtue.

thieves

thieves and ruffians are awake, and honeſt watchmen faſt aſleep; in plain Engliſh, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well thoſe who have been already mentioned in this hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Suſan chambermaid was now ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the kitchen, before ſhe retired to the arms of the fond expecting hoſtler.

In this poſture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there poſt. He immediately alighted from his horſe, and coming up to Suſan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed manner, being almoſt out of breath with eagerneſs, whether there was any lady in the houſe. The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who ſtared very wildly all the time, a little ſurprized Suſan, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any anſwer: upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerneſs, begged her to give him a true information, ſaying he had loſt his wife, and was come in purſuit of her: 'Upon my ſhoul,' cries he, 'I have been near catching her already in two or three places, if I had 'not found her gone juſt as I came up 'with her. If ſhe be in the houſe, 'do carry me up in the dark and ſhew 'her to me; and if ſhe be gone away 'before me, do tell me which way I 'ſhall go after her to meet her; and 'upon my ſhoul I will make you the 'richeſt poor woman in the nation.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a ſight which would have bribed perſons of much greater conſequence than this poor wench, to much worſe purpoſes.

Suſan, from the account ſhe had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe was the very identical ſtray whom the right owner purſued. As ſhe concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reaſon, that ſhe never could get money in an honeſter way than by reſtoring a wife to her huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of aſſuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the houſe; and was preſently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promiſes, and ſome earneſt paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite world, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſons, that a huſband ſhall never enter his wife's apartment without firſt knocking at the door. The many excellent uſes of this cuſtom need ſcarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world: for by this means the lady hath time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable object out of the way; for there are ſome ſituations, in which nice and delicate women would not be diſcovered by their huſbands.

To ſay the truth, there are ſeveral ceremonies inſtituted among the poliſhed part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarſer judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of ſubſtance in them, by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the cuſtom abovementioned been obſerved by our gentleman in the preſent inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of thoſe gentle raps which is uſual on ſuch occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with ſuch violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no ſooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewiſe appeared—with ſhame and ſorrow are we obliged to proceed—our hero himſelf; who with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman, who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a miſtake, and was going to aſk pardon and retreat; when, on a ſudden, as the moon ſhone very bright, he caſt his eyes on ſtays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbands, ſtockings, garters, ſhoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a diſordered manner on the floor. All theſe operating on the natural jealouſy of his temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all power of ſpeech; and without returning any anſwer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interpoſing, a fierce contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to blows on both ſides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame bed) being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her ſleep, and ſeeing two men fighting in her bed-chamber,

chamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent manner, crying out 'Murder! 'robbery!' and more frequently 'Rape!' which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe words of exclamation are uſed by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are in muſick, only as the vehicles of ſound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was depoſited the body of an Iriſh gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of thoſe whom the Iriſh call a calabalaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: for which purpoſe he was proceeding to Bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been inſtructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himſelf to the ladies than the improving his underſtanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolſter, and taking his ſword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the ſight of another man in his ſhirt at firſt added ſome ſhock to the decency of the lady, it made her preſently amends by conſiderably abating her fears; for no ſooner had the calabalaro entered the room, than he cried out, 'Mr. Fitzpatrick, what the de-'vil is the *maning* of this?' Upon which the other immediately anſwered, 'O, Mr. Macklachlan, I am rejoiced 'you are here! this villain hath de-'bauched my wife, and is got into bed 'with her.'—'What wife?' cries Macklachlan; 'do not I know Mrs. 'Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I ſee 'that the lady, whom the gentleman 'who ſtands here in his ſhirt is lying 'in bed with, is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpſe he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been diſtinguiſhed at a greater diſtance than he now ſtood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate miſtake, began to aſk many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones, he ſaid, 'I would have you take notice I do not 'aſk your pardon; for you have *bate* 'me, for which I am reſolved to have 'your blood in the morning.'

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan anſwered, 'Indeed, Mr. Fitzpatrick, you 'may be aſhamed of your ownſelf, to 'to diſturb people at this time of night: 'if all the people in the inn were not 'aſleep, you would have awakened 'them as you have me. The gentle-'man has ſerved you very rightly. 'Upon my conſcience, though I have 'no wife, if you had treated her ſo, 'I would have cut your throat.'

Jones was ſo confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to ſay or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been obſerved, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own aſſurance, ſhe anſwered, 'I know not 'what you mean, villains! I am wife 'to none of you. Help! rape! mur-'der! rape!' And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmoſt virulence, ſaying, ſhe thought herſelf in a ſober inn, and not in a bawdy-houſe; but that a ſet of villains had broke into her room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, ſhe ſaid, were equally dear to her.

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried ſhe was undone, and that the reputation of her houſe, which was never blown upon before, was utterly deſtroyed. Then turning to the men, ſhe cried, 'What, in 'the devil's name, is the reaſon of all 'this diſturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, that he had committed a miſtake, for which he heartily aſked pardon, and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have miſſed the hint given him by his fair-one, boldly aſſerted, that he had run to her aſſiſtance upon hearing the door broke open: with what deſign he could not conceive, unleſs of robbing the lady; which if they

they intended, he said, he had the good fortune to prevent. 'I never had a 'robbery committed in my house since 'I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I would have you to know, Sir, I har- 'bour no highwaymen here; I scorn 'the word, *thof* I say it. None but 'honest, good gentlefolks, are wel- 'come to my house; and, I thank 'good luck, I have always had enow 'of such customers; indeed as many 'as I could entertain. Here hath 'been my Lord ——,' and then she repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inserting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her, that nothing but a concern for her safety could have prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform himself of her answer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the scene, by considering the situation which she affected, it being that of a modest lady, who was awakened out of her sleep, by three strange men in her chamber. This was the part which she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that none of our theatrical actresses could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair sex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good actress; and even among these we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well those individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters recovering from her fear, recovered likewise from her anger, and spoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not so readily quit her concern for the reputation of the house, in favour of which she began again to number the many great persons who had slept under her roof; but the lady stopt her short, and having absolutely acquitted her of having had any share in the past disturbance, begged to be left to her repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many curtsies, took her leave.

CHAP. III.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LANDLADY, AND SUSAN THE CHAMBERMAID, PROPER TO BE READ BY ALL INN-KEEPERS AND THEIR SERVANTS; WITH THE ARRIVAL AND AFFABLE BEHAVIOUR OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY; WHICH MAY TEACH PERSONS OF CONDITION HOW THEY MAY ACQUIRE THE LOVE OF THE WHOLE WORLD.

THE landlady remembering that Susan had been the only person out of bed when the door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first occasion of the disturbance, as well as who the strange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Susan related the whole story which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in some circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the money which she had received. But whereas her mistress had in the preface to her enquiry spoken much in compassion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Susan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her mistress seemed to be under on that account, by swearing heartily she saw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at these words. 'A likely story, truly,' cried she, 'that a woman should cry 'out, and endeavour to expose her- 'self, if that was the case! I desire to 'know what better proof any lady can 'give of her virtue, than her crying 'out; which, I believe, twenty peo- 'ple can witness for her she did? I beg, 'Madam, you would spread no such 'scandal of any of my guests: for it 'will not only reflect on them, but up-

'on the houſe; and I am ſure no va-
'gabonds, nor wicked beggarly peo-
'ple, come here.'

'Well,' ſays Suſan, 'then I muſt not
'believe my own eyes.'—'No indeed,
'muſt you not always,' anſwered her
miſtreſs; 'I would not have believed
'my own eyes againſt ſuch good gen-
'tlefolks. I have not had a better
'ſupper ordered this half year than
'they ordered laſt night; and ſo eaſy
'and good-humoured were they, that
'they found no fault with my Wor-
'ceſterſhire perry, which I ſold them
'for Champagne; and to be ſure it is
'as well taſted, and as wholeſome as
'the beſt Champagne in the kingdom,
'otherwiſe I would ſcorn to give it
''em; and they drank me two bottles.
'No, no, I will never believe any
'harm of ſuch ſober good ſort of peo-
'ple.'

Suſan being thus ſilenced, her miſ-
treſs proceeded to other matters. 'And
'ſo you tell me,' continued ſhe, 'that
'the ſtrange gentleman came poſt, and
'there is a footman without with the
'horſes; why then, he is certainly
'ſome of your great gentlefolks too.
'Why did not you aſk him whether
'he'd have any ſupper? I think he is
'in the other gentleman's room; go
'up and aſk whether he called. Per-
'haps he'll order ſomething, when he
'finds any body ſtirring in the houſe
'to dreſs it. Now don't commit any
'of your uſual blunders, by telling
'him the fire's out, and the fowls alive.
'And if he ſhould order mutton, don't
'blab out that we have none. The
'butcher, I know, killed a ſheep juſt
'before I went to bed, and he never
'refuſes to cut it up warm when I de-
'ſire it. Go, remember there's all ſorts
'of mutton and fowls; go, open the
'door, with, "Gentlemen, d'ye call;"
'and if they ſay nothing, aſk what his
'honour will be pleaſed to have for
'ſupper. Don't forget his honour. Go;
'if you don't mind all theſe matters bet-
'ter, you'll never come to any thing.'

Suſan departed, and ſoon returned
with an account, that the two gentle-
men were got both into the ſame bed.
'Two gentlemen,' ſays the landlady,
'in the ſame bed! that's impoſſible;
'they are two arrant ſcrubs, I warrant
'them; and I believe young Squire
'Allworthy gueſſed right, that the fel-
'low intended to rob her ladyſhip: for
'if he had broke open the lady's door
'with any of the wicked deſigns of
'a gentleman, he would never have
'ſneaked away to another room to ſave
'the expence of a ſupper and a bed to
'himſelf. They are certainly thieves,
'and their ſearching after a wife is no-
'thing but a pretence.'

In theſe cenſures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injuſtice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had ſome few blemiſhes in his heart, as well as in his head, yet being a ſneaking, or a niggarly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was ſo generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handſome fortune with his wife, he had now ſpent every penny of it, except ſome little pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this, he had uſed her with ſuch cruelty, that together with his jealouſy, which was of the bittereſt kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman, then, being well tired with his long journey from Cheſter in one day, with which, and ſome good dry blows he had received in the ſcuffle, his bones were ſo ſore, that added to the ſoreneſs of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now ſo violently diſappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's inſtance, he had miſtaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that ſhe might nevertheleſs be in the houſe, though he had erred in the firſt perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the diſſuaſions of his friend, from ſearching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and poſt-boy were in a different diſpoſition. They were more ready to order, than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real truth of the caſe, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold meat before them; which they were devouring with great greedineſs, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been firſt awaked by the hurry which we have before ſeen; and while he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his pillow, a ſcreech owl had given him ſuch a ſerenade at his window, that he

leapt

leapt in a moſt horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his cloaths with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her reſt: for ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two gueſts to the care of Suſan; but the friend of young Squire Allworthy was not to be ſo neglected; eſpecially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame quantity of perry to the fire: for this readily anſwered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Iriſh footman was retired to bed, and the poſt-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to ſtay and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The ſchoolmaſter was indeed afraid to return to bed by himſelf; and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the company of my landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that of the boy, in whoſe preſence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another poſt-boy at the gate; upon which Suſan, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding-habits; one of which was ſo very richly laced, that Partridge and the poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their chairs, and my landlady fell to her curtſies, and her ladyſhips, with great eagerneſs.

The lady in the rich habit ſaid, with a ſmile of great condeſcenſion, 'If you 'will give me leave, Madam, I will 'warm myſelf a few minutes at your 'kitchen fire, for it is really very cold; 'but I muſt inſiſt on diſturbing no one 'from his ſeat.' This was ſpoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, ſtruck with the utmoſt awe and aſtoniſhment at the ſplendor of the lady's dreſs. Indeed ſhe had a much better title to reſpect than this: for ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earneſtly deſired Partridge to return to his ſeat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and diſplayed to the fire two hands, which had every property of ſnow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewiſe pulled off her gloves, and diſcovered what bore an exact reſemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

'I wiſh, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your ladyſhip would not think of go'ing any farther to-night. I am ter'ribly afraid your ladyſhip will not be 'able to bear the fatigue.'

'Why ſure,' cries the landlady, 'her 'ladyſhip's honour can never intend it! 'O bleſs me, farther to-night, indeed! 'Let me beſeech your ladyſhip not to 'think on't: but, to be ſure, your la'dyſhip can't. What will your ho'nour be pleaſed to have for ſupper? 'I have mutton of all kinds, and ſome 'nice chicken.'

'I think, Madam,' ſaid the lady, 'it would be rather breakfaſt than ſup'per; but I can't eat any thing; and 'if I ſtay, ſhall only lay down for an 'hour or two. However, if you pleaſe, 'Madam, you may get me a little ſack-'whey, made very ſmall and thin.'

'Yes, Madam,' cries the miſtreſs of the houſe, 'I have ſome excellent white 'wine.'—'You have no ſack then?' ſays the lady. 'Yes, an't pleaſe your 'honour, I have; I may challenge the 'country for that—but let me beg your 'ladyſhip to eat ſomething.'

'Upon my word, I can't eat a mor'ſel,' anſwered the lady; 'and I ſhould 'be much obliged to you, if you will 'pleaſe to get my apartment ready as 'ſoon as poſſible: for I am reſolved 'to be on horſeback again in three 'hours.'

'Why, Suſan,' cries the landlady, 'is there a fire lit yet in the Wild-'gooſe?—I am ſorry, Madam, all my 'beſt rooms are full. Several people 'of the firſt quality are now in bed. 'Here's a great young ſquire, and 'many other great gentlefolks of qua'lity.'

Suſan anſwered, that the Iriſh gentlemen were got into the Wild gooſe.

'Was ever any thing like it!' ſays the miſtreſs; 'why the devil would 'you not keep ſome of the beſt rooms 'for the quality, when you know ſcarce 'a day paſſes without ſome calling 'here? If they be gentlemen, I am 'certain, when they know it is for her 'ladyſhip, they will get up again.'

'Not upon my account,' ſays the lady; 'I will have no perſon diſturbed 'for me. If you have a room that is 'commonly decent, it will ſerve me 'very well, though it be never ſo plain.

'I beg, Madam, you will not give 'yourself so much trouble on my ac- 'count.'—'O, Madam,' cries the other, 'I have several very good 'rooms, for that matter, but none good 'enough for your honour's ladyship. 'However, as you are so condescend- 'ing to take up with the best I have '—do, Susan, get a fire in the Rose 'this minute.—Will your ladyship 'be pleased to go up now, or stay 'till the fire is lighted?'—'I think I 'have sufficiently warmed myself,' answered the lady; 'so, if you please, 'I will go now. I am afraid I have 'kept people, and particularly that 'gentleman,' (meaning Partridge) 'too 'long in the cold already. Indeed I 'cannot bear to think of keeping any 'person from the fire this dreadful 'weather.' She then departed with her maid; the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the conversation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty, a power which none almost can withstand: for my landlady, though she was not pleased at the negative given to the supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the most extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying some compliments to the gold lace on her habit: the post-boy sung forth the praises of her goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other post-boy, who was now come in. 'She is a true good lady, I 'warrant her,' says he: 'for she hath 'mercy on dumb creatures; for she 'asked me every now and then upon 'the journey, if I did not think she 'should hurt the horses by riding too 'fast; and when she came in, she charg- 'ed me to give them as much corn as 'ever they would eat.'

Such charms are there in affability, and so sure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey*. It is equally sure to set off every female perfection to the highest advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A short reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath seen the loveliness of an affable deportmen; and truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the reverse.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING INFALLIBLE NOSTRUMS FOR PROCURING UNIVERSAL DISESTEEM AND HATRED.

THE lady had no sooner laid herself on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with some of those dainties which her mistress had refused.

The company, at her entrance, shewed her the same respect which they had before paid to her mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so: for she placed her chair in such a posture, as to occupy almost the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that instant, declaring if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, she would not stay for it. Now though the said chicken was then at roost in the stable, and required the several ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the time; but the guest being unfortunately admitted behind the scenes, must have been witness to the *fouberie*; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the house, 'But, 'Madam.' said she, 'I can get any kind 'of mutton in an instant from the 'butcher's.'

'Do you think, then,' answered the waiting-gentlewoman, 'that I have the 'stomach of a horse, to eat mutton at 'this time of night? Sure you people 'that keep inns imagine your betters 'are like yourselves. Indeed, I ex- 'pected to get nothing at this wretch- 'ed place. I wonder my lady would 'stop at it. I suppose none but trades- 'men and graziers ever call here.' The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her house; however, she suppressed her temper, and contented herself with

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.

saying

ſaying, very good quality frequented it, ſhe thanked Heaven! 'Don't 'tell me,' cries the other, 'of quali-'ty! I believe I know more of people 'of quality than ſuch as you. But, 'pr'ythee, without troubling me with 'any of your impertinence, do tell 'me what I can have for ſupper; 'for though I cannot eat horſe-fleſh, 'I am really hungry.'—'Why truly, 'Madam,' anſwered the landlady, 'you could not take me again at ſuch 'a diſadvantage: for I muſt confeſs, 'I have nothing in the houſe, unleſs 'a cold piece of beef, which indeed a 'gentleman's footman and the poſt-'boy have almoſt cleared to the bone.' —'Woman,' ſaid Mrs. Abigail, (ſo for ſhortneſs we will call her) 'I en-'treat you not to make me ſick. If I 'had faſted a month, I could not eat 'what had been touched by the fin-'gers of ſuch fellows: is there no-'thing neat or decent to be had in this 'horrid place?'—'What think you 'of ſome eggs and bacon, Madam?' ſaid the landlady. 'Are your eggs 'new laid? Are you certain they were 'laid to day? And let me have the 'bacon cut very nice and thin; for I 'can't endure any thing that's groſs. 'Pr'ythee try if you can do a little 'tolerably for once; and don't think 'you have a farmer's wife, or ſome 'of thoſe creatures in the houſe.'— The landlady began then to handle her knife; but the other ſtopt her, ſaying, 'Good woman, I muſt inſiſt upon your 'firſt waſhing your hands; for I am 'extremely nice, and have been al-'ways uſed from my cradle to have 'every thing in the moſt elegant man-'ner.'

The landlady, who governed herſelf with much difficulty, began now the neceſſary preparations; for as to Suſan, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch diſdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it to reſtrain her hands from violence, as her miſtreſs had beeen to hold her tongue. This indeed Suſan did not entirely: for though ſhe literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-ups, 'as good fleſh and blood as yourſelf!' with other ſuch indignant phraſes.

While the ſupper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament ſhe had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. 'How-ever,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have novelty to re-'commend a kitchen; for I do not 'believe I ever eat in one before.' Then turning to the poſt-boys, ſhe aſk-ed them, why they were not in the ſta-ble with their horſes. 'If I muſt eat 'my hard fare here, Madam,' cries ſhe to the landlady, 'I beg the kitch-'en may be kept clear, that I may not 'be ſurrounded with all the black-'guards in town.—As for you, Sir,' ſays ſhe to Partridge, 'you look ſome-'what like a gentleman, and may ſit 'ſtill if you pleaſe: I don't deſire to 'diſturb any body but mob.'

'Yes, yes, Madam,' cries Partridge, 'I am a gentleman, I do aſſure you, 'and I am not ſo eaſily to be diſturbed. '*Non ſemper vox caſualis eſt verbo* '*nominativus*.' This Latin ſhe took to be ſome affront, and anſwered, 'You may be a gentleman, Sir; but 'you don't ſhew yourſelf as one, to 'talk Latin to a woman.' Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which ſhe toſ-ſed up her noſe, and contented herſelf by abuſing him with the name of a great ſcholar.

The ſupper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for ſo delicate a perſon; and while a ſecond courſe of the ſame was by her order preparing, ſhe ſaid, 'And ſo, Madam, 'you tell me your houſe is frequented 'by people of great quality?'

The landlady anſwered in the af-firmative; ſaying, there were a great many very good quality and gen-tlefolks in it now. 'There's young 'Squire Allworthy, as that gentle-'man there knows.'

'And pray who is this young gen-'tleman of quality, this young Squire 'Allworthy?' ſaid Abigail.

'Who ſhould he be,' anſwered Par-tridge, 'but the ſon and heir of the 'great Squire Allworthy, of Somer-'ſetſhire.'

'Upon my word,' ſaid ſhe, 'you 'tell me ſtrange news! for I know 'Mr. Allworthy of Somerſetſhire very 'well, and I know he hath no ſon 'alive.'

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little con-founded. However, after a ſhort he-ſitation, he anſwered, 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, it is true, every body doth not 'know him to be Squire Allworthy's 'ſon;

'son; for he was never married to 'his mother; but his son he certainly 'is, and will be his heir too, as cer-'tainly as his name is Jones.' At that word Abigail let drop the bacon, which she was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, 'You surprize me, 'Sir! is it possible Mr. Jones should 'be now in the house!'—'*Quare 'non?*' answered Partridge; 'it is 'possible, and it is certain.'

Abigail now made haste to finish the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her mistress; when the conversation passed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

SHEWING WHO THE AMIABLE LADY, AND HER UNAMIABLE MAID, WERE.

As in the month of June, the damask rose, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermilion: or, as some playsome heifer in the pleasant month of May diffuses her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows: or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, constant dove, perched on some fair bough, sits meditating on her mate; so looking a hundred charms, and breathing as many sweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and innocent, as her face was beautiful; Sophia (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room; and running directly to the bed, cried, 'Madam—'Madam—who doth your ladyship 'think is in the house!' Sophia starting up, cried, 'I hope, my father hath 'not overtaken us.'—'No, Madam, 'it is one worth a hundred fathers; 'Mr. Jones himself is here at this 'very instant.!'—'Mr. Jones!' says Sophia: 'it is impossible! I cannot 'be so fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was presently detached by her mistress to order him to be called; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no sooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the landlady fell severely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for some time; and now it scoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewise shovelled in his share of calumny; and (what may surprize the reader) not only bespattered the maid, but attempted to sully the lily-white character of Sophia herself. 'Never a barrel the better herring!' cries he. '*Noscitur a socio*, is a true 'saying. It must be confessed indeed! 'that the lady in the fine garments is 'the civiller of the two; but I war-'rant neither of them are a bit better 'than they should be. A couple of 'Bath trulls, I'll answer for them; 'your quality don't ride about at this 'time o'night without servants.'—'Sbodlikins, and that's true!' cries the landlady, 'you have certainly hit 'upon the very matter; for quality 'don't come into a house without be-'speaking a supper, whether they eat 'any or no.'

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. Honour returned; and discharged her commission, by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to speak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, saying he was the squire's friend; but, for her part, she never called men-folks, especially gentlemen; and then walked sullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herself to Partridge: but he refused: 'For my 'friend,' cries he, 'went to bed very 'late, and he would be very angry to 'be disturbed so soon.' Mrs. Honour insisted still to have him called, saying, she was sure, instead of being angry, that he would be to the highest degree delighted, when he knew the occasion. 'Another time, perhaps, 'he might,' cries Partridge; 'but '*non omnia possumus omnes*: one 'woman is enough at once for a rea-'sonable man.'—'What do you mean 'by one woman, fellow?' cries Honour. 'None of your fellow!' answered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made use of an expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. Honour, that she called him saucy jack-a-napes, and returned in a violent hurry to her mistress, whom she acquainted with

with the ſucceſs of her errand, and with the account ſhe had received; which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated; being as angry with Jones, as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She diſcharged a torrent of abuſe on the maſter, and adviſed her miſtreſs to quit all thoughts of a man who had never ſhewn himſelf deſerving of her. She then ripped up the ſtory of Molly Seagrim, and gave the moſt malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herſelf; which, I muſt confeſs, the preſent incident not a little countenanced.

The ſpirits of Sophia were too much diſſipated by concern, to enable her to ſtop the torrent of her mind. At laſt, however, ſhe interrupted her, ſaying, 'I never can believe this; ſome vil-'lain hath belyed him. You ſay you 'had it from his friend; but ſurely it 'is not the office of a friend to betray 'ſuch ſecrets.'—'I ſuppoſe,' cries Honour, 'the fellow is his pimp; for 'I never ſaw ſo ill-looked a villain. 'Beſides, ſuch profligate rakes as Mr. 'Jones are never aſhamed of theſe 'matters.'

To ſay the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcuſable; but he had not ſlept off the effect of the doſe which he ſwallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt ſpirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which nature deſigned for the reſervoir of drink, being very ſhallow, a ſmall quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the ſluices of his heart; ſo that all the ſecrets there depoſited run out. Theſe ſluices were indeed naturally very ill ſecured. To give the beſt natured turn we can to his diſpoſition, he was a very honeſt man; for as he was the moſt inquiſitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the ſecrets of others; ſo he very faithfully paid them, by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what reſolution to take, Suſan arrived with the ſack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately adviſed her miſtreſs, in a whiſper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, child; now an-'ſwer me truly what I am going to 'aſk you, and I promiſe you I will 'very well reward you. Is there a 'young gentleman in this houſe, a 'handſome young gentleman, that—' Here Sophia bluſhed, and was confounded. 'A young gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came hither in 'company with that ſaucy raſcal who 'is now in the kitchen?' Suſan anſwered, there was. 'Do you know 'any thing of any lady?' continues Sophia; 'any lady—I don't aſk you 'whether ſhe is handſome or no; per-'haps ſhe is not, that's nothing to 'the purpoſe, but do you know of 'any lady?'—'La, Madam,' cries Honour, 'you will make a very bad 'examiner.—Hark'e, child,' ſays ſhe, 'is not that very young gentleman 'now in bed with ſome naſty trull or 'other?' Here Suſan ſmiled, and was ſilent. 'Anſwer the queſtion, 'child,' ſays Sophia, 'and here's a 'guinea for you.'—'A guinea, Ma-'dam!' cries Suſan; 'la, what's a 'guinea? If my miſtreſs ſhould know 'it, I ſhall certainly loſe my place 'that very inſtant.'—'Here's another 'for you,' ſays Sophia; 'and I pro-'miſe you faithfully your miſtreſs 'ſhall never know it.' Suſan, after a very ſhort heſitation, took the money, and told the whole ſtory, concluding with ſaying, 'If you have any great 'curioſity, Madam, I can ſteal ſoftly 'into his room, and ſee whether he 'be in his own bed or no.' She accordingly did this by Sophia's deſire, and returned with an anſwer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of ſo worthleſs a fellow. 'Why 'there,' ſays Suſan, 'I hope, Ma-'dam, your ladyſhip won't be offend-'ed; but pray, Madam, is not your 'ladyſhip's name Madam Sophia Weſt-'ern?'—'How is it poſſible you ſhould 'know me?' anſwered Sophia. 'Why 'that man that the gentlewoman ſpoke 'of, who is in the kitchen, told about 'you laſt night. But I hope your 'ladyſhip is not angry with me.'—'Indeed, child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am not; 'pray tell me all, and I promiſe you

'I'll

'I'll reward you.'—'Why, Madam,' continued Susan, 'that man told us 'all in the kitchen, that Madam So-'phia Western—indeed I don't know 'how to bring it out.' Here she stopt, till having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus:—'He told us, Madam, though 'to be sure it is all a lye, that your 'ladyship was dying for love of the 'young squire; and that he was go-'ing to the wars to get rid of you. I 'thought to myself then he was a false-'hearted wretch; but now to see such 'a fine, rich, beautiful lady, as you 'be, forsaken for such an ordinary 'woman; for to be sure so she is, and 'another man's wife into the bargain; 'it is such a strange unnatural thing, 'in a manner—'

Sophia gave her a third guinea; and telling her she would certainly be her friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting-woman, that she never was more easy than at present. 'I am now convinced,' said she, 'he is not only a villain, but 'a low despicable wretch. I can for-'give all, rather than his exposing my 'name in so barbarous a manner: 'that renders him the object of my 'contempt. Yes, Honour, I am now 'easy; I am indeed: I am very easy.' And then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a short interval, spent chiefly by Sophia, in crying, and assuring her maid that she was perfectly easy, Susan arrived with an account that the horses were ready, when a very extraordinary thought suggested itself to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any sparks of affection for her remained in him, would, at least, be some punishment for his faults.

The reader will be pleased to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this history. This muff, ever since the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the constant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night; and this muff she had at this very instant upon her arm; whence she took it off with great indignation, and having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which, if he did not find it, she charged her to take some method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her horse; and once more assuring her companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THE INGENUITY OF PARTRIDGE, THE MADNESS OF JONES, AND THE FOLLY OF FITZPATRICK.

IT was now past five in the morning, and other company began to rise and come to the kitchen, among whom were the serjeant and the coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation; or, in the English phrase, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking, nothing more remarkable happened, than the behaviour of Partridge; who, when the serjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word King; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight against his own cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. Jones being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating) summoned Partridge from this agreeable company; who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himself as follows.

'It is, Sir, an old saying, and a 'true one, that a wise man may some-'times learn counsel from a fool; I 'wish therefore I might be so bold as 'to offer you my advice, which is to 'return home again, and leave these 'horrida bella, these bloody wars,

'to

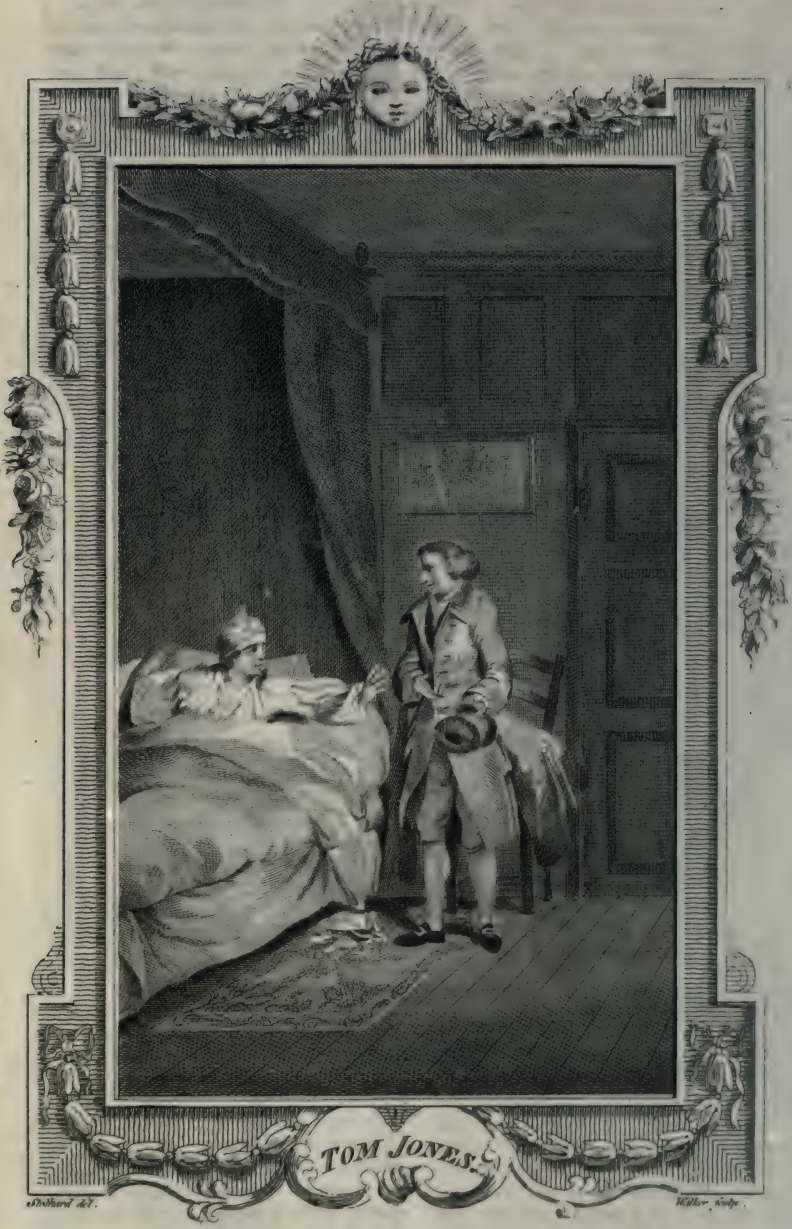

Plate XII.

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'to fellows who are contented to swallow gunpowder, because they have 'nothing else to eat. Now every 'body knows your honour wants for 'nothing at home; when that's the 'case, why should any man travel 'abroad?'

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'thou 'art certainly a coward; I wish there'fore thou would'st return home thy'self, and trouble me no more.'

'I ask your honour's pardon,' cries Partridge; 'I spoke on your account 'more than my own; for as to me, 'Heaven knows my circumstances are 'bad enough, and I am so far from 'being afraid, that I value a pistol, 'or a blunderbuss, or any such thing, 'no more than a pop-gun. Every 'man must die once, and what signi'fies the manner how! besides, per'haps, I may come off with the loss 'only of an arm or a leg. I assure 'you, Sir, I was never less afraid in 'in my life; and so if your honour is 'resolved to go on, I am resolved to 'follow you. But, in that case, I 'wish I might give my opinion. To 'be sure it is a scandalous way of 'travelling, for a great gentleman 'like you to walk afoot. Now here 'are two or three good horses in the 'stable, which the landlord will cer'tainly make no scruple of trusting 'you with; but if he should, I can 'easily contrive to take them; and 'let the worst come to the worst, 'the king would certainly pardon 'you, as you are going to fight in his 'cause.'

Now as the honesty of Partridge was equal to his understanding, and both dealt only in small matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more consideration of the gallows than of the fitness of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger; for, besides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would sufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one side, and as his friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earnest in his proposal, he very severely rebuked him; and that in such bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the discourse to other matters, saying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-house, and that he had, with much ado, prevented two wenches from disturbing his honour in the middle of the night. 'Hey'day!' says he, 'I believe they got 'into your chamber whether I would 'or no; for here lies the muff of one 'of them on the ground.' Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put it into his pocket, when Jones desired to see it. The muff was so very remarkable, that our hero might possibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the same instant he saw and read the words 'Sophia Western' upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantick in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'O Heavens, how came this muff 'here!'—'I know no more than your 'honour,' cried Partridge; 'but I 'saw it upon the arm of one of the 'women who would have disturbed 'you, if I would have suffered them.' —'Where are they?' cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his cloaths. 'Many miles off, I 'believe, by this time,' said Partridge. And now Jones, upon farther enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herself.

The behaviour of Jones on this occasion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were such as *beggar all description*. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his cloaths, he hastened down stairs to execute the order himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there

happened since Partridge had first left it on his master's summons.

The serjeant was just marched off with his party; when the two Irish gentlemen arose, and came down stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the noises in the inn, that they had never once been able to close their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthiest and honestest men that ever dealt in horseflesh; and whose coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleasure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this history.

The coachman having but two passengers, and hearing that Mr. Macklachlan was bound to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the ostler, who said, that the horse which Mr. Macklachlan had hired from Worcester, would be much more pleased with returning to his friends there, than to prosecute a long journey; for that the said horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Macklachlan immediately closed with the proposal of the coachman; and, at the same time, persuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the soreness of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horse; and being well assured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no consequence.

Macklachlan, who was much the sharper man of the two, no sooner heard that this lady came from Chester, with the other circumstances which he learned from the ostler, than it came into his head that she might possibly be his friend's wife, and presently acquainted him with his suspicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himself. To say the truth, he was one of those compositions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this sort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themselves; but no sooner doth a dog of sagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the same, and without the guidance of any scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same manner, the very moment Mr. Macklachlan had mentioned his apprehension, Mr. Fitzpatrick instantly concurred, and flew directly up stairs to surprize his wife, before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with those gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her conduct) ran his head against several doors and posts to no purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that simile of the hounds, just inserted; since the poor wife may, on these occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, she pricks up her ears to listen after the voice of her pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the end.

This was not, however, the case at present; for after a long fruitless search, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen; where, as if this had been real chace, entered a gentleman hallooing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was just alighted from his horse, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this information thou shalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH ARE CONCLUDED THE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN AT UPTON.

IN the first place, then, this gentleman just arrived was no other person than Squire Western himself, who was come hither in pursuit of his daughter: and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had found not only her, but his niece into the bargain; for such was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the custody of that sage lady, Madam Western.

Now this lady had departed from the inn

inn much about the same time with Sophia; for having been waked by the voice of her husband, she had sent up for the landlady; and being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furnish her with horses for her escape; such prevalence had money in this family: and though the mistress would have turned away her maid for a corrupt hussy, if she had known as much as the reader, yet she was no more proof against corruption herself than poor Susan had been.

Mr. Western and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen match, and consequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good squire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his presence.

The kitchen was now a scene of universal confusion. Western enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As soon as Western saw Jones, he set up the same holla as is used by sportsmen when their game is in view. He then immediately ran up, and laid hold of Jones, crying, 'We have got the 'dog fox, I warrant the bitch is not 'far off.' The jargon which followed for some minutes, where many spoke different things at the same time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so it would be no less unpleasant to read.

Jones having, at length, shaken Mr. Western off, and some of the company having interfered between them, our hero protested his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when Parson Supple stepped up, and said, 'It 'is a folly to deny it; for why! the 'marks of guilt are in thy hands. I 'will myself asseverate, and bind it by 'an oath, that the muff thou beareſt 'in thy hand belongeth unto Madam 'Sophia; for I have frequently observ'ed her, of later days, to bear it about 'her.'—'My daughter's muff!' cries the squire in a rage; 'hath he got my 'daughter's muff! Bear witness, the 'goods are found upon him. I'll have 'him before a justice of peace this in'stant.—Where is my daughter, vil'lain?'—'Sir,' said Jones, 'I beg 'you would be pacified. The muff, I 'acknowledge, is the young lady's; 'but upon my honour, I have never 'seen her.' At these words Western lost all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage. Some of the servants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Western was. The good Irishman therefore thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of service to his uncle, and by that means might possibly obtain his favour, stept up to Jones, and cried out, 'Upon my conscience, 'Sir, you may be ashamed of denying 'your having seen the gentleman's 'daughter before my face, when you 'know I found you there upon the bed 'together.' Then turning to Western, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the squire, the parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no less violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady started from her sleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bed side a figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of Bedlam. Such wildness and confusion were in the looks of Mr. Western; who no sooner saw the lady, than he started back, shewing sufficiently by his manner, before he spoke, that this was not the person sought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their persons, that though the latter seemed now in more danger than before, yet as the former was secure, the lady screamed not with such violence as she had done on the other occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all thoughts of farther repose; and as she had sufficient reason to be dissatisfied with her present lodging, she dressed herself with all possible expedition.

Mr. Western now proceeded to search the whole house, but to as little purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned disconsolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the custody of his servants.

This violent uproar had raised all the people in the house, though it was yet

ſcarcely day-light. Among theſe was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commiſſion of the peace for the county of Worceſter. Of which Mr. Weſtern was no ſooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The juſtice declined executing his office, as he ſaid he had no clerk preſent, nor any book about juſtice-buſineſs; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about ſtealing away daughters, and ſuch ſort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his aſſiſtance; informing the company that he had been himſelf bred to the law. (And indeed he had ſerved three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when chuſing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his maſter, came over to England, and ſet up that buſineſs which requires no apprenticeſhip, namely that of a gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded as hath been already mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the preſent caſe; that ſtealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being found upon the perſon, were ſufficient evidence of the fact.

The magiſtrate, upon the encouragement of ſo learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent interceſſion of the ſquire, was at length prevailed upon to ſeat himſelf in the chair of juſtice; where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones ſtill held in his hand, and upon the parſon ſwearing it to be the property of Mr. Weſtern, he deſired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

Jones now deſired to be heard, which was at laſt, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but what was ſtill more, Suſan depoſed that Sophia herſelf had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of juſtice, or the extraordinary comelineſs of Jones, had wrought on Suſan to make the diſcovery, I will not determine; but ſuch were the effects of her evidence, that the magiſtrate, throwing himſelf back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the ſide of the priſoner, as it had before been againſt him: with which the parſon concurred, ſaying, the Lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent perſon to durance. The juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the priſoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Weſtern now gave every one preſent a hearty curſe, and immediately ordering his horſes, departed in purſuit of his daughter, without taking the leaſt notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any anſwer to his claim of kindred, notwithſtanding all the obligations he had juſt received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I ſay, luckily, for he would have died on the ſpot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his friend Partridge, ſet forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in queſt of his lovely Sophia, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he deteſted the very thoughts, as ſhe had been, though not deſignedly, the occaſion of his miſſing the happieſt interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal conſtancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, ſhe took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place ſhe ſet out in company with the two Iriſh gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her cloaths; in return for which ſhe was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handſome fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the abſence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton; where they talk to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somerſetſhire angel.

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES BACKWARD.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account

count for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that in the ninth chapter of the seventh book of our history, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, from a visit which her father had just before made her, in order to force her consent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had understood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, *that she neither must, nor could refuse, any absolute command of his.*

Now from this visit the squire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the success he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a social disposition, and willing to have partakers in his happiness, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; so that before eleven in the evening, there was not a single person sober in the house, except only Mrs. Western herself, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. Blifil: for though the squire imagined that young gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was, with the former aversion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herself would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning save one.

Breakfast was now set forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the squire and his sister likewise were assembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakespeare, had I thy pen! O, Hogarth, had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor serving man, who, with pale countenance, staring eyes, chattering teeth, faltering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd)

entered the room, and declared, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

'Not to be found!' cries the squire, starting from his chair; 'Zounds and 'd—nation! blood and fury! Where, 'when, how, what!—Not to be found! 'where?'

'La, brother,' said Mrs. Western, with true political coldness, 'you are 'always throwing yourself into such 'violent passions for nothing. My 'niece, I suppose, is only walked out 'into the garden. I protest you are 'grown so unreasonable, that it is im-'possible to live in the house with you.'

'Nay, nay,' answered the squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; 'if that be 'all the matter, it signifies not much; 'but, upon my soul, my mind mis-'gave me, when the fellow said she 'was not to be found.' He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and set himself contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverse of each other, than were the brother and sister, in most instances; particularly in this, that as the brother never foresaw any thing at a distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every thing the moment it had happened; so the sister eternally foresaw at a distance, but was not so quick-sighted to objects before her eyes. Of both these the reader may have observed examples: and, indeed, both their several talents were excessive; for as the sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the brother often saw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the case at present. The same report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarse a voice, as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas: and as the poet tells us, that the whole shore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; so did the house, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, resound nothing but the name

name of Sophia, in the hoarse voices of the men, and in the shrill pipes of the women; while echo seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved sound, that if there really is such a person, I believe Ovid hath belyed her sex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confusion; till at last the squire, having sufficiently spent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Western and Mr. Blifil, and threw himself, with the utmost dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Western began to apply the following consolation.

'Brother, I am sorry for what hath 'happened; and that my niece should 'have behaved herself in a manner so 'unbecoming her family; but it is all 'your own doings, and you have no-'body to thank but yourself. You 'know she hath been educated always 'in a manner directly contrary to my 'advice; and now you see the conse-'quence. Have I not a thousand times 'argued with you about giving my 'niece her own will? But you know I 'never could prevail upon you; and 'when I had taken so much pains to 'eradicate her headstrong opinions, 'and to rectify your errors in policy, 'you know she was taken out of my 'hands; so that I have nothing to an-'swer for. Had I been trusted en-'tirely with the care of her education, 'no such accident as this had ever 'befallen you: so that you must com-'fort yourself by thinking it was all 'your own doing; and, indeed, what 'else could be expected from such in-'dulgence?'

'Zounds, sister!' answered he, 'you 'are enough to make one mad. Have 'I indulged her? Have I given her 'her will? It was no longer ago than 'last night that I threatened, if she 'disobeyed me, to confine her to her 'chamber upon bread and water, as 'long as she lived. You would pro-'voke the patience of Job!'

'Did ever mortal hear the like?' replied she. 'Brother, if I had not the 'patience of fifty Jobs, you would 'make me forget all decency and de-'corum! Why would you interfere? 'Did I not beg you, did I not entreat 'you to leave the whole conduct to 'me? You have defeated all the ope-'rations of the campaign, by one false 'step. Would any man in his senses 'have provoked a daughter by such 'threats as these? How often have I 'told you, that English women are 'not to be treated like Circassian * 'slaves. We have the protection of 'the world: we are to be won by gen-'tle means only, and not to be hec-'tored, and bullied, and beat into 'compliance. I thank Heaven, no 'Salique law governs here. Brother, 'you have a roughness in your man-'ner which no woman but myself 'would bear. I do not wonder my 'niece was frightened and terrified in-'to taking this measure; and, to speak 'honestly, I think my niece will be 'justified to the world for what she 'hath done. I repeat it to you again, 'brother, you must comfort yourself, 'by remembering that it is all your 'own fault. How often have I ad-'vised——' Here Western rose hastily from his chair; and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his sister expressed more bitterness (if possible) against him, than she had done while he was present; for the truth of which she appealed to Mr. Blifil; who, with great complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she said, but excused all the faults of Mr. Western, as they must be considered, he said, to have proceeded from the too inordinate fondness of a father, which must be allowed the name of an amiable weakness. 'So much the more inexcusable,' answered the lady; 'for whom doth he 'ruin by his fondness, but his own 'child?' To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Western then began to express great confusion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the usage which he had received from a family to which he intended so much honour. On this subject, she treated the folly of her niece with great severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother; who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better assurances of his daughter's consent. 'But 'he was,' says she 'always of a vio-'lent, headstrong temper: and I can

* Possibly, Circassian.

'scarce

'scarce forgive myself for all the advice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this kind of converſation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Bliſil took his leave; and returned home, not highly pleaſed with his diſappointment: which, however, the philoſophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infuſed into him by Thwackum, together with ſomewhat elſe, taught him to bear rather better than more paſſionate lovers bear theſe kinds of evils.

CHAP. IX.

THE ESCAPE OF SOPHIA.

IT is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half ſo well as I do, will rejoice to find eſcaped from the clutches of her paſſionate father, and from thoſe of her diſpaſſionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron regiſter of time beat on the ſonorous bell-metal, ſummoning the ghoſts to riſe, and walk their nightly round. In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have ſaid, lay buried in drink and ſleep, except only Mrs. Weſtern, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now ſoftly ſtole down ſtairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the houſe-doors, ſallied forth, and haſtened to the place of appointment.

Notwithſtanding the many pretty arts, which ladies ſometimes practiſe, to diſplay their fears on every little occaſion, (almoſt as many as the other ſex uſes to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often neceſſary to enable her to diſcharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceneſs, and not of bravery, which deſtroys the female character: for who can read the ſtory of the juſtly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleneſs and tenderneſs, as of her fortitude? At the ſame time, perhaps, many a woman, who ſhrieks at a mouſe or a rat, may be capable of poiſoning a huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

Sophia, with all the gentleneſs which a woman can have, had all the ſpirit which ſhe ought to have. When, therefore, ſhe came to the place of appointment, and inſtead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, ſaw a man ride directly up to her, ſhe neither ſcreamed out, nor fainted away. Not that her pulſe then beat with it's uſual regularity; for ſhe was, at firſt, under ſome ſurprize and apprehenſion; but theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the man, pulling off his hat, aſked her, in a very ſubmiſſive manner, if her ladyſhip did not expect to meet another lady: and then proceeded to inform her, that he was ſent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no poſſible ſuſpicion of any falſhood on this account: ſhe therefore mounted reſolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her ſafe to a town about five miles diſtant, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the ſoul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in thoſe very habiliments which uſed to enwrap her body, ſhe could by no means bring herſelf to truſt them out of her ſight. Upon theſe, therefore, ſhe kept guard in perſon, while ſhe detached the aforeſaid fellow after her miſtreſs, having given him all proper inſtructions.

They now debated what courſe to take, in order to avoid the purſuit of Mr. Weſtern, who, they knew, would ſend after them in a few hours. The London road had ſuch charms for Honour, that ſhe was deſirous of going on directly; alledging, that as Sophia could not be miſſed till eight or nine the next morning, her purſuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way ſhe had gone. But Sophia had too much at ſtake to venture any thing to chance; nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender limbs, in a conteſt which was to be decided only by ſwiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the country, for at leaſt twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horſes to go twenty miles, one way, when ſhe intended to go twenty miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame guide, behind whom ſhe had ridden from her father's houſe; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of

Sophia,

Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely burden; being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conqueſts, and, finally, to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt turning which led towards Briſtol.

Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf: but the fidelity of an hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted. The horſe, then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed with Sophia's voice, that he made a full ſtop, and expreſſed an unwillingneſs to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural cauſe ſeems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment deſiſted from a conſtant application of his armed right-heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one ſpur) it is more than poſſible, that this omiſſion alone might occaſion the beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horſe, it had very little on the rider. He anſwered ſomewhat ſurlily, that maſter had ordered him to go a different way, and that he ſhould loſe his place, if he went any other than that he was ordered.

Sophia finding all her perſuaſions had no effect, began now to add irreſiſtible charms to her voice; charms, which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, inſtead of ſtanding ſtill; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irreſiſtible force, which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, ſhe promiſed ſhe would reward him to his utmoſt expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to theſe promiſes; but he diſliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word, yet that in fact was his objection. He ſaid, gentlevolks did not conſider the caſe of poor volks; that he had like to have been turned away the other day, for riding about the country with a gentleman from Squire Allworthy's who did not reward him as he ſhould have done.

'With whom?' ſays Sophia eagerly. 'With a gentleman from Squire 'Allworthy's,' repeated the lad; 'the 'Squire's ſon, I think they call un.' —'Whither, which way did he go?' ſays Sophia. 'Why, a little o' one 'ſide o' Briſtol, about twenty miles 'off,' anſwered the lad. 'Guide me,' ſays Saphia, 'to the ſame place, and 'I'll give thee a guinea; or two, if one 'is not ſufficient.'—'To be certain,' ſaid the boy, 'it is honeſtly worth 'two, when your ladyſhip conſiders 'what a riſk I run; but, however, if 'your ladyſhip will promiſe me the 'two guineas, I'll e'en venture: to 'be certain, it is a ſinful thing to ride 'about my maſter's horſes; but one 'comfort is, I can only be turned 'away, and two guineas will partly 'make me amends.'

The bargain being thus ſtruck, the lad turned aſide into the Briſtol road, and Sophia ſet forward in purſuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonſtrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more deſire to ſee London, than to ſee Mr. Jones: for indeed ſhe was not his friend with her miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by cuſtom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love-affairs, and more eſpecially in thoſe of a clandeſtine kind. This we impute rather to the careleſſneſs of his temper, than to any want of generoſity; but perhaps ſhe derived it from the latter motive. Certain it is, that ſhe hated him very bitterly on that account, and reſolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her miſtreſs. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that ſhe had gone to the very ſame town and inn whence Jones had ſtarted, and ſtill more unlucky was ſhe, in having ſtumbled on the ſame guide, and on this accidental diſcovery which Sophia had made.

Our

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook* at the break of day, where Honour was, againſt her will, charged to enquire the rout which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himſelf could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reaſon, never aſked him the queſtion.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured ſome indifferent horſes, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a ſurgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour being again charged with a commiſſion of enquiry, had no ſooner applied herſelf to the landlady, and had deſcribed the perſon of Mr. Jones, than that ſagacious woman began in the vulgar phraſe, to ſmell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, inſtead of anſwering the maid, the landlady, addreſſing herſelf to the miſtreſs, began the following ſpeech. 'Good-lack-a-day! why there 'now, who would have thought it! 'I proteſt, the loveliеſt couple that ever 'eye beheld. I ſackins, Madam, it 'is no wonder the ſquire run on ſo 'about your ladyſhip. He told me 'indeed you was the fineſt lady in the 'world, and to be ſure ſo you be. 'Mercy on him, poor heart! I be'pitied him, ſo I did, when he uſed to 'hug his pillow, and call it his dear 'Madam Sophia. I did all I could 'to diſſuade him from going to the 'wars: I told him there were men 'enow that were good for nothing elſe 'but to be killed, that had not the 'love of ſuch fine ladies.'—'Sure,' ſays Sophia, 'the good woman is 'diſtracted.'—'No, no,' cries the landlady, 'I am not diſtracted. What 'doth your ladyſhip think I don't know 'then! I aſſure you he told me all.' —'What ſaucy fellow!' cries Honour, 'told you any thing of my lady?' —'No ſaucy fellow,' anſwered the landlady, 'but the young gentleman 'you enquired after; and a very pretty 'young gentleman he is, and he loves 'Madam Sophia Weſtern to the bot'tom of his ſoul.'—'He love my 'lady! I'd have you know, woman, 'ſhe is meat for his maſter.'—'Nay, 'Honour,' ſaid Sophia, interrupting her, 'don't be angry with the good 'woman; ſhe intends no harm!'—'No, marry, don't I!' anſwered the landlady, emboldened by the ſoft accents of Sophia; and then launched into a long narrative, too tedious to be here ſet down, in which ſome paſſages dropt, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman; who hence took occaſion to abuſe poor Jones to her miſtreſs the moment they were alone together; ſaying, that he muſt be a very pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady whoſe name he would thus proſtitute in an alehouſe.

Sophia did not ſee his behaviour in ſo very diſadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleaſed with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as ſhe had done every other circumſtance) than ſhe was offended with the reſt; and indeed ſhe imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience, of his paſſion, and to the openneſs of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the moſt odious colours by Honour, ſerved to heighten and give credit to thoſe unlucky occurrences at Upton, and aſſiſted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her miſtreſs depart from that inn without ſeeing Jones.

The landlady, finding Sophia intended to ſtay no longer than till her horſes were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, ſoon withdrew; when Honour began to take her miſtreſs to taſk, (for indeed ſhe uſed great freedom) and after a long harangue, in which ſhe reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of purſuing a young fellow, ſhe at laſt concluded with this ſerious exhortation: 'For Heaven's ſake, Madam, 'conſider what you are about, and 'whither you are going!'

This advice, to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable ſeaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the

* This was the village where Jones met the Quaker.

hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this, I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long since well convinced of the purpose of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the case. Sophia had been lately so distracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Blifil, her compassion, and (why should we not confess the truth?) her love for Jones; which last the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of Jones himself, had blown into a flame; that her mind was in that confused state, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go; or rather, indeed, indifferent as to the consequence of either.

The prudent and sage advice of her maid, produced, however, some cool reflection; and she at length determined to go to Gloucester, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But unluckily a few miles before she entered that town, she met the hack-attorney; who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow being well known to Mrs. Honour, stopt and spoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Gloucester, and hearing of the great expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous, recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Gloucester, she began to fear lest her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore, if she should there strike into the London road, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her resolution; and having hired horses to go a week's journey, a way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward, after a light refreshment, contrary to the desire and earnest entreaties of her maid, and to the no less vehement remonstrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who, from good-breeding, or perhaps from good-nature, (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued) pressed her very heartily to stay that evening at Gloucester.

Having refreshed herself only with some tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night; and striking directly into the Worcester road, within less than four hours arrived at the very inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we shall in a very few words bring her father to the same place, who having received the first scent from the post-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very easily traced her afterwards to Gloucester; whence he pursued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that rout; (for Partridge, to use the squire's expression, left every where a strong scent behind him) and he doubted not in the least but Sophia travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same way. He used indeed a very coarse expression, which need not be here inserted; as fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

CONTAINING ABOUT THREE DAYS.

CHAP. I.

A CRUST FOR THE CRITICKS.

IN our laſt initial chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable ſet of men, who are called criticks, with more freedom than becomes us; ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condeſcenſion from authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the reaſons of our conduct to this auguſt body; and here we ſhall perhaps place them in a light, in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

This word Critick is of Greek derivation, and ſignifies judgment. Hence, I preſume, ſome perſons who have not underſtood the original, and have ſeen the Engliſh tranſlation of the primitive, have concluded that it meant judgment in the legal ſenſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greateſt number of criticks hath of late years been found amongſt the lawyers. Many of theſe gentlemen, from deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the bench in Weſtminſter-Hall, have placed themſelves on the benches at the play-houſe, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable offices in the commonwealth; and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do ſo; but as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another officer of juſtice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote reſemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which theſe modern criticks may with great juſtice and propriety be ſeen; and this is that of a common ſlanderer. If a perſon who pries into the characters of others, with no other deſign but to diſcover their faults, and to publiſh them to the world, deſerves the title of

a ſlanderer of the reputation of men, why ſhould not a critick, who reads with the ſame malevolent view, be as properly ſtiled the ſlanderer of the reputation of books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject ſlave; ſociety produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a gueſt more worthy of him, nor poſſibly more welcome to him, than a ſlanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monſter with half the abhorrence which he deſerves; and I am more afraid to aſſign the reaſon of this criminal lenity ſhewn towards him; yet it is certain that the thief looks innocent in the compariſon; nay, the murderer himſelf can ſeldom ſtand in competition with his guilt: for ſlander is a more cruel weapon than a ſword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the baſeſt and moſt execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here exclaimed againſt, and that is poiſon: a means of revenge ſo baſe, and yet ſo horrible, that it was once wiſely diſtinguiſhed by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar ſeverity of the puniſhment.

Beſides, the dreadful miſchiefs done by ſlander, and the baſeneſs of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumſtances that highly aggravate it's atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and ſeldom promiſes itſelf any reward, unleſs ſome black and infernal mind may propoſe a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and miſery of another.

Shakeſpeare hath nobly touched this vice, when he ſays,

> 'Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis
> 'ſomething, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been ſlave
> 'to thouſands;
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES
> 'HIM,
> BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.'

With all this my good reader will doubtleſs agree; but much of it will probably ſeem too ſevere, when applied to the ſlanderer of books. But let it here be conſidered, that both proceed from the ſame wicked diſpoſition of mind, and are alike void of the excuſe of temptation. Nor ſhall we conclude the injury done this way to be very ſlight, when we conſider a book as the author's offſpring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath ſuffered his muſe to continue hitherto in a virgin-ſtate, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondneſs. To ſuch we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff: '*Alas! thou haſt* '*written no book.*' But the author whoſe muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetick ſtrain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (eſpecially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneaſineſs with which the big muſe bears about her burden, the painful labour with which ſhe produces it, and laſtly the care, the fondneſs, with which the tender father nouriſhes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondneſs which ſeems leſs to ſavour of abſolute inſtinct, and which may ſo well be reconciled to worldly wiſdom, as this. Theſe children may moſt truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed the parent in his old age; ſo that not only the affection, but the intereſt of the author, may be highly injured, by theſe ſlanderers, whoſe poiſonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Laſtly, the ſlander of a book is, in truth, the ſlander of the author: for as no one can call another baſtard, without calling the mother whore; ſo neither can any one give the names of ſad ſtuff, horrid nonſenſe, &c. to a book, without calling the author a blockhead; which, though in a moral ſenſe, it is a preferable appellation to that of villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly intereſt.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it; nay, may perhaps think I have not treated the ſubject with decent ſolemnity; but ſurely a man may ſpeak truth with a ſmiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured office: and a moroſe ſnarling critick may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the

the marks of this character, and to shew what criticism I here intend to obviate; for I can never be understood, unless by the very persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of those noble criticks, to whose labours the learned world are so greatly indebted. Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients; Dacier and Bossu, among the French; and some, perhaps, among us; who have certainly been duly authorized to execute at least a judicial authority *in foro literario*.

But without ascertaining all the proper qualifications of a critick, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the censures of any one, past upon works which he hath not himself read. Such censures as these, whether they speak from their own guess or suspicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this character, who, without assigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; such as vile, dull, da—n'd stuff, &c. and particularly by the use of the monosyllable *low*; a word which becomes the mouth of no critick who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be some faults justly assigned in the work; yet if those are not the most essential parts, or if they are compensated by greater beauties, it will savour rather of the malice of a slanderer, than of the judgment of a true critick, to pass a severe sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious part. This is directly contrary to the sentiments of Horace—

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura——

But where the beauties more in number shine,
I am not angry, when a casual line,
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty shows.

FRANCIS.

For as Martial says, *aliter non fit, avite, liber: no book can be otherwise composed.* All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a work as this history, which hath employed some thousands of hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible objections. And yet nothing is more common, than the most rigorous sentence upon books, supported by such objections, which if they were rightly taken, (and that they are not always) do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre especially, a single expression, which doth not coincide with the taste of the audience, or with any individual critick of that audience, is sure to be hissed; and one scene, which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within such severe rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetick opinions; and if we judge according to the sentiments of some criticks, and of some christians, no author will be saved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAP. II.

THE ADVENTURES WHICH SOPHIA MET WITH, AFTER HER LEAVING UPTON.

OUR history, just before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we shall now therefore pursue the steps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye roads across the country, they now passed the Severn, and had scarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, saw several horses coming after on full speed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and she called to the guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed;

followed; and as the horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken. A happy circumſtance for poor Sophia; whoſe fears, joined to her fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her ſpirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt manner, and with the utmoſt civility. This greeting, Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the higheſt ſatisfaction to herſelf, returned.

The travellers who joined Sophia, and who had given her ſuch terror, conſiſted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together, before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being ſomewhat ſurprized that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral turnings) accoſted the ſtrange lady in a moſt obliging tone, and ſaid, ſhe was very happy to find they were both travelling the ſame way. The other, who, like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, that the happineſs was entirely her's; that ſhe was a perfect ſtranger in that country, and was ſo overjoyed at meeting a companion of her own ſex, that ſhe had perhaps been guilty of an impertinence, which required great apology, in keeping pace with her. More civilities paſſed between theſe two ladies; for Mrs. Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the ſtranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curioſity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the ſame bye-roads with herſelf, nay, though this gave her ſome uneaſineſs; yet fear, or modeſty, or ſome other conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the queſtion.

The ſtrange lady now laboured under a difficulty which appears almoſt below the dignity of hiſtory to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head no leſs than five times within the laſt mile; nor could ſhe come at any ribband or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a handkerchief for this purpoſe; which while ſhe was pulling from her pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the management of her horſe, for the beaſt now unluckily making a falſe ſtep, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremoſt to the ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt damage; and the ſame circumſtances which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preſerved her from confuſion; for the lane which they were then paſſing was narrow and very much overgrown with trees, ſo that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a cloud, that it was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe means the young lady's modeſty, which was extremely delicate, eſcaped as free from injury as her limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated on her ſaddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in it's full luſtre, and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common ſide by ſide, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame moment both their eyes became fixed, both their horſes ſtopt, and both ſpeaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of Sophia, the other that of Harriet.

This unexpected encounter ſurprized the ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange lady could be no other than Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the couſin of Miſs Weſtern, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the ſurprize and joy which theſe two couſins conceived at this meeting, (for they had formerly been moſt intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Weſtern) that it is impoſſible to recount half the congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going.

This at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, eaſy and natural as the queſtion may ſeem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain anſwer. She begged her couſin therefore to ſuſpend all curioſity, till they arrived at ſome inn; 'Which, I 'ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'can hardly be far 'diſtant; and believe me, Harriet, I 'ſuſpend as much curioſity on my ſide; 'for

'for indeed I believe our aſtoniſhment 'is pretty equal.'

The converſation which paſſed between theſe ladies on the road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and leſs certainly was that between the two waiting-women: for they likewiſe began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleaſure of diſcourſe, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this poſture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, ſoon brought them to a very fair promiſing inn; where they all alighted: but ſo fatigued was Sophia, that, as ſhe had ſat her horſe during the laſt five or ſix miles with great difficulty, ſo was ſhe now incapable of diſmounting from him without aſſiſtance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horſe, preſently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her ſaddle; and ſhe too readily accepted the tender of his ſervice. Indeed fortune ſeems to have reſolved to put Sophia to the bluſh that day, and the ſecond malicious attempt ſucceeded better than the firſt; for my landlord had no ſooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very ſeverely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the ſame time, with no leſs dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himſelf under his charming burden, ſo that he alone received any bruiſe from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent ſhock given to her modeſty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her riſing from the ground, ſhe obſerved in the countenances of moſt of the bye-ſtanders. This made her ſuſpect what had really happened, and what we ſhall not here relate for the indulgence of thoſe readers who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we ſcruple to ſay, that he muſt have a very inadequate idea of the modeſty of a beautiful young woman, who would wiſh to ſacrifice it to ſo paultry a ſatisfaction as can ariſe from laughter.

This fright and ſhock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almoſt overcame the excellent conſtitution of Sophia, and ſhe had ſcarce ſtrength ſufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here ſhe was no ſooner ſeated, than ſhe called for a glaſs of water; but Mrs. Honour, very judiciouſly, in my opinion, changed it into a glaſs of wine.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two laſt nights, and obſerving her to look very pale and wan with her fatigue, earneſtly entreated her to refreſh herſelf with ſome ſleep. She was yet a ſtranger to her hiſtory, or her apprehenſions; but had ſhe known both, ſhe would have given the ſame advice: for reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her; and their long journey through bye-roads ſo entirely removed all danger of purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that account.

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the counſel of her friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe offered to bear her couſin company; which Sophia, with much complaiſance, accepted.

The miſtreſs was no ſooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her miſtreſs Abigail, for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a place as an inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a nap as herſelf, and deſired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a ſhare of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So after many curtſies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity) to enquire particularly of all the coachmen, footmen, poſt-boys, and others, into the names of all his gueſts; what their eſtate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumſtances which attended our travellers, and eſpecially their retiring all to ſleep at ſo extraordinary and unuſual an hour as ten in the morning, ſhould excite his curioſity. As ſoon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they

they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In this deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hums and ha's, ay, ay's, and other expletives: so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several impostors on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person now taking his wife aside, asked her, what she thought of the ladies lately arrived. 'Think 'of them!' said the wife, 'why, 'what should I think of them?'—'I 'know,' answered he, 'what I think. 'The guides tell strange stories. One 'pretends to be come from Gloucester, 'and the other from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can find, 'can tell whither they are going. But 'what people ever travel across the 'country from Upton hither, especially to London? And one of the 'maid-servants, before she alighted 'from her horse, asked, if this was 'not the London road. Now I have 'put all these circumstances together, 'and whom do you think I have found 'them out to be?'—'Nay,' answered she, 'you know I never pretend to 'guess at your discoveries.'—'It is a 'good girl!' replied he, chucking her under the chin; 'I must own you 'have always submitted to my knowledge of these matters. Why then, 'depend upon it; mind what I say; 'depend upon it, they are certainly 'some of the rebel ladies, who, they 'say, travel with the young Chevalier; and have taken a round-about 'way to escape the duke's army.'

'Husband,' quoth the wife, 'you 'have certainly hit it; for one of them 'is dress as fine as any princess; and, 'to be sure, she looks for all the 'world like one. But yet, when I 'consider one thing—' 'When you 'consider!' cries the landlord contemptuously. 'Come, pray let's hear 'what you consider.'—'Why it is,' answered the wife, 'that she is too 'humble to be any very great lady; for 'while our Betty was warming the 'bed, she called her nothing bu 'child, and my dear, and sweetheart; 'and when Betty offered to pull off 'her shoes and stockings, she would not 'suffer her, saying, she would not give 'her the trouble.'

'Pooh!' answered the husband, 'this is nothing. Dost think, because 'you have seen some great ladies rude 'and uncivil to persons below them, 'that none of them know how to behave themselves when they come before their inferiors? I think I know 'people of fashion when I see them; 'I think I do. Did not she call for a 'glass of water when she came in? 'Another sort of women would have 'called for a dram; you know they 'would. If she be not a woman of 'very great quality, sell me for a 'fool; and, I believe, those who buy 'me, will have a bad bargain. Now, 'would a woman of her quality travel 'without a footman, unless upon 'some such extraordinary occasion?' —'Nay, to be sure, husband,' cried she, 'you know these matters better 'than I, or most folk.'—'I think I 'do know something,' said he. 'To 'be sure,' answered the wife, 'the 'poor little heart looked so piteous, 'when she sat down in the chair, I 'protest I could not help having a 'compassion for her, almost as much 'as

'as if she had been a poor body. But 'what's to be done, husband? If an 'she be a rebel, I suppose you intend 'to betray her up to the court. Well, 'she's a sweet-tempered, good-humoured lady, be she what she will, 'and I shall hardly refrain from crying when I hear she is hanged or beheaded.'—'Pooh!' answered the husband. 'But as to what's to be 'done, it is not so easy a matter to 'determine. I hope, before she goes 'away, we shall have the news of a 'battle: for if the Chevalier should 'get the better, she may gain us interest at court, and make our fortunes without betraying her.'—'Why, that's true' replied the wife; 'and I heartily hope she will have it 'in her power. Certainly she's a 'sweet good lady; it would go horribly against me to have her come to 'any harm.'—'Pooh!' cries the landlord, 'women are always so tender-'hearted. Why, you would not 'harbour rebels, would ye?'—'No, 'certainly,' answered the wife; 'and, 'as for betraying her, come what will 'on't, nobody can blame us. It is 'what any body would do in our case.'

While our politick landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife) news arrived that the rebels had given the duke the slip, and had got a day's march towards London: and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite squire; who, with great joy in his countenance, shook the landlord by the hand, saying, 'All's our own, 'boy: ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk. Old 'England for ever! ten thousand 'French, my brave lad! I am going 'to tap away directly.'

This news determined the opinion of the wise man, and he resolved to make his court to the young lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

CHAP. III.

A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, IN WHICH, HOWEVER, IS A SUN, A MOON, A STAR, AND AN ANGEL.

THE sun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year) had been some time retired to rest, when Sophia arose, greatly refreshed by her sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the restless symptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very distemper which physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the fever on the spirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewise left her bed at the same time; and having summoned her maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty woman, and had she been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. Honour of her own accord attended, (for her mistress would not suffer her to be waked) and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning star, and had preceded greater glories, shared the fate of that star, and were totally eclipsed the moment those glories shone forth.

Perhaps, Sophia never looked more beautiful than she did at this instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole; who, when she descended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that if ever there was an angel upon earth, she was now above stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her cousin with her design to go to London; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her husband at Upton had put an end to her design of going to Bath, or to her aunt Western. They had therefore no sooner finished their tea, than Sophia proposed to set out, the moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the frost, she defied it; nor had she any of those apprehensions which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for she had, as we have before observed, some little degree of natural courage; and this,

her preſent ſenſations, which bordered ſomewhat on deſpair, greatly increaſed. Beſides, as ſhe had already travelled twice with ſafety, by the light of the moon, ſhe was the better emboldened to truſt to it a third time.

The diſpoſition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the leſs, and the preſence of her huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an hour from Upton; yet being now arrived at a place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his purſuit, theſe leſſer terrors of I know not what, operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly entreated her couſin to ſtay till the next morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her couſin out of thoſe apprehenſions, at laſt gave way to them. Perhaps, indeed, had ſhe known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for as to Jones, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it; though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this wiſh from the reader, as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous emotions of the ſoul to which the reaſon is often a ſtranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in the inn, they were attended by the landlady, who deſired to know what their ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that ſhe raviſhed the landlady to the higheſt degree; and that good woman, concluding that ſhe had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a ſtaunch Jacobite, and wiſhed heartily well to the young Pretender's cauſe, from the great ſweetneſs and affability with which ſhe had been treated by his ſuppoſed miſtreſs.

The two couſins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curioſity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both ſides occaſioned this ſo ſtrange and unexpected meeting. At laſt Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promiſe of communicating likewiſe in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is deſirous to know her hiſtory, may read in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. FITZPATRICK.

MRS. Fitzpatrick, after a ſilence of a few moments, fetching a deep ſigh, thus began.

'It is natural to the unhappy, to 'feel a ſecret concern in recollecting 'thoſe periods of their lives which have 'been moſt delightful to them. The 'remembrance of paſt pleaſure affects 'us with a kind of tender grief, like 'what we ſuffer for departed friends; 'and the ideas of both may be ſaid to 'haunt our imagination.

'For this reaſon, I never reflect 'without ſorrow on thoſe days (the 'happieſt far of my life) which we ſpent 'together, when both were under the 'care of my aunt Weſtern. Alas! why 'are Miſs Graveairs and Miſs Giddy no more! You remember, I am 'ſure, when we knew each other by 'no other names. Indeed, you gave 'the latter appellation with too much 'cauſe; I have ſince experienced how 'much I deſerved it. You, my Sophy, was always my ſuperior in every 'thing, and I heartily hope you will 'be ſo in your fortune. I ſhall never 'forget the wiſe and matronly advice 'you once gave me, when I lamented 'being diſappointed of a ball; though 'you could not be then fourteen years 'old. O, my Sophy, how bleſt muſt 'have been my ſituation, when I could 'think ſuch a diſappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the 'greateſt I had ever known!'

'And yet, my dear Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'it was then a ſerious 'matter with you. Comfort yourſelf 'therefore with thinking, that whatever you now lament may hereafter 'appear as trifling and contemptible 'as a ball would at this time.'

'Alas, my Sophia,' replied the other lady, 'you yourſelf will think otherwiſe of my preſent ſituation! for 'greatly muſt that tender heart be altered, if my misfortunes do not 'draw many a ſigh, nay, many a tear,

'from

'from you. The knowledge of this 'should perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced will so much affect you.' Here Mrs Fitzpatrick stopt; till, at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, she thus proceeded.

'Though you must have heard 'much of my marriage; yet, as matters may probably have been misrepresented, I will set out from the very commencement of my unfortunate acquaintance with my present husband; which was at Bath, soon after you left my aunt and returned home to your father.

'Among the gay young fellows 'who were at this season at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was handsome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in his dress exceeded most others. In short, my dear, if you was unluckily to see him now, I could describe him no better than by telling you he was the very reverse of every thing which he is: for he hath rusticated himself so long, that he is become an absolute wild Irishman. But to proceed in my story: the qualifications which he then possessed, so well recommended him, that though the people of quality at that time lived separate from the rest of the company, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was perhaps no easy matter to avoid him; for he required very little or no invitation: and as, being handsome and genteel, he found it no very difficult matter to ingratiate himself with the ladies; so, he having frequently drawn his sword, the men did not care publickly to affront him. Had it not been for some such reason, I believe he would have been soon expelled by his own sex; for surely he had no strict title to be preferred to the English gentry; nor did they seem inclined to shew him any extraordinary favour. They all abused him behind his back, which might probably proceed from envy; for he was well received, and very particularly distinguished by the women.

'My aunt, though no person of 'quality herself, as she had always lived about the court, was enrolled in that party: for by whatever means you get into the polite circle, when you are once there, it is sufficient merit for you that you are there. This observation, young as you was, you could scarce avoid making from my aunt, who was free, or reserved, with all people, just as they had more or less of this merit.

'And this merit, I believe, it was, which principally recommended Mr. Fitzpatrick to her favour. In which he so well succeeded, that he was always one of her private parties. Nor was he backward in returning such distinction; for he soon grew so very particular in his behaviour to her, that the Scandal Club first began to take notice of it, and the better disposed persons made a match between them. For my own part, I confess, I made no doubt but that his designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, neither young enough nor handsome enough to attract much wicked inclination; but she had matrimonial charms in great abundance.

'I was the more confirmed in this opinion, from the extraordinary respect which he shewed to myself, from the first moment of our acquaintance. This I understood as an attempt to lessen, if possible, that disinclination which my interest might be supposed to give me towards the match; and I know not but in some measure it had that effect: for as I was well contented with my own fortune, and of all people the least a slave to interested views; so I could not be violently the enemy of a man with whose behaviour to me I was greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the only object of such respect; for he behaved, at the same time, to many women of quality without any respect at all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed it into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps more so. He now put on much softness and tenderness, and languished and sighed abundantly. At times, indeed, whether from art or nature, I will not determine, he gave his usual loose to gaiety and mirth; but this was always in general company, and with other women; for even in a country-dance, when he was not my partner, he became grave; and put on the softest look imaginable, the

'moment he approached me. Indeed, 'he was in all things so very particu-'lar towards me, that I must have 'been blind not to have discovered it. 'And, and, and——' 'And you 'was more pleased still, my dear Har-'riet,' cries Sophia; 'you need not be 'ashamed!' added she, sighing; 'for 'sure there are irresistible charms in 'tenderness, which too many men are 'able to affect.'—'True,' answered her cousin: 'men, who in all other in-'stances want common sense, are very 'Machiavels in the art of loving. I 'wish I did not know an instance.—'Well, scandal now began to be as 'busy with me as it had before been 'with my aunt; and some good ladies 'did not scruple to affirm, that Mr. 'Fitzpatrick had an intrigue with us 'both.

'But what may seem astonishing, 'my aunt never saw, nor in the least 'seemed to suspect, that which was 'visible enough, I believe, from both 'our behaviours. One would indeed 'think, that love quite puts out the 'eyes of an old woman. In fact, they 'so greedily swallow the addresses 'which are made to them, that, like 'an outrageous glutton, they are not 'at leisure to observe what passes a-'mongst others at the same table. 'This I have observed in more cases 'than my own; and this was so strong-'ly verified by my aunt, that, though 'she often found us together at her re-'turn from the pump, the least cant-'ing word of his, pretending impa-'tience at her absence, effectually smo-'thered all suspicion. One artifice 'succeeded with her to admiration: 'this was, his treating me like a little 'child, and never calling me by any 'other name in her presence, but that 'of Pretty Miss. This indeed did 'him some difservice with your hum-'ble servant; but I soon saw through 'it, especially as in her absence he 'behaved to me, as I have said, in a 'different manner. However, if I 'was not greatly disobliged by a con-'duct of which I had discovered the 'design, I smarted very severely for 'it: for my aunt really conceived me 'to be what her lover (as she thought 'him) called me, and treated me, in 'all respects, as a perfect infant. To 'say the truth, I wonder she had not 'insisted on my again wearing leading-'strings.

'At last, my lover (for so he was) 'thought proper, in a most solemn 'manner, to disclose a secret which I 'had known long before. He now 'placed all the love which he had pre-'tended to my aunt to my account. 'He lamented, in very pathetick terms, 'the encouragement she had given 'him, and made a high merit of the 'tedious hours in which he had un-'dergone her conversation. What 'shall I tell you, my dear Sophia? 'Then I will confess the truth. I 'was pleased with my man: I was 'pleased with my conquest. To rival 'my aunt, delighted me; to rival so 'many other women, charmed me. 'In short, I am afraid, I did not be-'have as I should do, even upon the 'very first declaration. I wish I did 'not almost give him positive encou-'ragement before we parted.

'The Bath now talked loudly, I 'might almost say, roared against me. 'Several young women affected to 'shun my acquaintance; not so much, 'perhaps, from any real suspicion, as 'from a desire of banishing me from a 'company, in which I too much en-'grossed their favourite man. And 'here I cannot omit expressing my 'gratitude to the kindness intended 'me by Mr. Nash; who took me one 'day aside, and gave me advice, 'which, if I had followed, I had 'been a happy woman. "Child," 'says he, "I am sorry to see the fa-"miliarity which subsists between you "and a fellow who is altogether un-"worthy of you, and I am afraid "will prove your ruin. As for your "old stinking aunt, if it was to be no "injury to you, and my pretty So-"phy Western," (I assure you I re-'peat his words) "I should be heartily "glad, that the fellow was in posses-"sion of all that belongs to her. I "never advise old women: for if they "take it into their heads to go to the "devil, it is no more possible, than "worth while, to keep them from "him. Innocence, and youth and "beauty, are worthy a better fate; and "I would save them from his clutch-"es. Let me advise you therefore, "dear child; never suffer this fellow "to be particular with you again."

'Many

'Many more things he said to me, 'which I have now forgotten; and indeed I attended very little to them at 'that time: for inclination contradicted all he said; and, besides, I 'could not be perſuaded, that women 'of quality would condeſcend to familiarity with ſuch a perſon as he deſcribed.

'But I am afraid, my dear, I ſhall 'tire you with a detail of ſo many 'minute circumſtances. To be conciſe, therefore, imagine me married; 'imagine me, with my huſband, at the 'feet of my aunt; and then imagine 'the maddeſt woman in Bedlam in a 'raving fit; and your imagination will 'ſuggeſt to you no more than what 'really happened.

'The very next day my aunt left 'the place, partly to avoid ſeeing Mr. 'Fitzpatrick or myſelf, and as much, 'perhaps, to avoid ſeeing any one elſe; 'for, though I am told ſhe hath ſince 'denied every thing ſtoutly, I believe 'ſhe was then a little confounded at 'her diſappointment. Since that time 'I have written to her many letters, 'but never could obtain an anſwer; 'which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat the 'heavier, as ſhe herſelf was, though 'undeſignedly, the occaſion of all my 'ſufferings: for had it not been under 'the colour of paying his addreſſes to 'her, Mr. Fitzpatrick would never 'have found ſufficient opportunities to 'have engaged my heart; which, in 'other circumſtances, I ſtill flatter myſelf, would not have been an eaſy conqueſt to ſuch a perſon. Indeed, I 'believe, I ſhould not have erred ſo 'groſsly in my choice, if I had relied 'on my own judgment; but I truſted 'totally to the opinion of others, and 'very fooliſhly took the merit of a man 'for granted, whom I ſaw ſo univerſally 'well received by the women. What 'is the reaſon, my dear, that we, who 'have underſtandings equal to the wiſeſt 'and greateſt of the other ſex, ſo often 'make choice of the ſilliеſt fellows 'for companions and favourites? It 'raiſes my indignation to the higheſt 'pitch, to reflect on the numbers of 'women of ſenſe who have been un'done by fools.' Here ſhe pauſed a moment; but Sophia making no anſwer, ſhe proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY OF MRS. FITZPATRICK IS CONTINUED.

'WE remained at Bath no longer 'than a fortnight after our 'wedding: for as to any reconciliation 'with my aunt, there were no hopes; 'and of my fortune, not one farthing 'could be touched till I was at age, of 'which I now wanted more than two 'years. My huſband, therefore, was 'reſolved to ſet out for Ireland; againſt 'which I remonſtrated very earneſtly, 'and inſiſted on a promiſe which he had 'made me before our marriage, that I 'ſhould never take this journey againſt 'my conſent; and indeed I never intended to conſent to it; nor will any 'body, I believe, blame me for that 'reſolution: but this, however, I never mentioned to my huſband, and 'petitioned only for the reprieve of a 'month; but he had fixed the day, and 'to that day he obſtinately adhered.

'The evening before our departure, 'as we were diſputing this point with 'great eagerneſs on both ſides, he ſtarted ſuddenly from his chair, and left 'me abruptly, ſaying, he was going to 'the rooms. He was hardly out of the 'houſe, when I ſaw a paper lying on 'the floor; which, I ſuppoſe, he had 'careleſsly pulled from his pocket, together with his handkerchief. This 'paper I took up, and finding it to be a 'letter, I made no ſcruple to open and 'read it; and indeed I read it ſo often, 'that I can repeat it to you almoſt 'word for word. This, then, was the 'letter.

"TO MR. BRIAN FITZPATRICK.

"SIR,

"YOURS received, and am ſur"prized you ſhould uſe me in "this manner, as have never ſeen any "of your caſh, unleſs for one linſey"woolſey coat; and your bill now is "upwards of 150l. Conſider, Sir, "how often you have fobbed me off "with your being ſhortly to be mar"ried to this lady, and t'other lady;

"but

" but I can neither live on hopes or " promises, nor will my woollen-dra- " per take any such in payment. You " tell me you are secure of having " either the aunt or the niece; and that " you might have married the aunt " before this, whose jointure you say " is immense, but that you prefer the " niece on account of her ready-mo- " ney. Pray, Sir, take a fool's ad- " vice for once, and marry the first " you can get. You will pardon my " offering my advice, as you know I " sincerely wish you well. Shall draw " on you per next post, in favour of " Messieurs John Drugget and com- " pany, at fourteen days, which doubt " not your honouring; and am, Sir, " your humble servant,

" SAM. COSGRAVE."

' This was the letter, word for word. ' Guess, my dear girl, guess how this ' letter affected me. *You prefer the ' niece on account of her ready-money!* ' If every one of these words had been ' a dagger, I could with pleasure have ' stabbed them into his heart; but I ' will not recount my frantick beha- ' viour on the occasion. I had pretty ' well spent my tears before his return ' home; but sufficient remains of them ' appeared in my swollen eyes. He ' threw himself sullenly into his chair, ' and for a long time we were both ' silent. At length, in a haughty tone, ' he said, " I hope, Madam, your ser- " vants have packed up all your things; " for the coach will be ready by six in " the morning." My patience was ' totally subdued by this provocation; ' and I answered, " No, Sir, there is " a letter still remains unpacked:" and ' then thowing it on the table, I fell ' to upbraiding him with the most bit- ' ter language I could invent.

' Whether guilt, or shame, or pru- ' dence, restrained him, I cannot say; ' but though he is the most passionate ' of men, he exerted no rage on this ' occasion. He endeavoured, on the ' contrary, to pacify me by the most ' gentle means. He swore the phrase ' in the letter to which I principally ' objected was not his, nor had he ever ' written any such. He owned, indeed, ' the having mentioned his marriage, ' and that preference which he had ' given to myself; but denied, with ' many oaths, the having assigned any ' such reason. And he excused the ' having mentioned any such matter ' at all, on account of the straits he ' was in for money; arising, he said, ' from his having too long neglected ' his estate in Ireland. And this, he ' said, which he could not bear to dis- ' cover to me, was the only reason of ' his having so strenuously insisted on ' our journey. He then used several ' very endearing expressions; and con- ' cluded by a very fond caress, and ' many violent protestations of love.

' There was one circumstance, which ' though he did not appeal to it, had ' much weight with me in his favour, ' and that was the word *jointure* in the ' taylor's letter; whereas my aunt ne- ' ver had been married, and this Mr. ' Fitzpatrick well knew. As I ima- ' gined therefore that the fellow must ' have inserted this of his own head, ' or from hearsay, I persuaded myself ' he might have ventured likewise on ' that odious line on no better autho- ' rity. What reasoning was this, my ' dear! was I not an advocate rather ' than a judge? But why do I men- ' tion such a circumstance as this, or ' appeal to it for the justification of my ' forgiveness? In short, had he been ' guilty of twenty times as much, half ' the tenderness and fondness which ' he used would have prevailed on me ' to have forgiven him. I now made ' no farther objections to our setting ' out, which we did the next morn- ' ing; and in little more than a week ' arrived at the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

' Your curiosity will excuse me from ' relating any occurrences which past ' during our journey: for it would ' indeed be highly disagreeable to tra- ' vel it over again, and no less so to ' you to travel it over with me.

' This seat, then, is an ancient man- ' sion-house: if I was in one of those ' merry humours in which you have ' so often seen me, I could describe it ' to you ridiculously enough. It look- ' ed as if it had been formerly inhabit- ' ed by a gentleman. Here was room ' enough, and not the less room on ac- ' count of the furniture: for indeed ' there was very little in it. An old ' woman, who seemed coeval with the ' building, and greatly resembled her ' whom Chamont mentions in the Or- ' phan, received us at the gate; and ' in a howl scarce human, and to me

' unin-

'unintelligible, welcomed her master 'home. In short, the whole scene was 'so gloomy and melancholy, that it 'threw my spirits into the lowest de'jection; which my husband discern'ing, instead of relieving, increased 'by two or three malicious observa'tions. "There are good houses, Ma'dam," says he, "as you find, in "other places besides England; but "perhaps you had rather be in a dirty "lodging at Bath!"

'Happy, my dear, is the woman, 'who in any state of life hath a chear'ful, good-natured, companion to sup'port and comfort her; but why do I 'reflect on happy situations, only to ag'gravate my own misery! My compa'nion, far from clearing up the gloom 'of solitude, soon convinced me, that 'I must have been wretched with him 'in any place, and in any condition. 'In a word, he was a surly fellow, a 'character you have perhaps never 'seen: for, indeed, no woman ever sees 'it exemplified but in a father, a bro'ther, or a husband; and though you 'have a father, he is not of that cha'racter. This surly fellow had for'merly appeared to me the very reverse, 'and so he did still to every other per'son. Good Heaven! how is it pos'sible for a man to maintain a con'stant lye in his appearance abroad 'and in company, and to content 'himself with shewing disagreeable 'truth only at home! Here, my dear, 'they make themselves amends for the 'uneasy restraint which they put on 'their tempers in the world; for I 'have observed, the more merry, and 'gay, and good-humoured, my hus'band hath at any time been in com'pany, the more sullen and morose 'he was sure to become at our next 'private meeting. How shall I de'scribe his barbarity! To my fond'ness he was cold and insensible. My 'little comical ways, which you, my 'Sophy, and which others have call'ed so agreeable, he treated with con'tempt. In my most serious moments, 'he sung and whistled; and whenever 'I was thoroughly dejected and mise'rable, he was angry, and abused 'me: for though he was never pleas'ed with my good humour, nor as'cribed it to my satisfaction in him, 'yet my low spirits always offended 'him, and those he imputed to my re'pentance of having (as he said) mar'ried an Irishman.

'You will easily conceive, my dear 'Graveairs, (I ask your pardon, I 'really forgot myself) that when a 'woman makes an imprudent match 'in the sense of the world; that is, 'when she is not an arrant prostitute 'to pecuniary interest; she must ne'cessarily have some inclination and 'affection for her man. You will as 'easily believe that this affection may 'possibly be lessened; nay, I do as'sure you, contempt will wholly era'dicate it. This contempt I now be'gan to entertain for my husband, 'whom I now discovered to be—I 'must use the expression—an arrant 'blockhead. Perhaps you will won'der I did not make this discovery 'long before; but women will sug'gest a thousand excuses to themselves 'for the folly of those they like. Be'sides, give me leave to tell you, it 'requires a most penetrating eye to 'discern a fool, through the disguises 'of gaiety and good-breeding.

'It will be easily imagined, that 'when I once despised my husband, 'as I confess to you I soon did, I 'must consequently dislike his com'pany; and indeed I had the happi'ness of being very little troubled 'with it; for our house was now most 'elegantly furnished, our cellars well 'stocked, and dogs and horses pro'vided in great abundance. As my 'gentleman therefore entertained his 'neighbours with great hospitality, so 'his neighbours resorted to him with 'great alacrity; and sports and drink'ing consumed so much of his time, 'that a small part of his conversation, 'that is to say, of his ill-humours, 'fell to my share.

'Happy would it have been for me, 'if I could as easily have avoided all 'other disagreeable company; but alas! 'I was confined to some which con'stantly tormented me; and the more, 'as I saw no prospect of being relieved 'from them. These companions were 'my own racking thoughts, which 'plagued, and in a manner haunted 'me, day and night. In this situation, 'I passed through a scene, the horrors 'of which can neither be painted nor 'imagined. Think, my dear! figure, 'if you can, to yourself, what I must 'have undergone. I became a mo-

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'ther by the man I ſcorned, hated, and 'deteſted. I went through all the a-'gonies and miſeries of a lying-in, (ten 'times more painful in ſuch a circum-'ſtance, than the worſt labour can be, 'when one endures it for a man one 'loves) in a deſart, or rather indeed 'a ſcene of riot and revel, without a 'friend, without a companion; or with-'out any of thoſe agreeable circum-'ſtances, which often alleviate, and 'perhaps ſometimes more than com-'penſate, the ſufferings of our ſex at 'that ſeaſon.'

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE MISTAKE OF THE LANDLORD THROWS SOPHIA INTO A DREADFUL CONSTERNATION.

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia: for the misfortunes of her friend had raiſed her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to ſatisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the ſame reſpect in his countenance and addreſs, which he would have put on had the ladies arrived in a coach and ſix.

The married lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own misfortunes than was her couſin: for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly ſwallow a morſel. Sophia likewiſe ſhewed more concern and ſorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who having obſerved theſe ſymptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying, 'Perhaps 'all may yet end better than either you 'or I expect.'

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. 'I am 'ſorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your 'ladyſhip can't eat; for, to be ſure, 'you muſt be hungry after ſo long 'faſting. I hope your ladyſhip is not 'uneaſy at any thing: for, as Ma-'dam there ſays, all may end better 'than any body expects. A gentle-'man who was here juſt now, brought 'excellent news; and perhaps ſome 'folks who have given other folks the 'ſlip, may get to London before they 'are overtaken; and if they do, I 'make no doubt, but they will find 'people who will be very ready to re-'ceive them.'

All perſons under the apprehenſion of danger, convert whatever they ſee and hear into the objects of that apprehenſion. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing ſpeech, that ſhe was known, and purſued by her father. She was now ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of ſpeech; which ſhe no ſooner recovered, than ſhe deſired the landlord to ſend his ſervants out of the room, and then addreſſing herſelf to him, ſaid, 'I 'perceive, Sir, you know who we are; 'but I beſeech you—nay, I am con-'vinced, if you have any compaſſion 'or goodneſs, you will not betray us.'

'I betray your ladyſhip!' quoth the landlord; 'no,' (and then he ſwore ſeveral very hearty oaths) 'I would 'ſooner be cut into ten thouſand pieces. 'I hate all treachery. If I never 'betrayed any one in my life yet, and 'I am ſure I ſhall not begin with ſo 'ſweet a lady as your ladyſhip. All 'the world would very much blame 'me if I ſhould, ſince it will be in 'your ladyſhip's power ſo ſhortly to 'reward me. My wife can witneſs 'for me, I knew your ladyſhip the 'moment you came into the houſe: 'I ſaid it was your honour, before I 'lifted you from your horſe; and I 'ſhall carry the bruiſes I got in your 'ladyſhip's ſervice to the grave; but 'what ſignified that, as long as I 'ſaved your ladyſhip! To be ſure, 'ſome people this morning would have 'thought of getting a reward; but no 'ſuch thought ever entered into my 'head. I would ſooner ſtarve, than 'take any reward for betraying your 'ladyſhip.'

'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'if it be ever in my power to reward 'you, you ſhall not loſe by your ge-'neroſity.'

'Alack-a-day, Madam!' anſwered the landlord, 'in your ladyſhip's pow-'er! Heaven put it as much into your 'will. I am only afraid your ho-'nour will forget ſuch a poor man as

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'an innkeeper; but if your ladyſhip 'ſhould not, I hope you will remem- 'ber what reward I refuſed—refuſed! 'that is, I would have refuſed; and 'to be ſure it may be called re- 'fuſing; for I might have had it cer- 'tainly; and to be ſure you might 'have been in ſome houſes—but for 'my part, I would not, methinks, for 'the world, have your ladyſhip wrong 'me ſo much, as to imagine I ever 'thought of betraying you, even be- 'fore I heard the good news.'

'What news, pray?' ſays Sophia, ſomewhat eagerly.

'Hath not your ladyſhip heard it then!' cries the landlord; 'nay, like enough: 'for I heard it only a few minutes ago; 'and if I had never heard it, may 'the devil fly away with me this in- 'ſtant, if I would have betrayed your 'honour; no, if I would, may I —' Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful imprecations, which Sophia at laſt interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news. He was going to anſwer, when Mrs. Honour came running into the room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out, 'Madam, we are 'all undone, all ruined! they are come! 'they are come!' Theſe words almoſt froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick aſked Honour, who were come. 'Who!' anſwered ſhe, 'why 'the French; ſeveral hundred thou- 'ſands of them are landed; and we 'ſhall be all murdered and raviſhed!'

As a miſer, who hath in ſome well-built city a cottage, value twenty ſhillings, when at a diſtance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loſs; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf, and ſmiles at his good fortune: or as (for we diſlike ſomething in the former ſimile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehenſion that her darling boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs and almoſt dead with conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little maſter is ſafe, and the Victory only, with twelve hundred brave men, gone to the bottom, life and ſenſe again return, maternal fondneſs enjoys the ſudden relief from all it's fears, and the general benevolence, which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful cataſtrophe, lies faſt aſleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found ſuch immediate ſatisfaction from the relief of thoſe terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French force made any impreſſion on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which ſhe had thrown her; and ſaid, ſhe was glad it was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared ſomebody elſe was come.

'Ay, ay,' quoth the landlord ſmiling, 'her ladyſhip knows better 'things: ſhe knows the French are 'our very beſt friends, and come over 'hither only for our good. They are 'the people who are to make Old Eng- 'land flouriſh again. I warrant her 'honour thought the duke was com- 'ing; and that was enough to put 'her into a fright.—I was going to 'tell your ladyſhip the news. His ho- 'nour's majeſty, Heaven bleſs him! 'hath given the duke the ſlip, and is 'marching as faſt as he can to London; 'and ten thouſand French are landed, 'to join him on the road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleaſed with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her, (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any ſuſpicion of the real truth) ſhe durſt not ſhew any diſlike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter. The mind of Sophia was not at all eaſy under the ſuppoſition of being known at this houſe; for ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many things which the landlord had addreſſed to Jenny Cameron; ſhe therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her perſon, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; ſhe likewiſe ordered the horſes to be in readineſs by four in the morning; at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promiſed to bear her company; and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that lady to continue her ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH MRS. FITZPATRICK CONCLUDES HER HISTORY.

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in pursuance of the commands of her mistress, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

'Most of the officers who were quartered at a town in our neighbourhood were of my husband's acquaintance. Among these was a lieutenant, a a very pretty sort of man, and who was married to a woman so agreeable both in her temper and conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my lying-in, we were almost inseparable companions; for I had the good fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

'The lieutenant, who was neither a sot nor a sportsman, was frequently of our parties; indeed, he was very little with my husband, and no more than good-breeding constrained him to be, as he lived almost constantly at our house. My husband often expressed much dissatisfaction at the lieutenant's preferring my company to his; he was very angry with me on that account, and gave me many a hearty curse for drawing away his companions; saying, I ought to be d—n'd for having spoiled one of the prettiest fellows in the world by making a milk-sop of him.

'You will be mistaken, my dear Sophia, if you imagine that the anger of my husband arose from my depriving him of a companion; for the lieutenant was not a person with whose society a fool could be pleased; and if I should admit the possibility of this, so little right had my husband to place the loss of his companion to me, that I am convinced it was my conversation alone which induced him ever to come to the house. No, child, it was envy; the worst and most rancorous kind of envy, the envy of superiority of understanding. The wretch could not bear to see my conversation preferred to his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the least jealousy. O my dear Sophy! you are a woman of sense; if you marry a man, as is most probable you will, of less capacity than yourself, make frequent trials of his temper before marriage, and see whether he can bear to submit to such a superiority. Promise me, Sophy, you will take this advice; for you will hereafter find it's importance.'—'It is very likely I shall never marry at all,' answered Sophia; 'I think, at least, I shall never marry a man, in whose understanding I see any defects before marriage: and I promise you, I would rather give up my own, than see any such afterwards.'—'Give up your understanding!' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'O fie, child! I will not believe so meanly of you. Every thing else I might myself be brought to give up; but never this. Nature would not have allotted this superiority to the wife in so many instances, if she had intended we should all of us have surrendered it to the husband. This, indeed, men of sense never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have just mentioned was one notable example; for though he had a very good understanding, he always acknowledged (as was really true) that his wife had a better. And this, perhaps, was one reason of the hatred my tyrant bore her.

'Before he would be so governed by a wife, he said, especially such an ugly b— (for indeed she was not a regular beauty, but very agreeable, and extremely genteel) he would see all the women upon earth at the devil; which was a very usual phrase with him. He said, he wondered what I could see in her, to be so charmed with her company: "Since "this woman," says he, "hath come "among us, there is an end of your "beloved reading, which you pre"tended to like so much, that you "could not afford time to return the "visits of the ladies in this country."' And I must confess I had been guilty of a little rudeness this way; for the ladies there are at least no better than the mere country ladies here; and I think I need make no other excuse to you for declining any intimacy with them.

'This correspondence, however, continued a whole year, even all the while the lieutenant was quartered in that town: for which I was contented to pay the tax of being constantly abused in the manner above-mentioned by my husband; 'I mean,

'I mean, when he was at home; for 'he was frequently abſent a month at 'a time at Dublin, and once made a 'journey of two months to London; 'in all which journies I thought it a 'very ſingular happineſs that he never 'once deſired my company; nay, by 'his frequent cenſures on men who 'could not travel, as he phraſed it, 'without a wife tied up to their tail, 'he ſufficiently intimated, that had I 'been never ſo deſirous of accom-'panying him, my wiſhes would have 'been in vain; but, Heaven knows, 'ſuch wiſhes were very far from my 'thoughts!

'At length my friend was removed 'from me, and I was again left to 'my ſolitude, to the tormenting con-'verſation with my own reflections, 'and to apply to books for my only 'comfort. I now read almoſt all day 'long. How many books do you 'think I read in three months?'—'I 'can't gueſs, indeed, couſin,' an-ſwered Sophia; 'perhaps half a ſcore.' —'Half a ſcore! half a thouſand, 'child!' anſwered the other. 'I read 'a good deal in Daniel's Engliſh Hiſ-'tory of France; a great deal in Plu-'tarch's Lives; the Atalantis, Pope's 'Homer, Dryden's Plays, Chilling-'worth, the Counteſs D'Anois, and 'Locke's Human Underſtanding.

'During this interval, I wrote three 'very ſupplicating, and, I thought, 'moving letters, to my aunt; but as 'I received no anſwer to any of them, 'my diſdain would not ſuffer me to 'continue my application.' Here ſhe ſtopt, and looking earneſtly at Sophia, ſaid, 'Methinks, my dear, I read 'ſomething in your eyes, which re-'proaches me of a neglect in another 'place, where I ſhould have met with 'a kinder return.'—'Indeed, dear 'Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'your 'ſtory is an apology for any neglect; 'but indeed I feel that I have been 'guilty of a remiſſneſs, without ſo 'good an excuſe. Yet, pray proceed; 'for I long, though I tremble, to 'hear the end.'

Thus, then, Mrs. Fitzpatrick reſum-ed her narrative. 'My huſband now 'took a ſecond journey to England, 'where he continued upwards of three 'months. During the greater part of 'this time, I led a life, which nothing 'but having led a worſe, could make 'me think tolerable; for perfect ſoli-'tude can never be reconciled to a ſo-'cial mind, like mine, but when it 'relieves you from the company of 'thoſe you hate. What added to my 'wretchedneſs, was the loſs of my 'little infant: not that I pretend to 'have had for it that extravagant 'tenderneſs of which I believe I might 'have been capable under other cir-'cumſtances; but I reſolved, in every 'inſtance, to diſcharge the duty of the 'tendereſt mother; and this care pre-'vented me from feeling the weight 'of that heavieſt of all things, when 'it can be at all ſaid to lie heavy on 'our hands.

'I had ſpent full ten weeks almoſt 'entirely by myſelf, having ſeen no-'body all that time, except my ſer-'vants, and a very few viſitors, when 'a young lady, a relation to my huſ-'band, came from a diſtant part of 'Ireland to viſit me. She had ſtaid 'once before a week at my houſe, and 'then I gave her a preſſing invita-'tion to return; for ſhe was a very 'agreeable woman, and had improved 'good natural parts by a proper edu-'cation. Indeed, ſhe was to me a 'moſt welcome gueſt.

'A few days after her arrival, per-'ceiving me in very low ſpirits, with-'out enquiring the cauſe, which in-'deed ſhe very well knew, the young 'lady fell to compaſſionating my 'caſe. She ſaid, though politeneſs 'had prevented me from complaining 'of my huſband's behaviour to his 'relations, yet they all were very ſen-'ſible of it, and felt great concern 'upon that account; but none more 'than herſelf. And, after ſome more 'general diſcourſe on this head, which 'I own I could not forbear counte-'nancing; at laſt, after much previous 'precaution and enjoined concealment, 'ſhe communicated to me, as a pro-'found ſecret—that my huſband kept 'a miſtreſs.

'You will certainly imagine, I heard 'this news with the utmoſt inſenſibili-'ty. Upon my word, if you do, your 'imagination will miſlead you. Con-'tempt had not ſo kept down my an-'ger to my huſband, but that hatred 'roſe again on this occaſion! What 'can be the reaſon of this? Are we ſo 'abominably ſelfiſh, that we can be 'concerned at others having poſſeſſion

'even of what we despise? Or are we 'not rather abominably vain; and is 'not this the greatest injury done to 'our vanity? What think you, So-'phia?'

'I don't know, indeed,' answered Sophia, 'I have never troubled my-'self with any of these deep contem-'plations; but I think the lady did 'very ill in communicating to you 'such a secret.'

'And yet, my dear, this conduct is 'natural,' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'and when you have seen and read as 'much as myself, you will acknow-'ledge it to be so.'

'I am sorry to hear it is natural,' returned Sophia; 'for I want neither 'reading nor experience to convince 'me, that it is very dishonourable, and 'very ill-natured: nay, it is surely 'as ill-bred to tell a husband or wife 'of the faults of each other, as to tell 'them of their own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'my husband at last returned; and 'if I am thoroughly acquainted with 'my own thoughts, I hated him now 'more than ever; but I despised him 'rather less; for certainly nothing so 'much weakens our contempt, as an 'injury done to our pride or our va-'nity.

'He now assumed a carriage to me, 'so very different from what he had 'lately worn, and so nearly resem-'bling his behaviour the first week of 'our marriage, that had I now had 'any spark of love remaining, he 'might, possibly, have rekindled my 'fondness for him. But though ha-'tred may succeed to contempt, and 'may perhaps get the better of it, 'love, I believe, cannot. The truth 'is, the passion of love is too restless 'to remain contented, without the 'gratification which it receives from 'it's object; and one can no more be 'inclined to love without loving, than 'we can have eyes without seeing. 'When a husband, therefore, ceases 'to be the object of this passion, it is 'most probable some other man—I 'say, my dear, if your husband grows 'indifferent to you—if you once come 'to despise him—I say—that is—if you 'have the passion of love in you—lud! 'I have bewildered myself so—but 'one is apt, in these abstracted consi-'derations, to lose the concatenation 'of ideas, as Mr. Locke says. In 'short, the truth is—In short, I scarce 'know what it is; but, as I was say-'ing, my husband returned, and his 'behaviour, at first, greatly surprized 'me; but he soon acquainted me with 'the motive, and taught me to ac-'count for it. In a word, then, he 'had spent and lost all the ready-mo-'ney of my fortune; and as he could 'mortgage his own estate no deeper, 'he was now desirous to supply him-'self with cash for his extravagance, 'by selling a little estate of mine, 'which he could not do without my 'assistance; and to obtain this favour 'was the whole and sole motive of 'all the fondness he now put 'on.

'With this I peremptorily refused 'to comply. I told him, and I told 'him truly, that had I been possessed 'of the Indies at our first marriage, 'he might have commanded it all: 'for it had been a constant maxim 'with me, that where a woman dis-'poses of her heart, she should always 'deposit her fortune; but as he had 'been so kind, long ago, to restore 'the former into my possession, I was 'resolved likewise to retain what little 'remained of the latter.

'I will not describe to you the pas-'sion into which these words, and the 'resolute air in which they were spo-'ken, threw him: nor will I trouble 'you with the whole scene which suc-'ceeded between us. Out came, you 'may be well assured, the story of the 'mistress; and out it did come, with 'all the embellishments which anger 'and disdain could bestow upon it.

'Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed a little 'thunderstruck with this, and more 'confused than I had seen him; though 'his ideas are always confused enough, 'Heaven knows! He did not, how-'ever, endeavour to exculpate him-'self; but took a method which al-'most equally confounded me. What 'was this, but recrimination! he af-'fected to be jealous—he may, for 'aught I know, be inclined enough 'to jealousy in his natural temper: 'nay, he must have had it from na-'ture, or the devil must have put it in-'to his head; for I defy all the world 'to cast a just aspersion on my charac-'ter! nay, the most scandalous tongues 'have never dared to censure my re-

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'putation. My fame, I thank Heaven, hath been always as ſpotleſs as 'my life; and let falſehood itſelf accuſe that, if it dare. No, my dear 'Graveairs, however provoked, however ill treated, however injured in 'my love, I have firmly reſolved never to give the leaſt room for cenſure 'on this account. And yet, my dear, 'there are ſome people ſo malicious, 'ſome tongues ſo venomous, that no 'innocence can eſcape them. The 'moſt undeſigned word, the moſt accidental look, the leaſt familiarity, 'the moſt innocent freedom, will be 'miſconſtrued, and magnified into I 'know not what, by ſome people. 'But I deſpiſe, my dear Graveairs, I 'deſpiſe all ſuch ſlander. No ſuch 'malice, I aſſure you, ever gave me 'an uneaſy moment. No, no, I promiſe you I am above all that—But 'where was I? O let me ſee, I told 'you my huſband was jealous—and 'of whom, pray?'—'Why, of whom 'but the lieutenant I mentioned to you 'before? He was obliged to reſort 'above a year and more back, to find 'any object for this unaccountable 'paſſion; if indeed he really felt any 'ſuch, and was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to abuſe me.

'But I have tired you already with 'too many particulars. I will now 'bring my ſtory to a ſpeedy concluſion. In ſhort, then, after many ſcenes 'very unworthy to be repeated, in 'which my couſin engaged ſo heartily 'on my ſide, that Mr. Fitzpatrick at 'laſt turned her out of doors; when 'he found I was neither to be ſoothed 'nor bullied into compliance, he took 'a very violent method indeed. Perhaps you will conclude he beat me; 'but this, though he hath approached 'very near it, he never actually did. 'He confined me to my room, without ſuffering me to have either pen, 'ink, paper, or book; and a ſervant 'every day made my bed, and brought 'me my food.

'When I had remained a week under this impriſonment, he made me a 'viſit, and with the voice of a ſchoolmaſter, or what is often much the 'ſame, of a tyrant, aſked me, if 'I would yet comply. I anſwered very 'ſtoutly, that I would die firſt. "Then 'ſo you ſhall, and be d—n'd," cries 'he; "for you ſhall never go alive "out of this room."

'Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to ſay the truth, my conſtancy was almoſt ſubdued, and I 'began to think of ſubmiſſion; when 'one day, in the abſence of my huſband, who was gone abroad for ſome 'ſhort time, by the greateſt good fortune in the world, an accident happened.—I—at a time when I began 'to give way to the utmoſt deſpair—every thing would be excuſable at 'ſuch a time—at that very time I received—but it would take up an 'hour to tell you all particulars—In 'one word, then, (for I will not tire 'you with circumſtances) gold, the 'common key of all padlocks, opened my door, and ſet me at liberty.

'I now made haſte to Dublin, where 'I immediately procured a paſſage to 'England; and was proceeding to 'Bath, in order to throw myſelf into 'the protection of my aunt, or of your 'father, or of any relation who would 'afford it me. My huſband overtook 'me laſt night, at the inn where I lay, 'and which you left a few minutes before me; but I had the good luck to 'eſcape him, and to follow you.

'And thus, my dear, ends my hiſtory: a tragical one, I am ſure, it 'is to myſelf; but, perhaps, I ought 'rather to apologize to you for it's 'dullneſs.'

Sophia heaved a deep ſigh, and anſwered, 'Indeed, Harriet, I pity you 'from my ſoul!—But what could you 'expect? Why, why would you marry 'an Iriſhman?'

'Upon my word,' replied her couſin, 'your cenſure is unjuſt. There 'are, among the Iriſh, men of as much 'worth and honour, as any among 'the Engliſh: nay, to ſpeak the truth, 'generoſity of ſpirit is rather more 'common among them. I have known 'ſome examples there too of good huſbands; and, I believe, theſe are not 'very plenty in England. Aſk me, 'rather, what I could expect, when I 'married a fool? and I will tell you 'a ſolemn truth; I did not know him 'to be ſo.'—'Can no man,' ſaid Sophia, in a very low and altered voice, 'do you think, make a bad huſband, who is not a fool?'—'That,' anſwered the other, 'is too general 'a nega-

'a negative; but none, I believe, is 'so likely as a fool to prove so. A-'mong my acquaintance, the silliest 'fellows are the worst husbands; and I 'will venture to assert, as a fact, that a 'man of sense rarely behaves very ill to 'a wife who deserves very well.'

CHAP. VIII.

A DREADFUL ALARM IN THE INN, WITH THE ARRIVAL OF AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND OF MRS. FITZPATRICK.

SOPHIA now, at the desire of her cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history: for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me for not repeating it over again.

One remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady. But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were sitting, a noise, not unlike, in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or to screech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds, which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate, which seems to derive it's name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils, of those fair river-nymphs, yclepped of old the Najades; in the vulgar tongue, translated oyster-wenches: for when, instead of the ancient libations of milk and honey, and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps from malt; hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue with unhallowed licence prophane, *i. e.* depreciate, the delicate fat Milton oyster; the plaice sound and firm; the flounder as much alive as when in the water; the shrimp as big as a prawn; the fine cod alive but a few hours ago; or any other of the various treasures, which those water-deities, who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Najades lift up their immortal voices, and the prophane wretch is struck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noise, which now burst from one of the rooms below; and soon the thunder, which long had rattled at a distance, began to approach nearer and nearer; till having ascended by degrees up stairs, it at last entered the apartment where the ladies were. In short, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour having scolded violently below stairs, and continued the same all the way up, came in to her mistress, in a most outrageous passion, crying out, 'What doth your ladyship think! 'Would you imagine that this impu-'dent villain, the master of this house, 'hath had the impudence to tell me, 'nay, to stand it out to my face, that 'your ladyship is that nasty stinking 'wh—re (Jenny Cameron they call 'her) that runs about the country with 'the Pretender! Nay, the lying, sau-'cy villain, had the assurance to tell 'me, that your ladyship had owned 'yourself to be so: but I have clawed 'the rascal, I have left the marks 'of my nails in his impudent face! "My lady!" says I, "you saucy "scoundrel! my lady is no meat for "Pretenders: she is a young lady of "as good fashion, and family, and for-"tune, as any in Somersetshire! Did "you never hear of the great Squire "Western, sirrah? She is his only "daughter, she is—and heiress to all "his great estate! My lady to be "called a nasty Scotch wh—re by such "a varlet!" To be sure, I wish I 'had knocked his brains out with the 'punch-bowl!'

The principal uneasiness with which Sophia was affected on this occasion, Honour had herself caused, by having in her passion discovered who she was. However, as this mistake of the landlord sufficiently accounted for those passages which Sophia had before mistaken, she acquired some ease on that account; nor could she, upon the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged Honour; and she cried, 'Indeed, Ma-

'dam,

'dam, I did not think your ladyſhip 'would have made a laughing matter 'of it! To be called whore, by ſuch 'an impudent low raſcal! Your lady-'ſhip may be angry with me, for aught 'I know, for taking your part, ſince 'proffered ſervice, they ſay, ſtinks; 'but, to be ſure, I could never bear to 'hear a lady of mine called whore; 'nor will I bear it. I am ſure your 'ladyſhip is as virtuous a lady as ever 'ſet foot on Engliſh ground; and I 'will claw any villain's eyes out, who 'dares for to offer to preſume for to 'ſay the leaſt word to the contrary. 'Nobody ever could ſay the leaſt ill 'of the character of any lady that ever 'I waited upon!'

Hinc illæ lachrymæ! in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her miſtreſs as moſt ſervants have, that is to ſay—But beſides this, her pride obliged her to ſupport the character of the lady ſhe waited on; for ſhe thought her own was in a very cloſe manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her miſtreſs was raiſed, her's likewiſe, as ſhe conceived, was raiſed with it; and, on the contrary, ſhe thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this ſubject, reader, I muſt ſtop a moment to tell thee a ſtory. 'The 'famous Nell Gwynn, ſtepping one day 'from a houſe where ſhe had made a 'ſhort viſit in her coach, ſaw a great 'mob aſſembled, and her footman all 'bloody and dirty; the fellow being 'aſked by his miſtreſs, the reaſon of 'his being in that condition, anſwer-'ed, "I have been fighting, Madam, "with an impudent raſcal who call-"ed your ladyſhip a whore."—"You "blockhead,' replied Mrs. Gwynn, "at this rate you muſt fight every day "of your life; why, you fool, all the "world knows it."—"Do they!" 'cries the fellow, in a muttering 'voice, after he had ſhut the coach-'door; "they ſhan't call me a whore's "footman, for all that."

Thus the paſſion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cauſe of her anger, for which we muſt beg leave to remind our reader of a circumſtance mentioned in the above ſimile. There are indeed certain liquors, which, being applied to our paſſions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverſe of thoſe produced by water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous liquor called Punch is one. It was not therefore without reaſon, that the learned Dr. Cheney uſed to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the ſmoke of it began to aſcend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reaſon, which is there ſuppoſed to keep her reſidence, while the fire itſelf from the ſtomach eaſily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble paſſion of pride. So that upon the whole we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at firſt ſight we muſt confeſs the cauſe ſeems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia, and her couſin, both did all in their power to extinguiſh theſe flames, which had roared ſo loudly all over the houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one ſtep farther, the fire having conſumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at laſt went out of it's own accord.

But though tranquillity was reſtored above ſtairs, it was not ſo below; where my landlady highly reſenting the injury done to the beauty of her huſband, by the fleſh-ſpades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and juſtice. As to the poor man, who had principally ſuffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he loſt might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewiſe her fiſt to his noſtrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his miſtake: but, indeed, nothing ſo effectually ſilenced his reſentment, as the manner in which he now diſcovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs. Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion; but he was now aſſured by a perſon of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of faſhion, and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this perſon, the landlord now aſcended, and acquainted

ed our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below desired to do them the honour of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this message; though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

To ease the reader's curiosity, therefore, rather than his apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an Irish peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn in his way to London. This nobleman having sallied from his supper at the hurricane before commemorated, had seen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick; and, upon a short enquiry, was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the landlord, pacified him, and sent him up stairs, with compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may, perhaps, be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herself was not the messenger employed on this occasion; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum, (for so the landlord chose to call the distillation from malt) had basely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to resist the attack.

We shall not describe this tragical scene too fully; but we thought ourselves obliged, by that historick integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many historians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to say no worse, often leave the reader to find out these little circumstances in the dark, and sometimes to his great confusion and perplexity.

Sophia was very soon eased of her causeless fright, by the entry of the noble peer; who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To say truth, it was by his assistance, that she had been enabled to escape from her husband; for this nobleman had the same gallant disposition with those renowned knights of whom we read in heroick story, and had delivered many an imprisoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the savage authority too often exercised by husbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other sex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to say truth, I have often suspected that those very enchanters with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the husbands of those days; and matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted castle in which the nymphs were said to be confined.

This nobleman had an estate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for some time acquainted with the lady. No sooner, therefore, did he hear of her confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming the castle, according to the example of ancient heroes; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irresistible than either lead or steel.

This circumstance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart to the reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural means, had possessed herself of the money with which she had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative, by giving a hint of what seemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a short conversation, could not forbear expressing some surprize at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to Bath. Mrs. Fitzpatrick very freely answered, that she had been prevented in her purpose by the arrival of a person she need not mention. 'In short,' says she, 'I 'was overtaken by my husband; (for I 'need not affect to conceal what the 'world know too well already.) I 'had the good fortune to escape in a

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'moſt ſurprizing manner, and am now 'going to London with this young 'lady, who is a near relation of mine, 'and who hath eſcaped from as great a 'tyrant as my own.'

His lordſhip concluding that this tyrant was likewiſe a huſband, made a ſpeech full of compliments to both the ladies, and as full of invectives againſt his own ſex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique glances at the matrimonial inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt powers given by it to man, over the more ſenſible and more meritorious part of the ſpecies. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and ſix; which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at laſt, upon her perſuaſions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjuſted, his lordſhip took his leave, and the ladies retired to reſt; where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her couſin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondneſs for his wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only perſon of high rank, who was entirely conſtant to the marriage-bed. 'Indeed,' added ſhe, 'my dear Sophy, that is a 'very rare virtue amongſt men of con- 'dition! Never expect it when you 'marry; for, believe me, if you do, 'you will certainly be deceived.'

A gentle ſigh ſtole from Sophia at theſe words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleaſant kind; but as ſhe never revealed this dream to any one, ſo the reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP. IX.

THE MORNING INTRODUCED IN SOME PRETTY WRITING. A STAGE-COACH. THE CIVILITY OF CHAMBERMAIDS. THE HEROICK TEMPER OF SOPHIA. HER GENEROSITY. THE RETURN TO IT. THE DEPARTURE OF THE COMPANY, AND THEIR ARRIVAL AT LONDON; WITH SOME REMARKS FOR THE USE OF TRAVELLERS.

THOSE members of the ſociety, who are born to furniſh the bleſſings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to purſue their daily labours, for the uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe bleſſings. The ſturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanick, ſpring from their hard mattreſs; and now the bonny houſemaid begins to repair the diſordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that diſorder, in broken interrupted ſlumbers, tumble and toſs, as if the hardneſs of down diſquieted their repoſe.

In ſimple phraſe, the clock had no ſooner ſtruck ſeven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and, at their deſire, his lordſhip and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of ſome difficulty aroſe; and this was, how his lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: for though in ſtage-coaches, where paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much luggage, the ingenious coachman ſtows half a dozen with perfect eaſe into the place of four; for well he contrives that the fat hoſteſs, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the ſlim miſs or taper maſter; it being the nature of guts, when well ſqueezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compaſs; yet in theſe vehicles, which are called, for diſtinction-ſake, gentlemen's coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordſhip would have put a ſhort end to the difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his horſe; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded, that the *Abigails* ſhould by turns relieve each other on one of his lordſhip's horſes, which was preſently equipped with a ſide-ſaddle for that purpoſe.

Every thing being ſettled at the inn, the ladies diſcharged their former guides, and Sophia made a preſent to the landord, partly to repair the bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on account of what he had ſuffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia firſt diſcovered a loſs which gave her ſome uneaſineſs; and this was, of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at their laſt meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable trifle, was all the treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook and tumbled all her

things to no purpose; the bill was not to be found: and she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her pocket, when she had the misfortune of tumbling from her horse in the dark lane, as before recorded; a fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected some discomposure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which she had drawn forth her handkerchief the very instant before her fall, in order to relieve the distress of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a mind in which there is any strength, without the assistance of avarice. Sophia, therefore, though nothing could be worse timed than this accident, at such a season, immediately got the better of her concern; and with her wonted serenity and chearfulness of countenance, returned to her company. His lordship conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. Honour; who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at last yielded to the well-bred importunities of her sister Abigail, and submitted to be complimented with the first ride in the coach; in which, indeed, she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole journey, had not her mistress, after several fruitless intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horseback.

The coach now, having received it's company, began to move forwards, attended by many servants, and by two led-captains, who had before rode with his lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the vehicle upon a much less worthy occasion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the honour of his lordship's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was so pleased with the present he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruise or his scratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this present; but we cannot satisfy his curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money: 'For to be 'sure,' says he, 'one might have charg-'ed every article double, and she would 'have made no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife, however, was far from drawing this conclusion; whether she really felt any injury done to her husband more than he did himself, I will not say; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the generosity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries she, 'my dear, 'the lady knows better how to dispose 'of her money than you imagine! She 'might very well think we should not 'put up such a business without some 'satisfaction; and the law would have 'cost her an infinite deal more than 'this poor little matter, which I won-'der you would take!'—'You are al-'ways so bloodily wise,' quoth the husband: 'it would have cost her more, 'would it? Dost fancy I don't know 'that as well as thee? But would any 'of that more, or so much, have come 'into our pockets? Indeed, if son Tom 'the lawyer had been alive, I could 'have been glad to have put such a 'pretty business into his hands. He 'would have got a good picking out 'of it; but I have no relation now 'who is a lawyer, and why should I go 'to law for the benefit of strangers?'—'Nay, to be sure,' answered she, 'you 'must know best.'—'I believe I do,' replied he. 'I fancy, when money is 'to be got, I can smell it out as well as 'another. Every body, let me tell 'you, would not have talked people 'out of this. Mind that, I say; every 'body would not have cajoled this out 'of her; mind that!' The wife then joined in the applause of her husband's sagacity; and thus ended the short dialogue between them on this occasion.

We will therefore take our leave of these good people, and attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition, that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure upon the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travellers who are it's subject. Good writers will, indeed, do well to imitate the

the ingenious traveller in this inſtance, who always proportions his ſtay at any place, to the beauties, elegancies, and curioſities, which it affords. At Eſher, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eaſtbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too ſhort for the raviſhed imagination, while we admire the wondrous power of art in improving nature. In ſome of theſe, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applauſe; but in the laſt, the former ſeems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richeſt attire; and art, dreſſed with the modeſteſt ſimplicity, attends it's benignant miſtreſs. Here nature, indeed, pours forth the choiceſt treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this world; and here human nature preſents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The ſame taſte, the ſame imagination, which luxuriouſly riots in theſe elegant ſcenes, can be amuſed with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns, of Devon and of Dorſet, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace; which delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy heath of Bagſhot, or that pleaſant plain which extends itſelf weſtward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one ſingle tree only in ſixteen miles preſents itſelf to the view; unleſs the clouds, in compaſſion to our tired ſpirits, kindly open their variegated manſions to our proſpect.

Not ſo travels the money-meditating tradeſman, the ſagacious juſtice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulneſs. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horſes meaſuring four miles and a half per hour with the utmoſt exactneſs; the eyes of the beaſt and of his maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame objects in the ſame manner. With equal rapture, the good rider ſurveys the proudeſt boaſts of the architect, and thoſe fair buildings, with which ſome unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing-town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to ſhew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haſte to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy ſagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to thoſe authors who are their oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this occaſion; for though we will always lend thee proper aſſiſtance in difficult places; as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the arts of divination to diſcover our meaning; yet we ſhall not indulge thy lazineſs where nothing but thy own attention is required: for thou art highly miſtaken, if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy ſagacity nothing to do; or that, without ſometimes exerciſing this talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleaſure or profit to thyſelf.

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING A HINT OR TWO CONCERNING VIRTUE, AND A FEW MORE CONCERNING SUSPICION.

OUR company being arrived at London, were ſet down at his lordſhip's houſe, where, while they refreſhed themſelves after the fatigue of their journey, ſervants were diſpatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyſhip was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to accept a bed in the manſion of the peer.

Some readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and ſcrupulous; but we muſt make allowances for her ſituation, which muſt be owned to have been very tickliſh; and when we conſider the malice of cenſorious tongues, we muſt allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an exceſs on the right ſide; and which every woman who is in the ſelf-ſame ſituation will do well to imitate. The moſt formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may, perhaps, in very abſtracted conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than virtue itſelf without this formality; but it will, however, be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular caſes, for

every woman to support either the one or the other.

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her cousin for that evening; but resolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whose protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her father's house. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some observations she had made during her journey in the coach.

Now, as we would by no means fix the odious character of suspicion on Sophia, we are almost afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs. Fitzpatrick; of whom she certainly entertained at present some doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the bosoms of the worst of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a word or two to our reader touching suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me two degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the heart; as the extreme velocity of it's discernment seems to denote some previous inward impulse; and the rather, as this superlative degree often forms it's own objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists. This is that quick-sighted penetration, whose hawk's eyes no symptom of evil can escape; which observes not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the observer, so it dives into the heart of the observed, and there espies evil, as it were, in the first embryo; nay, sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; so from the fallibility of such acute discernment, have arisen many sad mischiefs and most grievous heartachs to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vast quick-sightedness into evil as a vicious excess, and as a very pernicious evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reasons I have above mentioned; and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of suspicion, I entirely and absolutely acquit Sophia.

A second degree of this quality seems to arise from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of seeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a consequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt, as the former is to innocence; nor can I see it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For instance, if a husband should accidentally surprize his wife in the lap, or in the embraces of some of those pretty young gentlemen who profess the art of cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will easily suggest great plenty of instances to himself: I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is, a suspicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already; and that it is possible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the same part again. And to confess the truth, of this degree of suspicion I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of suspicion she had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her cousin was really not better than she should be.

The case, it seems, was this; Mrs. Fitzpatrick wisely considered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the same situation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet it's enemies: for it can hardly meet any other. No sooner, therefore, was she determined to take the first opportunity of quitting the protection of her husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the protection of some other man; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her guardian, as a person of quality, of fortune, of honour; and who, besides a gal-

a gallant diſpoſition which inclines men to knight errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in diſtreſs, had often declared a violent attachment to herſelf, and had already given her all the inſtances of it in his power.

But as the law hath fooliſhly omitted this office of vice-huſband, or guardian to an eloped lady; and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable appellation, it was concluded that his lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind offices to the lady in ſecret, and without publickly aſſuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other perſon from ſeeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady ſhould proceed directly to Bath; and that his lordſhip ſhould firſt go to London, and thence ſhould go down to that place by the advice of his phyſicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly underſtood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a ſecret than was the good lady; and perhaps the exact ſecreſy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had obſerved on this head in her narrative, ſerved not a little to heighten thoſe ſuſpicions which were now ariſen in the mind of her couſin.

Sophia very eaſily found out the lady ſhe ſought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her houſe was not perfectly well known; and as ſhe received, in return of her firſt meſſage, a moſt preſſing invitation, ſhe immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, indeed, did not deſire her couſin to ſtay with her with more earneſtneſs than civility required. Whether ſhe had diſcerned and reſented the ſuſpicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it aroſe, I cannot ſay; but certain it is, ſhe was full as deſirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herſelf could be of going.

The young lady, when ſhe came to take leave of her couſin, could not avoid giving her a ſhort hint of advice. She begged her, for Heaven's ſake, to take care of herſelf, and to conſider in how dangerous a ſituation ſhe ſtood; adding, ſhe hoped ſome method would be found of reconciling her to her huſband. 'You muſt remember, my 'dear,' ſays ſhe, 'the maxim which 'my aunt Weſtern hath ſo often re-'peated to us both: that "whenever "the matrimonial alliance is broke, "and war declared between huſband "and wife, ſhe can hardly make a "diſadvantageous peace for herſelf on "any conditions." Theſe are my aunt's 'very words; and ſhe hath had a great 'deal of experience in the world.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered, with a contemptuous ſmile, 'Never fear me, 'child! take care of yourſelf; for you 'are younger than me. I will come 'and viſit you in a few days; but, 'dear Sophy, let me give you one 'piece of advice. Leave the charac-'ter of Graveairs in the country; for, 'believe me, it will ſit very aukwardly 'upon you in this town.'

Thus the two couſins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to Lady Bellaſton, where ſhe found a moſt hearty, as well as a moſt polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when ſhe had ſeen her formerly with her aunt Weſtern. She was indeed extremely glad to ſee her; and was no ſooner acquainted with the reaſons which induced her to leave the ſquire and fly to London, than ſhe highly applauded her ſenſe and reſolution; and after expreſſing the higheſt ſatisfaction in the opinion which Sophia had declared ſhe entertained of her ladyſhip, by chuſing her houſe for an aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into ſafe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſit her there a while, and to look a little after other perſonages; and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his paſt offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought ſufficient puniſhment upon him themſelves.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK. XII.

CONTAINING THE SAME INDIVIDUAL TIME WITH THE FORMER.

CHAP. I.

SHEWING WHAT IS TO BE DEEMED PLAGIARISM IN A MODERN AUTHOR, AND WHAT IS TO BE CONSIDERED AS LAWFUL PRIZE.

THE learned reader muſt have obſerved, that in the courſe of this mighty work, I have often tranſlated paſſages out of the beſt ancient authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the leaſt notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing, is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in his preface to his Mythology; a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. 'It will 'be eaſy,' ſays he, 'for the reader to 'obſerve, that I have frequently had 'greater regard to him, than to my 'own reputation: for an author cer-'tainly pays him a conſiderable com-'pliment, when, for his ſake, he 'ſuppreſſes learned quotations that 'come in his way, and which would 'have coſt him but the bare trouble of 'tranſcribing.'

To fill up a work with theſe ſcraps, may indeed be conſidered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by ſuch means impoſed upon to buy a ſecond time in fragments, and by retail, what they have already in groſs, if not in their memories, upon their ſhelves; and it is ſtill more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of uſe to them. A writer who intermixes a great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the ſame paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour ſo to confound and mix up their lots, that in order to purchaſe the commodity you want, you are obliged at the ſame time to purchaſe that which will do you no ſervice.

And yet, as there is no conduct ſo fair and diſintereſted, but that it may be miſunderſtood by ignorance, and miſrepreſented by malice, I have been ſometimes tempted to preſerve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and

and to tranſcribe the original, or at leaſt to quote chapter and verſe, whenever I have made uſe either of the thought or expreſſion of another. I am indeed in ſome doubt that I have often ſuffered by the contrary method; and that by ſuppreſſing the original author's name, I have been rather ſuſpected of plagiariſm, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above aſſigned by that juſtly celebrated Frenchman.

Now to obviate all ſuch imputations for the future, I do here confeſs and juſtify the fact. The ancients may be conſidered as a rich common, where every perſon who hath the ſmalleſt tenement in Parnaſſus, hath a free right to fatten his muſe. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the ancients, what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here, I mean, that large and venerable body, which, in Engliſh, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, muſt well know that it is one of their eſtabliſhed maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither ſin nor ſhame among them. And ſo conſtantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every pariſh almoſt in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on againſt a certain perſon of opulence, called the ſquire, whoſe property is conſidered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in ſuch depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligations, to conceal and to preſerve each other from puniſhment on all ſuch occaſions.

In like manner are the ancients, ſuch as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the reſt, to be eſteemed among us writers, as ſo many wealthy ſquires, from whom we, the poor of Parnaſſus, claim an immemorial cuſtom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profeſs, and all I require from my brethren, is to maintain the ſame ſtrict honeſty among ourſelves, which the mob ſhew to one another. To ſteal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be ſtrictly ſtiled defrauding the poor, (ſometimes, perhaps, thoſe who are poorer than ourſelves) or to ſee it under the moſt opprobrious colours, 'robbing the ſpital.'

Since, therefore, upon the ſtricteſt examination, my own conſcience cannot lay any ſuch pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accuſation; nor ſhall I ever ſcruple to take to myſelf any paſſage which I ſhall find in an ancient author to my purpoſe, without ſetting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I abſolutely claim a property in all ſuch ſentiments, the moment they are tranſcribed into my writings; and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim, however, I deſire to be allowed me only on condition that I preſerve ſtrict honeſty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if I ever borrow any of that little of which they are poſſeſſed, I ſhall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be reſtored to the right owner.

The omiſſion of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who, having formerly borrowed ſome lines of Pope and Company, took the liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope, however, very luckily found them in the ſaid play, and laying violent hands on his own property, transferred it back again into his own works; and for a farther puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid Moore in the loathſome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH, THOUGH THE SQUIRE DOTH NOT FIND HIS DAUGHTER, SOMETHING IS FOUND WHICH PUTS AN END TO HIS PURSUIT.

THE hiſtory now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we ſhall firſt trace the footſteps of Squire Weſtern; for as he will ſoon arrive at the end

end of his journey, we ſhall have then full leiſure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that the ſaid ſquire departed from the inn in great fury; and in that fury he purſued his daughter. The hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the Severn, he likewiſe paſt that river with his equipage, and rode full ſpeed, vowing the utmoſt vengeance againſt poor Sophia, if he ſhould but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a croſs-way. Here he called a ſhort council of war, in which, after hearing different opinions, he at laſt gave the direction of his purſuit to fortune, and ſtruck directly into the Worceſter road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himſelf moſt bitterly; frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! ſure never was 'ſo unlucky a dog as myſelf!' and then burſt forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parſon attempted to adminiſter comfort on this occaſion. 'Sorrow 'not, Sir!' ſays he, 'like thoſe with-'out hope! Howbeit we have not yet 'been able to overtake young Ma-'dam, we may account it ſome good 'fortune, that we have hitherto traced 'her courſe aright. Peradventure ſhe 'will ſoon be fatigated with her jour-'ney, and will tarry in ſome inn, in 'order to renovate her corporeal func-'tions; and in that caſe, in all moral 'certainty, you will very briefly be '*compos voti*.'

'Pooh! d—n the ſlut!' anſwered the ſquire, 'I am lamenting the loſs 'of ſo fine a morning for hunting. 'It is confounded hard to loſe one of 'the beſt ſcenting-days, in all ap-'pearance, which hath been this ſea-'ſon, and eſpecially after ſo long a 'froſt.'

Whether fortune, who now and then ſhews ſome compaſſion in her wantoneſt tricks, might not take pity of the ſquire; and as ſhe had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not reſolve to make him amends ſome other way, I will not aſſert; but he had hardly uttered the words juſt before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a ſmall diſtance from them, which the ſquire's horſe and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the ſquire crying, 'She's 'gone, ſhe's gone! damn me, if ſhe 'is not gone!' inſtantly clapped ſpurs to the beaſt, who little needed it, having indeed the ſame inclination with his maſter. And now the whole company croſſing into a corn field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallooing and hooping, while the poor parſon, bleſſing himſelf, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports, that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the deſire of a paſſionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no ſooner perceived a mouſe, than, mindful of her former ſport, and ſtill retaining her priſtine nature, ſhe leaped from the bed of her huſband to purſue the little animal.

What are we to underſtand by this? Not that the bride was diſpleaſed with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though ſome have remarked that cats are ſubject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleaſed and purr on certain occaſions. The truth is, as the ſagacious Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves, in his deep reflections, that if we ſhut nature out at the door, ſhe will come in at the window; and that puſs, though a Madam, will be a mouſer ſtill. In the ſame manner, we are not to arraign the ſquire of any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to conſider that he was a ſquire and a ſportſman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewiſe.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the ſquire purſued over hedge and ditch, with all his uſual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his uſual pleaſure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themſelves to allay the ſatisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, which, he ſaid, was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which he ſwore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the ſquire forgot his daughter, the ſervants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their miſtreſs; and the parſon, after having expreſſed much aſtoniſhment in Latin to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and jog-

ging

ging on at a diſtance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the enſuing Sunday.

The ſquire who owned the hounds, was highly pleaſed with the arrival of his brother ſquire and ſportſman: for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Weſtern; nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportſmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for, if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river, the reſt paſs on regardleſs, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two ſquires, though often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle word. The maſter of the hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great judgment of the ſtranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault; and hence conceived a very high opinion of his underſtanding, as the number of his attendants inſpired no ſmall reverence to his quality. As ſoon therefore as the ſport was ended, by the death of the little animal which had occaſioned it, the two ſquires met, and in all ſquire-like greeting, ſaluted each other.

The converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on ſome other occaſion; but as it no wiſe concerns this hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a place here. It concluded with a ſecond chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of Squire Weſtern.

Our ſquire was by no means a match either for his hoſt or for Parſon Supple, at his cups that evening; for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the leaſt derogation from his honour. He was, indeed, according to the vulgar phraſe, whiſtle-drunk; for before he had ſwallowed the third bottle, he became ſo entirely overpowered, that, though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parſon conſidered him as abſent; and having acquainted the other ſquire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promiſe of ſeconding thoſe arguments which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Weſtern's return.

No ſooner therefore had the good ſquire ſhaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to ſummon his horſes in order to renew his purſuit, than Mr. Supple began his diſſuaſives, which the hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Weſtern agreed to return home; being principally moved by one argument, viz. that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter, inſtead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother ſportſmen; and expreſſing great joy that the froſt was broken, (which might perhaps be no ſmall motive to his haſtening home) ſet forwards, or rather backwards, for Somerſetſhire; but not before he had firſt diſpatched part of his retinue in queſt of his daughter, after whom he likewiſe ſent a volley of the moſt bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

THE DEPARTURE OF JONES FROM UPTON, WITH WHAT PASSED BETWEEN HIM AND PARTRIDGE ON THE ROAD.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and, to ſay truth, we have been obliged to part with him ſo long, that, conſidering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at preſent in that ſituation in which prudent people uſually deſiſt from enquiring any farther after their friends, leſt they ſhould be ſhocked by hearing ſuch friends had hanged themſelves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly ſay, neither have we all the vices, of a prudent character! and, though it is not eaſy to conceive circumſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor Jones at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame diligence as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones, then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes

after the departure of Squire Weſtern, and purſued the ſame road on foot; for the hoſtler told them, that no horſes were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their diſquiet proceeded from very different reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and if Jones ſighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as ſadly at every ſtep.

When they came to the croſs roads where the ſquire had ſtopt to take counſel, Jones ſtopped likewiſe, and turning to Partridge, aſked his opinion which track they ſhould purſue. 'Ah, 'Sir!' anſwered Partridge, 'I wiſh 'your honour would follow my ad-'vice.'—'Why ſhould I not?' replied Jones; 'for it is now indifferent to me 'whither I go, or what becomes of 'me.'—'My advice then,' ſaid Partridge, 'is, that you immediately face 'about, and return home; for who 'that hath ſuch a home to return to, 'as your honour, would travel thus 'about the country like a vagabond? I 'aſk pardon, *ſed vox eaſola reperta eſt.*'

'Alas!' cries Jones, 'I have no 'home to return to—but if my friend, 'my father, would receive me, could 'I bear the country from which So-'phia is flown—cruel Sophia! Cruel! 'no. Let me blame myſelf—no, let 'me blame thee. D—nation ſeize thee, 'fool, blockhead! thou haſt undone 'me, and I will tear thy ſoul from 'thy body.' At which words, he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and ſhook him more heartily than an ague-fit or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm; when Jones, after ſtaring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and diſcharged a rage on himſelf, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being; which indeed the very apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

We would beſtow ſome pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the reader would take the ſame pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that after all the labour which we ſhould employ in painting this ſcene, the ſaid reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved ourſelves that trouble. To ſay the truth, we have, from this reaſon alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent deſcriptions out of our work, which would otherwiſe have been in it. And this ſuſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the caſe, from our own wicked heart; for we have, ourſelves, been very often moſt horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous hiſtorians.

Suffice it then ſimply to ſay, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came, by degrees, to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earneſtly begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his paſſion; but concluded, by deſiring him never to mention his return again, for he was reſolved never to ſee that country any more.

Partridge eaſily forgave, and faithfully promiſed to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briſkly cried out, 'Since it is ab-'ſolutely impoſſible for me to purſue 'any farther the ſteps of my angel—I 'will purſue thoſe of glory. Come on, 'my brave lad; now for the army! it 'is a glorious cauſe, and I would 'willingly ſacrifice my life in it, even 'though it was worth my preſerving!' And ſo ſaying, he immediately ſtruck into the different road from that which the ſquire had taken; and, by mere chance, purſued the very ſame through which Sophia had before paſſed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without ſpeaking a ſyllable to each other, though Jones, indeed, muttered many things to himſelf. As to Partridge, he was profoundly ſilent: for he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former fright; beſides, he had apprehenſions of provoking his friend to a ſecond fit of wrath; eſpecially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great wonder in the reader. In ſhort, he began now to ſuſpect that Jones was abſolutely out of his ſenſes.

At length, Jones being weary of ſoliloquy, addreſſed himſelf to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity; for which the poor man very honeſtly

honeſtly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now this fear being pretty well removed, by the moſt abſolute promiſes of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no leſs at regaining it's liberty, than a young colt when the bridle is ſlipt from his neck, and he is turned looſe into the paſtures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topick which would have firſt ſuggeſted itſelf, he fell upon that which was next uppermoſt in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, 'Sir,' ſays he, 'that could never be 'a man, who dreſſes himſelf, and 'lives after ſuch a ſtrange manner, 'and ſo unlike other folks. Beſides, 'his diet, as the old woman told me, 'is chiefly upon herbs, which is a 'fitter food for a horſe than a chriſ-'tian: nay, landlord at Upton ſays, 'that the neighbours thereabouts have 'very fearful notions about him. It 'runs ſtrangely in my head, that it 'muſt have been ſome ſpirit, who, 'perhaps, might be ſent to forewarn 'us: and who knows, but all that 'matter which he told us of his going 'to fight, and of his being taken 'priſoner, and of the great danger he 'was in of being hanged, might be 'intended as a warning to us, conſi-'dering what we are going about: 'beſides, I dreamt of nothing all 'laſt night, but of fighting; and me-'thought the blood ran out of my 'noſe, as liquor out of a tap. In-'deed, Sir, *infandum, regina, jubes 'renovare dolorem.*'

'Thy ſtory, Partridge,' anſwered Jones, 'is almoſt as ill applied as 'thy Latin. Nothing can be more 'likely to happen, than death, to men 'who go into battle. Perhaps we ſhall 'both fall in it—and what then?' —'What then!' replied Partridge; 'why then there is an end of us, is 'there not? When I am gone, all is 'over with me. What matters the 'cauſe to me, or who gets the vic-'tory, if I am killed? I ſhall never 'enjoy any advantage from it. What 'are all the ringing of bells and bon-'fires, to one that is ſix foot under 'ground! There will be an end of 'poor Partridge!'—'And an end of 'poor Partridge,' cries Jones, 'there 'muſt be one time or other. If you 'love Latin, I will repeat you ſome 'fine lines out of Horace, which 'would inſpire courage into a coward.

'*Dulce et decorum eſt pro patriâ mori.*
'*Mors et fugacem perſequitur virum*
'*Nec parcit imbellis juventæ*
'*Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.*'

'I wiſh you would conſtrue them,' cries Partridge; 'for Horace is a hard 'author, and I cannot underſtand as 'you repeat them.'

'I will repeat you a bad imitation, 'or rather paraphraſe of my own, ſaid Jones; 'for I am but an indiffe-'rent poet.

Who would not die in his dear country's
'cauſe?
'Since, if baſe Fear his daſtard ſtep with-
'draws,
'From Death he cannot fly:—one com-
'mon grave
'Receives, at laſt, the coward and the
'brave.'

'That's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, ſure, *mors omnibus com-'munis:* but there is a great difference 'between dying in one's bed a great 'many years hence, like a good chriſ-'tian, with all our friends crying 'about us, and being ſhot to-day or 'to-morrow, like a mad dog; or, 'perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces 'with a ſword, and that too before we 'have repented of all our ſins. Oh! 'Lord have mercy upon us! to be 'ſure, the ſoldiers are a wicked kind 'of people. I never loved to have 'any thing to do with them. I could 'hardly bring myſelf ever to look 'upon them as chriſtians. There is 'nothing but curſing and ſwearing 'among them. I wiſh your honour 'would repent: I heartily wiſh you 'would repent, before it is too late; 'and not think of going among them. "Evil communication corrupts good "manners." That is my principal 'reaſon. For as for that matter, I 'am no more afraid than another man, 'not I; as to matter of that I know 'all human fleſh muſt die; but yet a 'man may live many years for all 'that. Why, I am a middle-aged 'man now, and yet I may live a great 'number of years. I have read of 'ſeveral who have lived to be above

'a hundred, and some a great deal above a hundred! Not that I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live to any such age as that neither. But if it be only to eighty or ninety, Heaven be praised, that is a great ways off yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more than another man: but, surely, to tempt death before a man's time is come, seems to me downright wickedness and presumption. Besides, if it was to do any good indeed; but let the cause be what it will, what mighty matter of good can two people do? And, for my part, I understand nothing of it. I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; and then it was not charged with bullets. And for the sword, I never learned to fence, and know nothing of the matter. And then there are those cannons, which certainly it must be thought the highest presumption to go in the way of; and nobody but a madman—I ask pardon; upon my soul, I meant no harm: I beg I may not throw your honour into another passion.'

'Be under no apprehension, Partridge,' cries Jones; 'I am now so well convinced of thy cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me on any account.'—'Your honour,' answered he, 'may call me coward, or any thing else you please. If loving to sleep in a whole skin makes a man a coward, *non immunes ab illis malis fumus*. I never read in my grammar, that a man can't be a good man without fighting. *Vir bonus est quis? Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat*. Not a word of fighting; and I am sure the scripture is so much against it, that a man shall never persuade me he is a good christian, while he sheds christian blood.'

CHAP. IV.

THE ADVENTURE OF A BEGGARMAN.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine with which the last chapter concluded, they arrived at another cross-way, when a lame fellow in rags asked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a severe rebuke, saying, 'Every parish ought 'to keep their own poor.' Jones then fell a laughing, and asked Partridge, if he was not ashamed, with so much charity in his mouth, to have no charity in his heart. 'Your religion,' says he, 'serves you only for an excuse for your faults, but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man 'who is really a christian, abstain from 'relieving one of his brethren in such 'a miserable condition?' And at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a shilling.

'Master,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I have a curious thing 'here in my pocket, which I found 'about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one; but as you are so good a gentleman, and so kind to the poor, you won't suspect a man of being a thief only because he is poor.' He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hands of Jones.

Jones presently opened it, and (guess, reader, what he felt!) saw in the first page, the words Sophia Western, written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name, than he prest it close to his lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantick raptures, notwithstanding his company; but, perhaps, these very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kissing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered crust in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from it's leaves to the ground; which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was, indeed, the very bill which Western had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchase it at five shillings less than 100l.

The eyes of Partridge sparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud; and so did (though with somewhat a different aspect) those of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honesty) had never opened it: but we should not deal honestly by the reader,

reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumſtance, which may be here a little material, viz. that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and tranſport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new diſcovery: for his imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted to him, that the owner of the bill might poſſibly want it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible, and return it her.

The pocket-book was a late preſent from Mrs. Weſtern to her niece: it had coſt five and twenty ſhillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the ſilver, which it contained in it's claſp, was about eighteen-pence; and that price the ſaid toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his ſhop, would now have given for it. A prudent perſon would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a ſhilling, or perhaps ſixpence, for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which ſome learned ſerjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe circumſtances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whoſe character was on the outſide of generoſity, and may perhaps not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of extravagance, without any heſitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been poſſeſſed of ſo much treaſure, gave Mr. Jones a thouſand thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of tranſport in his muſcles, than Jones had before ſhewn, when he had firſt read the name of Sophia Weſtern.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not ſo faſt as Mr. Jones deſired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not poſſibly travel faſter than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at above three miles diſtance, though the fellow had ſaid otherwiſe, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kiſſed it as often, talked much to himſelf, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expreſſed ſome ſigns of aſtoniſhment to Partridge; who more than once ſhook his head, and cry'd, 'Poor gentleman! *orandum eſt* '*ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*'

At length they arrived at the very ſpot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent ſurprize and joy which the firſt receipt of the guinea had occaſioned, was now conſiderably abated, and who had now had ſufficient time to recollect himſelf, put on a diſcontented look, and, ſcratching his head, ſaid, he hoped his worſhip would give him ſomething more. 'Your worſhip,' ſaid he, 'will, I hope, take it into 'your conſideration, that if I had not 'been honeſt, I might have kept the 'whole.' And, indeed, this the reader muſt confeſs to have been true. 'If 'the paper there,' ſaid he, 'be worth 'ſom. I am ſure the finding it de'ſerves more than a guinea. Beſides, 'ſuppoſe your worſhip ſhould never 'ſee the lady, nor give it her—and 'though your worſhip looks and talks 'very much like a gentleman, yet I 'have only your worſhip's bare word; 'and, certainly, if the right owner 'ben't to be found, it all belongs to 'the firſt finder. I hope your wor'ſhip will conſider all theſe matters. 'I am but a poor man, and therefore 'don't deſire to have all; but it is but 'reaſonable I ſhould have my ſhare. 'Your worſhip looks like a good man, 'and, I hope, will conſider my ho'neſty; for I might have kept every 'farthing, and nobody ever the wiſer.' —'I promiſe thee, upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the right 'owner, and will reſtore it her.'— 'Nay, your worſhip,' anſwered the fellow, 'may do as you pleaſe as to that: 'if you will but give me my ſhare, that 'is one half of the money, your ho'nour may keep the reſt yourſelf, if 'you pleaſe.' And concluded with ſwearing,

swearing, by a very vehement oath, that he would never mention a syllable of it to any man living.

'Look'e, friend,' cries Jones, 'the 'right owner shall certainly have again 'all that she lost; and as for any far-'ther gratuity, I really cannot give it 'you at present; but let me know your 'name, and where you live, and it is 'more than possible, you may hereafter 'have farther reason to rejoice at this 'morning's adventure.'

'I don't know what you mean by 'venture,' cries the fellow; 'it seems 'I must venture whether you will re-'turn the lady her money or no; but 'I hope your worship will consider—' 'Come, come,' said Partridge, 'tell 'his honour your name, and where 'you may be found; I warrant you 'will never repent having put the mo-'ney into his hands.' The fellow, seeing no hopes of recovering the possession of the pocket-book, at last complied in giving in his name and place of abode; which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then placing the paper in the same page where she had writ her name, he cried out, 'There, friend, you are 'the happiest man alive; I have join-'ed your name to that of an angel.' —'I don't know any thing about an-'gels,' answered the fellow; 'but I 'wish you would give me a little more 'money, or else return me the pocket-'book.' Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by several vile and opprobrious names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not suffer any such thing: and now telling the fellow he would certainly find some opportunity of serving him, Mr. Jones departed as fast as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pounds had infused new spirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his parents: 'For had they,' says he, 'sent me to a charity-school, to learn to 'write and read, and cast accounts, I 'should have known the value of these 'matters as well as other people.'

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING MORE ADVENTURES WHICH MR. JONES AND HIS COMPANION MET ON THE ROAD.

OUR travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little time or breath for conversation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank bill; which, though it gave him some pleasure, caused him at the same time to repine at fortune, which, in all his walks, had never given him such an opportunity of shewing his honesty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his pace: with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some time lost the footsteps of the horses, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for several miles; and he was now upon a wide common where were several roads.

He here therefore stopped to consider which of these roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the noise of a drum that seemed at no great distance. This sound presently alarmed the fears of Partridge; and he cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon us all! 'they are certainly a coming!'—'Who 'is coming?' cries Jones; for fear had long since given place to softer ideas in his mind; and since his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on pursuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. 'Who!' cries Partridge; 'why the re-'bels: but why should I call them re-'bels? they may be very honest gen-'tlemen, for any thing I know to the 'contrary. The devil take him that 'affronts them, I say. I am sure, if 'they have nothing to say to me, I will 'have nothing to say to them, but in 'a civil way. For Heaven's sake, Sir, 'don't affront them, if they should 'come, and perhaps they may do us 'no harm; but would it not be the 'wiser way to creep into some of yon-'der bushes till they are gone by? 'What can two unarmed men do per-'haps against fifty thousand? Cer-'tainly nobody but a madman—I hope 'your honour is not offended; but 'certainly no man who hath *mens sana* '*in corpore sano*—' Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inspired; saying, that by the drum he perceived they were near

near some town. He then made directly towards the place whence the noise proceeded, bidding Partridge take courage, for that he would lead him into no danger; and adding, it was impossible the rebels should be so near.

Partridge was a little comforted with this last assurance; and though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating time; but not after the manner of heroes, to the musick of the drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, discovered something painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him, which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O Lord, Sir, here they 'are! there is the crown and coffin! 'Oh, Lord! I never saw any thing 'so terrible! and we are within gun-'shot of them already.'

Jones no sooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus mistaken. 'Par-'tridge,' says he, 'I fancy you will 'be able to engage this whole army 'yourself; for by the colours I guess 'what the drum was which we heard 'before, and which beats up for re-'cruits to a puppet-show.'

'A puppet-show!' answered Partridge, with a most eager transport: 'and is it really no more than that? 'I love a puppet-show of all the pas-'times upon earth. Do, good Sir, let 'us tarry and see it. Besides, I am 'quite famished to death; for it is now 'almost dark, and I have not eat a 'morsel since three o'clock in the 'morning.'

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouse, where Jones was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any assurance of being in the road he desired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to enquire if no ladies had passed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the state of their provisions: and indeed his enquiry met with the better success; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia, but Partridge, to his great satisfaction, found good reason to expect very shortly the agreeable sight of an excellent smoaking dish of eggs and bacon.

In strong and healthy constitutions, love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter, it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conversation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulness, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing else; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the present case; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty stomach; yet no sooner did he sit down to the bacon and eggs, then he fell to as heartily and voraciously as Partridge himself.

Before our travellers had finished their dinner, night came on; and as the moon was now past the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to stay and see the puppet-show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the master of the said show; who declared that his figures were the finest which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great satisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-show was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and serious part of the Provok'd Husband; and it was, indeed, a very grave and solemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jests; or, to do it no more than justice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleased. A grave matron told the master she would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not shew any stuff; and an attorney's clerk and an excise man both declared, that the characters of Lord and Lady Townley were well preserved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewise concurred with this opinion.

The master was so highly elated with these encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, the present age was not improved in any thing so much as in their puppet-shows; which, by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, and such idle trumpery, were

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at last brought to a rational entertainment. 'I remember,' said he, 'when I first took to the business, there 'was a great deal of low stuff, that 'did very well to make folks laugh; 'but was never calculated to improve 'the morals of young people, which 'certainly ought to be principally 'aimed at in every puppet-show: for 'why may not good and instructive 'lessons be conveyed this way, as well 'as any other? My figures are as big 'as the life, and they represent the 'life in every particular; and I ques'tion not but people rise from my lit'tle drama as much improved as they 'do from the great.'—'I would by 'no means degrade the ingenuity of 'your profession,' answered Jones; 'but I should have been glad to have 'seen my old acquaintance, Master 'Punch, for all that; and so far from 'improving, I think, by leaving out 'him and his merry wife Joan, you 'have spoiled your puppet-show.'

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from these words. And with much disdain in his countenance, he replied, 'Very probably, Sir, that may be your 'opinion; but I have the satisfaction 'to know the best judges differ from 'you, and it is impossible to please 'every taste. I confess, indeed, some 'of the quality at Bath, two or three 'years ago, wanted mightily to bring 'Punch again upon the stage. I be'lieve I lost some money for not agree'ing to it; but let others do as they 'will; a little matter shall never bribe 'me to degrade my own profession, 'nor will I ever willingly consent to 'the spoiling the decency and regula'rity of my stage, by introducing any 'such low stuff upon it.'

'Right, friend,' cries the clerk; 'you 'are very right. Always avoid what 'is low. There are several of my ac'quaintance in London, who are 'resolved to drive every thing which 'is low from the stage.'—'Nothing 'can be more proper,' cries the excise-man, pulling his pipe from his mouth. 'I remember,' added he, '(for I then 'lived with my lord) I was in the 'footman's gallery, the night when 'this play of the Provok'd Husband 'was acted first. There was a great 'deal of low stuff in it about a coun'try gentleman come up to town to 'stand for parliament-man; and there 'they brought a parcel of his servants 'upon the stage; his coachman I re'member particularly; but the gen'tlemen in our gallery could not bear 'any thing so low, and they damned 'it. I observe, friend, you have left 'all that matter out, and you are to 'be commended for it.'

'Nay, gentlemen,' cries Jones, 'I 'can never maintain my opinion a'gainst so many; indeed, if the ge'nerality of his audience dislike him, 'the learned gentleman who conducts 'the show may have done very right 'in dismissing Punch from his service.'

The master of the show then began a second harangue, and said much of the great force of example; and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by observing how odious it was in their superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this chapter.

CHAP. VI.

FROM WHICH IT MAY BE INFERRED, THAT THE BEST THINGS ARE LIABLE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD AND MISINTERPRETED.

A Violent uproar now arose in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fist and tongue. She had indeed missed the wench from her employment, and after a little search, had found her on the puppet-show stage, in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a situation not very proper to be described.

Though Grace (for that was her name) had forfeited all title to modesty, yet had she not impudence enough to deny a fact in which she was actually surprized; she therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. 'Why do you beat 'me in this manner, mistress?' cries the wench. 'If you don't like my 'doings, you may turn me away. If 'I am a w—e,' (for the other had liberally bestowed that appellation on her) 'my betters are so as well as I!

'What

'What was the fine lady in the pup-
'pet-ſhow juſt now? I ſuppoſe ſhe did
'not lie all night out from her huſ-
'band for nothing.'

The landlady now burſt into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her huſband and the poor puppet-mover. 'Here, huſ-
'band,' ſays ſhe, 'you ſee the conſe-
'quence of harbouring theſe people in
'your houſe. If one doth draw a lit-
'tle drink the more for them, one is
'hardly made amends for the litter
'they make; and then to have one's
'houſe made a bawdy-houſe of by ſuch
'louſy vermin! In ſhort, I deſire you
'would be gone to-morrow morning;
'for I will tolerate no more ſuch doings.
'It is only the way to teach our ſervants
'idleneſs and nonſenſe; for, to be ſure,
'nothing better can be learned by ſuch
'idle ſhows as theſe. I remember
'when puppet-ſhows were made of
'good Scripture ſtories, as Jephtha's
'raſh vow, and ſuch good things, and
'when wicked people were carried
'away by the devil; there was ſome
'ſenſe in thoſe matters: but as the par-
'ſon told us laſt Sunday, nobody be-
'lieves in the devil now-a-days; and
'here you bring about a parcel of pup-
'pets dreſt up like lords and ladies,
'only to turn the heads of poor coun-
'try wenches; and when their heads
'are once turned topſy-turvy, no won-
'der every thing elſe is ſo.'

Virgil, I think, tell us, that when the mob are aſſembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all ſorts of miſſile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongſt them, the tumult is preſently appeaſed; and the mob, which, when collected into one body, may be well compared to an aſs, erect their long ears at the grave man's diſcourſe.

On the contrary, when a ſet of grave men and philoſophers are diſputing; when wiſdom herſelf may in a manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtering arguments to the diſputants; or ſhould a tumult ariſe among the mob, ſhould one ſcold, who is herſelf equal in noiſe to a mighty mob, appear among the ſaid philoſophers; their diſputes ceaſe in a moment, wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the ſcold alone.

Thus the uproar aforeſaid, and the arrival of the landlady, ſilenced the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final end to that grave and ſolemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a ſufficient taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this accident; the moſt wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived ſuch another ſtratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually ſtopt, as that of a quack muſt be, if, in the midſt of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpſe of one of his martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the ſtage, as a teſtimony of his ſkill.

Inſtead, therefore, of anſwering my landlady, the puppet-ſhow man ran out to puniſh his merry-andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her ſilver light, as the poets call it, (though ſhe looked at that time more like a piece of copper) Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had juſt awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge, having lately carried two points, as my reader hath ſeen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was, to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the houſe where he then was. He introduced this with an affected ſurprize at the intention which Mr. Jones declared of removing; and after urging many excellent arguments againſt it, he at laſt inſiſted ſtrongly, that it could be to no manner of purpoſe whatever; for that unleſs Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every ſtep he took might very poſſibly lead him the farther from her: 'For you find, Sir,' ſaid he, 'by all the people in the houſe,
'that ſhe is not gone this way. How
'much better, therefore, would it be,
'to ſtay till the morning, when we
'may expect to meet with ſomebody to
'enquire of?'

This laſt argument had indeed ſome effect on Jones; and while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetorick of which he was maſter, into the ſame ſcale. 'Sure, Sir,' ſaid he,
'your ſervant gives you moſt excellent
'advice: for who would travel by
'night at this time of the year?' He then began, in the uſual ſtile, to trum-

pet forth the excellent accommodation which his house afforded; and my landlady likewise opened on the occasion. But not to detain the reader with what is common to every host and hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, Jones was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few hours rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his eyes since he had left the inn where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As soon as Jones had taken a resolution to proceed no farther that night, he presently retired to rest, with his two bedfellows, the pocket-book and the muff; but Partridge, who at several times had refreshed himself with several naps, was more inclined to eating than to sleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the storm which Grace had raised being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his side forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her passion had cast on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen, where sat assembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the house, the master of the puppet-show, the attorney's clerk, the excisemen, and the ingenious Mr. Partridge; in which company, passed the agreeable conversation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING A REMARK OR TWO OF OUR OWN, AND MANY MORE OF THE GOOD COMPANY ASSEMBLED IN THE KITCHEN.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not submit to acknowledge himself a servant; yet he condescended in most particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One instance of this was his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: such is a general custom with all servants among strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the situation of the master is, the higher consequently is that of the man, in his own opinion; the truth of which observation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a splendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of estate think themselves entitled to a part of that respect which is paid to the quality and estates of their masters; it is clearly otherwise with regard to virtue and understanding. These advantages are strictly personal, and swallow themselves all the respect which is paid to them. To say the truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no honour on the domestick, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable want of both in his master. Indeed it is otherwise in the want of what is called virtue in a mistress; the consequence of which we have before seen: for in this dishonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now, for these reasons, we are not to wonder that servants (I mean among the men only) should have so great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their masters, and little or none at all for their character in other points; and that though they would be ashamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not so to attend upon a rogue, or a blockhead; and do consequently make no scruple to spread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their said masters as far as possible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whose livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehension which he had begun to conceive the day before; and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones seemed to have furnished a sufficient foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his master was out of his wits; with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this sentiment the puppet-show man immediately coincided. 'I

'own,' said he, 'the gentleman surprized me very much, when he talked so absurdly about puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived, that any man in his senses should be so much mistaken: what you say now, accounts very well for all his monstrous notions. Poor gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed, he hath a strange wildness about his eyes, which I took notice of before, though I did not mention it.'

The landlord agreed with this last assertion, and likewise claimed the sagacity of having observed it. 'And certainly,' added he, 'it must be so: for no one but a madman would have thought of leaving so good a house, to ramble about the country at that time of night.'

The excise-man, pulling his pipe from his mouth, said, he thought the gentleman looked and talked a little wildly; and then turning to Partridge, 'If he be a madman,' says he, 'he should not be suffered to travel thus about the country; for possibly he may do some mischief. It is pity he was not secured, and sent home to his relations.'

Now some conceits of this kind were likewise lurking in the mind of Partridge: for as he was now persuaded that Jones had run away from Mr. Allworthy, he promised himself the highest rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whose fierceness and strength he had seen, and indeed felt, some instances, had however represented any such scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged him from applying himself to form any regular plan for the purpose. But no sooner did he hear the sentiments of the excise-man, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own; and expressed a hearty wish that such a matter could be brought about.

'Could be brought about?' says the excise-man; 'why there is nothing easier.'

'Ah, Sir!' answered Partridge; 'you don't know what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up with one hand, and throw me out at window; and he would too, if he did but imagine——'

'Pooh!' says the excise-man, 'I believe I am as good a man as he. Besides, here are five of us.'

'I don't know what five,' cries the landlady: 'my husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall any violent hands be laid upon any body in my house. The young gentleman is as pretty a young gentleman as ever I saw in my life, and I believe he is no more mad than any of us. What do you tell of his having a wild look with his eyes? They are the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest look with them; and a very modest civil young man he is. I am sure I have bepitied him heartily ever since the gentleman there in the corner told us he was croft in love. Certainly that is enough to make any man, especially such a sweet young gentleman as he is, to look a little otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would the lady have better than such a handsome man, with a great estate? I suppose she is one of your quality-folks, one of your Townly ladies that we saw last night in the puppet-show, who don't know what they would be at.'

The attorney's clerk likewise declared he would have no concern in the business, without the advice of counsel. 'Suppose,' says he, 'an action of false imprisonment should be brought against us, what defence could we make? Who knows what may be sufficient evidence of madness to a jury? But I only speak upon my own account; for it don't look well for a lawyer to be concerned in these matters, unless it be as a lawyer. Juries are always less favourable to us than to other people.—I don't therefore dissuade you, Mr. Thomson,' (to the excise-man) 'nor the gentleman, nor any body else.'

The excise-man shook his head at this speech, and the puppet-show man said, madness was sometimes a difficult matter for a jury to decide: 'for I remember,' says he, 'I was once present at a trial of madness, where twenty witnesses swore that the person was as mad as a March hare; and twenty others that he was as much in his senses as any man in England. And indeed it was the

'opinion of moſt people, that it was 'only a trick of his relations to rob 'the poor man of his right.'

'Very likely!' cries the landlady: 'I myſelf knew a poor gentleman who 'was kept in a mad-houſe all his life 'by his family, and they enjoyed his 'eſtate: but it did them no good; for 'though the law gave it them, it was 'the right of another.'

'Pooh!' cries the clerk, with great contempt, 'who hath any right but 'what the law gives them? If the law 'gave me the beſt eſtate in the country, 'I ſhould never trouble myſelf much 'who had the right.'

'If it be ſo,' ſays Partridge, '*felix 'quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*'

My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horſeman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen; and with an affrighted countenance, cried out, 'What do you think, 'gentlemen? The rebels have given 'the duke the ſlip, and are got almoſt 'to London. It is certainly true, 'for a man on horſeback juſt now 'told me ſo.'

'I am glad of it, with all my heart,' cries Partridge; 'then there will be 'no fighting in theſe parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for 'a better reaſon; for I would always 'have right take place.'

'Ay, but,' anſwered the landlord, 'I have heard ſome people ſay, this 'man hath no right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a mo'ment,' cries the clerk; 'if my fa'ther dies ſeiſed of a right; do you 'mind me, ſeiſed of a right, I ſay; 'doth not that right deſcend to his 'ſon? And doth not one right deſcend 'as well as another?'

'But how can he have any right to 'make us papiſhes?' ſays the landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the matter of right, the gen'tleman there hath proved it as clear 'as the ſun; and as to the matter of 'religion, it is quite out of the caſe. 'The papiſts themſelves don't expect 'any ſuch thing. A popiſh prieſt, 'whom I know very well, and who 'is a very honeſt man, told me upon 'his word and honour they had no 'ſuch deſign.'

'And another prieſt of my acquaint'ance,' ſaid the landlady, 'hath 'told me the ſame thing. But my 'huſband is always ſo afraid of pa'piſhes. I know a great many pa'piſhes that are very honeſt ſort of 'people, and ſpend their money very 'freely; and it is always a maxim 'with me, that one man's money is 'as good as another's.'

'Very true, miſtreſs,' ſaid the puppet-ſhow man; 'I don't care what re'ligion comes, provided the preſby'terians are not uppermoſt; for they 'are enemies to puppet-ſhows.'

'And ſo you would ſacrifice your 'religion to your intereſt?' cries the exciſeman; 'and are deſirous to ſee 'popery brought in, are you?'

'Not I, truly,' anſwered the other; 'I hate popery as much as any man; 'but yet it is a comfort to one, 'that one ſhould be able to live un'der it, which I could not do among 'preſbyterians. To be ſure, every man 'values his livelihood firſt; that muſt 'be granted; and I warrant, if you 'would confeſs the truth, you are 'more afraid of loſing your place than 'any thing elſe: but never fear, 'friend, there will be an exciſe under 'another government as well as under 'this.'

'Why, certainly,' replied the exciſeman, 'I ſhould be a very ill man, 'if I did not honour the king, whoſe 'bread I eat. That is no more than 'natural, as a man may ſay: for 'what ſignifies it to me that there 'would be an exciſe-office under a'nother government, ſince my friends 'would be out, and I could expect no 'better than to follow them? No, 'no, friend, I ſhall never be bubbled 'out of my religion, in hopes only of 'keeping my place under another go'vernment; for I ſhould certainly be 'no better, and very probably might 'be worſe.'

'Why, that is what I ſay,' cries the landlord, 'whenever folks ſay, 'who knows what may happen? Od'ſooks! ſhould not I be a blockhead 'to lend my money to I know not 'who, becauſe mayhap he may return 'it again? I am ſure it is ſafe in my 'own bureau, and there I will keep it.'

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the ſagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great diſcernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it

aroſe

arose from the sympathy between their minds, (for they were both truly Jacobites in principle) they now shook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of strong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

These healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my landlord himself, though reluctantly; but he could not withstand the menaces of the clerk, who swore he would never set his foot within his house again, if he refused. The bumpers which were swallowed on this occasion, soon put an end to the conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

IN WHICH FORTUNE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN IN A BETTER HUMOUR WITH JONES THAN WE HAVE HITHERTO SEEN HER.

AS there is no wholesomer, so perhaps there are few stronger sleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be said to have taken a very large dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent noise at his chamber-door, where the sound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones presently leapt from his bed, where he found the master of the puppet-show belabouring the back and ribs of his poor merry-andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones instantly interposed on behalf of the suffering party, and pinned the insulting conqueror up to the wall: for the puppet-show man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party-coloured jester had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But though the merry-andrew was a little fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the enemy, than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he first discharged a volley of general abusive words, and thence proceeded to some particular accusations.—'D—n your blood, you rascal,' says he, 'I have not only supported you, '(for to me you owe all the money 'you get) but I have saved you from 'the gallows. Did you not want to 'rob the lady of her fine riding habit, 'no longer ago than yesterday, in the 'back-lane here? Can you deny that 'you wished to have her alone in a 'wood to strip her? to strip one of the 'prettiest ladies that ever was seen in 'the world? And here you have fallen 'upon me, and have almost murdered 'me, for doing no harm to a girl as 'willing as myself, only because she 'likes me better than you.'

Jones no sooner heard this, than he quitted the master, laying on him at the same time the most violent injunctions of forbearance from any farther insult on the merry-andrew; and then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he soon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his master with his drum the day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the lad to shew him the exact place; and then, having summoned Partridge, he departed with the utmost expedition.

It was almost eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure: for Partridge was not in any haste; nor could the reckoning be presently adjusted: and when both these were settled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the master and the man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty merry-andrew conducted to the spot by which Sophia had passed; and then having handsomely rewarded his conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost eagerness; being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured Jones, that he would certainly have good success in the end: for, he said, two such accidents could never have happened to direct him after his mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together at last. And this was the first time that Jones lent any attention to the superstitious doctrines of his companion.

They

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent ſtorm of rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the ſame time in ſight of an alehouſe, Partridge, with much earneſt entreaty, prevailed with Jones to enter, and weather the ſtorm. Hunger is an enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the Engliſh than of the French diſpoſition; for though you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in time; and ſo it did with Partridge, who was no ſooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to aſk the ſame queſtions which he had aſked the night before. The conſequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himſelf, made a very hearty breakfaſt; though the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the people of the houſe could give him no freſh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the violence of the ſtorm ſtill continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and at laſt caſting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that inſtant was looking as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Maſter give me your hand; a 'ſingle mug ſhan't ſerve the turn this 'bout. Why, here's more news of 'Madam Sophia come to town. The 'boy there ſtanding by the fire, is the 'very lad that rode before her. I can 'ſwear to my own plaiſter on his face.' 'Heavens bleſs you, Sir!' cries the boy, 'it is your own plaiſter, ſure enough; 'I ſhall have always reaſon to remember your goodneſs, for it hath almoſt cured me.'

At theſe words Jones ſtarted from his chair, and bidding the boy follow him immediately, departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the preſence of many people; and though he had, as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toaſt among the officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there, the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her ſurname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many ſagacious readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent misfortune to the ſuppoſed want of that delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which ſhe thought (and not without good reaſon) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his preſent circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the perſon of another woman: and to ſay truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without ſeeing her Jones, had it not been for thoſe two ſtrong inſtances of a levity in his behaviour, ſo void of reſpect, and indeed ſo highly inconſiſtent with any degree of love and tenderneſs in great and delicate minds.

But ſo matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them; and if any reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch perſons, that I am not writing a ſyſtem, but a hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For inſtance, as the fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at firſt ſight offend ſome readers, yet, upon more mature conſideration, it muſt pleaſe all; for wiſe and good men may conſider what happened to Jones at Upton as a juſt puniſhment for his wickedneſs, with regard to women, of which it was, indeed, the immediate conſequence; and ſilly and bad perſons may comfort themſelves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now, perhaps, the reflection which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe concluſions, and would ſhew that theſe incidents contribute only to confirm the great, uſeful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpoſe of this whole work to inculcate; and with which we muſt not fill up our pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary parſon fills his ſermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear,

pear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, ſhe had ſufficient reaſon for her opinion; ſince, I believe, every other young lady would, in her ſituation, have erred in the ſame manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouſe the moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and perſon as the wench at Upton had appeared to be. For while Jones was examining his boy in whiſpers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no ſuch delicacy in his diſpoſition, was in the kitchen very openly catechiſing the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whoſe ears were open on all ſuch occaſions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horſe, &c. with the miſtake concerning Jenny Cameron; with the many conſequences of the punch; and, in ſhort, with almoſt every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we diſpatched our ladies in a coach and ſix, when we laſt took our leave of them.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING LITTLE MORE THAN A FEW ODD OBSERVATIONS.

JONES had been abſent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, deſiring the landlord to let him know that inſtant what was to pay. And now the concern which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney-corner, and a cup of excellent liquor, was ſomewhat compenſated by hearing that he was to proceed no farther on foot; for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad conſented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouſe; becauſe, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Glouceſter, it might ſome time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horſes had been let to more than one perſon; and ſo the boy might be brought to account for money which he wiſely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumſtance, trifling as it may ſeem, ſince it retarded Mr. Jones a conſiderable time in his ſetting out; for the honeſty of this latter boy was ſomewhat high—that is, ſomewhat high-priced, and would indeed have coſt Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have ſaid, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half-a-crown to be ſpent at that very alehouſe, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half-crown the landlord no ſooner got ſcent of, than he opened after it with ſuch vehement and perſuaſive outcry, that the boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented to take half-a-crown more for his ſtay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that, as there is ſo much of policy in the loweſt life, great men often over-value themſelves on thoſe refinements in impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the human ſpecies.

The horſes being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the ſide-ſaddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad, indeed, very civilly offered him the uſe of his; but he choſe the ſide-ſaddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. Partridge, however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thoughts of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer: and now Jones, being mounted on the ſide-ſaddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge beſtriding the third horſe, they ſet forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already ſpent ſo much time. Partridge was in very high ſpirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future ſucceſs, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was, moreover, better pleaſed with the preſent purſuit of his companion, than he had been with his purſuit of glory; and from theſe very omens, which aſſured the pedagogue of ſucceſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had

had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong ſcent concerning the reaſons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other concluſions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildneſs, of which he thought his behaviour on their quitting Glouceſter ſo well juſtified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now, however, pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier ſentiments of his friend's underſtanding.

The clock had juſt ſtruck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately beſpoke poſt-horſes; but unluckily there was not a horſe to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he conſiders the hurry in which the whole nation, and eſpecially this part of it, was at this time engaged; when expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to eſcort him to Coventry: but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a perſon came up to him, and ſaluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somerſetſhire; and now Jones caſting his eyes upon this perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Glouceſter, and with much courteſy returned his ſalutation.

Dowling very earneſtly preſſed Mr. Jones to go no farther that night; and backed his ſolicitations with many unanſwerable arguments; ſuch as, that it was almoſt dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light; with many others equally good, ſome of which Jones had probably ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual, ſo they were ſtill, and he continued reſolute in his deſign, even though he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this ſhort journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying, 'Do you 'think the gentleman won't very well 'reward you for your trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in perſuaſion or entreaty, muſt have been viſible to a curious obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a father, a maſter, a wife, or any other perſon in authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a denial againſt all the reaſons which a ſingle man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the ſame ſentiments by a ſecond or third perſon, who hath undertaken the cauſe, without attempting to advance any thing new in it's behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the phraſe of ſeconding an argument or a motion; and the great conſequence this is of in all aſſemblies of publick debate. Hence likewiſe probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a ſerjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman who ſpoke juſt before him, had been ſaying.

Inſtead of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed in our uſual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above-mentioned, who ſubmitted to the perſuaſions of Mr. Dowling, and promiſed once more to admit Jones into his ſide-ſaddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor creatures a good bait, ſaying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needleſs; for Jones, notwithſtanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of thoſe who conſider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their ſpurs in the belly of their horſe, imagine the ſpur and the horſe to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beaſts were eating their corn, or rather were ſuppoſed to eat it, (for as the boy was taking care of himſelf in the kitchen, the hoſtler took great care that his corn ſhould not be conſumed in the ſtable;) Mr. Jones, at the earneſt deſire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied

nied that gentleman into his room, where they sat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAP. X.

IN WHICH MR. JONES AND MR. DOWLING DRINK A BOTTLE TOGETHER.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glass of wine, named the health of the good Squire Allworthy; adding, 'If you please, Sir, we will likewise 'remember his nephew and heir, the 'young squire: come, Sir, here's Mr. 'Blifil to you; a very pretty young gentleman; and who, I dare swear, will 'hereafter make a very considerable 'figure in his country. I have a borough for him myself in my eye.'

'Sir,' answered Jones, 'I am convinced you don't intend to affront 'me, so I shall not resent it; but, I promise you, you have joined two 'persons very improperly together; for 'one is the glory of the human species, and the other is a rascal who 'dishonours the name of man.'

Dowling stared at this. He said, he thought both the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable character. 'As 'for Squire Allworthy himself,' says he, 'I never had the happiness to 'see him: but all the world talks of 'his goodness. And, indeed, as to the 'young gentleman, I never saw him 'but once, when I carried him the 'news of the loss of his mother; and 'then I was so hurried, and drove, 'and tore, with the multiplicity of business, that I had hardly time to converse with him: but he looked so like 'a very honest gentleman, and behaved himself so prettily, that I protest 'I never was more delighted with any 'gentleman since I was born.'

'I don't wonder,' answered Jones, 'that he should impose upon you in 'so short an acquaintance; for he hath 'the cunning of the devil himself, and 'you may live with him many years 'without discovering him. I was bred 'up with him from my infancy, and 'we were hardly ever asunder: but 'it is very lately only, that I have discovered half the villainy which is in 'him. I own I never greatly liked 'him. I thought he wanted that generosity of spirit, which is the sure 'foundation of all that is great and 'noble in human nature. I saw a selfishness in him long ago which I despised; but it is lately, very lately, that 'I have found him capable of the basest and blackest designs; for, indeed, 'I have at last found out, that he hath 'taken an advantage of the openness 'of my own temper, and hath concerted the deepest project, by a long 'train of wicked artifice, to work my 'ruin, which at last he hath effected.'

'Ay! ay!' cries Dowling; 'I protest then it is a pity such a person 'should inherit the great estate of your 'uncle Allworthy.'

'Alas, Sir!' cries Jones, 'you do 'me an honour to which I have no 'title. It is true, indeed, his goodness once allowed me the liberty of 'calling him by a much nearer name; 'but as this was only a voluntary act 'of goodness, I can complain of no 'injustice when he thinks proper to 'deprive me of this honour; since the 'loss cannot be more unmerited than 'the gift originally was. I assure you, 'Sir, I am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world, who are 'incapable of setting a true value on 'his virtue, should think, in his behaviour to me, he hath dealt hardly 'by a relation, they do an injustice to 'the best of men: for I—but I ask 'your pardon; I shall trouble you with 'no particulars relating to myself: 'only, as you seem to think me a relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought 'proper to set you right in a matter 'that might draw some censures upon 'him, which I promise you I would 'rather lose my life, than give occasion to.'

'I protest, Sir,' cried Dowling, 'you 'talk very much like a man of honour; 'but instead of giving me any trouble, 'I protest it would give me great pleasure to know how you came to be 'thought a relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your horses 'won't be ready this half hour, and as 'you have sufficient opportunity, I 'wish you would tell me how all that 'happened; for I protest it seems very 'surprizing that you should pass for a 'relation of a gentleman, without being so.'

Jones, who in the compliance of his disposition (though not in his prudence) a little resembled his lovely Sophia, was easily prevailed on to satisfy Mr. Dowling's curiosity, by relating the

history of his birth and education; which he did, like Othello,

——even from his boyish years,
To th' very moment he was bade to tell:

the which to hear, Dowling, like Desdemona, did seriously incline;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not divested himself of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed, nothing is more unjust, than to carry our prejudices against a profession into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the horror of those actions which the profession makes necessary, and consequently habitual; but in all other instances, Nature works in men of all professions alike; nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary business. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the slaughter of a fine horse; and though a surgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compassionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hangman, who hath stretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first operation on a head; and the very professors of human-bloodshedding, who in their trade of war butcher thousands, not only of their fellow-professors, but often of women and children, without remorse; even these, I say, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil society. In the same manner an attorney may feel all the miseries and distresses of his fellow-creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been represented to Mr. Allworthy, and as to other matters, he did not shew them in the most disadvantageous light; for though he was unwilling to cast any blame on his former friend and patron, yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. Dowling therefore observed, and not without reason, that very ill offices must have been done him by somebody: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the squire 'would never have disinherited you 'only for a few faults, which any 'young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly 'say disinherited; for, to be sure, by 'law you cannot claim as heir; that's 'certain; that nobody need go to 'counsel for. Yet when a gentleman 'had in a manner adopted you thus 'as his own son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable part, if not the whole: 'nay, if you had expected the whole, 'I should not have blamed you; for 'certainly all men are for getting as 'much as they can, and they are not 'to be blamed on that account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' said Jones; 'I should have been contented with 'very little: I never had any view 'upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, 'I believe, I may truly say, I never 'once considered what he could or 'might give me. This I solemnly 'declare, if he had done a prejudice 'to his nephew in my favour, I would 'have undone it again. I had rather 'enjoy my own mind, than the fortune 'of another man. What is the poor 'pride arising from a magnificent 'house, a numerous equipage, a splendid table, and from all the other advantages or appearances of fortune, 'compared to the warm, solid content, the swelling satisfaction, the 'thrilling transports, and the exulting triumphs, which a good mind 'enjoys, in the contemplation of a 'generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil in the 'prospect of his wealth; nor shall I 'envy him in the possession of it. I 'would not think myself a rascal half 'an hour, to exchange situations. I 'believe, indeed, Mr. Blifil suspected 'me of the views you mention; and 'I suppose these suspicions, as they 'arose from the baseness of his own 'heart, so they occasioned his baseness to me. But, I thank Heaven, 'I know, I feel—I feel my innocence, 'my friend; and I would not part 'with that feeling for the world. For 'as long as I know I have never done, 'or even designed an injury, to any 'being whatever,

Fore

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
*Dulce loquentem**.

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and filling Dowling's glass likewise up to the brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then, 'here's Miss Lalage's health, with 'all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I 'have heard her toasted often, I pro-'test, though I never saw her; but 'they say she is extremely handsome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this speech which Dowling did not perfectly understand, yet there was somewhat in it, that made a very strong impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the impression from Jones, (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he secretly approved as much of his sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong impulse of compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other opportunity of commenting upon this; especially if we should happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the course of our history. At present, we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones; who was no sooner informed, by Partridge, that his horses were ready, than he deposited his reckoning, wished his companion a good night, mounted, and set forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

THE DISASTERS WHICH BEFEL JONES ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR COVENTRY; WITH THE SAGE REMARKS OF PARTRIDGE.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were, to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their way, had it not been for the two reasons mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter.

These two circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much less frequented track, and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry, they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word, which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and sometimes, what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which, it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present: for notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser, is in the right road to heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for a reader who hath never been in those circumstances, to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind, fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreshments,

* Place me where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-louring clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles. FRANCIS.

to support their minds in struggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself, at last, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have missed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, when they first set out, he imagined some mischief or other would happen. 'Did 'not you observe, Sir,' said he to Jones, 'that old woman who stood 'at the door just as you was taking 'horse? I wish you had given her a 'small matter, with all my heart; 'for she said then, you might repent 'it; and at that very instant it began 'to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some 'people may think, I am very certain 'it is in the power of witches to raise 'the wind whenever they please. I 'have seen it happen very often in my 'time; and if ever I saw a witch in 'all my life, that old woman was 'certainly one. I thought so to myself at that very time; and if I had 'any halfpence in my pocket, I would 'have given her some: for to be sure 'it is always good to be charitable to 'those sort of people, for fear what 'may happen; and many a person 'hath lost his cattle by saving a half-'penny.'

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which his mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

Partridge had no sooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as conclusive evidence of all he had asserted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, answered with a smile, 'This 'witch of yours, Partridge, is a most 'ungrateful jade, and doth not, I 'find, distinguish her friends from 'others, in her resentment. If the old 'lady had been angry with me for 'neglecting her, I don't see why she 'should tumble you from your horse, 'after all the respect you have expressed for her.'

'It is ill jesting,' cries Partridge, 'with people who have power to do 'these things; for they are often very 'malicious. I remember a farrier, 'who provoked one of them, by asking her, when the time she had bargained with the devil for, would be 'out; and within three months from 'that very day, one of his best cows 'was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little time afterwards he lost a barrel of best drink: 'for the old witch pulled out the spigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very first evening he had 'tapped it, to make merry with some 'of his neighbours. In short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the poor man 'so, that he took to drinking, and in 'a year or or two his stock was seized, 'and he and his family are now come 'to the parish.'

The guide, and perhaps his horse too, were both so attentive to this discourse, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both sprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the same cause. He told Mr. Jones, it would certainly be his turn next; and earnestly entreated him to return back, and find out the old woman, and pacify her. 'We shall very soon,' added he, 'reach the inn: for though we have 'seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in 'which we were an hour ago; and I 'dare swear, if it was day-light, we 'might now see the inn we set out 'from.'

Instead of returning any answer to this sage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his cloaths very easily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He soon regained his sideseddle, and by the hearty curses and blows which he bestowed on his horse, quickly satisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP.

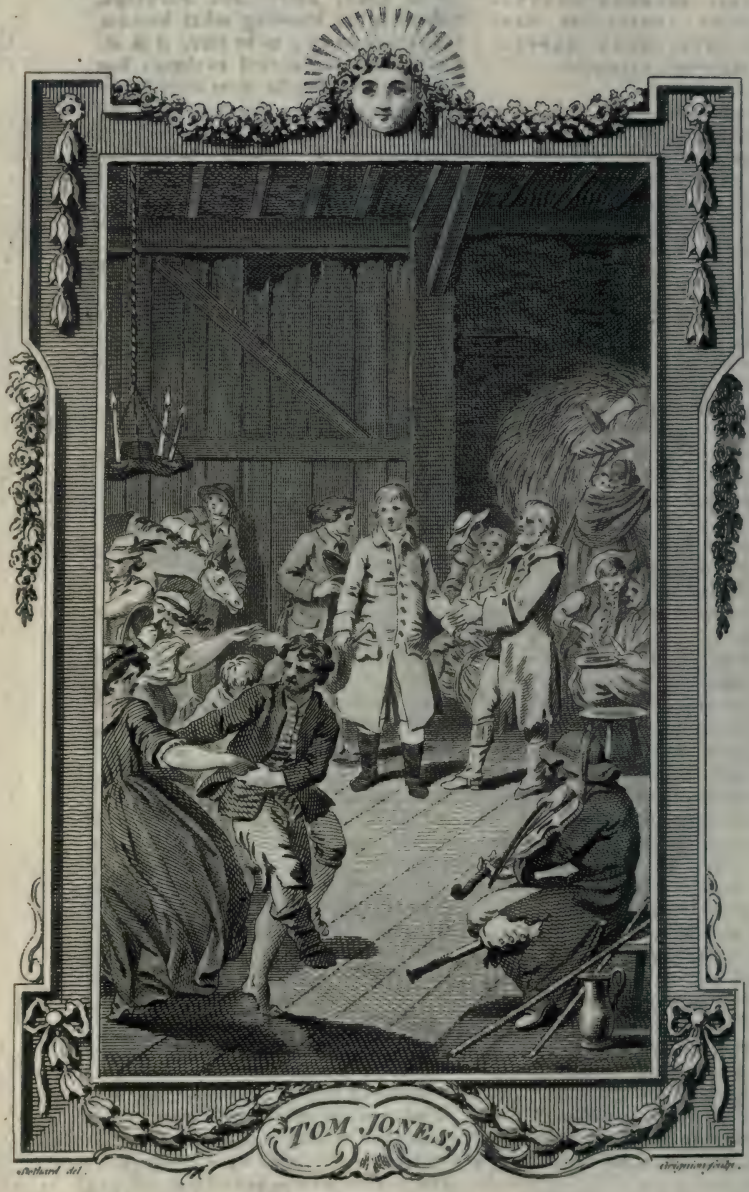

Plate X.

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CHAP. XII.

RELATES THAT MR. JONES CONTINUED HIS JOURNEY CONTRARY TO THE ADVICE OF PARTRIDGE, WITH WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT OCCASION.

THEY now discovered a light at some distance, to the great pleasure of Jones, and to the no small terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this light was a *Jack with the lantern*, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confused sound of human voices; of singing, laughing, and hallooing, together with a strange noise that seemed to proceed from some instruments, but could hardly be allowed the name of musick. Indeed, to favour a little the opinion of Partridge, it might very well be called, musick bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now seized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the post-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; saying, he firmly believed what Partridge had just before said, that though the horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a step forwards during at least the last half hour.

Jones could not help smiling in the midst of his vexation, at the fears of these poor fellows. 'Either we advance,' says he, 'towards the lights, 'or the lights have advanced towards 'us; for we are now at a very little 'distance from them: but how can 'either of you be afraid of a set of 'people who appear only to be merry-'making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries Partridge; 'who could be merry-mak-'ing at this time of night, and in such 'a place, and such weather? They 'can be nothing but ghosts or witches, 'or some evil-spirits or other, that's 'certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am resolved to go up to 'them, and enquire the way to Co-'ventry. All witches, Partridge, are 'not such ill-natured hags, as that 'we had the misfortune to meet with 'last.'

'O Lord, Sir!' cries Partridge, 'there is no knowing what humour 'they will be in; to be sure, it is al-'ways best to be civil to them: but 'what if we should meet with some-'thing worse than witches, with evil 'spirits themselves? Pray, Sir, be 'advised; pray, Sir, do! If you had 'read so many terrible accounts as I 'have of these matters, you would not 'be so fool-hardy. The Lord knows 'whither we have got already, or whi-'ther we are going: for sure such 'darkness was never seen upon earth, 'and I question whether it can be 'darker in the other world.'

Jones put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these hints and cautions, and poor Partridge was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noises had issued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were assembled, and diverting themselves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no sooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough voice from within demanded who was there. To which Jones gently answered, 'A friend!' and immediately asked the road to Coventry.

'If you are a friend,' cries another of the men in the barn, 'you had 'better alight till the storm is over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) 'you are very welcome to 'put up your horse; for there is suf-'ficient room for him at one end of 'the barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned Jones; 'and I will accept your offer 'for a few minutes, whilst the rain 'continues; and here are two more 'who will be glad of the same favour.' This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have submitted to the utmost inclemency of the weather, than have trusted to the clemency of those whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor post-boy was now infect-

ed

ed with the same apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one, because he durst not leave his horse, and the other, because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this history been writ in the days of superstition, I should have had too much compassion for the reader to have left him so long in suspence, whether Belzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in person, with all his hellish retinue; but as these doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such terrors. To say truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of play-houses, who seem lately to have lain them by as rubbish, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever sit.

However, though we do not suspect raising any great terror on this occasion, we have reason to fear some other apprehensions may here arise in our reader, into which we would not wilfingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into Fairy-Land, and to introduce a set of beings into our history, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent, therefore, any suspicions so prejudicial to the credit of an historian, who professes to draw his materials from nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the reader who these people were, whose sudden appearance had struck such terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the post-boy, and had a little surprized even Mr. Jones himself.

The people then assembled in this barn, were no other than a company of Egyptians, or, as they are vulgarly called, Gypsies; and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier set of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmost mirth indeed shewed itself in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country-assembly is sometimes conducted with: for these people are subject to a formal government, and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magistrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewise was no where to be seen, than what flourished in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the guests require any. Here was good store of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one present provided better sauce himself, than the best and dearest French cook can prepare.

Æneas is not described under more consternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he saw in this barn. While he was looking every where round him with astonishment, a venerable person approached him with many friendly salutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the gypsies himself. He was very little distinguished in dress from his subjects, nor had he any regalia of majesty to support his dignity; and yet there seemed (as Mr. Jones said) to be somewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inspired the beholders with an idea of awe and respect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that such ideas are incident to power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comeliness of person, greatly recommended him at first sight to every beholder. These were perhaps a little heightened in the present instance, by that profound respect which he paid to the king of the gypsies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the sweeter to his gypsean majesty, as he was not used to receive such homage from any but his own subjects.

The king ordered a table to be spread with the choicest of their provisions for his accommodation; and having placed himself at his right-hand, his majesty began to discourse our hero in the following manner.

'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often

'often seen some of my people, who are 'what you call de parties detache: 'for dey go about every where; but 'me fancy you imagine not we be so 'considerable body as we be; and may 'be you will surprize more, when you 'hear de gypsy be as orderly and well 'govern people as any upon face of 'de earth.

'Me have honour, as me say, to be 'deir king, and no monarch can do 'boast of more dutiful subject, ne no 'more affectionate. How far me de-'serve deir good will, me no say; but 'dis me can say, dat me never design 'any ting but to do dem good. Me 'sall no do boast of dat neider: for 'what can me do oderwise dan con-'sider of de good of dose poor people, 'who go about all day to give me al-'ways de best of what dey get. Dey 'love and honour me derefore, because 'me do love and take care of dem: 'dat is all; me know no oder reason.

'About a tousand or two tousand 'year ago, me cannot tell to a year 'or two, as can neider write nor read, 'dere was a great what you call— 'a volution among de gypsy; for dere 'was de lord gypsy in dose days; and 'dese lord did quarrel vid one anoder 'about de place; but de king of de 'gypsy did demolish dem all, and made 'all his subject equal vid each oder; 'and since dat time dey have agree 'very well: for dey no tink of being 'king, and may be it be better for 'dem as dey be; for me assure you, it 'be ver troublesome ting to be king, 'and always to do justice: me have 'often wish to be de private gypsy 'when me have been forced to punish 'my dear friend and relation; for 'dough we neve put to death, our 'punishments be ver severe. Dey make 'de gypsy ashamed of demselves, and 'dat be ver terrible punishment; me 'ave scarce ever known de gypsy to 'punish, do harm any more.'

The king then proceeded to express some wonder that there was no such punishment as shame in other governments. Upon which Jones assured him to the contrary: for that there were many crimes for which shame was inflicted by the English laws; and that it was indeed one consequence of all punishment. 'Dat be ver strange,' said the king: 'for me know and hears a 'good deal of your people, dough me 'no live among dem; and me have 'often hear dat sham is de consequence 'and de cause too of many of your 'rewards. Are your rewards and pu-'nishments den de same ting.'

While his majesty was thus discours-ing with Jones, a sudden uproar arose in the barn; and, as it seems, upon this occasion, the courtesy of these people had, by degrees, removed all the apprehensions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their food, but to taste some of their liquors, which by de-grees entirely expelled all fear from his composition, and in it's stead intro-duced much more agreeable sensations.

A young female gypsy, more remark-able for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honest fellow aside, pre-tending to tell his fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the strong liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate desire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair gypsy herself threw aside the delicacy and decency of her sex, and tempted the youth Partridge with express soli-citations; but they were discovered in a very improper manner by the hus-band of the gypsy, who, from jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confusion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accusation, and likewise the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling: for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. —His majesty then turning towards Jones, said, 'Sir, you have hear what 'dey say; what punishment do you 'tink your man deserve?'

Jones answered, he was sorry for what had happened, and that Partridge should make the husband all the amends in his power: he said, he had very little money about him at that time; and put-ting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he imme-diately answered, he hoped his honour would not think of giving him less than five.

This sum, after some altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones hav-

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ing ſtipulated for the full forgiveneſs of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money; when his majeſty reſtraining his hand, turned to the witneſs, and aſked him, at what time he had diſcovered the criminals; to which he anſwered, that he had been deſired by the huſband to watch the motions of his wife from her firſt ſpeaking to the ſtranger, and that he had never loſt ſight of her afterwards till the crime had been committed. The king then aſked, If the huſband was with him all that time in his lurking-place. To which he anſwered in the affirmative. His Egyptian majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the huſband as follows: 'Me be ſorry to ſee any 'gypſy dat have no more honour dan 'to ſell de honour of his wife for money. If you had had de love for 'your wife, you would have prevented 'dis matter, and not endeavour to 'make her de whore, dat you might diſcover her. Me do order dat you have 'no money given you; for you deſerve 'puniſhment, not reward: me do order derefore, dat you be de infamous 'gypſy, and do wear pair of horns 'upon your forehead for one month, 'and dat your wife be called de whore, 'and pointed at all dat time: for you 'be de infamous gypſy, but ſhe be no 'leſs de infamous whore.'

The gypſies immediately proceeded to execute the ſentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his majeſty.

Jones greatly applauded the juſtice of the ſentence; upon which the king turning to him, ſaid, 'Me believe you 'be ſurprize: for me ſuppoſe you have 'ver bad opinion of my people; me 'ſuppoſe you tink us all de tieves.'

'I muſt confeſs, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I have not heard ſo favourable an 'account of them as they ſeem to deſerve.'

'Me vil tell you,' ſaid the king, 'how de difference is between you and 'us. My people rob your people, and 'your people rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the happineſs of thoſe ſubjects who live under ſuch a magiſtrate.

Indeed their happineſs appears to have been ſo compleat, that we are aware leſt ſome advocate for arbitrary power ſhould hereafter quote the caſe of thoſe people, as an inſtance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us: that no limited form of government is capable of riſing to the ſame degree of perfection, or of producing the ſame benefits to ſociety with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt part of the then known world was under the dominion of a ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reign of five ſucceſſive princes*. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy: the only defect in which excellent conſtitution, ſeems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch; for this indiſpenſibly requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to be found in princely natures: Firſt, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poſſible for him to have. Secondly, enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs. And, thirdly, goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now, if an abſolute monarch, with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe, which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes: for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

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the former; yet it plainly appears from Scripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This indeed is the only abſolute power which can by Scripture be derived from Heaven. If therefore the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a Divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the Prince of Darkneſs; and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt conſequently come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſsly bear.

To conclude; as the examples of all ages ſhew us that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniencies ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happineſs is entirely owing; namely, that they have no falſe honours among them, and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JONES AND PARTRIDGE.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine which prieſtcraft had ever the wickedneſs or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones; who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which place (for it was ſtill dark) a gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve: nor could he poſſibly get again into the ſaddle till paſt two; for poſt-horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the hoſtler or poſt-boy in half ſo great a hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil diſpoſition of Partridge; who being denied the nouriſhment of ſleep, took all opportunities to ſupply it's place with every other kind of nouriſhment, and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled poſt; we will follow him, therefore, according to our cuſtom, and to the rules of Longinus, in the ſame manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry, from Daventry at Stratford, and from Stratford at Dunſtable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a ſmith, with great deliberation, ſhoed the poſt-horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia before ſhe ſhould ſet out from St. Alban's; at which place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforeſaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own houſe in London, and in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horſes to meet him at St. Alban's. When Jones, therefore, arrived there, he was informed that the coach and ſix had ſet out two hours before.

If freſh poſt-horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind his friend of a matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten: what this was, the

reader will guess, when we inform him that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg, since he had left the alehouse where he had first met the guide returning from Sophia; for with the gypsies, he had only feasted his understanding.

The landlord so entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr. Partridge, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his word, and retracting his promise before given, of furnishing the horses immediately, he assured Mr. Jones he would lose no time in bespeaking a dinner; which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the horses up from grass, and to prepare them for their journey, by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire. While this was preparing, Partridge being admitted into the same apartment with his friend, or master, began to harangue in the following manner.

'Certainly, Sir, if ever a man deserved a young lady, you deserve young Madam Western; for what a vast quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food, as you do? I am positive I have ate thirty times as much, within these last twenty-four hours, as your honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw weather. And yet I can't tell how it is, but your honour is seemingly in perfect good health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your life. It must be certainly love that you live upon?'

'And a very rich diet too, Partridge,' answered Jones. 'But did not fortune send me an excellent dainty yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-book?'

'Undoubtedly,' cries Partridge, 'there is enough in that pocket-book to purchase many a good meal. Fortune sent it to your honour very opportunely for present use, as your honour's money must be almost out by this time.'

'What do you mean,' answered Jones; 'I hope you don't imagine I should be dishonest enough, even if it belonged to any other person, besides Miss Western——'

'Dishonest!' replied Partridge; 'Heaven forbid I should wrong your honour so much; but where's the dishonesty in borrowing a little for present spending, since you will be so well able to pay the lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour pay it again, as soon as it is convenient, by all means, but where can be the harm in making use of it, now you want it? Indeed, if it belonged to a poor body, it would be another thing; but so great a lady, to be sure, can never want it; especially now as she is along with a lord, who, it can't be doubted, will let her have whatever she hath need of. Besides, if she should want a little, she can't want the whole, therefore I would give her a little; but I would be hanged before I mentioned the having found it at first, and before I got some money of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very worst of places to be in without money. Indeed, if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might have thought it was the devil's money, and have been afraid to use it; but as you know otherwise, and came honestly by it, it would be an affront to Fortune to part with it all again, at the very time when you want it most: you can hardly expect she should ever do you such another good turn; for *fortuna nunquam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as you please, notwithstanding all I say; but, for my part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word of the matter.'

'By what I can see, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hanging is a matter *non longe alienum à scævolæ studiis*.'—'You should say *alienus*,' says Partridge. 'I remember the passage; it is an example under *communis, alienus, immunis, variis casibus serviunt*.'—'If you do remember it,' cries Jones, 'I find you don't understand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain English, that he who finds another's property, and wilfully detains it from the known owner, deserves *in foro conscientiæ*, to be hanged no less than if he had stolen it. And as for this

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'very identical bill which is the property of my angel, and was once in her dear poſſeſſion, I will not deliver it into any hands but her own, upon any conſideration whatever; no, though I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other means to ſatisfy my craving appetite: this I hope to do before I ſleep; but if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou wouldſt not incur my diſpleaſure for ever, not to ſhock me any more by the bare mention of ſuch deteſtable baſeneſs.'

'I ſhould not have mentioned it now,' cries Partridge, 'if it had appeared ſo to me; for I'm ſure I ſcorn any wickedneſs as much as another; but perhaps you know better: and yet I might have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo many years, and have taught ſchool ſo long, without being able to diſtinguiſh between *fas et nefas*; but it ſeems we are to live and learn. I remember my old ſchoolmaſter, who was a prodigious great ſcholar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly matete cry town is my deſkalon*; the Engliſh of which, he told us, was, that a child may ſometimes teach his grandmother to ſuck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpoſe truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may change your opinion, if you live to my years: for I remember I thought myſelf as wiſe when I was a ſtripling of one or two and twenty, as I am now. I am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my maſter read it ſo before me.'

There were not many inſtances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himſelf could have been hurried out of his reſpect. Unluckily, however, they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear ſome paſſage or other in the foregoing ſpeech: and now looking upon his companion with a contemptuous and diſdainful air, (a thing not uſual with him) he cried, 'Partridge, I ſee thou art a conceited old fool, and I wiſh thou art not likewiſe an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced of the latter as I am of the former, thou ſhouldſt travel no farther in my company.'

The ſage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phraſe is, immediately drew in his horns. He ſaid, he was ſorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but *nemo omnibus horis ſapit*.

As Jones had the vices of a warm diſpoſition, he was entirely free from thoſe of a cold one; and if his friends muſt have confeſſed his temper to have been a little too eaſily ruffled, his enemies muſt at the ſame time have confeſſed, that it as ſoon ſubſided; nor did it at all reſemble the ſea, whoſe ſwelling is more violent and dangerous after a ſtorm is over, than while the ſtorm itſelf ſubſiſts. He inſtantly accepted the ſubmiſſion of Partridge, ſhook him by the hand, and with the moſt benign aſpect imaginable, ſaid twenty kind things, and at the ſame time very ſeverely condemned himſelf, though not half ſo ſeverely as he will moſt probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once aboliſhed, and his pride compleatly ſatisfied by Jones having owned himſelf in the wrong, which ſubmiſſion he inſtantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering voice, 'To be ſure, Sir, your knowledge may be ſuperior to mine in ſome things; but as to the grammar, I think I may challenge any man living. I think, at leaſt, I have that at my finger's end.'

If any thing could add to the ſatisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent ſhoulder of mutton, that at this inſtant came ſmoaking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feaſted, they again mounted their horſes, and ſet forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. JONES IN HIS JOURNEY FROM ST. ALBAN'S.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the duſk of the evening, when a gen-

teel looking man, but upon a very ſhabby horſe, rode up to Jones, and aſked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones anſwered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I ſhould be obliged to you, 'Sir, if you will accept of my com-'pany; for it is very late, and I am 'a ſtranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the requeſt; and on they travelled together, holding that ſort of diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topick: upon which ſubject the ſtranger expreſſed great apprehenſions; but Jones declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your ho-'nour,' ſaid he, 'may think it a lit-'tle, but I am ſure if I had a hun-'dred pound bank-note in my pock-'et, as you have, I ſhould be very ſor-'ry to loſe it; but, for my part, I 'never was leſs afraid in my life; for 'we are four of us, and if we all 'ſtand by one another, the beſt man 'in England can't rob us. Suppoſe 'he ſhould have a piſtol, he can kill 'but one of us, and a man can die 'but once—that's my comfort; a man 'can die but once.'

Beſides the reliance on ſuperior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raiſed a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reaſon for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now diſcovered; for he had at preſent as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to beſtow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the ſtranger turned ſhort upon Jones, and pulling out a piſtol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told the highwayman, all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his ſervice; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an oath, that would not do. Jones anſwered coolly, he was very ſorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his piſtol at the ſame time very near to his breaſt. Jones inſtantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the piſtol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A ſtruggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the piſtol from the hand of his antagoniſt, and both came from their horſes on the ground together; the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to ſay the truth, he was in ſtrength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſays he, 'I could have had no 'intention to ſhoot you; for you will 'find the piſtol was not loaded. This 'is the firſt robbery I ever attempted, 'and I have been driven by diſtreſs to 'this.'

At this inſtant, at about an hundred and fifty yards diſtance, lay another perſon on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himſelf, who endeavouring to make his eſcape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horſe, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be ſhot.

In this poſture he lay, till the guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling beaſt, came up to him, and told him his maſter had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones ſtood with his ſword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, Sir; run him through 'the body; kill him this inſtant!'

Luckily, however, for the poor wretch, he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying-in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery.

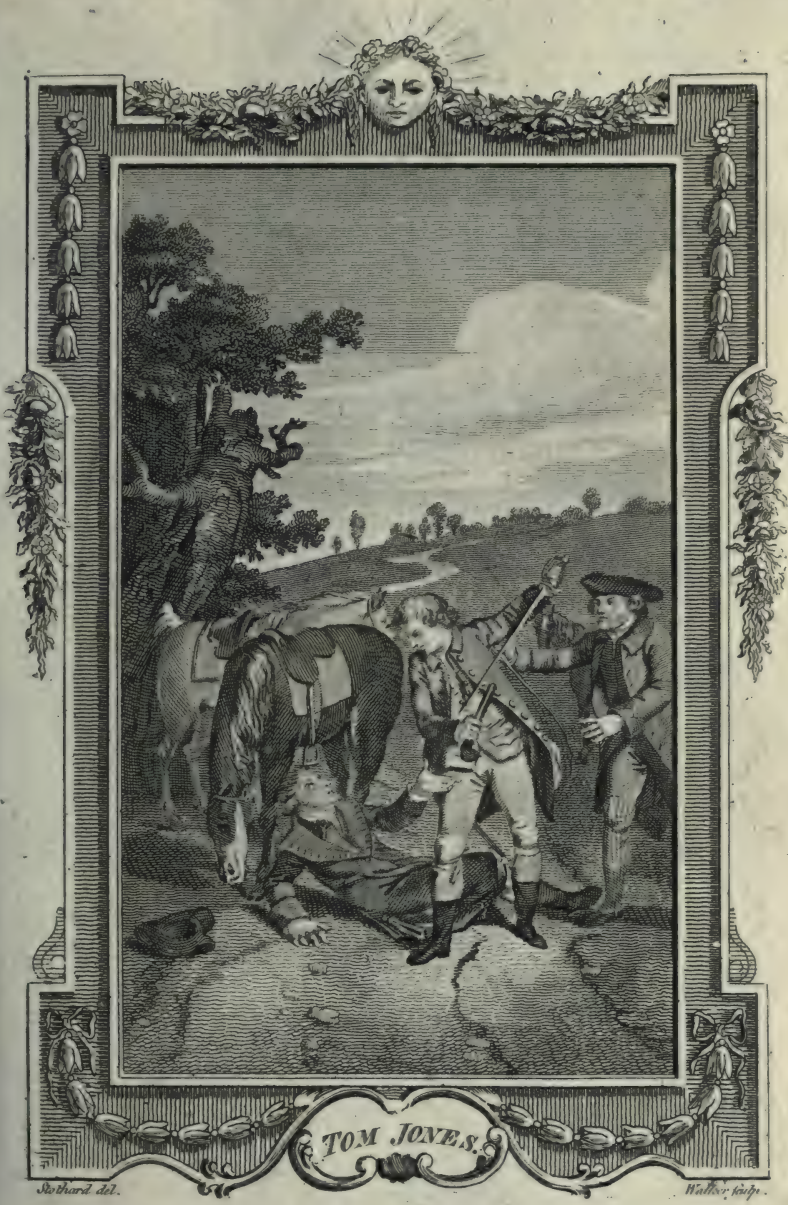

Plate VI.

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ſery. The truth of all which the highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted; and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his houſe, which was not above two miles off; ſaying, that he deſired no favour, but upon condition of proving all he had alledged.

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and return with him, declaring that his fate ſhould depend entirely on the truth of his ſtory. Upon this, the poor fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain ſentiments of compaſſion for him. He returned the fellow his empty piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate ſupport of his wife and his family; adding, he wiſhed he had more for his ſake, for the hundred pounds that had been mentioned, was not his own.

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; ſome may applaud it, perhaps, as an act of extraordinary humanity, while thoſe of a more ſaturnine temper will conſider it as a want of regard to that juſtice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly ſaw it in that light; for he teſtified much diſſatisfaction on the occaſion, quoted an old proverb, and ſaid, he ſhould not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expreſſions of thankfulneſs and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended ſo to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit ſuch a tranſgreſſion: whether he kept his word, or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travellers having remounted their horſes, arrived in town without encountering any new miſhap. On the road much pleaſant diſcourſe paſſed between Jones and Partridge, on the ſubject of their laſt adventure; in which Jones expreſſed a great compaſſion for thoſe highwaymen who are by unavoidable diſtreſs, driven, as it were, to ſuch illegal courſes, as generally bring them to a ſhameful death. 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'thoſe only whoſe higheſt guilt 'extends no farther than to robbery; 'and who are never guilty of cruelty 'nor inſult to any perſon; which is a 'circumſtance that, I muſt ſay, to the 'honour of our country, diſtinguiſhes 'the robbers of England from thoſe of 'all other nations; for murder is, a'mongſt thoſe, almoſt inſeparably in'cident to robbery.'

'No doubt,' anſwered Partridge, it is 'better to take away one's money than 'one's life; and yet it is very hard upon 'honeſt men, that they can't travel a'bout their buſineſs, without being in 'danger of theſe villains. And to be 'ſure it would be better that all rogues 'were hanged out of the way, than 'that one honeſt man ſhould ſuffer. 'For my own part, indeed, I ſhould 'not care to have the blood of any of 'them on my own hands; but it is 'very proper for the law to hang them 'all. What right hath any man to 'take ſixpence from me, unleſs I give 'it him? Is there any honeſty in ſuch 'a man?'

'No, ſurely!' cries Jones, 'no 'more than there is in him who takes 'the horſes out of another man's ſta'ble, or who applies to his own uſe 'the money which he finds, when he 'knows the right owner.'

Theſe hints ſtopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again, till Jones having thrown ſome ſarcaſtical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuſe himſelf on the inequality of fire-arms; ſaying, a thouſand naked men are nothing to one piſtol; for, though, it is true, it will kill but one at a ſingle diſcharge, yet who can tell but that one may be himſelf?

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK. XIII.

CONTAINING THE SPACE OF TWELVE DAYS.

CHAP. I.

AN INVOCATION.

COME, bright Love of Fame, inſpire my glowing breaſt! not thee I call, who over ſwelling tides of blood and tears, doſt bear the hero on to glory, while ſighs of millions waft his ſpreading ſails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mneſis, happy nymph, firſt on the banks of Hebrus did produce: thee! whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, ſat'ſt, with thy Milton, ſweetly tuning the heroick lyre! fill my raviſhed fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me, that ſome tender mind, whoſe grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious name of Sophia, ſhe reads the real worth which once exiſted in my Charlotte, ſhall, from her ſympathetick breaſt, ſend forth the heaving ſigh! Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praiſe! Comfort me by a ſolemn aſſurance, that when the little parlour, in which I ſit at this inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe-furniſhed box, I ſhall be read, with honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee!

And thou! much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the well-ſeaſoned beef, and pudding richly ſtained with plums delight: thee, I call; of whom in a Treckſchuyte in ſome Dutch canal the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amſterdam, was delivered: in Grub Street ſchool didſt thou ſuck in the elements of thy erudition. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn air; while Tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends the affrighted theatres with it's thunder. To ſoothe thy wearied limbs in ſlumber, Alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, Monſieur Romance performs his ſurprizing tricks of dexterity. Nor leſs thy well-fed book-

ſeller

ſeller obeys thy influence. By thy advice, the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the dusty ſhelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Inſtructed by thee, ſome books, like quacks, impoſe on the world by promiſing wonders; while others turn beaus, and truſt all their merits to a gilded outſide. Come, thou jolly ſubſtance, with thy ſhining face, keep back thy inſpiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy ſhining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible bank-bill, big with unſeen riches; thy often-varying ſtock; the warm, the comfortable houſe; and, laſtly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whoſe flowing breaſts yield redundant ſuſtenance for all her numerous offspring, did not ſome too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the teat. Come, thou! and if I am too taſteleſs of the valuable treaſures, warm my heart with the tranſporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whoſe innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean ſhadow, and this fat ſubſtance, have prompted me to write, whoſe aſſiſtance ſhall I invoke to direct my pen?

Firſt, Genius! thou gift of Heaven; without whoſe aid, in vain we ſtruggle againſt the ſtream of nature. Thou, who doſt ſow the generous ſeeds which Art nouriſhes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of Nature. Initiate me into all thoſe myſteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me (which to thee is no difficult taſk!) to know mankind better than they know themſelves. Remove that miſt which dims the intellects of mortals, and cauſes them to adore men for their art, or to deteſt them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themſelves. Strip off the thin diſguiſe of wiſdom from ſelf-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come, thou, that haſt inſpired thy Ariſtophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakeſpeare, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almoſt the conſtant attendant on true genius, Humanity! bring all thy tender ſenſations. If thou haſt already diſpoſed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttelton, ſteal them a little while from their boſoms. Not without theſe the tender ſcene is painted. From theſe alone proceed the noble diſintereſted friendſhip, the melting love, the generous ſentiment, the ardent gratitude, the ſoft compaſſion, the candid opinion; and all thoſe ſtrong energies of a good mind, which fill the moiſtened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and ſwell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence!

And thou, O Learning! (for without thy aſſiſtance, nothing pure, nothing correct, can Genius produce) do thou guide my pen. Thee! in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames, waſhes the Etonian banks, in early youth I have worſhipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have ſacrificed my blood. Come, then, and from thy vaſt luxuriant ſtores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profuſion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy philoſophick, thy poetick, and thy hiſtorical treaſures; whether with Greek or Roman characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous cheſts: give me awhile that key to all thy treaſures, which to thy Warburton thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come, Experience, long converſant with the wiſe, the good, the learned, and the polite. Nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the miniſter at his levee, to the bailiff in his ſpunging-houſe; from the dutcheſs at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluſe pedant, however great his parts, or extenſive his learning may be, hath ever been a ſtranger.

Come, all theſe, and more, if poſſible; for arduous is the taſk I have undertaken; and, without all your aſſiſtance,

ance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But, if you all smile on my labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy conclusion.

CHAP. II.

WHAT BEFEL MR. JONES ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

THE learned Dr. Misaubin used to say, that the proper direction to him was, 'To Dr. Misaubin, *in the* 'world;' intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we shall find that this circumstance bears no inconsiderable part among the many blessings of grandeur.

The great happiness of being known to posterity, with the hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the several elements which compose our names, as Sydenham expresses it, repeated a thousand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth: and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the sword and the pen. But to avoid the scandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody knows* (a scandal, by the by, as old as the days of Homer *) will always be the envied portion of those who have a legal title either to honour or estate.

From that figure, therefore, which the Irish peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this history, the reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy matter to have discovered his house in London, without knowing the particular street or square which he inhabited, since he must have been *one whom every body knows*. To say the truth, so it would have been to any of those tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the regions of the great: for the doors of the great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire stranger in London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the housholders of Hanover or Grosvenor Square, (for he entered through Gray's Inn Lane) so he rambled about some time, before he could even find his way to those happy mansions, where fortune segregates from the vulgar, those magnanimous heroes, the descendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose ancestors being born in better days, by sundry kinds of merit have entailed riches and honour on their posterity.

Jones being at length arrived at those terrestrial Elysian fields, would now soon have discovered his lordship's mansion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former house when he went for Ireland; and as he was just entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the neighbourhoood: so that after a successless enquiry till the clock had struck eleven, Jones, at last, yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn; that being the inn where he had first alighted; and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repose, which usually attends persons in his circumstances.

Early in the morning he again set forth in pursuit of Sophia; and many a weary step he took to no better purpose than before. At last, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to disappoint him, he came into the very street which was honoured by his lordship's residence; and being directed to the house, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who, from the modesty of the knock, had conceived no high idea of the person approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was dressed in a suit of fustian, and had by his side the weapon formerly purchased of the serjeant; of which, though the blade might be composed of well-tempered steel, the handle was composed only of brass, and that none of the brightest. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordship, this fellow answered surlily, that there were no ladies there. Jones then desired to see the master of the house; but was in-

* See the second Odyssey, ver. 175.

formed

formed that his lordſhip would ſee nobody that morning. And upon growing more preſſing, the porter ſaid he had poſitive orders to let no perſon in. 'But if you think proper,' ſaid he, 'to leave your name, I will acquaint 'his lordſhip; and if you call another 'time, you ſhall know when he will 'ſee you.'

Jones now declared, that he had very particular buſineſs with the young lady, and could not depart without ſeeing her: upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aſpect, affirmed that there was no young lady in that houſe, and conſequently none could he ſee; adding, 'Sure you are 'the ſtrangeſt man I ever met with, 'for you will not take an anſwer!'

I have often thought, that by the particular deſcription of Cerberus the porter of hell, in the ſixth Æneid, Virgil might poſſibly intend to ſatirize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture, at leaſt, reſembles thoſe who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter, in his lodge, anſwers exactly to Cerberus in his den; and, like him, muſt be appeaſed by a ſop, before acceſs can be gained to his maſter. Perhaps Jones might have ſeen him in that light, and have recollected the paſſage where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, preſents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with ſuch a ſop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, inſtantly advanced, and declared, if Mr. Jones would give him the ſum propoſed, he would conduct him to the lady. Jones inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill ſucceſs than the near approach to good. The gameſter, who loſes his party at piquet by a ſingle point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a proſpect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their fellow-ſufferers. In ſhort, theſe kind of hair-breadth miſſings of happineſs, look like the inſults of Fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome diſpoſition of the heathen goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner: for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addreſſed himſelf to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who told him the diſagreeable news, that the lady was gone; but could not tell him whither: and the ſame anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herſelf. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a perſon detached from her uncle Weſtern, in purſuit of his daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never ſeen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a couſin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the preſent tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory: but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordſhip's, acquainted him with the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other couſin, he then recollected the ſtory of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame woman, he became more ſurprized at the anſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired leave to wait on the lady herſelf, but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired, for the preſent, ſaying to the waiting-woman, that if this was an improper hour to wait on her lady, he would return in the afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the honour of ſeeing her. The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comelineſs of his perſon, made an impreſſion on the waiting-woman, and ſhe could not help anſwering—'Perhaps, Sir, you may.' And, indeed, ſhe afterwards ſaid every thing to her miſtreſs, which ſhe thought

moſt likely to prevail on her to admit a viſit from the handſome young gentleman; for ſo ſhe called him.

Jones very ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that Sophia herſelf was now with her couſin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her reſentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, diſpatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the ſtreet, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no perſon did he ſee iſſue forth, except a ſervant of the houſe; and in the evening he returned to pay his viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at laſt condeſcended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dreſs to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was poſſeſſed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, ſomewhat different from what his apparel ſeemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper reſpects, was deſired to ſit down.

The reader will not, I believe, be deſirous of knowing all the particulars of this converſation, which ended very little to the ſatisfaction of poor Jones. For though Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſoon diſcovered the lover, (as all women have the eyes of hawks in thoſe matters) yet ſhe ſtill thought it was ſuch a lover as a generous friend of the lady ſhould not betray her to. In ſhort, ſhe ſuſpected this was the very Mr. Blifil from whom Sophia had flown; and all the anſwers which ſhe artfully drew from Mr. Jones, concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore ſtrictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permiſſion to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her ſuſpicion concerning Mr. Blifil to her maid; who anſwered, 'Sure, Ma'dam, he is too pretty a man, in 'my opinion, for any woman in the 'world to run away from. I had ra'ther fancy it is Mr. Jones.'—'Mr. 'Jones!' ſaid the lady: 'what Jones?' For Sophia had not given the leaſt hint of any ſuch perſon in all their converſation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her ſiſter Abigail with the whole hiſtory of Jones, which this now again related to her miſtreſs.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no ſooner received this information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, ſaw charms in the gallant, happy lover, which ſhe had overlooked in the ſlighted ſquire. 'Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'you 'are certainly in the right: he is a 'very pretty fellow, and I don't won'der that my couſin's maid ſhould tell 'you ſo many women are fond of him. 'I am ſorry now I did not inform him 'where my couſin was: and yet if he 'be ſo terrible a rake as you tell me, it 'is a pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him any 'more; for what but her ruin can 'happen, from marrying a rake and a 'beggar againſt her father's conſent? 'I proteſt, if he be ſuch a man as the 'wench deſcribed him to you, it is 'but an office of charity to keep her 'from him; and, I am ſure, it would 'be unpardonable in me to do other'wiſe, who have taſted ſo bitterly of 'the misfortunes attending ſuch mar'riages.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the arrival of a viſitor, which was no other than his lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this viſit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this hiſtory, we ſhall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. III.

A PROJECT OF MRS. FITZPATRICK, AND HER VISIT TO LADY BELLASTON.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to reſt, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her couſin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the diſingenuity which ſhe now diſcovered: in which meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her imagination, before the following conceit ſuggeſted itſelf: that could ſhe poſſibly become the means of preſerving Sophia from this man, and of reſtoring her to her father, ſhe ſhould, in all human probability, by ſo great a ſervice to the family, reconcile to herſelf both her uncle and her aunt Weſtern.

As

As this was one of her moſt favourite wiſhes, ſo the hope of ſucceſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper methods to accompliſh her ſcheme. To attempt to reaſon the caſe with Sophia, did not appear to her one of thoſe methods: for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, ſhe conceived, that to diſſuade her from the match was an endeavour of the ſame kind as it would be very heartily and earneſtly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will pleaſe to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with Lady Bellaſton, was contracted at the houſe of Mrs. Weſtern, and muſt have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick muſt have been acquainted with her likewiſe. They were, beſides, both equally her diſtant relations.

After much conſideration, therefore, ſhe reſolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to ſee her, unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair. For ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantick love, and indiſcreet marriages, in her converſation, would very readily concur in her ſentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmoſt aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This reſolution ſhe accordingly executed; and the next morning before the ſun, ſhe huddled on her cloaths, and at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable hour, went to Lady Bellaſton, to whom ſhe got acceſs, without the leaſt knowledge or ſuſpicion of Sophia; who, though not aſleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour ſnoring by her ſide.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early, abrupt viſit, at an hour when, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould not have thought of diſturbing her ladyſhip, but upon buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence. She then opened the whole affair, told all ſhe had heard from Betty, and did not forget the viſit which Jones had paid to herſelf the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton anſwered with a ſmile, 'Then you have ſeen this terrible man, Madam: pray, is he ſo very fine a figure as he is repreſented? For Etoff entertained me laſt night almoſt two hours with him. The wench, I believe, is in love with him by reputation.' Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is, that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the Lady Bellaſton, had received compleat information concerning the ſaid Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her lady laſt night (or rather that morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which account ſhe had been detained in her office above the ſpace of an hour and a half.

The lady, indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at thoſe ſeaſons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had deſcribed him as a very handſome fellow; and Mrs. Etoff, in her hurry, added ſo much to the beauty of his perſon in her report, that Lady Bellaſton began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curioſity which her woman had inſpired was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſpoke as much in favour of the perſon of Jones, as ſhe had before ſpoke in diſpraiſe of his birth, character, and fortune.

When Lady Bellaſton had heard the whole, ſhe anſwered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of great conſequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the part you act; and I ſhall be very glad to have my ſhare in the preſervation of a young lady of ſo much merit, and for whom I have ſo much eſteem.'

'Doth not your ladyſhip think,' ſays Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, 'that it would be the beſt way to write immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where my couſin is?'

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus anſwered—'Why, no, Madam; I think not. Di Weſtern hath deſcribed her brother to me to be ſuch a brute, that I cannot conſent to put any woman under his power who hath eſcaped from it. I have heard that he behaved like a monſter to his own wife; for he is one of thoſe wretches who think they have a right to tyrannize over us; and from ſuch I ſhall ever eſteem it the

'cause of my sex to rescue any woman 'who is so unfortunate as to be under 'their power. The business, dear 'cousin, will be only to keep Miss 'Western from seeing this young fel-'low, till the good company, which 'she will have an opportunity of meet-'ing here, give her a properer turn.'

'If he should find her out, Ma-'dam,' answered the other, 'your 'ladyship may be assured he will leave 'nothing unattempted to come at her.'

'But, Madam,' replied the lady, 'it is impossible he should come here; 'though, indeed, it is possible he may 'get some intelligence where she is, 'and then may lurk about the house; 'I wish, therefore, I knew his person. 'Is there no way, Madam, by which 'I could have a sight of him? For 'otherwise you know, cousin, she may 'contrive to see him here without my 'knowledge.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick answered, that he had threatened her with another visit that afternoon; and that if her ladyship pleased to do her the honour of calling upon her then, she would hardly fail of seeing him between six and seven; and if he came earlier, she would by some means or other detain him till her ladyship's arrival. Lady Bellaston replied, she would come the moment she could get from dinner, which she supposed would be by seven at farthest; for that it was absolutely necessary she should be acquainted with his person. 'Upon my 'word, Madam,' says she, 'it was 'very good to take this care of Miss 'Western; but common humanity, as 'well as regard to our family, requires 'it of us both; for it would be a 'dreadful match indeed!'

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which Lady Bellaston had bestowed on her cousin; and after some little immaterial conversation, withdrew; and getting as fast as she could into her chair, unseen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH CONSISTS OF VISITING.

MR. Jones had walked within sight of a certain door during the whole day; which, though one of the shortest, appeared to him to be one of the longest in the whole year. At length the clock having struck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of visiting, received him very civilly; but still persisted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in asking for his angel, had dropped the word cousin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, 'Then, Sir, you 'know we are related; and as we are, 'you will permit me the right of en-'quiring into the particulars of your 'business with my cousin.' Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answered, he had a considerable sum of money of her's in his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands. He had scarce finished his story, when a violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said,

——*Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little surprized at the sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that as some company were coming, she could not make him any answer now: but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The door of the room now flew open; and, after pushing in her hoop sideways before her, entered Lady Bellaston; who having first made a very low curtsey to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man.

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The company were hardly well ſettled before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned cauſed a freſh diſturbance and a repetition of ceremonials.

Theſe being over, the converſation began to be (as the phraſe is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing paſſed in it which can be thought material to this hiſtory, or, indeed, very material in itſelf, I ſhall omit the relation; the rather, as I have known ſome very fine, polite converſation, grow extremely dull, when tranſcribed into books, or repeated on the ſtage. Indeed, this mental repaſt is a dainty, of which thoſe who are excluded from polite aſſemblies, muſt be contented to remain as ignorant as they muſt of the ſeveral dainties of French cookery, which are ſerved only at the tables of the great. To ſay the truth, as neither of theſe are adapted to every taſte, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a ſpectator of this elegant ſcene, than an actor in it; for though in the ſhort interval before the peer's arrival, Lady Bellaſton firſt, and afterwards Mrs. Fitzpatrick, had addreſſed ſome of their diſcourſe to him; yet no ſooner was the noble lord entered, than he engroſſed the whole attention of the two ladies to himſelf; and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no ſuch perſon had been preſent, unleſs by now and then ſtaring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now ſtaid ſo long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all deſigned to ſtay out each other. She therefore reſolved to rid herſelf of Jones, he being the viſitant to whom ſhe thought the leaſt ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a ceſſation of chat, ſhe addreſſed herſelf gravely to him, and ſaid, 'Sir, I ſhall 'not poſſibly be able to give you an 'anſwer to-night, as to that buſineſs; 'but if you pleaſe to leave word where 'I may ſend to you to morrow—'

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Inſtead, therefore, of communicating the ſecret of his lodgings to a ſervant, he acquainted the lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone, than the great perſonages who had taken no notice of him preſent, began to take much notice of him in his abſence; but if the reader hath already excuſed us from relating the more brilliant part of this converſation, he will ſurely be very ready to excuſe the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuſe; though, perhaps, it may be material to our hiſtory to mention an obſervation of Lady Bellaſton, who took her leave in a few minutes after him; and then ſaid to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, 'I 'am ſatisfied on the account of my 'couſin: ſhe can be in no danger from 'this fellow.'

Our hiſtory ſhall follow the example of Lady Bellaſton, and take leave of the preſent company, which was now reduced to two perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed which in the leaſt concerns us or our readers, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from matters which muſt ſeem of more conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the affairs of our hero.

CHAP. V.

AN ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO MR. JONES, AT HIS LODGINGS; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO LODGED THERE, AND OF THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was anſwered, that the lady was not at home; an anſwer which ſurprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the ſtreet from break of day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her. This anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive; and not only now, but to five ſeveral viſits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble, peer had for ſome reaſon or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, inſiſted that ſhe ſhould not ſee Mr. Jones (whom he looked on as a ſcrub) any more; and the lady had complied in making that promiſe, to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may poſſibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyſhip, and may even

even have some concern, should it be apprehended that, during this unhappy separation from Sophia, he took up his residence either at an inn, or in the street; we shall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable house, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr. Jones, then, had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whose house he used to lodge when he was in town. This person, who, as Jones likewise knew, lived in Bond Street, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him at his decease in possession of two daughters, and of a compleat set of manuscript sermons.

Of these two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of seventeen; and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had dispatched Partridge, and in this house he was provided with a room for himself in the second floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The first floor was inhabited by one of those young gentlemen who, in the last age, were called men of wit and pleasure, about town: and properly enough; for as men are usually denominated from their business or profession, so pleasure may be said to have been the only business or profession of those gentlemen to whom Fortune had made all useful occupations unnecessary. Play-houses, coffee-houses, and taverns, were the scenes of their rendezous. Wit and humour were the entertainments of their looser hours, and love was the business of their more serious moments. Wine and the muses conspired to kindle the brightest flames in their breasts; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merits of such compositions.

Such, therefore, were properly called the men of wit and pleasure; but I question whether the same appellation may with the same propriety be given to those young gentlemen of our times, who have the same ambition to be distinguished for parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they soar a step higher than their predecessors, and may be called men of wisdom and *vertù*; (take heed you do not read virtue.) Thus at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employed their time in toasting the charms of a woman, or in making sonnets in her praise; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or Button's; these gentlemen are considering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating speeches for the House of Commons, or rather for the Magazines. But the science of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts.

These are the studies of their graver hours, while for their amusements they have the vast circle of connoisseurship, painting, musick, statuary, and natural philosophy, or rather *unnatural*; which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her monsters and imperfections.

When Jones had spent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at last disconsolate to his apartment. Here while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below stairs; and soon after a female voice begged him for Heaven's sake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occasion to help the distressed, immediately ran down stairs: when stepping into the dining-room, whence all the noise issued, he beheld the young gentleman of wisdom and *vertù* just before mentioned, pinned close to the wall by his footman, and a young woman standing by, wringing her hands, and crying out, 'He 'will be murdered, he will be mur-'dered!' And indeed the poor gentleman seemed in some danger of being choaked; when Jones flew hastily to his assistance, and secured him, just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received several kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more spirit than strength, he made it a kind of scruple of conscience to strike his master, and would have contented himself with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no such respect: he no sooner, therefore, found himself a little roughly handled by his new antagonist, than he gave him one of those punches in the guts, which, though the spectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have such exquisite delight in seeing them, convey but very little pleasure in the feeling.

The

The luſty youth had no ſooner received this blow, than he meditated a moſt grateful return; and now enſued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now Fortune, according to her uſual cuſtom, reverſed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathleſs on the ground, and the vanquiſhed gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr. Jones for his ſeaſonable aſſiſtance: he received likewiſe the hearty thanks of the young woman preſent, who was, indeed, no other than Miſs Nancy, the eldeſt daughter of the houſe.

The footman having now recovered his legs, ſhook his head at Jones, and with a ſagacious look, cried—'O 'd—n me, I'll have nothing more to 'do with you; you have been upon the 'ſtage, or I'm d—mnably miſtaken!' and indeed we may forgive this his ſuſpicion; for ſuch was the agility and ſtrength of our hero, that he was, perhaps, a match for one of the firſt-rate boxers, and could, with great eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton's ſchool.

The maſter, foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to ſtrip; to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was preſently complied with, and the fellow was diſcharged.

And now the young gentleman, whoſe name was Nightingale, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that his deliverer ſhould take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, conſented; though more out of complaiſance than inclination; for the uneaſineſs of his mind fitted him very little for converſation at this time. Miſs Nancy, likewiſe, who was the only female then in the houſe, her mamma and ſiſter being both gone to the play, condeſcended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glaſſes were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occaſion of the preceding diſturbance.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'you will not, from this accident, 'conclude, that I make a cuſtom of 'ſtriking my ſervants; for I aſſure you 'this is the firſt time I have been guilty 'of it in my remembrance, and I have 'paſſed by many provoking faults in 'this very fellow, before he could pro'voke me to this; but when you hear 'what hath happened this evening, 'you will, I believe, think me excu'ſable. I happened to come home ſe'veral hours before my uſual time, 'when I found four gentlemen of the 'cloth at whiſt by my fire; and my 'Hoyle, Sir— my beſt Hoyle, which 'coſt me a guinea, lying open on the 'table, with a quantity of porter ſpilt 'on one of the moſt material leaves of 'the whole book. This, you will allow, 'was provoking; but I ſaid nothing 'till the reſt of the honeſt company 'were gone, and then gave the fellow 'a gentle rebuke; who, inſtead of ex'preſſing any concern, made me a pert 'anſwer, that ſervants muſt have their 'diverſions as well as other people; 'that he was ſorry for the accident 'which had happened to the book; 'but that ſeveral of his acquaintance 'had bought the ſame for a ſhilling, 'and that I might ſtop as much in his 'wages if I pleaſed. I now gave him 'a ſeverer reprimand than before, when 'the raſcal had the inſolence to—In 'ſhort he imputed my early coming 'home to—In ſhort, he caſt a reflec'tion—He mentioned the name of a 'young lady, in a manner—in ſuch a

* Leſt poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertiſement which was publiſhed Feb. 1, 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton propoſes, with proper aſſiſtance, to open an academy at his houſe in the Hay-market, for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in the myſtery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly Britiſh art, with all the various ſtops, blows, croſs-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that perſons of quality and diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into *a courſe of thoſe lectures*, they will be given with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard to the delicacy of the frame and conſtitution of the pupil, for which reaſon muffles are provided, that will effectually ſecure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noſes.

'manner

'manner that incenſed me beyond all 'patience; and, in my paſſion, I ſtruck 'him.'

Jones anſwered, that he believed no perſon living would blame him; 'For 'my part,' ſaid he, 'I confeſs I 'ſhould, on the laſt-mentioned pro-'vocation, have done the ſame thing.'

Our company had not ſat long, before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all ſpent a very chearful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained mirth as poſſible. Indeed, half his natural flow of animal ſpirits, joined to the ſweetneſs of his temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable companion; and notwithſtanding the heavineſs of his heart, ſo agreeable did he make himſelf on the preſent occaſion, that at their breaking up, the young gentleman earneſtly deſired his farther acquaintance. Miſs Nancy was well pleaſed with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him, with the other, next morning to breakfaſt.

Jones, on his part, was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs Nancy, though a very little creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent creatures in the world, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt chearful. She never thought, nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any ill, and had conſtantly that deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all deſires, in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining it's ends, when not diſgraced by affectation. In ſhort, though her power was very ſmall, ſhe was in her heart one of the warmeſt friends. She had been a moſt affectionate wife, and was a moſt fond and tender mother.

As our hiſtory doth not, like a newſpaper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of ſome importance in our hiſtory.

Nor was Jones a little pleaſed with the young gentleman himſelf, whoſe wine he had been drinking. He thought he diſcerned in him much good ſenſe, though a little too much tainted with town foppery; but what recommended him moſt to Jones were ſome ſentiments of great generoſity and humanity, which occaſionally dropped from him; and particularly many expreſſions of the higheſt diſintereſtedneſs in the affairs of love: on which ſubject the young gentleman delivered himſelf in a language which might have very well become an Arcadian ſhepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAP. VI.

WHAT ARRIVED WHILE THE COMPANY WERE AT BREAKFAST, WITH SOME HINTS CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT OF DAUGHTERS.

OUR company brought together in the morning the ſame good inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the evening before; but poor Jones was extremely diſconſolate; for he had juſt received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This news highly afflicted him; and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifeſt indications of a diſordered mind.

The diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted ſentiments, upon this ſubject, which wiſe and ſober men call romantick; but which wiſe and ſober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for ſo the miſtreſs of the houſe was called) greatly approved theſe ſentiments; but when the young gentleman appealed to Miſs Nancy, ſhe anſwered only, that ſhe believed the gentleman who had ſpoke the leaſt was capable of feeling the moſt.

This compliment was ſo apparently directed to Jones, that we ſhould have been ſorry had he paſſed it by unregarded. He made her, indeed, a very polite

polite anſwer; and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own ſilence ſubjected her to a ſuſpicion of the ſame kind; for indeed ſhe had ſcarce opened her lips, either now or the laſt evening.

'I am glad, Nancy,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the gentleman hath made 'the obſervation; I proteſt I am al-'moſt of his opinion. What can be 'the matter with you, child? I never 'ſaw ſuch an alteration. What is be-'come of all your gaiety?—Would you 'think, Sir, I uſed to call her my lit-'tle prattler? She hath not ſpoke 'twenty words this week.'

Here their converſation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-ſervant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, ſhe ſaid, was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones. She added, that the man immediately went away, ſaying, it required no anſwer.

Jones expreſſed ſome ſurprize on this occaſion, and declared it muſt be ſome miſtake: but the maid perſiſting that ſhe was certain of the name, all the women were deſirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betſey, with the conſent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be, a domino, a maſk, and a maſquerade-ticket.

Jones was now more poſitive than ever, in aſſerting, that theſe things muſt have been delivered by miſtake; and Mrs. Miller herſelf expreſſed ſome doubt, and ſaid ſhe knew not what to think. But when Mr. Nightingale was aſked, he delivered a very different opinion. 'All I can conclude from 'it, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is, that you are 'a very happy man: for I make no 'doubt but theſe were ſent you by ſome 'lady whom you will have the happi-'neſs of meeting at the maſquerade.'

Jones had not a ſufficient degree of vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herſelf give much aſſent to what Mr. Nightingale had ſaid, till Miſs Nancy having lifted up the domino, a card dropt from the ſleeve, in which was written as follows.

TO MR. JONES.

The Queen of the Fairies ſends you this;
Uſe her favours not amiſs.

Mrs. Miller and Miſs Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame opinion. And as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodgings, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome hopes, that it came from her, and that he might poſſibly ſee his Sophia. Theſe hopes had ſurely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not ſeeing him according to her promiſe, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical character) might poſſibly intend to do him that ſervice, in a ſtrange manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary methods. To ſay the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his temper, therefore, was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this occaſion; and his imagination worked up a thouſand conceits, to favour and ſupport his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good wiſhes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine diſpoſition of mind: ſince, after having read much, and conſidered long on that ſubject of happineſs which hath employed ſo many great pens, I am almoſt inclined to fix it in the poſſeſſion of this temper; which puts us, in a manner, out of the reach of Fortune, and makes us happy without her aſſiſtance. Indeed, the ſenſations of pleaſure it gives are much more conſtant, as well as much keener, than thoſe which that blind lady beſtows; Nature having wiſely contrived, that ſome ſatiety and languor ſhould be annexed to all our real enjoyments, leſt we ſhould be ſo taken up by them, as to be ſtopt from farther purſuits. I make no manner of doubt, but that, in this light, we may ſee the imaginary future chancellor juſt called to the bar, the archbiſhop in crape, and the prime miniſter at the tail of an oppoſition, more truly happy than thoſe who are inveſted with

all the power and profit of these respectives offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the masquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the same time, offered tickets to Miss Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She said, she did not conceive the harm which some people imagined in a masquerade; but that such extravagant diversions were proper only for persons of quality and fortune, and not for young women who were to get their living; and could, at best, hope to be married to a good tradesman. 'A 'tradesman!' cries Nightingale; 'you 'shan't undervalue my Nancy. There 'is not a nobleman upon earth above 'her merit.'—'O fie! Mr. Nightin-'gale,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'you 'must not fill the girl's head with such 'fancies: but if it was her good luck' (says the mother with a simper) 'to 'find a gentleman of your generous 'way of thinking, I hope she would 'make a better return to his gene-'rosity, than to give her mind up to 'extravagant pleasures. Indeed, where 'young ladies bring great fortunes 'themselves, they have some right to 'insist on spending what is their own; 'and on that account, I have heard 'the gentlemen say, a man has some-'times a better bargin with a poor 'wife, than with a rich one. But 'let my daughters marry whom they 'will, I shall endeavour to make 'them blessings to their husbands: I 'beg, therefore, I may hear of no 'more masquerades. Nancy is, I am 'certain, too good a girl to desire to 'go; for she must remember when 'you carried her thither last year, it 'almost turned her head: and she did 'not return to herself, or to her needle, 'in a month afterwards.'

Though a gentle sigh, which stole from the bosom of Nancy, seemed to argue some secret disapprobation of these sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good woman had all the tenderness, so she had preserved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the desires of her children was restrained only by her fears for their safety and future welfare, so she never suffered those commands which proceeded from such fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed: and this the young gentleman, who had lodged two years in the house, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the refusal.

Mr. Nightingale, who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very desirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excused, as his cloaths, he said, were not yet come to town.

To confess the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a situation, which sometimes happens to be the case of young gentlemen of much better figure than himself. In short, he had not one penny in his pocket; a situation in much greater credit among the ancient philosophers, than among the modern wise men who live in Lombard Street, or those who frequent White's chocolate-house: and, perhaps, the great honours which those philosophers have ascribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reasons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid street and chocolate-house.

Now if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be, as the modern wise men just above mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious error; no less false is, I apprehend, that position of some writers of romance, that a man may live altogether on love: for however delicious repasts this may afford to some of our senses or appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in such writers, have experienced their error when it was too late; and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a rose is capable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had set before him, namely, the hopes of seeing Sophia at the masquerade; on which however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuously feasted during the whole day, the evening no sooner came than Mr. Jones began to languish for some food of a grosser kind. Partridge discovered this by intuition, and took the occasion to give some oblique hints concerning the bank-bill, and when these were rejected with disdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

'Partridge,'

'Partridge,' cried Jones, 'you cannot see my fortune in a more desperate light than I see it myself: and I begin heartily to repent, that I suffered you to leave a place where you was settled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning home; and for the expence and trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my account, all the cloaths I left behind in your care, I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other acknowledgment.'

He spoke these words with so pathetick an accent, that Partridge, among whose vices ill-nature or hardness of heart were not numbered, burst into tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his distress, he began with the most earnest entreaties to urge his return home. 'For Heaven's sake, Sir,' says he, 'do but consider! what can your honour do? How is it possible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to desert you. But, pray, Sir, consider!—do pray, Sir, for your own sake, take it into your consideration; and I'm sure,' says he, 'that your own good sense will bid you return home.'

'How often shall I tell thee,' answered Jones, 'that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes that Mr. Allworthy's door would be open to receive me, I want no distress to urge me. Nay, there is no other cause upon earth, which would detain me a moment from flying to his presence; but, alas! that I am for ever banished from. His last words were—O Partridge, they still ring in my ears—his last words were, when he gave me a sum of money, what it was I know not, but considerable I'm sure it was—his last words were—"I am resolved from "this day forward, on no account, to "converse with you any more!"'

Here passion stopt the mouth of Jones, as surprize, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he soon recovered the use of speech, and after a short preface, in which he declared he had no inquisitiveness in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a considerable sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the money.

In both these points he now received full satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a message from Mr. Nightingale, who desired his master's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both retired for the masquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be sent for, a circumstance of distress occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a shilling; but if such readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the want of a thousand pounds, (or perhaps, of ten or twenty) to execute a favourite scheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occasion. For this sum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor fellow should advance in his service. To say the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was, that he desired to see the bank-bill broke in upon; or that distress should prevail on Jones to return home; or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING THE WHOLE HUMOURS OF A MASQUERADE.

OUR cavaliers now arrived at that temple where Heydegger, the great Arbiter Deliciarum, the great high-priest of pleasure, presides; and, like other heathen priests, imposes on his votaries by the pretended presence of the deity, when in reality no such deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale having taken a turn or two with his companion, soon left him, and walked off with a female, saying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you 'must beat about for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain strong hopes that his Sophia was present; and these hopes gave him more spirits than the lights, the musick, and the company; though these are pretty strong antidotes against the spleen. He now accosted every woman he saw, whose stature, shape or air, bore any resem-

blance to his angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an answer, by which he might discover that voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by a question, in a squeaking voice, 'Do you know 'me?' Much the greater number said, 'I don't know you, Sir;' and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; some made him no answer at all; some said, 'Indeed I 'don't know your voice, and I shall 'have nothing to say to you?' and many gave him as kind answers as he could wish, but not in the voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last, (who was in the habit of a shepherdess) a lady in a domino came up to him, and slapping him on the shoulder, whispered him, at the same time in the ear, 'If you talk any 'longer with that trollop, I will ac-'quaint Miss Western.'

Jones no sooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the domino, begging and entreating her to shew him the lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the room.

The masque walked hastily to the upper end of the innermost apartment before she spoke; and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. Jones sat down by her, and still persisted in his entreaties; at last the lady coldly answered, 'I 'imagined Mr. Jones had been a 'more discerning lover, than to suffer 'any disguise to conceal his mistress 'from him.'—'Is she here then, Ma-'dam?' replied Jones, with some vehemency. Upon which the lady cried, 'Hush, Sir! you will be observed. I 'promise you, upon my honour, Miss 'Western is not here.'

Jones now taking the masque by the hand, fell to entreating her in the most earnest manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia; and when he could obtain no direct answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the day before; and concluded, saying, 'Indeed, my good 'fairy queen, I know your majesty 'very well, notwithstanding the af-'fected disguise of your voice. In-'deed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it is a little 'cruel to divert yourself at the ex-'pence of my torments.'

The masque answered, 'Though 'you have so ingeniously discovered 'me, I must still speak in the same voice, 'lest I should be known by others. 'And do you think, good Sir, that I 'have no greater regard for my cousin, 'than to assist in carrying on an af-'fair between you two, which must 'end in her ruin, as well as your 'own? Besides, I promise you, my 'cousin is not mad enough to consent 'to her own destruction, if you are 'so much her enemy as to tempt her 'to it.'

'Alas, Madam,' said Jones, 'you 'little know my heart, when you call 'me an enemy to Sophia!'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you will allow, is the act 'of an enemy;' and when, by the 'same act, you must knowingly and 'certainly bring ruin on yourself, is 'it not folly or madness, as well as 'guilt? Now, Sir, my cousin hath 'very little more than her father will 'please to give her; very little for one 'of her fashion—you know him, and 'you know your own situation.'

Jones vowed he had no such design on Sophia; that he would rather suffer the most violent of deaths than sacrifice her interest to his desires. He said he knew how unworthy he was of her every way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such aspiring thoughts, but that some strange accidents had made him desirous to see her once more, when he promised he would take leave of her for ever. 'No, Ma-'dam,' concluded he, 'my love is 'not of that base kind, which seeks 'it's own satisfaction, at the expence 'of what is most dear to it's object. 'I will sacrifice every thing to the 'possession of my Sophia, but Sophia 'herself.'

Though the reader may have already conceived no very sublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the mask; and though possibly she may hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first characters of her sex; yet, it is certain, these generous sentiments made a strong impression upon her, and greatly added to the affection she had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after a silence of a few

few moments, said, she did not see his pretensions to Sophia so much in the light of presumption, as of imprudence. 'Young fellows,' says she, 'can 'never have too aspiring thoughts; I 'love ambition in a young man, and 'I would have you cultivate it as 'much as possible. Perhaps you may 'succeed with those who are infinitely 'superior in fortune; nay, I am convinced there are women—but don't 'you think me a strange creature, Mr. 'Jones, to be thus giving advice to a 'man, with whom I am so little acquainted, and one with whose behaviour to me I have so little reason 'to be pleased?'

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had said of her cousin. To which the masque answered, 'And are 'you so little versed in the sex, to 'imagine you can well affront a lady 'more, than by entertaining her with 'your passion for another woman? If 'the fairy queen had conceived no 'better opinion of your gallantry, she 'would scarce have appointed you to 'meet her at a masquerade.'

Jones had never less inclination to an amour than at present; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia made it necessary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the presence of the other.

He began, therefore, to make a very warm answer to her last speech, when a masque, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This masque was one of those ladies who go to a masquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths; and by endeavouring, as the phrase is, to spoil as much sport as they are able. This good lady, therefore, having observed Jones and his friend, whom she well knew, in close consultation together in a corner of the room, concluded she could no where satisfy her spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them, therefore, and soon drove them from their retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale seeing the distress of his friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another pursuit.

While Jones and his masque were walking together about the room to rid themselves of the teizer, he observed his lady speak to several masques, with the same freedom of acquaintance as if they had been bare-faced. He could not help expressing his surprize at this, saying, 'Sure, Madam, you must 'have infinite discernment, to know 'people in all disguises.' To which the lady answered, 'You cannot conceive any thing more insipid and 'childish, than a masquerade to the 'people of fashion, who in general 'know one another as well here as 'when they meet in an assembly or a 'drawing-room; nor will any woman of condition converse with a 'person with whom she is not acquainted. In short, the generality 'of persons whom you see here, may 'more properly be said to kill time in 'this place, than in any other; and 'generally retire from hence, more 'tired than from the longest sermon. 'To say the truth, I begin to be in 'that situation myself; and if I 'have any faculty at guessing, you are 'not much better pleased. I protest 'it would be almost charity in me to 'go home for your sake.'—'I know 'but one charity equal to it,' cries Jones; 'and that is, to suffer me to 'wait on you home.'—'Sure,' answered the lady, 'you have a strange 'opinion of me, to imagine that, 'upon such an acquaintance, I would 'let you into my doors at this time 'o'night. I fancy you impute the 'friendship I have shewn my cousin, 'to some other motive. Confess honestly; don't you consider this contrived interview, as little better than 'a downright assignation? Are you 'used, Mr. Jones, to make these 'sudden conquests?'—'I am not used, 'Madam,' said Jones, 'to submit to 'such sudden conquests; but as you 'have taken my heart by surprize, the 'rest of my body hath a right to follow; so you must pardon me, if I 'resolve to attend you wherever you 'go.' He accompanied these words with some proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and saying their familiarity would be observed, told him, she was going to sup

with

with an acquaintance, whither, she hoped, he would not follow her; 'For 'if you should,' said she, 'I should 'be thought an unaccountable crea-'ture; though my friend, indeed, is 'not censorious, yet I hope you won't 'follow me: I protest, I shall not 'know what to say, if you do.'

The lady presently after quitted the masquerade; and Jones, notwithstanding the severe prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which the lady rode, pursued by a grand huzza from all the chairmen present, who wisely take the best care they can to discountenance all walking afoot by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the opera-house were too busy to quit their stations; and as the lateness of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the street, he proceeded without molestation, in a dress which, at another season, would have certainly raised a mob at his heels.

The lady was set down in a street not far from Hanover Square: where the door being presently opened, she was carried in; and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well furnished and well warmed room, when the female still speaking in her masquerade voice, said, she was surprized at her friend, who must absolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much resentment, she suddenly expressed some apprehension from Jones, and asked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a house at that time of night? But instead of a direct answer to so important a question, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmask; and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the Lady Bellaston herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular conversation, which consisted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o'clock in the morning. It is sufficient to mention all of it that is any wise material to this history. And this was a promise, that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled, and a second meeting in the evening appointed, at the same place, they separated; the lady returned to her house, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

CONTAINING A SCENE OF DISTRESS, WHICH WILL APPEAR VERY EXTRAORDINARY TO MOST OF OUR READERS.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few hours sleep, summoned Partridge to his presence; and delivering him a bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with sparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some suspicions not very advantageous to the honour of his master; to these, the dreadful idea he had of the masquerade, the disguise in which his master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could possibly find to account for the possession of this note, was by robbery; and, to confess the truth, the reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the generosity of Lady Bellaston, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear, therefore, the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do justice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this present from her; who, though she did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, such as building hospitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that christian virtue; and conceived (very rightly, I think) that a young fellow of merit, without a shilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour, therefore, the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almost

moſt five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to viſit a relation; of whom, at her return, ſhe gave the following account.

'I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am ſure 'if you knew the occaſion—I have 'been to ſee a couſin of mine, about 'ſix miles off, who now lies in.—'It would be a warning to all perſons' (ſays ſhe, looking at her daughters) 'how they marry indiſcreetly. 'There is no happineſs in this world 'without a competency.—O Nancy! 'how ſhall I deſcribe the wretched condition in which I found your poor 'couſin; ſhe hath ſcarce lain-in a 'week, and there was ſhe, this dreadful weather, in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not 'a buſhel of coals in her houſe to ſupply her with fire; her ſecond ſon, 'that ſweet little fellow, lies ill of a 'quinzy in the ſame bed with his mother; for there is no other bed in 'the houſe. Poor little Tommy! I 'believe Nancy, you will never ſee 'your favourite any more; for he is 'really very ill. The reſt of the children are in pretty good health; but 'Molly, I am afraid, will do herſelf 'an injury—ſhe is but thirteen years 'old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet, in 'my life, I never ſaw a better nurſe: 'ſhe attends both her mother and her 'brother; and what is wonderful in 'a creature ſo young, ſhe ſhews all 'the chearfulneſs in the world to her 'mother; and yet I ſaw her—I ſaw 'the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, 'turn about, and privately wipe the 'tears from her eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on; and there was not, I believe, a perſon preſent who did not accompany her in them; at length ſhe a little recovered herſelf, and proceeded thus: 'In all this diſtreſs, the mother ſupports her ſpirits 'in a ſurprizing manner. The danger of her ſon ſits heavieſt upon her; 'and yet ſhe endeavours as much as 'poſſible to conceal even this concern, 'on her huſband's account. Her grief, 'however, ſometimes gets the better 'of all her endeavours; for ſhe was 'always extravagantly fond of this 'boy; and a moſt ſenſible, ſweet 'tempered creature it is. I proteſt, I 'was never more affected in my life, 'than when I heard the little wretch, 'who is hardly yet ſeven years old, 'while his mother was wetting him 'with her tears, beg her to be comfort-'ed. "Indeed, mamma," cried the child, "I ſhan't die; God Almighty, I'm "ſure, won't take Tommy away; let "heaven be ever ſo fine a place, I had "rather ſtay here, and ſtarve with you "and my pappa, than go to it."—'Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help 'it,' (ſays ſhe, wiping her eyes) 'ſuch 'ſenſibility and affection in a child—'And yet, perhaps, he is leaſt the object of pity; for a day or two will, 'moſt probably, place him beyond 'the reach of all human evils. The 'father is indeed moſt worthy of compaſſion. Poor man! his countenance 'is the very picture of horror, and he 'looks rather like one dead than alive. 'Oh, Heavens! what a ſcene did I behold at my firſt coming into the room! 'The good creature was lying behind 'the bolſter, ſupporting at once both 'his child and his wife. He had nothing on but a thin waiſtcoat, for 'his coat was ſpread over the bed, to 'ſupply the want of blankets. When 'he roſe up, at my entrance, I ſcarce 'knew him. As comely a man, Mr. 'Jones, within this fortnight, as you 'ever beheld; Mr. Nightingale hath 'ſeen him. His eyes ſunk, his face 'pale, with a long beard. His body 'ſhivering with cold, and worn with 'hunger too; for my couſin ſays, ſhe 'can hardly prevail upon him to eat. 'He told me himſelf in a whiſper—'he told me—I can't repeat it—he 'ſaid, he could not bear to eat the 'bread his children wanted. And yet! 'can you believe it, gentlemen? in 'all this miſery, his wife has as good 'caudle as if ſhe lay-in in the midſt 'of the greateſt affluence; I taſted it, 'and I ſcarce ever taſted better. The 'means of procuring her this, he ſaid, 'he believed was ſent him by an angel 'from heaven: I know not what he 'meant; for I had not ſpirits enough 'to aſk a ſingle queſtion.

'This was a love-match, as they 'call it, on both ſides; that is, a 'match between two beggars. I muſt, 'indeed, ſay, I never ſaw a fonder 'couple. But what is their fondneſs 'good for, but to torment each other?' '—Indeed, mamma,' cries Nancy, 'I 'have always looked on my couſin An-

'derſon'

'derſon' (for that was her name) 'as 'one of the happieſt of women.'—'I 'am ſure,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the 'caſe at preſent is much otherwiſe; 'for any one might have diſcerned 'that the tender conſideration of each 'other's ſufferings, makes the moſt 'intolerable part of their calamity both 'to the huſband and the wife. Com-'pared to which, hunger and cold, as 'they affect their own perſons only, 'are ſcarce evils. Nay, the very chil-'dren, the youngeſt, which is not two 'years old, exceed, feel in the ſame 'manner; for they are a moſt loving 'family; and if they had but a bare 'competency, would be the happieſt 'people in the world.'—'I never ſaw 'the leaſt ſign of miſery at her houſe,' replied Nancy; 'I am ſure my heart 'bleeds for what you now tell me.' —'O child,' anſwered the mother, 'ſhe 'hath always endeavoured to make 'the beſt of every thing. They have 'always been in great diſtreſs; but, 'indeed, this abſolute ruin hath been 'brought upon them by others. The 'poor man was bail for the villain 'his brother; and about a week ago, 'the very day before her lying-in, 'their goods were all carried away, 'and ſold by an execution. He ſent 'a letter to me of it by one of the 'bailiffs, which the villain never de-'livered. What muſt he think of 'my ſuffering a week to paſs, before 'he heard of me?'

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was end-ed, he took Mrs. Miller apart with him into another room, and delivering her his purſe, in which was the ſum of 50l. deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones on this occaſion, is not eaſi-ly to be deſcribed. She burſt into a kind of agony of tranſport, and cried out, 'Good Heavens! is there ſuch a 'man in the world?' But recollect-ing herſelf, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed, I know 'one ſuch; but can there be ano-'ther?'—'I hope, Madam,' cries Jones, 'there are many who have com-'mon humanity: for to relieve ſuch 'diſtreſſes in our fellow-creatures, can 'hardly be called more.' Mrs. Mil-ler then took ten guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, ſhe would find ſome means of conveying them early the next morning; adding, that ſhe had herſelf done ſome little matter for the poor people, and had not left them in quite ſo much miſery as ſhe found them.

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expreſſed much con-cern at the dreadful ſituation of thoſe wretches; whom, indeed, he knew; for he had ſeen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed againſt the folly of making one's ſelf liable for the debts of others; vented many bitter execrations againſt the brother; and concluded with wiſhing ſomething could be done for the unfortunate fa-mily. 'Suppoſe, Madam,' ſaid he, 'you ſhould recommend them to Mr. 'Allworthy? or what think you of a 'collection? I will give him a guinea 'with all my heart.'

Mrs. Miller made no anſwer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whiſ-pered the generoſity of Jones, turned pale upon the occaſion; though, if either of them was angry with Night-ingale, it was ſurely without reaſon. For the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thouſands who would not have contributed a ſingle halfpenny; as indeed he did not, in effect; for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore, as the others thought pro-per to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth obſerved, and ſhall never have a better opportunity than at preſent to communicate my obſerva-tion, that the world are in general di-vided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverſe of each other. One party ſeems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be eſteemed as voluntary gifts; and how-ever little you give, (if, indeed, no more than your good wiſhes) you ac-quire a great degree of merit in ſo do-ing. Others, on the contrary, ap-pear to be as firmly perſuaded, that beneficence is a poſitive duty; and that whenever the rich fall greatly ſhort of their ability in relieving the diſtreſſes of the poor, their pitiful largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in ſome ſenſe more contemptible than thoſe who have en-tirely neglected it.

To

To reconcile these different opinions, is not in my power. I shall only add, that the givers are generally of the former sentiment, and the receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

CHAP. IX.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS OF A VERY DIFFERENT KIND FROM THOSE IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

IN the evening, Jones met his lady again, and a long conversation again ensued between them; but as it consisted only of the same ordinary occurrences as before, we shall avoid mentioning particulars, which we despair of rendering agreeable to the reader; unless he is one whose devotion to the fair sex, like that of the papists to their saints, wants to be raised by the help of pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such pictures to the publick, that I would wish to draw a curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been presented us here, under the name of translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see Sophia; and finding, after repeated interviews with Lady Bellaston, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means; (for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with resentment;) he resolved to try some other method. He made no doubt but that Lady Bellaston knew where his angel was, so he thought it most likely that some of her servants should be acquainted with the same secret. Partridge, therefore, was employed to get acquainted with those servants, in order to fish this secret out of them.

Few situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor master was at present reduced; for besides the difficulties he met with in discovering Sophia, besides the fears he had of having disobliged her, and the assurances he had received from Lady Bellaston of the resolution which Sophia had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient reason to believe might be true; he had still a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his mistress to remove, however kind her inclination might have been. This was, the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her father's estate, the almost inevitable consequence of their coming together without a consent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these, the many obligations which Lady Bellaston, whose violent fondness we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; so that by her means he was now become one of the best dressed men about town; and was not only relieved from those ridiculous distresses we have before mentioned, but was actually raised to a state of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now, though there are many gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their consciences to possess themselves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return; yet to a mind, the proprietor of which doth not deserve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more irksome, than to support love with gratitude only; especially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy case of Jones; for though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the question, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous passion of this lady; who had, indeed, been once an object of desire; but was now entered, at least, into the autumn of life; though she wore all the gaiety of youth, both in her dress and manner; nay, she contrived still to maintain the roses in her cheeks; but these, like flowers forced out of season by art, had none of that lively, blooming freshness, with which Nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had, besides, a certain imperfection, which renders some flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderness of sweets; and what, above all others, is most disagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones saw all these discouragements on the one side, he felt his obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent passion whence those obligations proceeded; the extreme violence of which, if he failed to equal, he well

knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit consideration upon which all her favours were conferred; and as his necessity obliged him to accept them, so his honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the price. This, therefore, he resolved to do, whatever misery it cost him; and to devote himself to her, from that great principle of justice, by which the laws of some countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwise capable of discharging his debt, to become the slave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on these matters, he received the following note from the lady.

'A Very foolish, but a very perverse 'accident, hath happened since 'our last meeting, which makes it im-'proper I should see you any more at 'the usual place. I will, if possible, 'contrive some other place by to-mor-'row. In the mean time, adieu.'

This disappointment, perhaps, the reader may conclude was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved: for in less than an hour afterwards, another note was brought him from the same hand, which contained as follows.

'I Have altered my mind since I 'wrote; a change which, if you 'are no stranger to the tenderest of all 'passions, you will not wonder at. I 'am now resolved to see you this even-'ing, at my own house, whatever may 'be the consequence. Come to me ex-'actly at seven: I dine abroad; but 'will be at home by that time. A day, 'I find, to those that sincerely love, 'seems longer than I imagined.

'If you should accidentally be a few 'moments before me, bid them show 'you into the drawing room.'

To confess the truth, Jones was less pleased with this last epistle than he had been with the former; as he was prevented by it from complying with the earnest entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendship. These entreaties were, to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance. And this sort of fun, our hero, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes; as the reader may possibly be not a little surprized at the imprudence of Lady Bellaston, in bringing her lover to the very house where her rival was lodged.

First, then, the mistress of the house where these lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some years a pensioner to that lady, was now become a methodist, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyship; and after rebuking her very severely for her past life, had positively declared, that she would, on no account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of spirits into which this accident threw the lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening: but as she began a little to recover from her uneasiness at the disappointment, she set her thoughts to work; when luckily it came into her head to propose to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewise dispatched with Mrs. Etoff on the same errand of pleasure; and thus her own house was left free for the safe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom she promised herself two or three hours of uninterrupted conversation, after her return from the place where she dined; which was at a friend's house in a pretty distant part of the town, near her old place of assignation, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprized of the revolution that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAP. X.

A CHAPTER WHICH, THO' SHORT, MAY DRAW TEARS FROM SOME EYES.

MR. Jones was just dressed to wait on Lady Bellaston, when Mrs. Miller

Miller rapped at the door; and being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his company below ſtairs to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, ſhe preſently introduced a perſon to him, ſaying, 'This, Sir, is my couſin, who 'hath been ſo greatly beholden to your 'goodneſs; for which he begs to re-'turn you his ſincereſt thanks.'

The man had ſcarce entered upon that ſpeech, which Mrs. Miller had ſo kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhowed at once the utmoſt tokens of ſurprize. The voice of the latter began inſtantly to faulter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his ſpeech, he ſunk down into a chair, crying, 'It is ſo! I am 'convinced it is ſo!'

'Bleſs me! what's the meaning of 'this?' cries Mrs. Miller, 'you are 'not ill, I hope, couſin? Some water! 'a dram this inſtant!'

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries Jones, 'I have almoſt as much need 'of a dram as your couſin. We are 'equally ſurprized at this unexpected 'meeting. Your couſin is an acquain-'tance of mine, Mrs. Miller.'

'An acquaintance!' cries the man. 'O Heaven!'

'Ay, an acquaintance;' repeated Jones, 'and an honoured acquaintance 'too. When I do not love and honour 'the man who dares venture every 'thing to preſerve his wife and chil-'dren from inſtant deſtruction, may I 'have a friend capable of diſowning 'me in adverſity!'

'O you are an excellent young 'man!' cries Mrs. Miller: 'yes, in-'deed, poor creature! he hath ven-'tured every thing—if he had not had 'one of the beſt of conſtitutions, it 'muſt have killed him.'

'Couſin,' cries the man, who had now pretty well recovered himſelf; 'this is the angel from heaven whom 'I meant. This is he to whom, before 'I ſaw you, I owed the preſervation 'of my Peggy. He it was to whoſe 'generoſity every comfort, every ſup-'port which I have procured for her, 'was owing. He is, indeed, the wor-'thieſt, braveſt, nobleſt, of all human 'beings. O couſin, I have obliga-'tions to this gentleman of ſuch a 'nature!'

'Mention nothing of obligations,' cries Jones eagerly; 'not a word! I 'inſiſt upon it, not a word!' (Meaning, I ſuppoſe, that he would not have him betray the affair of the robbery to any perſon)—'If by the trifle you have 'received from me, I have preſerved a 'whole family, ſure pleaſure was never 'bought ſo cheap.'

'O, Sir!' cries the man, 'I wiſh you 'could this inſtant ſee my houſe. If 'any perſon had ever a right to the 'pleaſure you mention, I am convinced 'it is yourſelf. My couſin tells me 'ſhe acquainted you with the diſtreſs 'in which ſhe found us. That, Sir, 'is all greatly removed, and chiefly by 'your goodneſs. My children have 'now a bed to lie on, and they have—'they have—eternal bleſſings reward 'you for it—they have bread to eat! 'My little boy is recovered; my wife 'is out of danger, and I am happy. 'All, all owing to you, Sir; and to 'my couſin here, one of the beſt of 'women. Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſee 'you at my houſe. Indeed, my wife 'muſt ſee you, and thank you. My 'children too muſt expreſs their gra-'titude? Indeed, Sir, they are not 'without a ſenſe of their obligation; 'but what is my feeling, when I re-'flect to whom I owe, that they are 'now capable of expreſſing their gra-'titude! Oh, Sir! the little hearts 'which you have warmed, had now 'been cold as ice without your aſſiſt-'ance!'

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but, indeed, the overflowing of his own heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewiſe began to pour forth thankſgivings, as well in her own name, as in that of her couſin, and concluded with ſaying, ſhe doubted not but ſuch goodneſs would meet a glorious reward.

Jones anſwered, he had been ſufficiently rewarded already. 'Your 'couſin's account, Madam,' ſaid he, 'hath given me a ſenſation more pleaſ-'ing than I have ever known. He 'muſt be a wretch, who is unmoved 'at hearing ſuch a ſtory; how tranſ-'porting then muſt be the thought, of 'having happily acted a part in this 'ſcene! If there are men who cannot 'feel the delight of giving happineſs 'to others, I ſincerely pity them; as 'they are incapable of taſting what is,

'in my opinion, a greater honour, a 'higher intereſt, and a ſweeter plea-'ſure, than the ambitious, the ava-'ricious, or the voluptuous man, can 'ever obtain.'

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a haſty leave, but not before he had heartily ſhaken his friend by the hand, and deſired to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible; promiſing that he would himſelf take the firſt opportunity of viſiting him at his own houſe. He then ſtept into his chair, and proceeded to Lady Bellaſton's, greatly exulting in the happineſs which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful conſequences which muſt have attended them, had he liſtened rather to the voice of ſtrict juſtice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller ſung forth the praiſes of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Henderſon, while he ſtayed, ſo paſſionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumſtances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himſelf, and avoided an indiſcretion, which would have been ſo much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely ſtrict and nice in her principles. He was likewiſe well apprized of the loquacity of this lady; and yet ſuch was his gratitude, that it had almoſt got the better both of diſcretion and ſhame; and made him publiſh that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumſtances which might do the fulleſt honour to his benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL BE SURPRIZED.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady; whoſe arrival was hindered, not only by the diſtance of the place where ſhe dined, but by ſome other croſs accidents, very vexatious to one in her ſituation of mind. He was accordingly ſhewn into the drawing room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came—no other than Sophia herſelf, who had left the play before the end of the firſt act; for this, as we have already ſaid, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties, had ſo terrified our heroine, that ſhe was glad to put herſelf under the protection of a young gentleman, who ſafely conveyed her to her chair.

As Lady Bellaſton had acquainted her that ſhe ſhould not be at home till late, Sophia expecting to find no one in the room, came haſtily in, and went directly to a glaſs, which almoſt fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the ſtatue of Jones now ſtood motionleſs. In this glaſs it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid ſtatue; when inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the reality of the viſion; upon which ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her, and ſupport her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of theſe lovers, is beyond my power. As their ſenſations, from their mutual ſilence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed that I ſhould be able to expreſs them; and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love to feel by their own hearts what paſſed at this time in their's.

After a ſhort pauſe, Jones, with faultering accents, ſaid—'I ſee, Madam, 'you are ſurprized.'—'Surprized!' anſwered ſhe; 'Oh, heavens! Indeed, 'I am ſurprized. I almoſt doubt whe-'ther you are the perſon you ſeem.'—'Indeed,' cries he, 'my Sophia; par-'don me, Madam, for this once call-'ing you ſo; I am that very wretched 'Jones, whom fortune, after ſo many 'diſappointments, hath at laſt kind-'ly conducted to you. Oh! my So-'phia, did you know the thouſand 'torments I have ſuffered in this 'long, fruitleſs purſuit—' 'Purſuit 'of whom?' ſaid Sophia, a little recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved air. 'Can you be ſo cruel 'to aſk that queſtion?' cries Jones. 'Need I ſay, of you?'—'Of me!' anſwered

Plate VII.

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anſwered Sophia; 'hath Mr. Jones 'then any ſuch important buſineſs 'with me?'—'To ſome, Madam,' cries Jones, 'this might ſeem an im- 'portant buſineſs;' [giving her the pocket-book.] 'I hope, Madam, you 'will find it of the ſame value as when 'it was loſt.' Sophia took the pocket book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her, thus—'Let us 'not, I beſeech you, loſe one of theſe 'precious moments which Fortune 'hath ſo kindly ſent us. O my So- 'phia! I have buſineſs of a much ſu- 'perior kind. Thus, on my knees, 'let me aſk your pardon.'—'My par- 'don!' cries ſhe: 'ſure, Sir, after 'what is paſt—you cannot expect, 'after what I have heard—' 'I ſcarce 'know what I ſay,' anſwered Jones. 'By heavens! I ſcarce wiſh you ſhould 'pardon me. O my Sophia! hence- 'forth never caſt away a thought on 'ſuch a wretch as I am. If any re- 'membrance of me ſhould ever in- 'trude to give a moment's uneaſineſs 'to that tender boſom, think of my 'unworthineſs; and let the remem- 'brance of what paſſed at Upton blot 'me for ever from your mind.'

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than ſnow, and her heart was throbbing through her ſtays. But at the mention of Up- ton, a bluſh aroſe in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my Sophia! my only love! 'you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more 'for what happened there, than I do 'myſelf; but yet, do me the juſtice 'to think, that my heart was never 'unfaithful to you—that had no 'ſhare in the folly I was guilty of; 'it was even then unalterably yours. 'Though I deſpaired of poſſeſſing you, 'nay, almoſt of ever ſeeing you more, I 'doated ſtill on your charming idea, 'and could ſeriouſly love no other wo- 'man. But if my heart had not been 'engaged, ſhe into whoſe company 'I accidentally fell at that curſed 'place was not an object of ſerious 'love. Believe me, my angel, I ne- 'ver have ſeen her from that day to 'this; and never intend, or deſire, to 'ſee her again.' Sophia, in her heart, was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more cold- neſs than ſhe had yet aſſumed, 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, do you take the 'trouble to make a defence where you 'are not accuſed? If I thought it 'worth while to accuſe you, I have a 'charge of an unpardonable nature 'indeed.'—'What is it, for Heaven's 'ſake?' anſwered Jones, trembling and pale; expecting to hear of his amour with Lady Bellaſton. 'O!,' ſays ſhe, 'how is it poſſible! Can every thing 'noble, and every thing baſe, be 'lodged together in the ſame boſom?' Lady Bellaſton, and the ignominious circumſtance of having been *kept*, roſe again in his mind, and ſtopt his mouth from any reply. 'Could I have ex- pected,' proceeded Sophia, 'ſuch treat- 'ment from you? nay, from any gen- 'tleman, from any man of honour? 'To have my name traduced in pub- 'lick; in inns, among the meaneſt vul- 'gar! To have any little favours 'that my unguarded heart may have 'too lightly betrayed me to grant, 'boaſted of there! Nay, even to hear 'that you had been forced to fly from 'my love!'

Nothing could equal Jones's ſur- prize at theſe words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much leſs embarraſſed how to defend himſelf, than if ſhe had touched that tender ſtring at which his conſcience had been alarmed. By ſome examination, he preſently found, that her ſuppoſing him guilty of ſo ſhocking an outrage againſt his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and ſer- vants; for Sophia confeſſed to him it was from them that ſhe received her intelligence: he had no very great difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent of an offence ſo fo- reign to his character; but ſhe had a great deal to hinder him from going inſtantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once ſwore he would do. This point being cleared up, they ſoon found them- ſelves ſo well pleaſed with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had began the converſation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and ſhe was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature: for before they were aware, they had both gone ſo far, that he let fall ſome words

that

that founded like a propoſal of marriage; to which ſhe replied, that, did not her duty to her father forbid her to follow her own inclinations, ruin with him would be more welcome to her, than the moſt affluent fortune with another man. At the mention of the word *ruin*, he ſtarted, let drop her hand, which he had held for ſome time, and ſtriking his breaſt with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia! can I 'then ruin thee? No! by Heavens, 'no! I never will act ſo baſe a part. 'Deareſt Sophia, whatever it coſts me, 'I will renounce you; I will give 'you up: I will tear all ſuch hopes 'from my heart, as are inconſiſtent 'with your real good. My love I 'will ever retain, but it ſhall be in 'ſilence; it ſhall be at a diſtance 'from you: it ſhall be in ſome foreign 'land; from whence no voice, no 'ſigh of my deſpair, ſhall ever reach 'and diſturb your ears! And when 'I am dead—' He would have gone on; but was ſtopt by a flood of tears, which Sophia let fall in his boſom, upon which ſhe leaned, without being able to ſpeak one word. He kiſſed them off; which, for ſome moments, ſhe allowed him to do without any reſiſtance; but then recollecting herſelf, gently withdrew out of his arms; and, to turn the diſcourſe from a ſubject too tender, and which ſhe found ſhe could not ſupport, bethought herſelf to aſk him a queſtion ſhe never had time to put to him before; how he came into that room. He began to ſtammer; and would in all probability have raiſed her ſuſpicions by the anſwer he was going to give, when at once the door opened, and in came Lady Bellaſton.

Having advanced a few ſteps, and ſeeing Jones and Sophia together, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt; when after a pauſe of a few moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable preſence of mind, ſhe ſaid, though with ſufficient indications of ſurprize both in voice and countenance—'I thought, Miſs Weſtern, 'you had been at the play?'

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones, by what means he had diſcovered her, yet, as ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the real truth, or that Jones and Lady Bellaſton were acquainted, ſo ſhe was very little confounded; and the leſs, as the lady had, in all their converſations on the ſubject, entirely taken her ſide againſt her father. With very little heſitation, therefore, ſhe went through the whole ſtory of what had happened at the playhouſe, and the cauſe of her haſty return.

The length of this narrative gave Lady Bellaſton an opportunity of rallying her ſpirits, and of conſidering in what manner to act. And as the behaviour of Sophia gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, ſhe put on an air of good humour, and ſaid, 'I 'ſhould not have broke in ſo abruptly 'upon you, Miſs Weſtern, if I had 'known you had company.'

Lady Bellaſton fixed her eyes on Sophia whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe words: to which that poor young lady, having her face overſpread with bluſhes and confuſion, anſwered in a ſtammering voice, 'I am ſure, Madam, 'I ſhall always think the honour of 'your ladyſhip's company—' 'I hope, 'at leaſt,' cries Lady Bellaſton, 'I 'interrupt no buſineſs.'—'No, Ma'dam,' anſwered Sophia, 'our buſi'neſs was at an end. Your ladyſhip 'may be pleaſed to remember, I have 'often mentioned the loſs of my pock'et-book; which this gentleman hav'ing very luckily found, was ſo kind 'to return it to me with the bill in it.'

Jones, ever ſince the arrival of Lady Bellaſton, had been ready to ſink with fear. He ſat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby ſquire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and, taking a hint from the behaviour of Lady Bellaſton, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the ſtranger on his part. He ſaid, ever ſince he had the pocket-book in his poſſeſſion, he had uſed great diligence in enquiring out the lady whoſe name was writ in it; but never till that day could be ſo fortunate to diſcover her.

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loſs of her pocket-book to Lady Bellaſton; but as Jones, for ſome reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one ſyllable of what Sophia now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the

the extreme quickneſs of the young lady, in inventing ſuch an excuſe. The reaſon of Sophia's leaving the playhouſe met with no better credit; and though ſhe could not account for the meeting between theſe two lovers, ſhe was firmly perſuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected ſmile, therefore, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, you 'have had very good luck in recover- 'ing your money. Not only as it fell 'into the hands of a gentleman of ho- 'nour, but as he happened to diſcover 'to whom it belonged. I think you 'would not conſent to have it adver- 'tiſed.—It was great good fortune, 'Sir, that you found out to whom the 'note belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries Jones, 'it was 'incloſed in a pocket-book, in which 'the young lady's name was written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the lady; 'and it was no leſs ſo, 'that you heard Miſs Weſtern was 'at my houſe; for ſhe is very little 'known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his ſpirits; and as he conceived he had now an opportunity of ſatisfying Sophia, as to the queſtion ſhe had aſked him juſt before Lady Bellaſton came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, 'Madam,' anſwered he, 'it was by 'the luckieſt chance imaginable I 'made this diſcovery. I was men- 'tioning what I had found, and the 'name of the owner, the other night, 'to a lady at the maſquerade; who 'told me, ſhe believed ſhe knew where 'I might ſee Miſs Weſtern; and if I 'would come to her houſe the next 'morning, ſhe would inform me. I 'went, according to her appointment, 'but ſhe was not at home; nor could 'I ever meet with her till this morn- 'ing, when ſhe directed me to your 'ladyſhip's houſe. I came according- 'ly, and did myſelf the honour to 'aſk for your ladyſhip; and upon my 'ſaying that I had very particular bu- 'ſineſs, a ſervant ſhewed me into this 'room; where I had not been long 'before the young lady returned from 'the play.'

Upon his mentioning the maſquerade, he looked very ſlyly at Lady Bellaſton, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia; for ſhe was viſibly too much confounded to make any obſervations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and ſhe was ſilent; when Jones, who ſaw the agitations of Sophia's mind, reſolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring: but before he did this, he ſaid, 'I believe, Madam, it 'is cuſtomary to give ſome reward on 'theſe occaſions: I muſt inſiſt on a 'very high one for my honeſty; it is, 'Madam, no leſs than the honour of 'being permitted to pay another viſit 'here.'

'Sir,' replied the lady, 'I make 'no doubt that you are a gentleman, 'and my doors are never ſhut to people 'of faſhion.'

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed highly to his own ſatisfaction, and no leſs to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed leſt Lady Bellaſton ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the ſtairs, Jones met his old acquaintance, Mrs. Honour; who, notwithſtanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred, to behave with great civility. This meeting proved, indeed, a lucky circumſtance, as he communicated to her the houſe where he lodged, with which Sophia was unacquainted.

CHAP. XII.

IN WHICH THE THIRTEENTH BOOK IS CONCLUDED.

THE elegant Lord Shafteſbury ſomewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome caſes, to lye is not only excuſable but commendable.

And, ſurely, there are no perſons who may ſo properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which, they may plead precept, education, and, above all, the ſanction, nay I may ſay the neceſſity, of cuſtom; by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt impulſes of nature, (for that would be a fooliſh prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, aſhamed to ſay, that our heroine now purſued the dictates of the above-mentioned right honourable

honourable philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied, then, that Lady Bellaston was ignorant of the person of Jones, so she determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before Lady Bellaston cried, 'Upon my 'word, a good pretty young fellow: 'I wonder who he is; for I don't re- 'member ever to have seen his face 'before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia; 'I must say he behaved very 'handsomely in relation to my note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handsome 'young fellow,' said the lady: 'don't 'you think so?'

'I did not take much notice of him,' answered Sophia; 'but I thought he 'seemed rather aukward and ungen- 'teel than otherwise.'

'You are extremely right,' cries Lady Bellaston: 'you may see, by his 'manner, that he hath not kept good 'company. Nay, notwithstanding his 'returning your note, and refusing the 'reward, I almost question whether 'he is a gentleman. I have always 'observed there is a something in per- 'sons well-born, which others can 'never acquire. I think I will give 'orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay, sure, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'one can't suspect, after what he 'hath done: besides, if your ladyship 'observed him, there was an elegance 'in his discourse, a delicacy, a petti- 'ness of expression, that, that—'

'I confess,' said Lady Bellaston, 'the fellow hath words—And, indeed, 'Sophia, you must forgive me, indeed, 'you must—'

'I forgive your ladyship!' said Sophia.

'Yes, indeed you must!' answered she, laughing; 'for I had a horrible 'suspicion when I first came into the 'room—I vow you must forgive it; 'but I suspected it was Mr. Jones 'himself.'

'Did your ladyship indeed?' cries Sophia, blushing, and affecting a laugh.

'Yes; I vow I did,' answered she; 'I can't imagine what put it into my 'head: for, give the fellow his due, 'he was genteelly dress'd; which, I 'think, dear Sophy, is not commonly 'the case with your friend.'

'This raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a 'little cruel, Lady Bellaston, after my 'promise to your ladyship.'

'Not at all, child,' said the lady; 'it would have been cruel before; but 'after you have promised me never to 'marry without your father's consent, 'in which you know is implied your 'giving up Jones, sure you can bear 'a little raillery on a passion which 'was pardonable enough in a young 'girl in the country, and of which 'you tell me you have so entirely got 'the better. What must I think, my 'dear Sophy, if you cannot bear a 'little ridicule even on his dress? I 'shall begin to fear you are very far 'gone indeed; and almost question 'whether you have dealt ingenuously 'with me.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyship mistakes me, if you 'imagine I had any concern on his 'account.'

'On his account!' answered the lady: 'you must have mistaken me; 'I went no farther than his dress; for 'I would not injure your taste by any 'other comparison. I don't imagine, 'my dear Sophy, if your Mr. Jones 'had been such a fellow as this—'

'I thought,' says Sophia, 'your 'ladyship had allowed him to be hand- 'some.'

'Whom, pray?' cried the lady hastily.

'Mr. Jones,' answered Sophia: and, immediately recollecting herself, 'Mr. 'Jones! no, no! I ask your pardon; 'I mean the gentleman who was just 'now here.'

'O Sophy! Sophy!' cries the lady, 'this Mr. Jones, I am afraid, still 'runs in your head.'

'Then, upon my honour, Madam,' said Sophia, 'Mr. Jones is as entirely 'indifferent to me, as the gentleman 'who just now left us!'

'Upon my honour,' said Lady Bellaston, 'I believe it. Forgive me, 'therefore, a little innocent raillery; 'but I promise you I will never men- 'tion his name any more.'

And now the two ladies separated; infinitely more to the delight of Sophia, than of Lady Bellaston, who would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not business of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly

easy

eaſy under this firſt practice of deceit: upon which, when ſhe retired to her chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt uneaſineſs and conſcious ſhame. Nor could the peculiar hardſhip of her ſituation, and the neceſſity of the caſe, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falſhood, however qualified by circumſtances: nor did this thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her eyes during the whole ſucceeding night.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

BOOK XIV.

CONTAINING TWO DAYS.

CHAP. I.

AN ESSAY TO PROVE THAT AN AUTHOR WILL WRITE THE BETTER, FOR HAVING SOME KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUBJECT ON WHICH HE WRITES.

AS ſeveral gentlemen, in theſe times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of learning perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a conſiderable figure in the republick of letters; the modern criticks, I am told, have lately begun to aſſert, that all kind of learning is entirely uſeleſs to a writer; and indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural ſprightlineſs and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from ſoaring to thoſe high flights, which otherwiſe it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at preſent, carried much too far: for why ſhould writing differ ſo much from all other arts? The nimbleneſs of a dancing-maſter is not at all prejudiced, by being taught to move; nor doth any mechanick, I believe, exerciſe his tools the worſe, by knowing how to uſe them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have wrote with more fire, if, inſtead of being maſters of all the learning of their times, they had really been as ignorant as moſt of the authors of the preſent age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt, could have produced thoſe orations that have made the ſenate of England, in theſe our times, a rival in eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been ſo well read in the writings of Demoſthenes and Cicero, as to have transfuſed their whole ſpirit into his ſpeeches; and with their ſpirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be underſtood to inſiſt on the ſame fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero perſuades us is neceſſary to the compoſition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, neceſſary to the poet; leſs to the critick; and the leaſt of all to the politician.

For the firſt, perhaps, Byſhe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may ſuffice; for the ſecond, a moderate heap of plays; and, for the laſt, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To ſay the truth, I require no more than that a man ſhould have ſome little knowledge of the ſubject on which he treats; according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quiſque norit artem in eâ ſe exerceat.* With this alone, a writer may ſometimes do tolerably well; and, indeed, without this, all the other learning in the world will ſtand him in little ſtead.

For inſtance let us ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil, Ariſtotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their talents, to have compoſed a Treatiſe on the Art of Dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed, they could not have equalled the excellent treatiſe which Mr. Eſſex hath given us on that ſubject, entitled, The Rudiments of genteel Education. And, indeed, ſhould the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to ſet fiſt to paper, and compleat the abovesaid rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of athleticks, I queſtion whether the world will have any cauſe to lament, that none of the great writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and uſeful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in ſo plain a caſe, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reaſon why many Engliſh writers have totally failed in deſcribing the manners of upper life, may poſſibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the ſtage, a much better: the fine gentleman, formed upon reading the former, will almoſt always turn out a pedant; and he who forms himſelf upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from theſe models better ſupported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature; but they who copy them, draw as unlike the preſent age, as Hogarth would do, if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dreſſes of Titian and Vandyke. In ſhort, imitation here will not do the buſineſs: the picture muſt be after Nature herſelf. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by converſation; and the manners of every rank muſt be ſeen, in order to be known.

Now it happens, that this higher order of mortals is not to be ſeen, like all the reſt of the human ſpecies, for nothing, in the ſtreets, ſhops, and coffee-houſes, nor are they ſhewn, like the upper rank of animals, for ſo much a piece. In ſhort, this is a ſight to which no perſons are admitted without one or other of theſe qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune, or what is equivalent to both—the honourable profeſſion of a gameſter. And, very unluckily for the world, perſons ſo qualified, very ſeldom care to take upon themſelves the bad trade of writing, which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer ſort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of ſtock to ſet up with.

Hence thoſe ſtrange monſters in lace and embroidery, in ſilks and brocades, with vaſt wigs and hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, ſtrut the ſtage to the great delight of attornies and their clerks in the pit; and of the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life, than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But, to let my reader into a ſecret, this knowledge of upper life, though very neceſſary for the preventing miſtakes, is no very great reſource to a writer whoſe province is comedy; or that kind of novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comick claſs.

What Mr. Pope ſays of women, is very applicable to moſt in this ſtation, who are, indeed ſo entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all; at leaſt, none which appears. I will venture to ſay, the higheſt life is much the dulleſt, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower ſpheres produce the great variety of humorous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the purſuit of ambition, and the fewer ſtill who have a reliſh for pleaſure, all is vanity and

ſervile

ſervile imitation. Dreſſing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curtſeying, make up the buſineſs of their lives.

Some there are, however, of this rank, upon whom Paſſion exerciſes it's tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum preſcribes; of theſe, the ladies are as much diſtinguiſhed by their noble intrepidity, and a certain ſuperior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is, by the elegance and delicacy of her ſentiments, from the honeſt wife of a yeoman or ſhopkeeper. Lady Bellaiſton was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of faſhion, or that we mean to repreſent them as ſuch. They might as well ſuppoſe, that every clergyman was repreſented by Thwackum, or every ſoldier by Enſign Northerton.

There is not, indeed, a greater error, than that which univerſally prevails among the vulgar; who, borrowing their opinion from ſome ignorant ſatiriſts, have affixed the character of lewdneſs to theſe times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was leſs of love intrigue carried on among perſons of condition, than now. Our preſent women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to deſpiſe the pleaſures of love, as unworthy their regard; and being afterwards, by the care of ſuch mothers, married without having huſbands, they ſeem pretty well confirmed in the juſtneſs of thoſe ſentiments; whence they content themſelves, for the dull remainder of life, with the purſuit of more innocent, but, I am afraid, more childiſh amuſements; the bare mention of which would ill ſuit with the dignity of this hiſtory. In my humble opinion, the true characteriſtick of the preſent beau monde, is rather folly than vice; and the only epithet which it deſerves is, that of Frivolous.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING LETTERS AND OTHER MATTERS WHICH ATTEND AMOURS.

JONES had not long been at home, before he received the following letter.

'I Was never more ſurprized, than 'when I found you was gone. 'When you left the room, I little 'imagined you intended to have left 'the houſe without ſeeing me again. 'Your behaviour is all of a piece, 'and convinces me how much I ought 'to deſpiſe a heart which can doat 'upon an idiot; though I know not 'whether I ſhould not admire her 'cunning more than her ſimplicity: 'wonderful both! for though ſhe un-'derſtood not a word of what paſſed 'between us, ſhe yet had the ſkill, 'the aſſurance, the —— what ſhall I 'call it? to deny to my face, that ſhe 'knows you, or ever ſaw you before! 'Was this a ſcheme laid between you? 'and have you been baſe enough to 'betray me? O how I deſpiſe her, you, 'and all the world, but chiefly my-'ſelf! for—I dare not write what I 'ſhould afterwards run mad to read; 'but, remember, I can deteſt as vio-'lently as I have loved!'

Jones had but little time given him to reflect on this letter, before a ſecond was brought him from the ſame hand; and this, likewiſe, we ſhall ſet down in the preciſe words.

'WHEN you conſider the hurry 'of ſpirits in which I muſt 'have writ, you cannot be ſurprized at 'any expreſſions in my former note: 'yet, perhaps, on reflection, they were 'rather too warm. At leaſt, I would, 'if poſſible, think all owing to the 'odious playhouſe, and to the impertinence of a fool, which detained 'me beyond my appointment. How 'eaſy is it to think well of thoſe we 'love! Perhaps you deſire I ſhould 'think ſo. I have reſolved to ſee you 'to-night; ſo come to me immediately.

'P. S. I have ordered to be at home 'to none but yourſelf.

'P. S. Mr. Jones will imagine I 'ſhall aſſiſt him in his defence; 'for I believe he cannot deſire to 'impoſe on me, more than I deſire 'to impoſe on myſelf.

'P. S. Come immediately.'

To

To the men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave the greateſt uneaſineſs to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more viſits that evening, unleſs to one ſingle perſon. However, he thought his honour engaged; and had not this been motive ſufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of Lady Bellaſton into that flame of which he had reaſon to think it ſuſceptible, and of which he feared the conſequence might be a diſcovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After ſome diſcontented walks, therefore, about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own preſence. She entered the room very diſordered in her dreſs, and very diſcompoſed in her looks, and threw herſelf into a chair; where having recovered her breath, ſhe ſaid, 'You ſee, Sir, when women have 'gone one length too far, they will 'ſtop at none. If any perſon would 'have ſworn this to me a week ago, 'I would not have believed it of my'ſelf.'—'I hope, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'my charming Lady Bellaſton will be 'as difficult to believe any thing againſt 'one who is ſo ſenſible of the many 'obligations ſhe hath conferred upon 'him.'—'Indeed!' ſays ſhe; 'ſenſible 'of obligations! Did I expect to hear 'ſuch cold language from Mr. Jones?' —'Pardon me, my dear angel,' ſaid he, 'if after the letters I have receiv'ed, the terrors of your anger, though 'I know not how I have deſerved it—' 'And have I then, ſays ſhe with a ſmile, 'ſo angry a countenance? have I really 'brought a chiding face with me?'— 'If there be honour in man,' ſaid he, 'I have done nothing to merit your 'anger. You remember the appoint'ment you ſent me—I went in purſuance—' 'I beſeech you,' cried ſhe, 'do not run through the odious reci'tal—Anſwer me but one queſtion, 'and I ſhall be eaſy; have you not 'betrayed my honour to her?' Jones fell upon his knees, and began to utter the moſt violent proteſtations—when Partridge came dancing and capering into the room like one drunk with joy, crying out, 'She's found! ſhe's 'found! Here, Sir, here; ſhe's here! 'Mrs. Honour is upon the ſtairs.'— 'Stop her a moment,' cries Jones 'Here, Madam, ſtep behind the bed' 'I have no other room nor cloſet, nor 'place on earth to hide you in. Sure 'never was ſo damn'd an accident!'— 'D—n'd indeed!' ſaid the lady, as ſhe went to her place of concealment: and preſently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. 'Hey-day!' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, 'what's the matter? That impudent 'raſcal, your ſervant, would ſcarce let 'me come up ſtairs. I hope he hath 'not the ſame reaſon now to keep me 'from you, as he had at Upton. I ſuppoſe you hardly expected to ſee me; 'but you have certainly bewitched my 'lady. Poor dear young lady! To 'be ſure, I loves her as tenderly as if 'ſhe was my own ſiſter. Lord have 'mercy upon you, if you don't make 'her a good huſband! and to be ſure, 'if you do not, nothing can be bad 'enough for you.' Jones begged her only to whiſper, for that there was a lady dying in the next room. 'A lady!' cries ſhe; 'ay, I ſuppoſe one of your 'ladies. O Mr. Jones, there are too 'many of them in the world; I be'lieve we are got into the houſe of 'one; for my Lady Bellaſton, I darſt to 'ſay, is no better than ſhe ſhould be.' —'Huſh! huſh!' cried Jones; 'every 'word is overheard in the next room.' —'I don't care a farthing,' cries Honour, 'I ſpeaks no ſcandal of any one; 'but, to be ſure, the ſervants make no 'ſcruple of ſaying as how her ladyſhip 'meets men at another place—where 'the houſe goes under the name of a 'poor gentlewoman; but her ladyſhip 'pays the rent, and many's the good 'thing beſides, they ſay, ſhe hath of 'her.' Here Jones, after expreſſing the utmoſt uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop her mouth. 'Hey-day! why, ſure Mr. 'Jones, you will let me ſpeak; I ſpeaks 'no ſcandal, for I only ſays what I 'heard from others—and, thinks I to 'myſelf, much good may it do the 'gentlewoman with her riches, if ſhe 'comes by it in ſuch a wicked man'ner. To be ſure, it is better to be 'poor and honeſt.'—'The ſervants are 'villains,' cries Jones, 'and abuſe 'their lady unjuſtly.'—'Ay, to be 'ſure, ſervants are always villains; 'and ſo my lady ſays, and won't hear 'a word of it.'—'No, I am convinced,' ſays Jones, 'my Sophia is above 'liſtening to ſuch baſe ſcandal.'—— 'Nay, I believe it is no ſcandal nei'ther,'

'ther,' cries Honour; 'for why ſhould 'ſhe meet men at another houſe? It 'can never be for any good: for if ſhe 'had a lawful deſign of being courted, 'as to be ſure any lady may lawfully 'give her company to men upon that 'account; why, where can be the 'ſenſe—' 'I proteſt,' cries Jones, 'I 'can't hear all this of a lady of ſuch 'honour, and a relation of Sophia; 'beſides you will diſtract the poor 'lady in the next room—Let me in-'treat you to walk with me down ſtairs.' —'Nay, Sir, if you won't let me 'ſpeak, I have done—Here, Sir, is a 'letter from my young lady—what 'would ſome men give to have this! 'But, Mr. Jones, I think you are not 'over and above generous; and yet I 'have heard ſome ſervants ſay—but I 'am ſure you will do me the juſtice to 'own, I never ſaw the colour of your 'money.' Here Jones haſtily took the letter, and preſently after ſlipped five pieces into her hand. He then returned a thouſand thanks to his dear Sophia in a whiſper, and begged her to leave him to read her letter: ſhe preſently departed, not without expreſſing much grateful ſenſe of his generoſity.

Lady Bellaſton now came from behind the curtain. How ſhall I deſcribe her rage? Her tongue was at firſt incapable of utterance; but ſtreams of fire darted from her eyes; and well, indeed, they might, for her heart was all in a flame. And now, as ſoon as her voice found way, inſtead of expreſſing any indignation againſt Honour, or her own ſervants, ſhe began to attack poor Jones. 'You ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I 'have ſacrificed to you! my reputa-'tion, my honour—gone for ever! 'And what return have I found! Neg-'lected, ſlighted, for a country girl, 'for an idiot!'—'What neglect, Ma-'dam, or what ſlight,' cries Jones, 'have I been guilty of?'—'Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is in vain to diſſemble; if 'you will make me eaſy, you muſt 'entirely give her up; and as a proof 'of your intention, ſhew me the letter.' —'What letter, Madam?' ſays Jones. 'Nay, ſurely, ſays ſhe, 'you cannot 'have the confidence to deny your hav-'ing received a letter by the hands of 'that trollop?'—'And can your lady-'ſhip,' cries he, 'aſk of me what I 'muſt part with my honour before I 'grant? Have I acted in ſuch a man-'ner by your ladyſhip? Could I be 'guilty of betraying this poor inno-'cent girl to you, what ſecurity could 'you have, that I ſhould not act the 'ſame part by yourſelf? A moment's 'reflection will, I am ſure, convince 'you, that a man with whom the ſe-'crets of a lady are not ſafe, muſt be 'the moſt contemptible of wretches.' —'Very well,' ſaid ſhe; 'I need not 'inſiſt on your becoming this con-'temptible wretch in your own opi-'nion; for the inſide of the letter 'could inform me of nothing more 'than I know already. I ſee the foot-'ing you are upon.' Here enſued a long converſation, which the reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inſerting at length. It ſhall ſuffice, therefore, to inform him, that Lady Bellaſton grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his proteſtations—that his meeting with Sophia that evening was merely accidental, and every other matter which the reader already knows; and which, as Jones ſet before her in the ſtrongeſt light, it is plain that ſhe had in reality no reaſon to be angry with him.

She was not, however, in her heart perfectly ſatisfied with his refuſal to ſhew her the letter; ſo deaf are we to the cleareſt reaſon, when it argues againſt our prevailing paſſions. She was, indeed, well convinced that Sophia poſſeſſed the firſt place in Jones's affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this lady was, ſhe ſubmitted at laſt to bear the ſecond place; or, to expreſs it more properly in a legal phraſe, was contented with the *poſſeſſion* of that of which another woman had the *reverſion*.

It was at length agreed, that Jones ſhould for the future viſit at the houſe: for that Sophia, her maid, and all the ſervants, would place the viſits to the account of Sophia; and that ſhe herſelf would be conſidered as the perſon impoſed upon.

This ſcheme was contrived by the lady, and highly reliſhed by Jones; who was, indeed, glad to have a proſpect of ſeeing his Sophia at any rate; and the lady herſelf was not a little pleaſed with the impoſition on Sophia; which Jones, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly diſcover to her, for his own ſake.

The

The next day was appointed for the first visit; and then, after proper ceremonials, the Lady Bellaston returned home.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING VARIOUS MATTERS.

JONES was no sooner alone, than he eagerly broke open the letter, and read as follows.

'SIR,

'IT is impossible to express what I 'have suffered since you left this 'house; and as I have reason to think 'you intend coming here again, I have 'sent Honour, though so late at night, 'as she tells me she knows your lodg-'ings, to prevent you. I charge you, 'by all the regard you have for me, 'not to think of visiting here; for it 'will certainly be discovered: nay, I 'almost doubt, from some things which 'have dropp'd from her ladyship, that 'she is not already without some su-'spicion. Something favourable, per-'haps, may happen: we must wait 'with patience; but I once more in-'treat you, if you have any concern 'for my ease, do not think of return-'ing hither.'

This letter administered the same kind of consolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Besides disappointing all the hopes which he promised to himself from seeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy dilemma, with regard to Lady Bellaston; for there are some certain engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any excuse for the failure; and to go, after the strict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length, after much deliberation, which, during that night, supplied the place of sleep, he determined to feign himself sick: for this suggested itself as the only means of failing the appointed visit, without incensing Lady Bellaston; which he had more than one reason of desiring to avoid.

The first thing, however, which he did in the morning was, to write an answer to Sophia, which he inclosed in one to Honour. He then dispatched another to Lady Bellaston, containing the above-mentioned excuse: and to this he soon received the following answer.

'I Am vexed that I cannot see you here 'this afternoon, but more concern-'ed for the occasion: take great care of 'yourself, and have the best advice; 'and I hope there will be no danger. 'I am so tormented all this morning 'with fools, that I have scarce a mo-'ment's time to write to you. Adieu.

'P. S. I will endeavour to call on 'you this evening at nine. Be 'sure to be alone.'

Mr. Jones now received a visit from Mrs. Miller; who, after some formal introduction, began the following speech. 'I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon 'you on such an occasion; but I hope 'you will consider the ill consequence 'which it must be to the reputation of 'my poor girls, if my house should 'once be talked of as a house of ill-'fame. I hope you won't think me, 'therefore, guilty of impertinence, if 'I beg you not to bring any more la-'dies in at that time of night. The 'clock had struck two before one of 'them went away.'—'I do assure you, 'Madam,' said Jones, 'the lady who 'was here last night, and who staid the 'latest, (for the other only brought me 'a letter) is a woman of very great 'fashion, and my near relation.'—'I 'don't know what fashion she is of,' answered Mrs. Miller, 'but I am sure 'no woman of virtue, unless a very 'near relation indeed, would visit a 'young gentleman at ten at night, 'and stay four hours in his room with 'him alone; besides, Sir, the beha-'viour of her chairmen shews what she 'was; for they did nothing but make 'jest all the evening in the entry; and 'asked Mr. Partridge, in the hearing 'of my own maid, if Madam intended 'to stay with his master all night; with 'a great deal of stuff not proper to be 'repeated. I have really a great re-'spect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your 'own account; nay, I have a very high 'obligation to you for your generosity 'to my cousin: indeed, I did not 'know how very good you had been 'till lately. Little did I imagine to 'what deadful courses he por man's

'distress;

'distress had driven him. Little did I 'think, when you gave me the ten 'guineas, that you had given them to 'a highwayman! O Heavens! what 'goodness have you shewn! How have 'you preserved this family! The cha-'racter which Mr. Allworthy hath for-'merly given me of you, was, I find, 'strictly true: and, indeed, if I had 'no obligation to you, my obligations 'to him are such, that, on his account, 'I should shew you the utmost respect 'in my power. Nay, believe me, dear 'Mr. Jones, if my daughters and my 'own reputation were out of the case, 'I should, for your own sake, be sor-'ry that so pretty a young gentleman 'should converse with these women; 'but if you are resolved to do it, I 'must beg you to take another lodg-'ing; for I do not myself like to have 'such things carried on under my roof; 'but more especially upon the account 'of my girls, who have little, Heaven 'knows, besides their characters, to 'recommend them.' Jones started, and changed colour, at the name of All-worthy. 'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' an-swered he, a little warmly, 'I do not 'take this at all kind. I will never 'bring any slander on your house; but 'I must insist on seeing what company 'I please in my own room; and if 'that gives you any offence, I shall, 'as soon as I am able, look for ano-'ther lodging.'—'I am sorry we must 'part then, Sir,' said she; 'but I am 'convinced Mr. Allworthy himself 'would never come within my doors, 'if he had the least suspicion of my 'keeping an ill house.'—'Very well, 'Madam,' said Jones. 'I hope, Sir,' said she, 'you are not angry; for I 'would not for the world offend any 'of Mr. Allworthy's family. I have 'not slept a wink all night about this 'matter.'—'I am sorry I have dis-'turbed your rest, Madam,' said Jones; 'but I beg you will send Partridge up 'to me immediately:' which she pro-mised to do, and then, with a very low curtsey, retired.

As soon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the most outrageous manner. 'How often,' said he, 'am 'I to suffer for your folly, or rather, 'for my own in keeping you? Is that 'tongue of your's resolved upon my 'destruction?'—'What have I done, 'Sir?' answered affrighted Partridge, 'Who was it gave you authority to 'mention the story of the robbery, or 'that the man you saw here was the 'person?'—'I, Sir!' cries Partridge. 'Now don't be guilty of a falsehood 'in denying it,' said Jones. 'If I 'did mention such a matter,' answers Partridge, 'I am sure I thought no 'harm: for I should not have opened 'my lips, if it had not been to his 'own friends and relations; who, I 'imagined, would have let it go no 'farther.'—'But I have a much hea-'vier charge against you,' cries Jones, 'than this. How durst you, after all 'the precautions I gave you, men-'tion the name of Mr. Allworthy in 'this house?' Partridge denied that he ever had, with many oaths. 'How 'else,' said Jones, 'should Mrs. Mil-'ler be acquainted that there was any 'connection between him and me? 'And it is but this moment she told 'me, she respected me on this account.' —'O Lord, Sir!' said Partridge, 'I 'desire only to be heard out; and to 'be sure, never was any thing so un-'fortunate; hear me but out, and you 'will own how wrongfully you have 'accused me. When Mrs. Honour 'came down stairs last night, she met 'me in the entry, and asked me when 'my master had heard from Mr. All-'worthy; and to be sure, Mrs. Miller 'heard the very words; and the mo-'ment Madam Honour was gone, she 'called me into the parlour to her: "Mr. Partridge," says she, "what "Mr. Allworthy is that the gentle-"woman mentioned? Is it the great "Mr. Allworthy of Somersetshire?" "Upon my word, Madam," says I, "I know nothing of the matter."— "Sure," says, she, "your master is "not the Mr. Jones I have heard Mr. "Allworthy talk of?"—"Upon my "word, Madam," says I, "I know "nothing of the matter."—"Then," 'says she, turning to her daughter 'Nancy, says she, "as sure as ten-"pence, this is the very young gen-"tleman; and he agrees exactly with "the squire's description."—The 'Lord above knows who it was told 'her; for I am the arrantest villain 'that ever walked upon two legs, if 'ever it came out of my mouth. I 'promise you, Sir, I can keep a se-'cret when I am desired. Nay, Sir, 'so far was I from telling her any

'thing about Mr. Allworthy, that I 'told her the very direct contrary: 'for though I did not contradict it at 'that moment, yet, as second thoughts, 'they say, are best; so when I came 'to consider that somebody must have 'informed her, thinks I to myself, I 'will put an end to the story; and so 'I went back again into the parlour 'some time afterwards, and says I, 'Upon my word," says I, "who-"ever," says I, "told you that this "gentleman was Mr. Jones; that is," says I, "that this Mr. Jones was that "Mr. Jones; told you a confounded "lye: and I beg," says I, "you will "never mention any such matter," says I; "for my master," says I, "will think I must have told you so; "and I defy any body in the house, ever "to say I mentioned any such word." 'To be certain, Sir, it is a wonder-'ful thing; and I have been think-'ing with myself ever since, how it 'was she came to know it; not but I 'saw an old woman here t'other day 'a begging at the door, who looked 'as like her we saw in Warwickshire, 'that caused all that mischief to us. 'To be sure, it is never good to pass 'by an old woman without giving 'her something, especially if she looks 'at you; for all the world shall never 'persuade me but they have a great 'power to do mischief; and, to be 'sure, I shall never see an old woman 'again, but I shall think to myself, '*infandum, regina, jubes renovare do-*'*lorem.*'

The simplicity of Partridge set Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed seldom any long duration in his mind; and instead of commenting on his defence, he told him, he intended presently to leave those lodgings; and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH WE HOPE WILL BE VERY ATTENTIVELY PERUSED BY YOUNG PEOPLE OF BOTH SEXES.

PARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and after a short salutation, said, 'So, 'Tom, I hear you had company very 'late last night. Upon my soul, you 'are a happy fellow, who have not 'been in town above a fortnight, and 'can keep chairs waiting at your door 'till two in the morning!' He then ran on with much common-place raillery of the same kind, till Jones at last interrupted him, saying, 'I sup-'pose you have received all this in-'formation from Mrs. Miller, who 'hath been up here a little while ago, 'to give me warning. The good wo-'man is afraid, it seems, of the repu-'tation of her daughters.'—'Oh, she 'is wonderfully nice,' says Nightingale, 'upon that account: if you re-'member, she would not let Nancy 'go with us to the masquerade.'—'Nay, upon my honour, I think she's 'in the right of it,' says Jones: 'how-'ever, I have taken her at her word, 'and have sent Partridge to look for 'another lodging.'—'If you will,' says Nightingale, 'we may, I believe, 'be again together; for to tell you a 'secret, which I desire you won't men-'tion in the family, I intend to quit 'the house to day.'—'What! hath 'Mrs. Miller given you warning too, 'my friend?' cries Jones. 'No,' an-swered the other; 'but the rooms are 'not convenient enough. Besides, I am 'grown weary of this part of the town. 'I want to be nearer the places of di-'version: so I am going to Pall Mall.' —'And do you intend to make a se-'cret of your going away?' said Jones. —'I promise you,' answered Nightingale, 'I don't intend to bilk my lodg-'ings; but I have a private reason for 'not taking a formal leave.'—'Not 'so private,' answered Jones, 'I pro-'mise you: I have seen it ever since 'the second day of my coming to the 'house. Here will be some wet eyes 'on your departure. Poor Nancy! I 'pity her, faith! Indeed, Jack, you 'have played the fool with that girl. 'You have given her a longing, which, 'I am afraid, nothing will ever cure 'her of.' Nightingale answered, 'What the devil would you have me 'do? Would you have me marry 'her, to cure her?'—'No,' answered Jones; 'I would not have had you 'make love to her, as you have often 'done in my presence. I have been 'astonished at the blindness of her mo-'ther in never seeing it.'——'Pugh, 'see it!' cries Nightingale; 'what the

'devil

'devil should she see?'—'Why, see!' said Jones, 'that you have made her 'daughter distractedly in love with 'you. The poor girl cannot conceal 'it a moment; her eyes are never off 'from you, and she always colours 'every time you come into the room. 'Indeed, I pity her heartily; for she 'seems to be one of the best-natured 'and honestest of human creatures.' —'And so,' answered Nightingale, 'according to your doctrine, one must 'not amuse one's self by any common 'gallantries with women, for fear they 'should fall in love with us?'—'Indeed, Jack,' said Jones, 'you wilfully misunderstand me: I do not 'fancy women are so apt to fall in 'love; but you have gone far beyond 'common gallantries.'—'What, do 'you suppose,' says Nightingale, 'that 'we have been a-bed together?'—'No, upon my honour,' answered Jones, very seriously; 'I do not suppose so ill of you: nay, I will go 'farther, I do not imagine you have 'laid a regular premeditated scheme 'for the destruction of the quiet of a 'poor little creature, or have even 'foreseen the consequence: for I am 'sure thou art a very good-natured 'fellow; and such a one can never be 'guilty of a cruelty of that kind; but, 'at the same time, you have pleased 'your own vanity, without considering that this poor girl was made a 'sacrifice to it; and while you have 'had no design but of amusing an idle 'hour, you have actually given her 'reason to flatter herself, that you had 'the most serious designs in her favour. Pr'ythee, Jack, answer me honestly: to what have tended all those 'elegant and luscious descriptions of 'happiness arising from violent and 'mutual fondness; all those warm 'professions of tenderness, and generous, disinterested love? Did you 'imagine she would not apply them? 'or, speak ingenuously, did not you 'intend she should?'—'Upon my soul, 'Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'I did not 'think this was in thee! Thou wilt 'make an admirable parson. So, I 'suppose, you would not go to bed to 'Nancy, now, if she would let you?' —'No,' cries Jones; 'may I be 'd—n'd if I would!'—'Tom, Tom!' answered Nightingale; 'last night; 'remember last night!'

"When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale
"moon
"And silent stars shone conscious of the
"theft."

'Look'e, Mr. Nightingale,' said Jones, 'I am no canting hypocrite, 'nor do I pretend to the gift of chastity, more than my neighbours. I 'have been guilty with women, I own 'it; but am not conscious that I have 'ever injured any. Nor would I, to 'procure pleasure to myself, be knowingly the cause of misery to any human being.'

'Well, well,' said Nightingale, 'I 'believe you; and I am convinced 'you acquit me of any such thing.'

'I do, from my heart,' answered Jones, 'of having debauched the girl, 'but not from having gained her affections.'

'If I have,' said Nightingale, 'I am 'sorry for it; but time and absence 'will soon wear off such impressions. 'It is a receipt I must take myself: 'for, to confess the truth to you, I 'never liked any girl half so much in 'my whole life; but I must let you 'into the whole secret, Tom. My 'father hath provided a match for 'me, with a woman I never saw; 'and she is now coming to town, in 'order for me to make my addresses 'to her.'

At these words Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter; when Nightingale cried—'Nay, pr'ythee, don't turn me 'into ridicule. The devil take me if 'I am not half mad about this matter!—My poor Nancy!—O Jones, 'Jones, I wish I had a fortune in my 'own possession!'

'I heartily wish you had,' cries Jones; 'for if this be the case, I sincerely pity you both; but surely you 'don't intend to go away without taking your leave of her?'

'I would not,' answered Nightingale, 'undergo the pain of taking 'leave for ten thousand pounds; besides, I am convinced, instead of answering any good purpose, it would 'only serve to inflame my poor Nancy 'the more. I beg, therefore, you 'would not mention a word of it to-'day; and in the evening, or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart.'

Jones promised he would not; and said, upon reflection he thought, as he

had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the moſt prudent method. He then told Nightingale, he ſhould be very glad to lodge in the ſame houſe with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale ſhould procure him either the ground floor, or the two pair of ſtairs; for the young gentleman himſelf was to occupy that which was between them.

This Nightingale, of whom we ſhall be preſently obliged to ſay a little more, was, in the ordinary tranſactions of life, a man of ſtrict honour; and, what is more rare among young gentlemen of the town, one of ſtrict honeſty too; yet in affairs of love he was ſomewhat looſer in his morals; not that he was, even here, as void of principle as gentlemen ſometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain, he had been guilty of ſome indefenſible treachery to women; and had, in a certain myſtery, called Making Love, practiſed many deceits, which, if he had uſed in trade, he would have been counted the greateſt villain upon earth.

But as the world, I know not well for what reaſon, agree to ſee this treachery in a better light, he was ſo far from being aſhamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them; and would often boaſt of his ſkill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts; for which he had before this time received ſome rebukes from Jones, who always expreſſed great bitterneſs againſt any miſbehaviour to the fair part of the ſpecies; who, if conſidered, he ſaid, as they ought to be, in the light of the deareſt friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and careſſed, with the utmoſt love and tenderneſs; but, if regarded as enemies, were a conqueſt of which a man ought rather to aſhamed, than to value himſelf upon it.

CHAP. V.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF MRS. MILLER.

JONES this day ate a pretty good dinner for a ſick man; that is to ſay, the larger half of a ſhoulder of mutton. In the afternoon, he received an invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea; for that good woman having learnt, either by means of Partridge, or by ſome other means, natural or ſupernatural, that he had a connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no ſooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls ſent out of the room, than the widow, without much preface, began as follows. 'Well, there 'are very ſurprizing things happen in 'this world; but certainly it is a wonderful buſineſs, that I ſhould have 'a relation of Mr. Allworthy in my 'houſe, and never know any thing of 'the matter. Alas, Sir! you little 'imagine what a friend that beſt of 'gentlemen hath been to me and mine. 'Yes, Sir; I am not aſhamed to own 'it; it is owing to his goodneſs, that 'I did not long ſince periſh for want, 'and leave my poor little wretches, 'two deſtitute, helpleſs, friendleſs orphans, to the care, or rather to the 'cruelty, of the world.

'You muſt know, Sir, though I am 'now reduced to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born and bred 'a gentlewoman. My father was an 'officer of the army, and died in a conſiderable rank: but he lived up to his 'pay; and as that expired with him, 'his family, at his death, became beggars. We were three ſiſters: one 'of us had the good luck to die ſoon 'after of the ſmall-pox: a lady was 'ſo kind as to take the ſecond out of 'charity, as ſhe ſaid, to wait upon her. 'The mother of this lady had been a 'ſervant to my grandmother; and having inherited a vaſt fortune from her 'father, which he had got by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of great eſtate and faſhion. She 'uſed my ſiſter ſo barbarouſly, often 'upbraiding her with her birth and 'poverty, calling her in deriſion a Gentlewoman, that I believe ſhe at length 'broke the heart of the poor girl. In 'ſhort, ſhe likewiſe died within a 'twelve-month after my father. Fortune thought proper to provide better 'for me; and within a month from his 'deceaſe, I was married to a clergyman, who had been my lover a long 'time before, and who had been very 'ill uſed by my father on that ac-

'count:

'count: for though my poor father 'could not give any of us a ſingle 'ſhilling, yet he bred us up as deli-'cately, conſidered us, and would have 'had us conſider ourſelves as highly, 'as if we had been the richeſt heireſſes. 'But my dear huſband forgot all this 'uſage; and the moment we were 'become fatherleſs, he immediately re-'newed his addreſſes to me ſo warm-'ly, that I, who always liked, and 'now more than ever eſteemed him, 'ſoon complied. Five years did I live 'in a ſtate of perfect happineſs with 'that beſt of men, till at laſt—O 'cruel, cruel fortune! that ever ſepa-'rated us, that deprived me of the 'kindeſt of huſbands, and my poor 'girls of the tendereſt parent!—O my 'poor girls! you never knew the bleſſ-'ing which ye loſt.—I am aſhamed, 'Mr. Jones, of this womaniſh weak-'neſs; but I ſhall never mention him 'without tears.'—'I ought rather, 'Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'to be aſhamed 'that I do not accompany you.'—

—'Well, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'I was 'now left, a ſecond time, in a much 'worſe condition than before: beſides 'the terrible affliction I was to en-'counter, I had now two children to 'provide for; and was, if poſſible, 'more pennyleſs than ever; when that 'great, that good, that glorious man, 'Mr. Allworthy, who had ſome little 'acquaintance with my huſband, ac-'cidentally heard of my diſtreſs, and 'immediately writ this letter to me. 'Here, Sir, here it is; I put it into 'my pocket to ſhew it you. This is 'the letter, Sir; I muſt and will read 'it to you.

"MADAM,

"I Heartily condole with you on "your late grievous loſs, which "your own good ſenſe, and the ex-"cellent leſſons you muſt have learnt "from the worthieſt of men, will bet-"ter enable you to bear, than any "advice which I am capable of giv-"ing. Nor have I any doubt that "you, whom I have heard to be the "tendereſt of mothers, will ſuffer any "immoderate indulgence of grief to "prevent you from diſcharging your "duty to thoſe poor infants, who now "alone ſtand in need of your ten-"derneſs.

"However, as you muſt be ſup-"poſed at preſent to be incapable of "much worldly conſideration, you "will pardon my having ordered a "perſon to wait on you, and to pay "you twenty guineas, which I beg "you will accept, till I have the plea-"ſure of ſeeing you; and believe me "to be, Madam, &c."

'This letter, Sir, I received with-'in a fortnight after the irreparable 'loſs I have mentioned; and within a 'fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allwor-'thy, the bleſſed Mr. Allworthy, came 'to pay me a viſit; when he placed 'me in the houſe where you now ſee 'me, gave me a large ſum of money 'to furniſh it, and ſettled an annuity 'of 50l. a year upon me, which I 'have conſtantly received ever ſince. 'Judge then, Mr. Jones, in what re-'gard I muſt hold a benefactor, to 'whom I owe the preſervation of my 'life, and of thoſe dear children, for 'whoſe ſake alone my life is valuable. 'Do not, therefore, think me imper-'tinent, Mr. Jones, (ſince I muſt 'eſteem one for whom I know Mr. 'Allworthy hath ſo much value) if 'I beg you not to converſe with theſe 'wicked women. You are a young 'gentleman, and do not know half 'their artful wiles. Do not be angry 'with me, Sir, for what I ſaid upon 'account of my houſe: you muſt be 'ſenſible, it would be the ruin of my 'poor dear girls. Beſides, Sir, you 'cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. 'Allworthy himſelf would never for-'give my conniving at ſuch matters, 'and particularly with you.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you need make no farther 'apology; nor do I in the leaſt take 'any thing ill you have ſaid: but 'give me leave, as no one can have 'more value than myſelf for Mr. 'Allworthy, to deliver you from one 'miſtake, which, perhaps, would not 'be altogether for his honour: I do 'aſſure you, I am no relation of his.'

'Alas, Sir!' anſwered ſhe, 'I 'know you are not. I know very 'well who you are; for Mr. All-'worthy hath told me all: but I do 'aſſure you, had you been twenty

'times

'times his ſon, he could not have expreſſed more regard for you, than 'he hath often expreſſed in my preſence. You need not be aſhamed, 'Sir, of what you are; I promiſe you, 'no good perſon will eſteem you the 'leſs on that account. No, Mr. Jones; 'the words "diſhonourable birth," are 'nonſenſe, as my dear, dear huſband 'uſed to ſay, unleſs the word "diſho-"nourable" be applied to the parents; 'for the children can derive no real 'diſhonour from an act of which they 'are entirely innocent.'

Here Jones heaved a deep ſigh, and then ſaid, 'Since I perceive, Madam, 'you really do know me, and Mr. 'Allworthy hath thought proper to 'mention my name to you; and ſince 'you have been ſo explicit with me 'as to your own affairs, I will ac-'quaint you with ſome more circum-'ſtances concerning myſelf.' And theſe, Mrs. Miller having expreſſed great deſire and curioſity to hear, he began, and related to her his whole hiſtory, without once mentioning the name of Sophia.

There is a kind of ſympathy in honeſt minds, by means of which they give an eaſy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and expreſſed much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the ſtory, but Jones interrupted her: for as the hour of aſſignation now drew nigh, he began to ſtipulate for a ſecond interview with the lady that evening, which he promiſed ſhould be the laſt at her houſe; ſwearing, at the ſame time, that ſhe was one of great diſtinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to paſs between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on; and Jones departed to his chamber, where he ſat alone till twelve o'clock; but no Lady Bellaſton appeared.

As we have ſaid that this lady had a great affection for Jones, and as it muſt have appeared that ſhe really had ſo; the reader may, perhaps, wonder at the firſt failure of her appointment, as ſhe apprehended him to be confined by ſickneſs, a ſeaſon when friendſhip ſeems more to require ſuch viſits. This behaviour, therefore, in the lady, may, by ſome, be condemned as unnatural: but that is not our fault; for our buſineſs is only to record truth.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING A SCENE, WHICH WE DOUBT NOT WILL AFFECT ALL OUR READERS.

MR. Jones cloſed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing to any uneaſineſs which he conceived at being diſappointed by Lady Bellaſton; nor was Sophia herſelf, though moſt of his waking hours were juſtly to be charged to her account, the preſent cauſe of diſpelling his ſlumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the beſt natured fellows alive, and had all that weakneſs which is called compaſſion, and which diſtinguiſhes this imperfect character from that noble firmneſs of mind which rolls a man, as it were, within himſelf; and, like a poliſhed bowl, enables him to run through the world, without being once ſtopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compaſſionating the ſituation of poor Nancy; whoſe love for Mr. Nightingale ſeemed to him ſo apparent, that he was aſtoniſhed at the blindneſs of her mother, who had more than once, the preceding evening, remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter; who from being, ſhe ſaid, one of the livelieſt, merrieſt girls in the world, was on a ſudden become all gloom and melancholy.

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all reſiſtance; and now, as if he had really been a deity, as the ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he ſeemed to enjoy his dear-bought conqueſt. To ſpeak ſimply, and without any metaphor, Mr. Jones ſlept till eleven the next morning; and would, perhaps, have continued in the ſame quiet ſituation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now ſummoned; who, being aſked what was the matter, anſwered, that there was a dreadful hurricane below ſtairs; that Miſs Nancy was in fits; and that the other ſiſter and the mother were both crying and lamenting over her. Jones expreſſed much

much concern at this news; which Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a smile, he fancied the young lady was in no danger of death; for that Susan (which was the name of the maid) had given him to understand, it was nothing more than a common affair. 'In short,' said he, 'Miss Nancy hath had a mind to be 'as wise as her mother; that's all. 'She was a little hungry, it seems, 'and so sat down to dinner before 'grace was said; and so there is a 'child coming for the Foundling-'Hospital.'—'Pr'ythee, leave thy stu-'pid jesting,' cries Jones; 'is the 'misery of these poor wretches a sub-'ject of mirth? Go immediately to 'Mrs. Miller, and tell her, I beg 'leave—— Stay, you will make some 'blunder: I will go myself; for she 'desired me to breakfast with her.' He then rose, and dressed himself as fast as he could; and while he was dressing, Partridge, notwithstanding many severe rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jests, on this occasion. Jones was no sooner dressed than he walked down stairs, and knocking at the door, was presently admitted by the maid into the outward parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid presently brought a message to Mr. Jones, that her mistress hoped he would excuse the disappointment; but an accident had happened, which made it impossible for her to have the pleasure of his company at breakfast that day; and begged his pardon for not sending him up notice sooner. Jones desired she would give herself no trouble about any thing so trifling as his disappointment; that he was heartily sorry for the occasion; and that, if he could be of any service to her, she might command him.

He had scarce spoke these words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the door, and coming out to him, in a flood of tears, said, 'O Mr. Jones, you are 'certainly one of the best young men 'alive. I give you a thousand thanks 'for your kind offer of your service; 'but, alas! Sir, it is out of your power 'to preserve my poor girl. O my 'child, my child! She is undone, she 'is ruined for ever!—'I hope, Ma-'dam,' said Jones, 'no villain—' 'O 'Mr. Jones,' said she, 'that villain 'who yesterday left my lodgings, hath 'betrayed my poor girl, hath destroy-'ed her! I know you are a man of 'honour. You have a good—a noble 'heart, Mr. Jones. The actions, to 'which I have been myself a witness, 'could proceed from no other. I will 'tell you all: nay, indeed, it is im-'possible, after what hath happened, 'to keep it a secret. That Nightin-'gale, that barbarous villain, hath 'undone my daughter! She is—she 'is—O Mr. Jones! my girl is with 'child by him; and in that condition 'he hath deserted her. Here! here, 'Sir, is his cruel letter; read it, Mr. 'Jones, and tell me if such another 'monster lives!'

The letter was as follows.

'DEAR NANCY,

'AS I found it impossible to men-'tion to you what, I am a-'fraid, will be no less shocking to 'you than it is to me, I have taken 'this method to inform you, that my 'father insists upon my immediately 'paying my addresses to a young lady of 'fortune, whom he hath provided for 'my—I need not write the detested 'word. Your own good understanding 'will make you sensible, how entirely I 'am obliged to an obedience, by which 'I shall be for ever excluded from your 'dear arms. The fondness of your 'mother may encourage you to trust 'her with the unhappy consequence 'of our love, which may be easily 'kept a secret from the world; and 'for which I will take care to provide, 'as I will for you. I wish you may 'feel less on this account, than I have 'suffered: but summon all your for-'titude to your assistance; and forgive 'and forget the man, whom nothing 'but the prospect of certain ruin 'could have forced to write this letter. 'I bid you forget me—I mean, only as 'a lover: but the best of friends you 'shall ever find in your faithful, though 'unhappy,

'J. N.'

When

When Jones had read this letter, they both ſtood ſilent during a minute, looking at each other; at laſt he began thus. 'I cannot expreſs, Madam, how much 'I am ſhocked at what I have read; 'yet let me beg you, in one particular, to take the writer's advice. Conſider the reputation of your daughter.'—'It is gone, it is loſt, Mr. 'Jones,' cried ſhe, 'as well as her innocence! She received the letter in a room full of company, and immediately ſwooned away upon opening it: the contents were known to every one preſent. But the loſs of her reputation, bad as it is, is not the worſt; I ſhall loſe my child! ſhe hath attempted twice to deſtroy herſelf already; and though ſhe hath been hitherto prevented, vows ſhe will not out-live it; nor could I myſelf outlive any accident of that nature. What then will become of my little Betſy, a helpleſs infant orphan! And the poor little wretch will, I believe, break her heart at the miſeries with which ſhe ſees her ſiſter and myſelf diſtracted, while ſhe is ignorant of the cauſe. O 'tis the moſt ſenſible and beſt-natured little thing. The barbarous, cruel—hath deſtroyed us all. O my poor children! Is this the reward of all my cares? Is this the fruit of all my proſpects? Have I ſo chearfully undergone all the labours and duties of a mother? Have I been ſo tender of their infancy, ſo careful of their education? Have I been toiling ſo many years, denying myſelf even the conveniencies of life, to provide ſome little ſuſtenance for them, to loſe one or both in ſuch a manner!'—'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid Jones, with tears in his eyes, 'I pity you from my ſoul.'—'O Mr. Jones!' anſwered ſhe, 'even you, though I know the goodneſs of your heart, can have no idea of what I feel. The beſt, the kindeſt, the moſt dutiful of children!—O my poor Nancy, the darling of my ſoul! the delight of my eyes! the pride of my heart! too much, indeed, my pride; for to thoſe fooliſh, ambitious hopes, riſing from her beauty, I owe her ruin. Alas! I ſaw with pleaſure the liking which this young man had for her. I thought it an honourable affection, and flatter ed my fooliſh vanity with the thoughts of ſeeing her married to one ſo much her ſuperior. And a thouſand times in my preſence, nay, often in yours, he hath endeavoured to ſoothe and encourage theſe hopes by the moſt generous expreſſions of diſintereſted love, which he hath always directed to my poor girl; and which I, as well as ſhe, believed to be real. Could I have believed that theſe were only ſnares laid to betray the innocence of my child, and for the ruin of us all!' At theſe words, little Betſy came running into the room, crying, 'Dear mamma, for Heaven's ſake come to my ſiſter; for ſhe is in another fit, and my couſin can't hold her.' Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the ſummons; but firſt ordered Betſy to ſtay with Mr. Jones, and begged him to entertain her a few minutes, ſaying, in the moſt pathetick voice, 'Good 'Heaven! let me preſerve one of my 'children at leaſt.'

Jones, in compliance with this requeſt, did all he could to comfort the little girl, though he was, in reality, himſelf very highly affected with Mrs. Miller's ſtory. He told her, her ſiſter would be ſoon very well again: that by taking on in that manner, ſhe would not only make her ſiſter worſe, but make her mother ill too. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I would not do any thing to 'hurt them for the world. I would 'burſt my heart, rather than they 'ſhould ſee me cry. But my poor 'ſiſter can't ſee me cry: I am afraid 'ſhe will never be able to ſee me cry 'any more. Indeed, I can't part with 'her! indeed, I can't. And then poor 'mamma too, what will become of 'her! She ſays ſhe will die too, and 'leave me: but I am reſolved I won't 'be left behind.'—'And are you not 'afraid to die, my little Betſy?' ſaid Jones. 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'I was 'always afraid to die; becauſe I muſt 'have left my mamma, and my ſiſter; 'but I am not afraid of going any 'where with thoſe I love.'

Jones was ſo pleaſed with this anſwer, that he eagerly kiſſed the child; and ſoon after Mrs. Miller returned, ſaying, ſhe thanked Heaven, Nancy was now come to herſelf. 'And now 'Betſy,' ſays ſhe, 'you may go in; 'for your ſiſter is better, and longs to 'ſee you.' She then turned to Jones, and

and began to renew her apologies for having disappointed him of his breakfast.

'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'I 'shall have a more exquisite repast than 'any you could have provided for me. 'This, I assure you, will be the case, 'if I can do any service to this little 'family of love. But whatever success may attend my endeavours, I am 'resolved to attempt it. I am very 'much deceived in Mr. Nightingale, 'if, notwithstanding what hath happened, he hath not much goodness 'of heart at the bottom, as well as a 'very violent affection for your daughter. If this be the case, I think the 'picture which I shall lay before him 'will affect him. Endeavour, Madam, 'to comfort yourself, and Miss Nancy, as well as you can. I will go 'instantly in quest of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to bring you good 'news.'

Mrs. Miller fell upon her knees, and invoked all the blessings of Heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which she afterwards added the most passionate expressions of gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale; and the good woman returned to comfort her daughter, who was somewhat cheared at what her mother told her, and both joined in resounding the praises of Mr. Jones.

CHAP. VII.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. JONES AND MR. NIGHTINGALE.

THE good or evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries, without paying themselves some pangs, for the ruin which they bring on their fellow creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at least, was not such a person. On the contrary, Jones found him in his new lodgings, sitting melancholy by the fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy situation in which he had placed poor Nancy. He no sooner saw his friend appear, than he rose hastily to meet him; and after much congratulation said, 'Nothing could 'have been more opportune than this 'kind visit; for I was never more in 'the spleen in my life.'

'I am sorry,' answered Jones, 'that 'I bring news very unlikely to relieve 'you; nay, what I am convinced must, 'of all others, shock you the most. 'However, it is necessary you should 'know it. Without farther preface, 'then, I come to you, Mr. Nightingale, from a worthy family, which 'you have involved in misery and 'ruin.' Mr. Nightingale changed colour at these words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded, in the livelieſt manner, to paint the tragical story, with which the reader was acquainted in the last chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the narration, though he discovered violent emotions at many parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep sigh, he said, 'What 'you tell me, my friend, affects me 'in the tendereſt manner. Sure there 'never was so cursed an accident as 'the poor girl's betraying my letter. 'Her reputation might otherwise have 'been safe, and the affair might have 'remained a profound secret; and then 'the girl might have gone off never 'the worse; for many such things 'happen in this town: and if the husband should suspect a little when it 'is too late, it will be his wiser conduct to conceal his suspicion both 'from his wife and the world.'

'Indeed, my friend,' answered Jones, 'this could not have been the case with 'your poor Nancy. You have so entirely gained her affections, that it 'is the loss of you, and not of her reputation, which afflicts her, and will 'end in the destruction of her and her 'family.'—'Nay, for that matter, I 'promise you,' cries Nightingale, 'she 'hath my affections so absolutely, that 'my wife, whoever she is to be, will 'have very little share in them.'—'And 'is it possible then,' said Jones, 'you 'can think of deserting her?'—'Why, 'what can I do?' answered the other. —'Ask Miss Nancy,' replied Jones, warmly. 'In the condition to which 'you have reduced her, I sincerely 'think she ought to determine what 'reparation you shall make her. Her 'interest alone, and not yours, ought to 'be your sole consideration. But if

'you ask me what you shall do; what 'can you do less,' cries Jones, 'than 'fulfil the expectations of her family, 'and her own! Nay, I sincerely tell 'you, they were mine too, ever since 'I first saw you together. You will 'pardon me, if I presume on the 'friendship you have favoured me 'with, moved as I am with compas-'sion for those poor creatures: but 'your own heart will best suggest to 'you, whether you have never intend-'ed, by your conduct, to persuade the 'mother, as well as the daughter, 'into an opinion, that you designed 'honourably: and if so, though there 'may have been no direct promise of 'marriage in the case, I will leave to 'your own good understanding, how 'far you are bound to proceed.'

'Nay, I must not only confess what 'you have hinted,' said Nightingale; 'but I am afraid, even that very pro-'mise you mention, I have given.'— 'And can you, after owning that,' said Jones, 'hesitate a moment?'— 'Consider, my friend,' answered the other; 'I know you are a man of ho-'nour, and would advise no one to 'act contrary to it's rules; if there 'were no other objection, can I, after 'this publication of her disgrace, think 'of such an alliance with honour?'— 'Undoubtedly,' replied Jones; 'and 'the very best and truest honour, which 'is goodness, requires it of you. As 'you mention a scruple of this kind, 'you will give me leave to examine 'it. Can you, with honour, be guil-'ty of having, under false pretences, 'deceived a young woman and her fa-'mily; and of having, by these means, 'treacherously robbed her of her in-'nocence? Can you, with honour, be 'the knowing, the wilful, nay, I must 'add, the artful contriver of the ruin 'of a human being? Can you, with 'honour, destroy the fame, the peace, 'nay, probably, both the life and 'soul too of this creature? Can ho-'nour bear the thought, that this crea-'ture is a tender, helpless, defenceless, 'young woman? A young woman 'who loves, who doats on you, who 'dies for you; who hath placed the ut-'most confidence in your promises; and 'to that confidence hath sacrificed every 'thing which is dear to her? Can ho-'nour support such contemplations as 'these a moment!'

'Common sense, indeed,' said Night-ingale, 'warrants all you say; but yet 'you well know the opinion of the 'world is so much the contrary, that 'was I to marry a whore, though my 'own, I should be ashamed of ever 'showing my face again.'

'Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale!' said Jones; 'do not call her by so unge-'nerous a name: when you promised 'to marry her, she became your wife; 'and she hath sinned more against pru-'dence than virtue. And what is this 'world, which you would be ashamed 'to face, but the vile, the foolish, and 'the profligate? Forgive me, if I say, 'such a shame must proceed from false 'modesty, which always attends false 'honour as it's shadow. But I am well 'assured, there is not a man of real 'sense and goodness in the world, who 'would not honour and applaud the 'action. But admit no other would, 'would not your own heart, my friend, 'applaud it? And do not the warm, 'rapturous sensations, which we feel 'from the consciousness of an honest, 'noble, generous, benevolent action, 'convey more delight to the mind, 'than the undeserved praise of mil-'lions? Set the alternative fairly be-'fore your eyes. On the one side, see 'this poor, unhappy, tender, believ-'ing girl, in the arms of her wretched 'mother, breathing her last. Hear 'her breaking heart, in agonies, sigh-'ing out your name; and lamenting, 'rather than accusing, the cruelty 'which weighs her down to destruc-'tion. Paint to your imagination the 'circumstances of her fond, despair-'ing parent, driven to madness, or, 'perhaps, to death, by the loss of her 'lovely daughter. View the poor, 'helpless, orphan infant: and, when 'your mind hath dwelt a moment only 'on such ideas, consider yourself as 'the cause of all the ruin of this poor, 'little, worthy, defenceless family! 'On the other side, consider yourself 'as relieving them from their tempo-'rary sufferings. Think with what 'joy, with what transports, that love-'ly creature will fly to your arms. 'See her blood returning to her pale 'cheeks, her fire to her languid eyes, 'and raptures to her tortured breast! 'Consider the exultations of her mo-'ther; the happiness of all! Think 'of this little family, made, by one

'act

'act of yours, compleatly happy! 'Think of this alternative; and sure 'I am mistaken in my friend, if it re'quires any long deliberation, whe'ther he will sink these wretches down 'for ever; or, by one generous, no'ble resolution, raise them all from 'the brink of misery and despair, to 'the highest pitch of human happi'ness. Add to this, but one conside'ration more; the consideration that it 'is your duty so to do: that the mi'sery from which you will relieve 'these poor people, is the misery which 'you yourself have wilfully brought 'upon them.'

'O my dear friend!' cries Nightingale, 'I wanted not your eloquence to 'rouze me. I pity poor Nancy from my 'soul; and would willingly give any 'thing in my power, that no familiarities had ever passed between us. 'Nay, believe me, I had many struggles with my passion before I could 'prevail with myself to write that cruel 'letter, which hath caused all the mi'sery in that unhappy family. If I 'had no inclinations to consult but 'my own, I would marry her to-mor'row morning: I would, by Hea'ven! but you will easily imagine 'how impossible it would be to pre'vail on my father to consent to such 'a match: besides, he hath provided 'another for me; and to-morrow, by 'his express command, I am to wait on 'the lady.'

'I have not the honour to know your 'father,' said Jones; 'but suppose he 'could be persuaded, would you your'self consent to the only means of 'preserving these poor people?'—'As 'eagerly as I would pursue my happiness,' answered Nightingale; 'for 'I never shall find it in any other wo'man—O my dear friend, could you 'imagine what I have felt within these 'twelve hours for my poor girl, I am 'convinced she would not engross all 'your pity! Passion leads me only 'to her; and if I had any foolish scru'ples of honour, you have fully satis'fied them: could my father be in'duced to comply with my desires, 'nothing would be wanting to com'pleat my own happiness, or that of 'my Nancy.'

'Then I am resolved to undertake 'it,' said Jones. 'You must not be 'angry with me, in whatever light it 'may be necessary to set this affair; 'which, you may depend on it, could 'not otherwise be long hid from him: 'for things of this nature make a quick 'progress, when once they get abroad, 'as this unhappily hath already. Be'sides, should any fatal accident fol'low, as upon my soul I am afraid 'will, unless immediately prevented, 'the publick would ring of your name, 'in a manner which, if your father 'hath common humanity, must of'fend him. If you will, therefore, 'tell me where I may find the old 'gentleman, I will not lose a mo'ment in the business; which, while 'I pursue, you cannot do a more ge'nerous action, than by paying a visit 'to the poor girl. You will find I 'have not exaggerated in the account 'I have given of the wretchedness of 'the family.'

Nightingale immediately consented to the proposal; and now having acquainted Jones with his father's lodging, and the coffee-house where he would most probably find him, he hesitated a moment, and then said, 'My 'dear Tom, you are going to under'take an impossibility. If you knew 'my father, you would never think 'of obtaining his consent. Stay, 'there is one way—Suppose you told 'him I was already married, it might 'be easier to reconcile him to the fact 'after it was done; and, upon my 'honour, I am so affected with what 'you have said, and I love my Nancy 'so passionately, I almost wish it was 'done, whatever might be the conse'quence.'

Jones greatly approved the hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated; Nightingale to visit his Nancy, and Jones in quest of the old gentleman.

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN JONES AND OLD MR. NIGHTINGALE; WITH THE ARRIVAL OF A PERSON NOT YET MENTIONED IN THIS HISTORY.

NOtwithstanding the sentiment of the Roman satirist, which denies the divinity of Fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose;

Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiſer man than either of them, expreſsly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are ſome incidents in life, ſo very ſtrange and unaccountable, that it ſeems to require more than human ſkill and foreſight in producing them.

Of this kind was what now happened to Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the elder in ſo critical a minute, that Fortune, if ſhe was really worthy of all the worſhip ſhe received at Rome, could not have contrived ſuch another. In ſhort, the old gentleman and the father of the young lady whom he intended for his ſon, had been hard at it for many hours; and the latter was juſt now gone, and had left the former, delighted with the thoughts that he had ſucceeded in a long contention, which had been between the two fathers of the future bride and bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other; and, as it not rarely happens in ſuch caſes, both had retreated fully ſatisfied of having obtained the victory.

This gentleman whom Mr. Jones now viſited, was what they call a man of the world; that is to ſay, a man who directs his conduct in this world, as one who being fully perſuaded there is no other, is reſolved to make the moſt of this. In his early years, he had been bred to trade; but having acquired a very good fortune, he had lately declined his buſineſs; or, to ſpeak more properly, had changed it from dealing in goods, to dealing only in money; of which he had always a plentiful fund at command; and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful advantage, ſometimes of the neceſſities of private men, and ſometimes of thoſe of the publick. He had, indeed, converſed ſo entirely with money, that it may be almoſt doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really exiſted in the world: this, at leaſt, may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing elſe to have any real value.

The reader will, I fancy, allow, that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper perſon for Mr. Jones to attack with any probability of ſucceſs; nor could the whimſical lady have directed this attack at a more unſeaſonable time.

As money then was always uppermoſt in this gentleman's thoughts, ſo the moment he ſaw a ſtranger within his doors, it immediately occurred to his imagination, that ſuch ſtranger was either come to bring him money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of theſe thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable idea of the perſon who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of theſe was the aſcendant at preſent; for as a young gentleman had viſited him the day before, with a bill from his ſon, for a play debt, he apprehended, at the firſt ſight of Jones, that he was come on ſuch another errand. Jones, therefore, had no ſooner told him, that he was come on his ſon's account, than the old gentleman, being confirmed in his ſuſpicion, burſt forth into an exclamation, that he would loſe his labour. 'Is it then poſſible, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'that you can gueſs 'my buſineſs?'—'If I do gueſs it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to 'you, you will loſe your labour. 'What, I ſuppoſe you are one of thoſe 'ſparks who lead my ſon into all thoſe 'ſcenes of riot and debauchery, which 'will be his deſtruction; but I ſhall 'pay no more of his bills, I promiſe 'you. I expect he will quit all ſuch 'company for the future. If I had 'imagined otherwiſe, I ſhould not 'have provided a wife for him; for 'I would be inſtrumental in the ruin 'of nobody.'—'How, Sir!' ſaid Jones, 'and was this lady of your providing?' —'Pray, Sir,' anſwered the old gentleman, 'how comes it to be any con'cern of yours?'—'Nay, dear Sir, replied Jones, 'be not offended that 'I intereſt myſelf in what regards your 'ſon's happineſs, for whom I have ſo 'great an honour and value. It was up'on that very account I came to wait 'on you. I can't expreſs the ſatisfaction 'you have given me by what you ſay; 'for I do aſſure you, your ſon is a per'ſon for whom I have the higheſt ho'nour. Nay, Sir, it is not eaſy to 'expreſs the eſteem I have for you, 'who could be ſo generous, ſo good, 'ſo kind, ſo indulgent, to provide ſuch 'a match for your ſon; a woman, 'who, I dare ſwear, will make him 'one of the happieſt men upon earth.'

There is ſcarce any thing which ſo happily

happily introduces men to our good liking, as having conceived some alarm at their first appearance; when once those apprehensions begin to vanish, we soon forget the fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as indebted for our present ease to those very persons who at first raised our fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale; who no sooner found that Jones had no demand on him, as he suspected, than he began to be pleased with his presence. 'Pray, good Sir,' said he, 'be pleased to sit down. I do not 'remember to have ever had the plea-'sure of seeing you before; but if you 'are a friend of my son, and have 'any thing to say, concerning this 'young lady, I shall be glad to hear 'you. As to her making him hap-'py, it will be his own fault if she 'doth not. I have discharged my 'duty, in taking care of the main ar-'ticle. She will bring him a fortune 'capable of making any reasonable, 'prudent, sober man happy.'—'Un-'doubtedly,' cries Jones; 'for she is 'in herself a fortune; so beautiful, 'so genteel, so sweet-tempered, and 'so well educated; she is, indeed, a 'most accomplished young lady; sings 'admirably well, and hath a most de-'licate hand at the harpsichord.'—'I 'did not know any of these matters,' answered the old gentleman, 'for I 'never saw the lady; but I do not 'like her the worse for what you tell 'me; and I am the better pleased 'with her father for not laying any 'stress on these qualifications in our 'bargain. I shall always think it a 'proof of his understanding. A silly 'fellow would have brought in these 'articles as an addition to her for-'tune; but, to give him his due, he 'never mentioned any such matter; 'though, to be sure, they are no dis-'paragements to a woman.'—'I do 'assure you, Sir,' cries Jones, 'she 'hath them all in the most eminent 'degree: for my part, I own I was 'afraid you might have been a little 'backward, a little less inclined to 'the match: for your son told me 'you had never seen the lady; there-'fore, I came, Sir, in that case, to 'entreat you, to conjure you, as you 'value the happiness of your son, not 'to be averse to his match with a wo-'man who hath not only all the good 'qualities I have mentioned, but many 'more.'—'If that was your business, 'Sir,' said the old gentleman, 'we 'are both obliged to you; and you 'may be perfectly easy; for I give 'you my word, I was very well sa-'tisfied with her fortune.'—'Sir,' answered Jones, 'I honour you every 'moment more and more. To be so 'easily satisfied, so very moderate on 'that account, is a proof of the 'soundness of your understanding, 'as well as the nobleness of your 'mind.'—'Not so very moderate, 'young gentleman; not so very mode-'rate!' answered the father. 'Still 'more and more noble,' replied Jones, 'and give me leave to add, sensible: 'for sure it is little less than madness 'to consider money as the sole founda-'tion of happiness. Such a woman 'as this, with her little, her nothing 'of a fortune—' 'I find,' cries the old gentlewoman, 'you have a pretty 'just opinion of money, my friend; 'or else you are better acquainted 'with the person of the lady than 'with her circumstances. Why, pray, 'what fortune do you imagine this 'lady to have?'—'What fortune?' cries Jones, 'why too contemptible a 'one to be named for your son.'—'Well, well, well!' said the other, 'perhaps he might have done better.' —'That I deny,' said Jones; 'for 'she is one of the best of women.'—'Ay, ay, but in point of fortune I 'mean,' answered the other. 'And 'yet, as to that now, how much do 'you imagine your friend is to have?'

'How much,' cries Jones, 'how 'much? Why, at the utmost, per-'haps, two hundred pounds.'—'Do 'you mean to banter me, young gen-'tleman?' said the father, a little angry. 'No, upon my soul,' answered Jones, 'I am in earnest; nay, 'I believe I have gone to the utmost 'farthing. If I do the lady an in-'jury, I ask her pardon.'—'Indeed 'you do,' cries the father. 'I am 'certain she hath fifty times that sum; 'and she shall produce fifty to that, 'before I consent that she shall marry 'my son.'—'Nay,' said Jones, 'it 'is too late to talk of consent now. 'If she hath not fifty farthings, yo'r 'son is married.'—'My son married!' answered the old gentleman with sur-

prize.

prize. 'Nay,' said Jones, 'I thought 'you was acquainted with it.'—'My 'son married to Miss Harris!' answered he again. 'To Miss Harris!' said Jones; 'no, Sir, to Miss Nancy 'Miller, the daughter of Mrs. 'Miller, at whose house he lodged; 'a young lady who, though her mo-'ther is reduced to let lodgings—' 'Are you bantering, or are you in 'earnest?' cries the father, with a most solemn voice. 'Indeed, Sir,' answered Jones, 'I scorn the charac-'ter of a banterer; I came to you in 'most serious earnest; imagining, as 'I find true, that your son had never 'dared acquaint you with a match 'so much inferior to him in point of 'fortune, though the reputation of 'the lady will suffer it no longer to 'remain a secret.'

While the father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this news, a gentleman came into the room, and saluted him by the name of Brother.

But though these two were in consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their dispositions almost the opposites to each other. The brother who now arrived, had likewise been bred to trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth six thousand pounds, than he purchased a small estate with the greatest part of it, and retired into the country; where he married the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman, a young lady who, though she had neither beauty nor fortune, had recommended herself to his choice, entirely by her good humour, of which she possessed a very large share.

With this woman he had, during twenty-five years, lived a life more resembling the model which certain poets ascribe to the golden age, than any of those patterns which are furnished by the present times. By her he had four children, but none of them arrived at maturity, except only one daughter, whom in vulgar language, he and his wife had spoiled; that is, had educated with the utmost tenderness and fondness; which she returned to such a degree, that she had actually refused a very extraordinary match, with a gentleman a little turned of forty, because she could not bring herself to part with her parents.

The young lady whom Mr. Nightingale had intended for his son, was a near neighbour of his brother, and an acquaintance of his niece; and, in reality, it was upon the account of this projected match, that he was now come to town; not, indeed, to forward, but to dissuade his brother, from a purpose which, he conceived, would inevitably ruin his nephew; for he foresaw no other event from a union with Miss Harris, notwithstanding the largeness of her fortune; as neither her person nor mind seemed, to him, to promise any kind of matrimonial felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His brother, therefore, no sooner mentioned the marriage of his nephew with Miss Miller, than he expressed the utmost satisfaction; and when the father had very bitterly reviled his son, and pronounced sentence of beggary upon him, the uncle began in the following manner.

'If you was a little cooler, brother, 'I would ask you whether you love 'your son for his sake, or for your 'own. You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose you think, 'for his sake, and doubtless it is his 'happiness which you intend in the 'marriage you proposed for him.

'Now, brother, to prescribe rules 'of happiness to others, hath always 'appeared to me very absurd; and to 'insist on doing this, very tyrannical. 'It is a vulgar error, I know; but 'it is nevertheless an error: and if 'this be absurd in other things, it is 'mostly so in the affair of marriage, 'the happiness of which depends entirely on the affection which subsists 'between the parties.

'I have, therefore, always thought 'it unreasonable in parents to desire 'to chuse for their children on this 'occasion; since, to force affection, 'is an impossible attempt; nay, so 'much doth love abhor force, that I 'know not whether, through an unfortunate, but incurable perverseness in our natures, it may not be 'even impatient of persuasion.

'It is, however, true, that though 'a parent will not, I think wisely, 'prescribe, he ought to be consulted 'on this occasion; and in strictness, 'perhaps, should at least have a negative voice. My nephew, therefore, I own, in marrying without 'asking

'asking your advice, hath been guilty 'of a fault. But, honeſtly ſpeaking, 'brother, have you not a little promoted 'this fault? Have not your frequent declarations on this ſubject 'given him a moral certainty of your 'refuſal, where there was any deficiency in point of fortune? Nay, doth 'not your preſent anger ariſe ſolely 'from that deficiency? And if he 'hath failed in his duty here, did you 'not as much exceed that authority 'when you abſolutely bargained with 'him for a woman without his knowledge, whom you yourſelf never ſaw, 'and whom, if you had ſeen and 'known as well as I, it muſt have 'been madneſs in you to have ever 'thought of bringing into your family.

'Still I own my nephew in a fault; 'but ſurely, it is not an unpardonable 'fault. He hath acted, indeed, without your conſent, in a matter in 'which he ought to have aſked it; 'but it is in a matter in which his 'intereſt is principally concerned: 'you yourſelf muſt and will acknowledge, that you conſulted his intereſt only; and if he unfortunately 'differed from you, and hath been 'miſtaken in his notion of happineſs, 'will you, brother, if you love your 'ſon, carry him ſtill wider from the 'point? Will you increaſe the ill conſequences of his ſimple choice? Will 'you endeavour to make an event 'certain miſery to him, which may 'accidentally prove ſo? In a word, 'brother, becauſe he hath put it out 'of your power to make his circumſtances as affluent as you would, 'will you diſtreſs them as much as 'you can?'

By the force of the true catholick faith, St. Antony won upon the fiſhes. Orpheus and Amphion went a little farther; and by the charms of muſick, enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful both! But neither hiſtory nor fable have ever yet ventured to record an inſtance of any one who, by force of argument and reaſon, hath triumphed over habitual avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the father, inſtead of attempting to anſwer his brother, contented himſelf with only obſerving, that they had always differed in their ſentiments concerning the education of their children. 'I wiſh,' ſaid he, 'brother, you would have confined 'your care to your own daughter, and 'never have troubled yourſelf with 'my ſon; who hath, I believe, as 'little profited by your precepts, as 'by your example:' for young Nightingale was his uncle's godſon, and had lived more with him than with his father: ſo that the uncle had often declared, he loved his nephew almoſt equally with his own child.

Jones fell into raptures with this good gentleman; and when, after much perſuaſion, they found the father grew ſtill more and more irritated, inſtead of appeaſed, Jones conducted the uncle to his nephew at the houſe of Mrs. Miller.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING STRANGE MATTERS.

AT his return to his lodgings, Jones found the ſituation of affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his departure. The mother, the two daughters, and young Mr. Nightingale, were now ſat down to ſupper together, when the uncle was at his own deſire introduced without any ceremony into the company; to all of whom he was well known, for he had ſeveral times viſited his nephew at that houſe.

The old gentleman immediately walked up to Miſs Nancy, ſaluted and wiſhed her joy, as he did afterwards the mother and the other ſiſter; and laſtly he paid the proper compliments to his nephew, with the ſame good humour and courteſy, as if his nephew had married his equal or ſuperior in fortune, with all the previous requiſites firſt performed.

Miſs Nancy and her ſuppoſed huſband both turned pale, and looked rather fooliſh than otherwiſe on the occaſion; but Mrs. Miller took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing; and having ſent for Jones into the dining-room, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and in a moſt paſſionate flood of tears, called him her good angel, the preſerver of her poor little family, with many other reſpectful and endearing appellations, and made him every acknowledgment which the higheſt benefit can extract from the moſt grateful heart.

After the firſt guſt of her paſſion was a little

a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burst her, she proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all matters were settled between Mr. Nightingale and her daughter, and that they were to be married the next morning; at which Mr. Jones having expressed much pleasure, the poor woman fell again into a fit of joy and thanksgiving, which he at length with difficulty silenced; and prevailed on her to return with him back to the company, whom they found in the same good humour in which they had left them.

This little society now passed two or three very agreeable hours together; in which the uncle, who was a very great lover of his bottle, had so well plied his nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered: and now Mr. Nightingale, taking the old gentleman with him up stairs, into the apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows.

'As you have been always the best 'and kindest of uncles to me, and as 'you have shewn such unparalleled 'goodness in forgiving this match, 'which, to be sure, may be thought 'a little improvident; I should never 'forgive myself, if I attempted to de-'ceive you in any thing.' He then confessed the truth, and opened the whole affair.

'How, Jack!' said the old gentleman, 'and are you really then not 'married to this young woman?'—'No, upon my honour,' answered Nightingale. 'I have told you the 'simple truth.'—'My dear boy,' cries the uncle kissing him, 'I am heartily 'glad to hear it. I never was better 'pleased in my life. If you had been 'married, I should have assisted you 'as much as was in my power, to 'have made the best of a bad matter; 'but there is a great difference be-'tween considering a thing which is 'already done and irrecoverable, and 'that which is yet to do. Let your 'reason have fair play, Jack; and you 'will see this match in so foolish and 'preposterous a light, that there will 'be no need of any dissuasive argu-'ments.'—'How, Sir!' replies young Nightingale, 'is there this difference 'between having already done an act, 'and being in honour engaged to do 'it?'—'Pugh!' said the uncle, 'ho-'nour is a creature of the world's 'making; and the world hath the 'power of a creator over it, and may 'govern and direct it as they please. 'Now, you well know how trivial these 'breaches of contract are thought; 'even the grossest make but the won-'der and conversation of a day. Is 'there a man who will be afterwards 'more backward in giving you his 'sister or daughter? Or is there any 'sister or daughter who would be more 'backward to receive you? Honour 'is not concerned in these engage-'ments.'—'Pardon me, dear Sir,' cries Nightingale, 'I can never think 'so; and not only honour, but con-'science and humanity are concerned. 'I am well satisfied, that was I now 'to disappoint the young creature, her 'death would be the consequence, and 'I should look on myself as her 'murderer; nay, as her murderer by 'the cruellest of all methods—by 'breaking her heart.'—'Break her 'heart indeed! no, no, Jack,' cries the uncle, 'the hearts of women are 'not so soon broke; they are tough, 'boy, they are tough.'—'But, Sir,' answered Nightingale, 'my own af-'fections are engaged; and I never 'could be happy with any other wo-'man. How often have I heard you 'say, that children should be always 'suffered to chuse for themselves, and 'that you would let my cousin Har-'riet do so.'—'Why, ay,' replied the old gentleman, 'so I would have them; 'but then I would have them chuse 'wisely. Indeed, Jack, you must and 'shall leave this girl.'—'Indeed, un-'cle,' cries the other, 'I must and 'will have her.'—'You will, young 'gentleman!' said the uncle; 'I did 'not expect such a word from you. 'I should not wonder if you had used 'such language to your father, who 'hath always treated you like a dog, 'and kept you at the distance which a 'tyrant preserves over his subjects; 'but I, who have lived with you upon 'an equal footing, might surely ex-'pect better usage: but I know how 'to account for it all! It is all ow-'ing to your preposterous education, 'in which I have had too little share. 'There is my daughter, now, whom

'I have

'I have brought up as my friend, 'never doth any thing without my advice, nor ever refuſes to take it, when 'I give it her.'—'You have never yet 'given her advice in an affair of this 'kind,' ſaid Nightingale; 'for I am 'greatly miſtaken in my couſin, if 'ſhe would be very ready to obey 'even your moſt poſitive commands 'in abandoning her inclinations.'— 'Don't abuſe my girl,' anſwered the old gentleman, with ſome emotion; 'don't abuſe my Harriet! I have 'brought her up to have no inclinations contrary to my own. By ſuffering her to do whatever ſhe pleaſes, 'I have inured her to a habit of being 'pleaſed to do whatever I like.'— 'Pardon me, Sir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I have not the leaſt deſign to reflect 'on my couſin, for whom I have the 'greateſt eſteem; and, indeed, I am 'convinced you will never put her to 'ſo ſevere a trial, or lay ſuch hard 'commands on her, as you would do 'on me. But, dear Sir, let us return to the company; for they will 'begin to be uneaſy at our long abſence. I muſt beg one favour of 'my dear uncle; which is, that he 'would not ſay any thing to ſhock 'the poor girl or her mother.'—'O 'you need not fear me!' anſwered he, 'I underſtand myſelf too well to affront women; ſo I will readily grant 'you that favour; and, in return, I 'muſt expect another of you.'—'There 'are but few of your commands, Sir,' ſaid Nightingale, 'which I ſhall not 'very chearfully obey.'—'Nay, Sir, 'I aſk nothing,' ſaid the uncle, 'but 'the honour of your company home 'to my lodging, that I may reaſon 'the caſe a little more fully with you: 'for I would, if poſſible, have the 'ſatisfaction of preſerving my family, 'notwithſtanding the headſtrong folly 'of my brother, who, in his own opinion, is the wiſeſt man in the whole 'world.'

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headſtrong as his father, ſubmitted to attend him home; and then they both returned back into the room, where the old gentleman promiſed to carry himſelf with the ſame decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAP. X.

A SHORT CHAPTER, WHICH CONCLUDES THE BOOK.

THE long abſence of the uncle and nephew had occaſioned ſome diſquiet in the minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding dialogue, the uncle had more than once elevated his voice, ſo as to be heard down ſtairs; which, though they could not diſtinguiſh what he ſaid, had cauſed ſome evil foreboding in Nancy and her mother, and even in Jones himſelf.

When the good company therefore again aſſembled, there was a viſible alteration in all their faces; and the good humour which, at their laſt meeting, univerſally ſhone forth in every countenance, was now changed into a much leſs agreeable aſpect. It was a change, indeed, common enough to the weather in this climate, from ſunſhine to clouds, from June to December.

This alteration was not, however, greatly remarked by any preſent; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own thoughts, and to act a part, they became all too buſily engaged in the ſcene to be ſpectators of it. Thus, neither the uncle nor nephew ſaw any ſymptoms of ſuſpicion in the mother or daughter; nor did the mother or daughter remark the over-acted complaiſance of the old man, nor the counterfeit ſatisfaction which grinned in the features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole attention of two friends being engaged in the part which each is to act, in order to impoſe on the other, neither ſees nor ſuſpects the art practiſed againſt himſelf; and thus the thruſt of both (to borrow no improper metaphor on the occaſion) alike takes place.

From the ſame reaſon, it is no unuſual thing for both parties to be overreached in a bargain, though the one muſt be always the greater loſer; as was he who ſold a blind horſe, and received a bad note in payment.

Our company, in about half an hour, broke up, and the uncle carried off his nephew; but not before the latter had

assured Miss Nancy, in a whisper, that he would attend her early in the morning, and fulfil all his engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very fact; for, besides observing the great alteration in the behaviour of the uncle, the distance he assumed, and his over-strained civility to Miss Nancy; the carrying off a bridegroom from his bride at that time of night, was so extraordinary a proceeding, that it could be only accounted for, by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole truth; which the apparent openness of his temper, and his being fluttered with liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor people with his suspicion, the maid of the house informed him, that a gentlewoman desired to speak with him. He went immediately out, and taking the candle from the maid, ushered his visitant up stairs; who, in the person of Mrs. Honour, acquainted him with such dreadful news concerning his Sophia, that he immediately lost all consideration for every other person, and his whole stock of compassion was entirely swallowed up in reflections on his own misery, and on that of his unfortunate angel.

What this dreadful matter was, the reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding steps which produced it; and those will be the subject of the following book.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY ADVANCES ABOUT TWO DAYS.

CHAP. I.

TOO SHORT TO NEED A PREFACE.

THERE is a ſet of religious, or rather moral writers, who teach that virtue is the certain road to happineſs; and vice to miſery, in this world. A very wholeſome and comfortable doctrine; and to which we have but one objection, namely, that it is not true.

Indeed, if by virtue theſe writers mean the exerciſe of thoſe cardinal virtues, which, like good houſewives, ſtay at home, and mind only the buſineſs of their own family, I ſhall very readily concede the point: for ſo ſurely do all theſe contribute and lead to happineſs, that I could almoſt wiſh, in violation of all the ancient and modern ſages, to call them rather by the name of wiſdom, than by that of virtue; for, with regard to this life, no ſyſtem, I conceive, was ever wiſer, than that of the ancient Epicureans, who held this wiſdom to conſtitute the chief good; nor fooliſher than that of their oppoſites, thoſe modern Epicures, who place all felicity in the abundant gratification of every ſenſual appetite.

But if by virtue is meant (as I almoſt think it ought) a certain relative quality, which is always buſying itſelf without doors, and ſeems as much intereſted in purſuing the good of others as it's own; I cannot ſo eaſily agree that this is the ſureſt way to human happineſs; becauſe I am afraid we muſt then include poverty and contempt, with all the miſchiefs which backbiting, envy, and ingratitude, can bring on mankind, in our idea of happineſs; nay, ſometimes, perhaps, we ſhall be obliged to wait upon the ſaid happineſs to a gaol; ſince many, by the above virtue, have brought themſelves thither.

I have not now leiſure to enter upon ſo large a field of ſpeculation, as here ſeems opening upon me: my deſign was, to wipe off a doctrine that lay in my way; ſince, while Mr. Jones was acting the moſt virtuous part imaginable, in labouring to preſerve his fellow-creatures from deſtruction, the devil, or ſome other evil ſpirit, one perhaps cloathed in human fleſh, was hard at work to make him compleatly miſerable in the ruin of his Sophia.

This, therefore, would seem an exception to the above rule, if, indeed, it was a rule; but as we have, in our voyage through life, seen so many other exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the doctrine on which it is founded; which we do not apprehend to be christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is, indeed, destructive of one of the noblest arguments that reason alone can furnish for the belief of immortality.

But as the reader's curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH IS OPENED A VERY BLACK DESIGN AGAINST SOPHIA.

I Remember a wise old gentleman, who used to say, 'When children are doing nothing, they are 'doing mischief.' I will not enlarge this quaint saying to the most beautiful part of the creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the effects of female jealousy do not appear openly in their proper colours of rage and fury, we may suspect that mischievous passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine what it doth not attack above ground.

This was exemplified in the conduct of Lady Bellaston; who, under all the smiles which she wore in her countenance, concealed much indignation against Sophia; and as she plainly saw, that this young lady stood between her and the full indulgence of her desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable opportunity of accomplishing this presented itself to her.

The reader may be pleased to remember, that when Sophia was thrown into that consternation at the playhouse, by the wit and humour of a set of young gentlemen who call themselves the Town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the protection of a young nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her chair.

This nobleman, who frequently visited Lady Bellaston, had more than once seen Sophia there, since her arrival in town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which liking (as beauty never looks more amiable than in distress) Sophia had in this fright so increased, that he might now, without any great impropriety, be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an occasion of improving his acquaintance with the beloved object as now offered itself, to elapse; when even good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a visit.

The next morning, therefore, after this accident, he waited on Sophia, with the usual compliments, and hopes that she had received no harm from her last night's adventure.

As love, like fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a flame, Sophia, in a very short time, compleated her conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble lord had been two hours in company with the lady, before it entered into his head that he had made too long a visit. Though this circumstance alone would have alarmed Sophia, who was somewhat more a mistress of computation at present, she had, indeed, much more pregnant evidence from the eyes of her lover of what passed within his bosom: nay, though he did not make any open declaration of his passion, yet many of his expressions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to complaisance, even in the age when such complaisance was in fashion; the very reverse of which is well known to be the reigning mode at present.

Lady Bellaston had been apprized of his lordship's visit at his first arrival; and the length of it very well satisfied her, that things went as she wished; and as, indeed, she had suspected, the second time she saw this young couple together. This business, she rightly, I think, concluded, that she should by no means forward by mixing in the company, while they were together: she, therefore, ordered her servants, that when my lord was going, they should tell him, she desired to speak with him; and employed the intermediate time in meditating how best to accomplish a scheme, which she made no doubt but his

his lordſhip would very readily embrace the execution of.

Lord Fellamar (for that was the title of this young nobleman) was no ſooner introduced to her ladyſhip, than ſhe attacked him in the following ſtrain. 'Bleſs me, my lord! are you here yet? 'I thought my ſervants had made a 'miſtake, and let you go away; and 'I wanted to ſee you about an affair 'of ſome importance.'—'Indeed, 'Lady Bellaſton,' ſaid he, 'I don't 'wonder you are aſtoniſhed at the 'length of my viſit: for I have ſtaid 'above two hours, and I did not 'think I had ſtaid above half a one.' —'What am I to conclude from 'thence, my lord?' ſaid ſhe. 'The 'company muſt be very agreeable, 'which can make time ſlide away ſo 'very deceitfully.'—'Upon my ho'nour,' ſaid he, 'the moſt agreeable 'I ever ſaw. Pray tell me, Lady 'Bellaſton, who is this blazing ſtar 'which you have produced among us 'all of a ſudden?'—'What blazing 'ſtar, my lord!' ſaid ſhe, affecting a ſurprize. 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'the 'lady I ſaw here the other day, whom 'I had laſt night in my arms at the 'play-houſe, and to whom I have 'been making that unreaſonable viſit. —'O, my couſin Weſtern!' ſaid ſhe, 'Why, that blazing ſtar, my lord, is 'the daughter of a country booby 'ſquire, and hath been in town about 'a fortnight, for the firſt time.'— 'Upon my ſoul,' ſaid he, 'I ſhould 'ſwear ſhe had been bred in a court; 'for, beſides her beauty, I never ſaw 'any thing ſo genteel, ſo ſenſible, ſo 'polite.'—'O brave!' cries the lady, 'my couſin hath you, I find.'—'Upon 'my honour,' anſwered he, 'I wiſh 'ſhe had: for I am in love with her 'to diſtraction.'—Nay, my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is not wiſhing yourſelf 'very ill neither, for ſhe is a very 'great fortune: I aſſure you, ſhe is 'an only child, and her father's eſtate 'is a good three thouſand a year.'— 'Then I can aſſure you, Madam,' anſwered the lord, 'I think her the 'beſt match in England.'—'Indeed, 'my lord,' replied ſhe, 'if you like 'her, I heartily wiſh you had her.'— 'If you think ſo kindly of me, Ma'dam,' ſaid he, 'as ſhe is a relation 'of yours, will you do me the honour 'to propoſe it to her father?'—'And 'are you really then in earneſt?' cries the lady, with an affected gravity. 'I hope, Madam,' anſwered he, 'you 'have a better opinion of me, than to 'imagine I would jeſt with your lady'ſhip in an affair of this kind.'— 'Indeed, then,' ſaid the lady, 'I will 'moſt readily propoſe your lordſhip 'to her father; and I can, I believe, 'aſſure you of his joyful acceptance 'of the propoſal; but there is a bar, 'which I am almoſt aſhamed to men'tion; and yet it is one you will 'never be able to conquer. You have 'a rival, my lord; and a rival who, 'though I bluſh to name him, nei'ther you, nor all the world, will ever 'be able to conquer!'—'Upon my 'word, Lady Bellaſton,' cries he, 'you have ſtruck a damp to my heart, 'which hath almoſt deprived me of 'being,'—'Fie! my lord;' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhould rather hope I had ſtruck 'fire into you. A lover! and talk of 'damps in your heart! I rather ima'gined you would have aſked your 'rival's name, that you might have 'immediately entered the liſts with 'him.'—'I promiſe you, Madam,' anſwered he, 'there are very few 'things I would not undertake for 'your charming couſin: but pray, 'who is this happy man?'—'Why, 'he is,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I am ſorry 'to ſay moſt happy men with us are, 'one of the loweſt fellows in the world. 'He is a beggar, a baſtard, a found'ling, a fellow in meaner circum'ſtances than one of your lordſhip's 'footmen.'—'And is it poſſible,' cried he, 'that a young creature with 'ſuch perfections ſhould think of be'ſtowing herſelf ſo unworthily?'— 'Alas! my lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'conſi'der the country—the bane of all young 'women is the country. There they 'learn a ſet of romantick notions of 'love, and I know not what folly, 'which this town, and good compa'ny, can ſcarce eradicate in a whole 'winter.'—'Indeed, Madam,' repli'ed my lord, 'your couſin is of too 'immenſe a value to be thrown away: 'ſuch ruin as this muſt be prevented.' —'Alas!' cries ſhe, 'my lord, how 'can it be prevented? The family 'have already done all in their power; 'but the girl is, I think, intoxicated, 'and nothing leſs than ruin will con'tent her. And, to deal more openly

'with

'with you, I expect every day to hear 'she is run away with him.'—'What 'you tell me, Lady Bellaston,' answered his lordship, 'affects me most 'tenderly; and only raises my compassion, instead of lessening my adoration of your cousin. Some means 'must be found to preserve so inestimable a jewel. Hath your ladyship 'endeavoured to reason with her?' Here the lady affected a laugh, and cried, 'My dear lord, sure you know 'us better than to talk of reasoning 'a young woman out of her inclinations? These inestimable jewels are 'as deaf as the jewels they wear: 'time, my lord, time is the only medicine, to cure their folly; but this 'is a medicine, which I am certain 'she will not take; nay, I live in 'hourly horrors on her account. In 'short, nothing but violent methods 'will do.'—'What is to be done?' cries my lord. 'What methods are to 'be taken?—Is there any method 'upon earth?—O Lady Bellaston! 'there is nothing which I would not 'undertake for such a reward.'—'I 'really know not,' answered the lady, after a pause: and then pausing again, she cried out—'Upon my soul, I am 'at my wit's end on this girl's account. If she can be preserved, something must be done immediately; 'and, as I say, nothing but violent 'methods will do. If your lordship 'hath really this attachment to my 'cousin, (and, to do her justice, except 'in this silly inclination, of which 'she will soon see her folly, she is 'every way deserving) I think there 'may be one way, indeed; it is a very 'disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to think of. It requires 'great spirit I promise you.'—'I am 'not conscious, Madam,' said he, 'of any defect there; nor am I, I 'hope, suspected of any such. It 'must be an egregious defect, indeed, 'which could make me backward on 'this occasion.'—'Nay, my lord,' answered she, 'I am far from doubting you. I am much more inclined 'to doubt my own courage; for I must 'run a monstrous risque. In short, I 'must place such a confidence in your 'honour, as a wise woman will scarce 'ever place in a man on any consideration.' In this point, likewise, my lord very well satisfied her; for his reputation was extremely clear, and common fame did him no more than justice, in speaking well of him. 'Well then,' said she, 'my lord—I '—I vow, I can't bear the apprehension of it. No; it must not be: at 'least every other method shall be 'tried. Can you get rid of your engagements, and dine here to-day? 'Your lordship will have an opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss 'Western. I promise you, we have 'no time to lose. Here will be nobody but Lady Betty, and Miss 'Eagle, and Colonel Hamstead, and 'Tom Edwards; they will all go 'soon, and I shall be at home to nobody: then your lordship may be 'a little more explicit. Nay, I will 'contrive some method to convince 'you of her attachment to this fellow.' My lord made proper compliments, accepted the invitation, and then they parted to dress; it being now past three in the morning, or to reckon by the old style, in the afternoon.

CHAP. III.

A FARTHER EXPLANATION OF THE FOREGOING DESIGN.

THOUGH the reader may have long since concluded Lady Bellaston to be a member (and no inconsiderable one) of the great world, she was, in reality, a very considerable member of the little world; by which appellation was distinguished, a very worthy and honourable society, which not long since flourished in this kingdom.

Among other good principles upon which this society was founded, there was one very remarkable: for, as it was a rule of an honourable club of heroes, who assembled at the close of the late war, that all the members should every day fight once at least; so, it was in this, that every member should, within the twenty-four hours, tell at least one merry fib, which was to be propagated by all the brethren and sisterhood.

Many idle stories were told about this society, which from a certain quality may be, perhaps not unjustly, supposed to have come from the society themselves; as, that the devil was the pre-

preſident; and that he ſat in perſon in an elbow-chair at the upper end of the table: but upon very ſtrict enquiry, I find there is not the leaſt truth in any of thoſe tales; and that the aſſembly conſiſted in reality of a ſet of very good ſort of people; and the fibs which they propagated were of a harmleſs kind, and tended only to produce mirth and good humour.

Edwards was likewiſe a member of this comical ſociety. To him therefore Lady Bellaſton applied as a proper inſtrument for her purpoſe, and furniſhed him with a fib, which he was to vent whenever the lady gave him her cue; and this was not to be till the evening, when all the company but Lord Fellamar and himſelf were gone, and while they were engaged in a rubbers at whiſt.

To this time then, which was between ſeven and eight in the evening, we will convey our reader; when Lady Bellaſton, Lord Fellamar, Miſs Weſtern, and Tom, being engaged at whiſt, and in the laſt game of their rubbers, Tom received his cue from Lady Bellaſton, which was; 'I proteſt, Tom, 'you are grown intolerable lately; 'you uſed to tell us all the news of 'the town, and now you know no 'more of the world than if you lived 'out of it.'

Mr. Edwards then began as follows. 'The fault is not mine, Madam; it lies in the dulneſs of the age, 'that doth nothing worth talking of. 'O la! though now I think on't, there 'hath a terrible accident befallen poor 'Colonel Wilcox.—Poor Ned!—You 'know him, my lord; every body 'knows him; faith, I am very much 'concerned for him!'

'What is it, pray?' ſays Lady Bellaſton.

'Why, he hath killed a man this 'morning in a duel, that's all.'

His lordſhip, who was not in the ſecret, aſked gravely, whom he had killed. To which Edwards anſwered, 'A young fellow we none of us know; 'a Somerſetſhire lad juſt come to town; 'one Jones his name is; a near relation to one Mr. Allworthy, of whom 'your lordſhip, I believe, hath heard. 'I ſaw the lad lie dead in a coffee-'houſe.—Upon my ſoul, he is one of 'the fineſt corpſes I ever ſaw in my 'life!'

Sophia, who juſt began to deal as Tom had mentioned that a man was killed, ſtopped her hand, and liſtened with attention, (for all ſtories of that kind affected her;) but no ſooner had he arrived at the latter part of the ſtory, than ſhe began to deal again; and having dealt three cards to one, and ſeven to another, and ten to a third, at laſt dropped the reſt from her hand, and fell back in her chair.

The company behaved as uſually on theſe occaſions. The uſual diſturbance enſued, the uſual aſſiſtance was ſummoned, and Sophia, at laſt, as it is uſual, returned again to life; and was ſoon after, at her earneſt deſire, led to her own apartment; where, at my lord's requeſt, Lady Bellaſton acquainted her with the truth, attempted to carry it off as a jeſt of her own, and comforted her with repeated aſſurances, that neither his lordſhip, nor Tom, though ſhe had taught him the ſtory, were in the true ſecret of the affair.

There was no farther evidence neceſſary to convince Lord Fellamar how juſtly the caſe had been repreſented to him by Lady Bellaſton; and now, at her return into the room, a ſcheme was laid between theſe two noble perſons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous light to his lordſhip (as he faithfully promiſed, and faithfully reſolved too, to make the lady all the ſubſequent amends in his power by marriage;) yet many of our readers, we doubt not, will ſee with juſt deteſtation.

The next evening, at ſeven, was appointed for the fatal purpoſe; when Lady Bellaſton undertook that Sophia ſhould be alone, and his lordſhip ſhould be introduced to her. The whole family were to be regulated for the purpoſe, moſt of the ſervants diſpached out of the houſe; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent ſuſpicion, was to be left with her miſtreſs till his lordſhip's arrival, Lady Bellaſton herſelf was to engage her in an apartment as diſtant as poſſible from the ſcene of the intended miſchief, and out of the hearing of Sophia.

Matters being thus agreed on, his lordſhip took his leave, and her ladyſhip retired to reſt, highly pleaſed with a project, of which ſhe had no reaſon to doubt the ſucceſs; and which promiſed ſo effectually to remove Sophia from

from being any future obſtruction to her amour with Jones, by a means of which ſhe ſhould never appear to be guilty, even if the fact appeared to the world: but this ſhe made no doubt of preventing, by huddling up a marriage, to which ſhe thought the raviſhed Sophia would eaſily be brought to conſent, and at which all the reſt of her family would rejoice.

But affairs were not in ſo quiet a ſituation in the boſom of the other conſpirator: his mind was toſſed in all the diſtracting anxiety ſo nobly deſcribed by Shakeſpeare.

'Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
'And the firſt motion, all the interim is
'Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
'The genius and the mortal inſtruments
'Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
'Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
'The nature of an inſurrection.'

Though the violence of his paſſion had made him eagerly embrace the firſt hint of this deſign, eſpecially as it came from a relation of the lady, yet when that friend to reflection, a pillow, had placed the action itſelf in all it's natural black colours before his eyes, with all the conſequences which muſt, and thoſe which might probably attend it; his reſolution began to abate, or rather, indeed, to go over to the other ſide; and after a long conflict, which laſted a whole night, between honour and appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady Bellaſton, and to relinquiſh the deſign.

Lady Bellaſton was in bed, though very late in the morning, and Sophia ſitting by her bed-ſide, when the ſervant acquainted her that Lord Fellamar was below in the parlour; upon which her ladyſhip deſired him to ſtay, and that ſhe would ſee him preſently: but the ſervant was no ſooner departed, than poor Sophia began to entreat her couſin not to encourage the viſits of that odious lord (ſo ſhe called him, though a little unjuſtly) upon her account. 'I ſee his deſign,' ſaid ſhe; 'for he made downright love to me 'yeſterday morning; but as I am re'ſolved never to admit it, I beg your 'ladyſhip not to leave us alone to'gether any more; and to order the 'ſervants that, if he enquires for me, 'I may be always denied to him.'

'La! child,' ſays Lady Ballaſton, 'you country girls have nothing but 'ſweethearts in your heads; you fan'cy every man who is civil to you 'is making love. He is one of the 'moſt gallant young fellows about 'town, and I am convinced means no 'more than a little gallantry. Make 'love to you indeed! I wiſh with all 'my heart he would; and you muſt be 'an arrant mad woman to refuſe him!'

'But as I ſhall certainly be that mad 'woman,' cries Sophia, 'I hope his 'viſits will not be intruded upon me.'

'O child!' ſaid Lady Bellaſton, 'you need not be ſo fearful; if you 'reſolve to run away with that Jones, 'I know no perſon who can hinder 'you.'

'Upon my honour, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyſhip injures me. I 'will never run away with any man; 'nor will I ever marry contrary to my 'father's inclinations.'

'Well, Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the lady, 'if you are not in a humour to 'ſee company this morning, you may 'retire to your own apartment; for I 'am not frightened at his lordſhip, and 'muſt ſend for him up into my dreſ'ſing-room.'

Sophia thanked her ladyſhip, and withdrew; and preſently afterwards Fellamar was admitted up ſtairs.

CHAP. IV.

BY WHICH IT WILL APPEAR HOW DANGEROUS AN ADVOCATE A LADY IS, WHEN SHE APPLIES HER ELOQUENCE TO AN ILL PURPOSE.

WHEN Lady Bellaſton heard the young lord's ſcruples, ſhe treated them with the ſame diſdain with which one of thoſe ſages of the law, called Newgate ſolicitors, treats the qualms of conſcience in a young witneſs. 'My dear lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'you 'certainly want a cordial! I muſt ſend 'to Lady Edgely for one of her beſt 'drams. Fie upon it! have more re'ſolution. Are you frightened by the 'word *rape*? or are you apprehen'ſive—Well! if the ſtory of Helen 'was modern, I ſhould think it un'natural: I mean, the behaviour of 'Paris, not the fondneſs of the lady;

'for,

'for all women love a man of ſpirit. 'There is another ſtory of the Sabine 'ladies—and that too, I thank Hea- 'ven, is very ancient. Your lord- 'ſhip, perhaps, will admire my read- 'ing; but I think Mr. Hook tells us, 'they made tolerable good wives after- 'wards. I fancy few of my married 'acquaintance were raviſhed by their 'huſbands.' —'Nay, dear Lady Bel- 'laſton,' cried he, 'don't ridicule me 'in this manner.'—'Why, my good 'lord,' anſwered ſhe, 'do you think 'any woman in England would not 'laugh at you in her heart, whatever 'prudery ſhe might wear in her coun- 'tenance? You force me to uſe a 'ſtrange kind of language, and to be- 'tray my ſex moſt abominably; but 'I am contented with knowing my 'intentions are good, and that I am 'endeavouring to ſerve my couſin; for 'I think you will make her a huſband 'notwithſtanding this; or, upon my 'ſoul, I would not even perſuade her 'to fling herſelf away upon an empty 'title. She ſhould not upbraid me 'hereafter with having loſt a man of 'ſpirit; for that his enemies allow 'this poor young fellow to be.'

Let thoſe who have had the ſatisfac- tion of hearing reflections of this kind from a wife or a miſtreſs, declare whe- ther they are at all ſweetened by com- ing from a female tongue. Certain it is, they ſunk deeper into his lordſhip than any thing which Demoſthenes or Cicero could have ſaid on the occaſion.

Lady Bellaſton, perceiving ſhe had fired the young lord's pride, began now, like a true orator, to rouze other paſſions to it's aſſiſtance. 'My lord,' ſays ſhe, in a graver voice, 'you will 'be pleaſed to remember, you men- 'tioned this matter to me firſt; for I 'would not appear to you in the light 'of one who is endeavouring to put 'off my couſin upon you. Fourſcore 'thouſand pounds do not ſtand in need 'of an advocate to recommend them.' —'Nor doth Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid he, 'require any recommendation from 'her fortune; for, in my opinion, no 'woman ever had half her charms.' —'Yes, yes, my lord,' replied the lady, looking in the glaſs, 'there have 'been women with more than half her 'charms, I aſſure you! not that I need 'leſſen her on that account; ſhe is a 'moſt delicious girl, that's certain; 'and within theſe few hours ſhe will 'be in the arms of one who ſurely 'doth not deſerve her; though I will 'give him his due, I believe he is 'truly a man of ſpirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my lord; 'though I muſt own he doth not de- 'ſerve her; for unleſs Heaven or your 'ladyſhip diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall with- 'in that time be in mine!'

'Well ſpoken, my lord,' anſwered the lady; 'I promiſe you no diſap- 'pointment ſhall happen from my ſide; 'and within this week I am convinced 'I ſhall call your lordſhip my couſin 'in publick.'

The remainder of this ſcene conſiſt- ed entirely of raptures, excuſes, and compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the parties, but rather dull when related at ſecond hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an end to this dialogue, and haſten to the fatal hour, when every thing was prepared for the deſtruction of poor Sophia.

But this being the moſt tragical mat- ter in our whole hiſtory, we ſhall treat it in a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING SOME MATTERS WHICH MAY AFFECT, AND OTHERS WHICH MAY SURPRIZE, THE READER.

THE clock had how ſtruck ſeven; and poor Sophia, alone and me- lancholy, ſat reading a tragedy. It was *The Fatal Marriage*; and ſhe was now come to that part where the poor diſtreſſed Iſabella diſpoſes of her wed- ding-ring.

Here the book dropped from her hand, and a ſhower of tears ran down into her boſom. In this ſituation ſhe had continued a minute, when the door opened, and in came Lord Fellamar. Sophia ſtarted from her chair at his entrance; and his lordſhip advancing forwards, and making a low bow, ſaid, 'I am afraid, Miſs Weſtern, I break 'in upon you abruptly.'—'Indeed,' 'my lord,' ſays ſhe, 'I muſt own my- 'ſelf a little ſurprized at this unex- 'pected viſit.'—'If this viſit be un- 'expected, Madam,' anſwered Lord Fellamar, 'my eyes muſt have been 'very faithleſs interpreters of my

'heart, when last I had the honour 'of seeing you: for surely you could 'not otherwise have hoped to detain 'my heart in your possession, without 'receiving a visit from it's owner.' Sophia, confused as she was, answered this bombast (and very properly, I think) with a look of inconceivable disdain. My lord then made another and a longer speech of the same sort. Upon which Sophia, trembling, said, 'Am I really to conceive your lord-'ship to be out of your senses? Sure, 'my lord, there is no other excuse 'for such behaviour.'—'I am, indeed, 'Madam, in the situation you sup-'pose,' cries his lordship; 'and sure 'you will pardon the effects of a phren-'zy which you yourself have occasion-'ed: for love hath so totally deprived 'me of reason, that I am scarce ac-'countable for any of my actions.'—'Upon my word, my lord,' said Sophia, 'I neither understand your words 'nor your behaviour.'—'Suffer me 'then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your 'feet to explain both, by laying open 'my soul to you; and declaring that I 'doat on you to the highest degree of 'distraction. O most adorable! most 'divine creature! what language can 'express the sentiments of my heart!'—'I do assure you, my lord,' said Sophia, 'I shall not stay to hear any 'more of this.'—'Do not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: 'could you know half the torments 'which I feel, that tender bosom must 'pity what those eyes have caused.' Then fetching a deep sigh, and laying hold of her hand, he ran on for some minutes in a strain which would be little more pleasing to the reader than it was to the lady; and at last concluded with a declaration, that if he was master of the world, he would lay it at her feet. Sophia then forcibly pulling away her hand from his, answered with much spirit, 'I promise 'you, Sir, your world and it's master, 'I should spurn from me with equal 'contempt.' She then offered to go, and Lord Fellamar again laying hold of her hand, said, 'Pardon me, my 'beloved angel, freedoms which no-'thing but despair could have tempted 'me to take. Believe me, could I have 'had any hope that my title and fortune, 'neither of them inconsiderable, un-'less when compared with your worth, 'would have been accepted, I had, in 'the humblest manner, presented them 'to your acceptance. But I cannot 'lose you—by Heaven, I will sooner 'part with my soul! You are, you 'must, you shall be, only mine!'—'My lord,' said she, 'I entreat you 'to desist from a vain pursuit; for, 'upon my honour, I will never hear 'you on this subject. Let go my 'hand, my lord; for I am resolved to 'go from you this moment; nor will 'I ever see you more!'—'Then, Ma-'dam,' cries his lordship, 'I must make 'the best use of this moment; for I 'cannot, nor will not, live without 'you!'—'What do you mean, my 'lord?' said Sophia; 'I will raise the 'family!'—'I have no fear, Madam,' answered he, 'but of losing you; and 'that I am resolved to prevent, the 'only way which despair points to me.' He then caught her in his arms—upon which she screamed so loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her assistance, had not Lady Bellaston taken care to remove all ears.

But a more lucky circumstance happened for poor Sophia: another noise now broke forth, which almost drowned her cries; for now the whole house rung with, 'Where is she? D——n 'me, I'll unkennel her this instant! 'Shew me her chamber, I say; where 'is my daughter? I know she's in the 'house, and I'll see her if she's above 'ground! Shew me where she is!' At which last words the door flew open, and in came Squire Western, with his parson, and a set of myrmidons at his heels.

How miserable must have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears! Welcome, indeed, it was; and luckily did he come: for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preserved the peace of her mind from ever being destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her fright, presently knew her father's voice; and his lordship, notwithstanding his passion, knew the voice of reason, which peremptorily assured him, it was not now a time for the perpetration of his villainy. Hearing, therefore, the voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was; (for as the squire more than once roared forth the word Daughter, so Sophia, in the midst of her strug-

gling,

gling, cried out upon her father;) he thought proper to relinquish his prey, having only disordered her handkerchief, and with his rude lips committed violence on her lovely neck.

If the reader's imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the situation of these two persons when Western came into the room. Sophia tottered into a chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with indignation at Lord Fellamar; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the arrival of her father.

His lordship sat down near her, with the bag of his wig hanging over one of his shoulders, the rest of his dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater proportion of linen than is usual appearing at his bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire Western, he happened, at this time, to be overtaken by an enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake most of the country gentlemen in this kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which circumstance, together with his natural impetuosity, could produce no other effect, than his running immediately up to his daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his tongue in the most inveterate manner; nay, he had probably committed violence with his hands, had not the parson interposed, saying, 'For Heaven's sake, Sir, ani-'madvert that you are in the house of 'a great lady. Let me beg you to mi-'tigate your wrath; it should minister 'a fulness of satisfaction, that you 'have found your daughter; for as to 'revenge, it belongeth not unto us. 'I discern great contrition in the coun-'tenance of the young lady. I stand 'assured, if you will forgive her, she 'will repent her of all past offences, 'and return unto her duty.'

The strength of the parson's arms had at first been of more service than the strength of his rhetorick. However, his last words wrought some effect, and the squire answered, 'I'll forgee her 'if she wull ha'un.—If wot ha'un, So-'phy, I'll forgee thee all. Why 'dost unt speak? Shat ha'un! D—n 'me, shat ha'un! Why dost unt an-'swer? Was ever such a stubborn 'tuoad?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a 'little more moderate,' said the parson; 'you frighten the young lady so, 'that you deprive her of all power of 'utterance.'

'Power of mine a—e!' answered the squire. 'You take her part then, you 'do? A pretty parson truly, to side 'with an undutiful child! Yes, yes, 'I will gee you a living with a pox. 'I'll gee un to the devil sooner!'

'I humbly crave your pardon,' said the parson; 'I assure your worship, I 'meant no such matter.'

My Lady Bellaston now entered the room, and came up to the squire; who no sooner saw her, than resolving to follow the instructions of his sister, he made her a very civil bow, in the rural manner, and paid her some of his best compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his complaints, and said 'There, my lady cousin! there stands 'the most undutiful child in the world: 'she hankers after a beggarly rascal, 'and won't marry one of the greatest 'matches in all England, that we have 'provided for her.'

'Indeed, Cousin Western,' answered the lady, 'I am persuaded you 'wrong my cousin. I am sure she 'hath a better understanding. I am 'convinced she will not refuse what 'she must be sensible is so much to her 'advantage.'

This was a wilful mistake in Lady Bellaston; for she well knew whom Mr. Western meant; though, perhaps, she thought he would easily be reconciled to his lordship's proposals.

'Do you hear there,' quoth the squire, 'what her ladyship says? All 'your family are for the match. Come, 'Sophy, be a good girl, and be duti-'ful, and make your father happy.'

'If my death will make you happy, 'Sir,' answered Sophia, 'you will 'shortly be so.'

'It's a lye, Sophy; it's a d—n'd 'lye, and you know it!' said the squire.

'Indeed, Miss Western,' said Lady Bellaston, 'you injure your father; 'he hath nothing in view but your 'interest in this match; and I and all 'your friends must acknowledge the 'highest honour done to your family 'in the proposal.'

'Ay, all of us,' quoth the squire; 'nay, it was no proposal of mine. 'She knows it was her aunt proposed 'it to me first'—Come, Sophy, once

'more, let me beg you to be a good 'girl, and gee me your conſent before 'your couſin.'

'Let me give him your hand, cou-'ſin,' ſaid the lady. 'It is the fa-'ſhion, now a-days, to diſpenſe with 'time and long courtſhips.'

'Pugh,' ſaid the ſquire, 'what ſig-'nifies time! wo'nt they have time 'enough to court afterwards? People 'may court very well after they have 'been a-bed together.'

As Lord Fellamar was very well aſ-ſured, that he was meant by Lady Bel-laſton, ſo never having heard nor ſu-ſpected a word of Bliſil, he made no doubt of his being meant by the fa-ther. Coming up, therefore, to the ſquire, he ſaid, 'Though I have not 'the honour, Sir, of being perſonally 'known to you; yet, as I find I have 'the happineſs to have my propoſals 'accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in 'behalf of the young lady, that ſhe 'may not be more ſolicited at this 'time,'

'You intercede, Sir!' ſaid the ſquire; 'why, who the devil are you?'

'Sir, I am Lord Fellamar,' an-ſwered he; 'and am the happy man, 'whom, I hope, you have done the ho-'nour of accepting for a ſon-in-law.'

'You are a ſon of a b——,' replied the ſquire, 'for all your laced coat. 'You my ſon-in-law, and be d—n'd 'to you!'

'I ſhall take more from you, Sir, 'than from any man,' anſwered the lord; 'but I muſt inform you, that I 'am not uſed to hear ſuch language 'without reſentment.'

'Reſent my a—e,' quoth the ſquire. 'Don't think I am afraid of ſuch a 'fellow as thee art! becauſe haſt a 'got a ſpit there dangling at thy ſide. 'Lay by your ſpit, and I'll give thee 'enough of meddling with what doth 'not belong to thee. I'll teach you 'to father-in-law me! I'll lick thy 'jacket!'

'It's very well, Sir,' ſaid my lord; 'I ſhall make no diſturbance before 'the ladies. I am very well ſatisfied. 'Your humble ſervant, Sir—Lady 'Bellaſton, your moſt obedient.'

His lordſhip was no ſooner gone, than Lady Bellaſton, coming up to Mr. Weſtern, ſaid, 'Bleſs me, Sir! what 'have you done? you know not whom 'you have affronted; he is a noble-'man of the firſt rank and fortune; 'and yeſterday made propoſals to your 'daughter; and ſuch as I am ſure you 'muſt accept with the higheſt plea-'ſure.'

'Anſwer for yourſelf, lady couſin,' ſaid the ſquire; 'I will have nothing 'to do with any of your lords. My 'daughter ſhall have an honeſt coun-'try gentleman; I have pitched upon 'one for her, and ſhe ſhall ha'un. I 'am ſorry for the trouble ſhe hath 'given your ladyſhip, with all my 'heart.' Lady Bellaſton made a ci-vil ſpeech upon the word Trouble; to which the ſquire anſwered, 'Why 'that's kind! and I would do as much 'for your ladyſhip. To be ſure, re-'lations ſhould do for one another. 'So I wiſh your ladyſhip a good night. '—Come, Madam, you muſt go along 'with me by fair means, or I'll have 'you carried down to the coach.'

Sophia ſaid ſhe would attend him without force; but begged to go in a chair, for ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould not be able to ride any other way.

'Pr'ythee,' cries the ſquire, 'wout 'unt perſuade me canſt not ride in 'a coach, would'ſt? that's a pretty 'thing, ſurely! No, no, I'll never let 'thee out of my ſight any more, till 'art married, that I promiſe thee.' Sophia told him ſhe ſaw he was re-ſolved to break her heart. 'O break 'thy heart, and be d—n'd,' quoth he, 'if a good huſband will break it. I 'don't value a braſs varden, not a ha-'penny of any undutiful b—— upon 'earth.' He then took violently hold of her hand; upon which the parſon once more interfered, begging him to uſe gentle methods. At that the ſquire thundered out a curſe, and bid the par-ſon hold his tongue; ſaying, 'At'n't 'in pulpit now? when art a got up 'there, I never mind what doſt ſay; 'but I won't be prieſt-ridden, nor 'taught how to behave myſelf by thee. '—I wiſh your ladyſhip a good night. '—Come along, Sophy; be a good girl, 'and all ſhall be well. Shat ha' un; 'd—n me, ſhat ha' un!'

Mrs. Honour appeared below ſtairs, and with a low curtſey to the ſquire, offered to attend her miſtreſs; but he puſhed her away, ſaying, 'Hold, Ma-'dam, hold; you come no more near 'my houſe.'—'And will you take my 'maid away from me?' ſaid Sophia.

'Yes,

'Yes, indeed, Madam, will I,' cries the ſquire: 'you need not fear being 'without a ſervant; I will get you 'another maid, and a better maid than 'this, who, I'd lay five pound to a 'crown, is no more a maid than my 'grannum. No, no, Sophy; ſhe ſhall 'contrive no more eſcapes, I promiſe 'you.' He then packed up his daughter and the parſon into a hackney-coach, after which he mounted himſelf, and ordered it to drive to his lodgings. In the way thither he ſuffered Sophia to be quiet, and entertained himſelf with reading a lecture to the parſon on good manners, and a proper behaviour to his betters.

It is poſſible he might not ſo eaſily have carried off his daughter from Lady Bellaſton, had that good lady deſired to have detained her; but, in reality, ſhe was not a little pleaſed with the confinement into which Sophia was going; and as her project with Lord Fellamar had failed of ſucceſs, ſhe was well contented that other violent methods were now going to be uſed in favour of another man.

CHAP. VI.

BY WHAT MEANS THE SQUIRE CAME TO DISCOVER HIS DAUGHTER.

THOUGH the reader in many hiſtories is obliged to digeſt much more unaccountable appearances than this of Mr. Weſtern, without any ſatisfaction at all; yet, as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our power, we ſhall now proceed to ſhew by what method the ſquire diſcovered where his daughter was.

In the third chapter, then, of the preceding book, we gave a hint (for it is not our cuſtom to unfold at any time more than is neceſſary for the occaſion) that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was very deſirous of reconciling herſelf to her uncle and aunt Weſtern, thought ſhe had a probable opportunity, by the ſervice of preſerving Sophia from committing the ſame crime which had drawn on herſelf the anger of her family. After much deliberation, therefore, ſhe reſolved to inform her aunt Weſtern where her couſin was, and accordingly ſhe writ the following letter, which we ſhall give the reader at length, for more reaſons than one.

'HONOURED MADAM,

'THE occaſion of my writing 'this, will perhaps make a 'letter of mine agreeable to my dear 'aunt, for the ſake of one of her 'nieces; though I have little reaſon to 'hope it will be ſo on the account of 'another.

'Without more apology, as I was 'coming to throw my unhappy ſelf at 'your feet, I met, by the ſtrangeſt accident in the world, my couſin Sophy, whoſe hiſtory you are better acquainted with than myſelf, though, alas! I know infinitely too much; 'enough, indeed, to ſatisfy me, that 'unleſs ſhe is immediately prevented, 'ſhe is in danger of running into the 'ſame fatal miſchief, which by fooliſhly and ignorantly refuſing your 'moſt wiſe and prudent advice, I have 'unfortunately brought on myſelf.

'In ſhort, I have ſeen the man; nay, 'I was moſt part of yeſterday in his 'company, and a charming young fellow I promiſe you he is. By what 'accident he came acquainted with me, 'is too tedious to tell you now; but 'I have this morning changed my 'lodgings to avoid him, leſt he ſhould 'by my means diſcover my couſin; 'for he doth not yet know where ſhe 'is, and it is adviſeable he ſhould not, 'till my uncle hath ſecured her. No 'time therefore is to be loſt; and I 'need only inform you, that ſhe is 'now with Lady Bellaſton, whom I 'have ſeen, and who hath, I find, a 'deſign of concealing her from her 'family. You know, Madam, ſhe 'is a ſtrange woman, but nothing 'could miſbecome me more, than to 'preſume to give any hint to one of 'your great underſtanding, and great 'knowledge of the world, beſides 'barely informing you of the matter 'of fact.

'I hope, Madam, the care which 'I have ſhewn on this occaſion for the 'good of my family, will recommend 'me again to the favour of a lady who 'hath always exerted ſo much zeal for 'the honour and true intereſt of us 'all;

'all; and that it may be a means of 'restoring me to your friendſhip, which 'hath made ſo great a part of my for-'mer, and is ſo neceſſary to my fu-'ture happineſs. I am, with the ut-'moſt reſpect, honoured Madam, your 'moſt dutiful, obliged niece, and moſt 'obedient humble ſervant,

'HARRIET FITZPATRICK.'

Mrs. Weſtern was now at her brother's houſe, where ſhe had reſided ever ſince the flight of Sophia, in order to adminiſter comfort to the poor ſquire in his affliction. Of this comfort, which ſhe doled out to him in daily portions, we have formerly given a ſpecimen.

She was now ſtanding with her back to the fire; and, with a pinch of ſnuff in her hand, was dealing forth this daily allowance of comfort to the ſquire, while he ſmoked his afternoon pipe, when ſhe received the above letter; which ſhe had no ſooner read, than ſhe delivered it to him, ſaying, 'There, Sir, there is an account of 'your loſt ſheep. Fortune hath again 'reſtored her to you; and if you will 'be governed by my advice, it is poſ-'ſible you may yet preſerve her.'

The ſquire had no ſooner read the letter, than he leaped from his chair, threw his pipe into the fire, and gave a loud huzza for joy. He then ſummoned his ſervants, called for his boots, and ordered the Chevalier and ſeveral other horſes to be ſaddled, and that Parſon Supple ſhould be immediately ſent for. Having done this, he turned to his ſiſter, caught her in his arms, and gave her a cloſe embrace, ſaying, 'Zounds! you don't ſeem pleaſed; 'one would imagine you was ſorry I 'have found the girl.'

'Brother,' anſwered ſhe, 'the deep-'eſt politicians, who ſee to the bot-'tom, diſcover often a very different 'aſpect of affairs, from what ſwims 'on the ſurface. It is true, indeed, 'things do look rather leſs deſperate 'than they did formerly in Holland, 'when Lewis the Fourteenth was at the 'gates of Amſterdam; but there is a 'delicacy required in this matter, 'which you will pardon me, brother, 'if I ſuſpect you want. There is a 'decorum to be uſed with a woman of 'figure, ſuch as Lady Bellaſton, bro-'ther, which requires a knowledge of 'the world, ſuperior, I am afraid, to 'yours.'

'Siſter,' cries the ſquire, 'I know 'you have no opinion of my parts; 'but I'll ſhew you on this occaſion who 'is a fool. Knowledge, quoth'a! I 'have not been in the country ſo long, 'without having ſome knowledge of 'warrants, and the law of the land. 'I know I may take my own where-'ever I can find it. Shew me my own 'daughter, and if I don't know how 'to come at her, I'll ſuffer you to 'call me a fool as long as I live. 'There be juſtices of peace in Lon-'don, as well as in other places.'

'I proteſt,' cries ſhe, 'you make 'me tremble for the event of this mat-'ter; which if you will proceed by my 'advice, you may bring to ſo good an 'iſſue. Do you really imagine, bro-'ther, that the houſe of a woman of 'figure is to be attacked by warrants, 'and brutal juſtices of the peace? I 'will inform you how to proceed. As 'ſoon as you arrive in town, and have 'got yourſelf into a decent dreſs, (for 'indeed, brother, you have none at 'preſent fit to appear in) you muſt 'ſend your compliments to Lady Bel-'laſton, and deſire leave to wait on 'her. When you are admitted to her 'preſence, as you certainly will be, 'and have told her your ſtory, and 'have made proper uſe of my name, '(for I think you only juſt know one 'another by ſight, though you are re-'lations) I am confident ſhe will with-'draw her protection from my niece, 'who hath certainly impoſed upon her. 'This is the only method—Juſtices of 'peace, indeed! do you imagine any 'ſuch event can arrive to a woman of 'figure in a civilized nation?'

'D—n their figures,' cries the ſquire; 'a pretty civilized nation, truly, where 'women are above the law. And what 'muſt I ſtand ſending a parcel of com-'pliments to a confounded whore, that 'keeps away a daughter from her own 'natural father? I tell you, ſiſter, I am 'not ſo ignorant as you think me. I 'know you would have women above 'the law: but it is all a lye; I 'heard his lordſhip ſay at a aize, that

'no

'no one is above the law. But this 'of yours is Hanover law, I ſuppoſe.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think you 'daily improve in ignorance. I pro- 'teſt you are grown an arrant bear.'

'No more a bear than yourſelf, ſiſ- 'ter Weſtern,' ſaid the ſquire. 'Pox! 'you may talk of your civility an you 'will, I am ſure you never ſhew any 'to me. I am no bear; no, nor no 'dog neither; though I know ſome- 'body that is ſomething, that begins 'with a b—; but, pox! I will ſhew 'you I have a got more good man- 'ners than ſome folks.'

'Mr. Weſtern,' anſwered the lady, 'you may ſay what you pleaſe. *Je* '*vous meſpriſe de tout mon cœur.* I 'ſhall not, therefore, be angry. Be- 'ſides, as my couſin with that odious 'Iriſh name juſtly ſays, I have that 'regard for the honour and true in- 'tereſt of my family, and that con- 'cern for my niece, who is a part of 'it, that I have reſolved to go to town 'myſelf upon this occaſion; for, in- 'deed, indeed, brother, you are not 'a fit miniſter to be employed at a po- 'lite court.—Greenland! Greenland! 'ſhould always be the ſcene of the 'tramontane negociation.'

'I thank Heaven,' cries the ſquire, 'I don't underſtand you now. You 'are got to your Hanoverian linguo. 'However, I'll ſhew you I ſcorn to be 'behind-hand in civility with you; 'and as you are not angry for what 'I have ſaid, ſo I am not angry for 'what you have ſaid. Indeed, I have 'always thought it a folly for rela- 'tions to quarrel; and, if they do 'now and then give a haſty word, 'why, people ſhould give and take; 'for my part, I never bear malice; 'and I take it very kind of you to go 'up to London; for I never was there 'but twice in my life, and then I did 'not ſtay above a fortnight at a time; 'and, to be ſure, I can't be expected to 'know much of the ſtreets and the folks 'in that time. I never denied that you 'know'd all theſe matters better than 'I. For me to diſpute that, would be 'all as one, as for you to diſpute the 'management of a pack of dogs, or 'the finding a hare ſitting, with me.'

—'Which I promiſe you,' ſays ſhe, 'I never will.'—'Well, and I pro- 'miſe you,' returned he, 'that I never 'will diſpute t'other,'

Here then a league was ſtruck (to borrow a phraſe from the lady) between the contending parties; and now the parſon arriving, and the horſes being ready, the ſquire departed, having promiſed his ſiſter to follow her advice, and ſhe prepared to follow him the next day.

But having communicated theſe maters to the parſon on the road, they both agreed that the preſcribed formalities might very well be diſpenſed with; and the ſquire having changed his mind, proceeded in the manner we have already ſeen.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH VARIOUS MISFORTUNES BEFEL POOR JONES.

AFFAIRS were in the aforeſaid ſituation, when Mrs. Honour arrived at Mrs. Miller's, and called Jones out from the company, as we have before ſeen; with whom, when ſhe found herſelf alone, ſhe began as follows.

'O my dear Sir, how ſhall I get 'ſpirits to tell you! you are undone, 'Sir! and my poor lady's undone, and 'I am undone!'—'Hath any thing 'happened to Sophia?' cries Jones, ſtaring like a mad-man. 'All that 'is bad,' cries Honour; 'O, I ſhall 'never get ſuch another lady! O that 'I ſhould ever live to ſee this day!' At theſe words, Jones turned pale as aſhes, trembled and ſtammered; but Honour went on: 'O Mr. Jones, I 'have loſt my lady for ever!'—'How! 'what! for Heaven's ſake tell me.—'O my dear Sophia!'—'You may 'well call her ſo,' ſaid Honour; 'ſhe 'was the deareſt lady to me—I ſhall 'never have ſuch another place.'—'D—n your place,' cries Jones, 'where is—what! what is become of 'my Sophia?'—'Ay, to be ſure,' cries ſhe, 'ſervants may be d—n'd. It ſig- 'nifies nothing what becomes of them, 'though they are turned away, and 'ruined ever ſo much. To be ſure, 'they are not fleſh and blood like other 'people. No, to be ſure, it ſignifies 'nothing what becomes of them.'— 'If you have any pity, any compaſ- 'ſion,' cries Jones, 'I beg you will 'inſtantly tell me what hath happen-

'ed

'ed to Sophia!'—'To be sure, I have 'more pity for you than you have for 'me,' answered Honour; 'I don't 'd—n you, because you have lost the 'sweetest lady in the world. To be 'sure, you are worthy to be pitied, and 'I'm worthy to be pitied too: for, 'to be sure, if ever there was a good 'mistress—' 'What hath happen-'ed?' cries Jones, in almost a raving fit. 'What?—what?' said Honour; 'why, the worst that could have hap-'pened, both for you and for me: '—Her father is come to town, and 'hath carried her away from us both.' Here Jones fell on his knees, in thanksgiving that it was no worse. 'No 'worse!' repeated Honour, 'what 'could be worse for either of us? He 'carried her off, swearing she should 'marry Mr. Blifil; that's for your 'comfort; and, for poor me, I am 'turned out of doors.'—'Indeed, 'Mrs. Honour,' answered Jones, 'you 'frightened me out of my wits. I 'imagined some most dreadful sudden 'accident had happened to Sophia; 'something, compared to which, even 'the seeing her married to Blifil 'would be a trifle; but while there 'is life, there are hopes, my dear Ho-'nour. Women, in this land of li-'berty, cannot be married by ac-'tual brutal force.'—'To be sure, 'Sir,' said she, 'that's true. There 'may be some hopes for you; but 'alack-a-day! what hopes are there 'for poor me? And to be sure, Sir, 'you must be sensible I suffer all this 'upon your account. All the quar-'rel the squire hath to me, is for tak-'ing your part, as I have done, against 'Mr. Blifil.'—'Indeed, Mrs. Ho-'nour,' answered he, 'I am sensible 'of my obligations to you, and will 'leave nothing in my power undone 'to make you amends.'—'Alas, Sir,' said she, 'what can make a servant 'amends for the loss of one place, but 'the getting another altogether as 'good!'—'Do not despair, Mrs. Ho-'nour,' said Jones, 'I hope to re-instate 'you again in the same.'—'Alack-a-'day, Sir,' said she, 'how can I flat-'ter myself with such hopes, when I 'know it is a thing impossible; for 'the squire is so set against me: and 'yet, if you should ever have my lady, 'as to be sure I now hopes heartily 'you will; for you are a generous, 'good-natured gentleman, and I am 'sure you loves her, and to be sure 'she loves you as dearly as her own 'soul—it is a matter in vain to deny 'it; because as why, every body that 'is in the least acquainted with my 'lady, must see it: for, poor dear 'lady, she can't dissemble; and if 'two people who loves one another 'a'n't happy, why, who should be so? 'Happiness don't always depend upon 'what people has; besides, my lady has 'enough for both. To be sure, there-'fore, as one may say, it would be 'all the pity in the world to keep two 'such loviers asunder; nay, I am 'convinced, for my part, you will 'meet together at last; for if it is to 'be, there is no preventing it. If a 'marriage is made in heaven, all the 'justices of peace upon earth can't 'break it off. To be sure, I wishes 'that Parson Supple had but a little 'more spirit to tell the squire of his 'wickedness in endeavouring to force 'his daughter contrary to her liking; 'but then his whole dependence is 'on the squire, and so the poor gen-'tleman, though he is a very religious 'good sort of a man, and talks of the 'badness of such doings behind the 'squire's back; yet, he dares not say 'his soul is his own, to his face. To 'be sure, I never saw him make so bold 'as just now; I was afeard the squire 'would have struck him. I would 'not have your honour be melancho-'ly, Sir, nor despair; things may go 'better, as long as you are sure of 'my lady, and that I am certain you 'may be; for she never will be brought 'to consent to marry any other man. 'Indeed, I am terribly afeard the 'squire will do her a mischief in his 'passion; for he is a prodigious pas-'sionate gentleman, and I am afeard 'too, the poor lady will be brought 'to break her heart; for she is as 'tender-hearted as a chicken: it is 'pity, methinks, she had not a little 'of my courage. If I was in love 'with a young man, and my father 'offered to lock me up, I'd tear his 'eyes out, but I'd come at him; but 'then there's a great fortune in the 'case, which it is in her father's 'power either to give her or not: 'that, to be sure, may make some 'difference!'

Whether Jones gave strict attention to

to all the foregoing harangue, or whether it was for want of any vacancy in the diſcourſe, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to anſwer, nor did ſhe once ſtop, till Partridge came running into the room, and informed him, that the great lady was upon the ſtairs.

Nothing could equal the dilemma to which Jones was now reduced. Honour knew nothing of any acquaintance that ſubſiſted between him and Lady Bellaſton; and ſhe was almoſt the laſt perſon in the world to whom he would have communicated it. In this hurry and diſtreſs, he took (as is common enough) the worſt courſe; and inſtead of expoſing her to the lady, which would have been of little conſequence, he choſe to expoſe the lady to her: he therefore reſolved to hide Honour, whom he had but juſt time to convey behind the bed, and to draw the curtains.

The hurry in which Jones had been all day engaged on account of his poor landlady and her family, the terrors occaſioned by Mrs. Honour, and the confuſion into which he was thrown by the ſudden arrival of Lady Bellaſton, had altogether driven former thoughts out of his head; ſo that it never once occurred to his memory to act the part of a ſick man; which, indeed, neither the gaiety of his dreſs, nor the freſhneſs of his countenance, would have at all ſupported.

He received her ladyſhip, therefore, rather agreeably to her deſires, than to her expectations, with all the good humour he could muſter in his countenance, and without any real or affected appearance of the leaſt diſorder.

Lady Bellaſton no ſooner entered the room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the bed: 'So, my dear Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'you find nothing can detain me 'long from you. Perhaps I ought to 'be angry with you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from you all day; 'for I perceive your diſtemper would 'have ſuffered you to come abroad: 'nay, I ſuppoſe you have not ſat in 'your chamber all day, dreſſed up like 'a fine lady, to ſee company after a 'lying-in: but, however, don't think 'I intend to ſcold you; for I never 'will give you an excuſe for the cold 'behaviour of a huſband, by putting 'on the ill humour of a wife.'

'Nay, Lady Bellaſton,' ſaid Jones, 'I am ſure your ladyſhip will not upbraid me with neglect of duty, when 'I only waited for orders. Who, my 'dear creature, hath reaſon to complain? who miſſed an appointment 'laſt night, and left an unhappy man 'to expect, and wiſh, and ſigh, and 'languiſh?'

'Do not mention it, my dear Mr. 'Jones,' cried ſhe. 'If you knew the 'occaſion, you would pity me. In 'ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive 'what women of condition are obliged 'to ſuffer from the impertinence of 'fools, in order to keep up the farce 'of the world. I am glad, however, 'all your languiſhing and wiſhing have 'done you no harm, for you never 'looked better in your life. Upon my 'faith, Jones, you might at this inſtant ſit for the picture of Adonis.'

There are certain words of provocation, which men of honour hold can only properly be anſwered by a blow. Among lovers, poſſibly there may be ſome expreſſions which can be only anſwered by a kiſs. The compliment which Lady Bellaſton now made Jones, ſeems to be of this kind; eſpecially as it was attended with a look, in which the lady conveyed more ſoft ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her tongue.

Jones was certainly at this inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſſed ſituations imaginable; for to carry on the compariſon we made uſe of before, though the provocation was given by the lady, Jones could not receive ſatisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the preſence of a third perſon; ſeconds in this kind of duels not being according to the law of arms. As this objection did not occur to Lady Bellaſton, who was ignorant of any other woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great aſtoniſhment for an anſwer from Jones; who, conſcious of the ridiculous figure he made, ſtood at a diſtance, and not daring to give the proper anſwer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comick, nor yet more tragical, than this ſcene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The lady had already changed colour two or three times, and got up from the bed, and ſat down again; while Jones was wiſhing the ground to ſink under him, or

the houſe to fall on his head; when an odd accident freed him from an embarraſſment, out of which neither the eloquence of a Cicero, nor the politicks of a Machiavel, could have delivered him, without utter diſgrace.

This was no other than the arrival of young Nightingale, dead drunk; or rather in that ſtate of drunkenneſs, which deprives men of the uſe of their reaſon, without depriving them of the uſe of their limbs.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters were in bed, and Partridge was ſmoaking his pipe by the kitchen fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. Jones's chamber door without any interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any ceremony, when Jones ſtarted from his ſeat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that Nightingale never came far enough within the door to ſee who was ſitting on the bed.

Nightingale had, in reality, miſtaken Jones's apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own bed. Jones, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the hands of Partridge, whom the noiſe on the ſtairs ſoon ſummoned to his maſter's aſſiſtance.

And now Jones was unwillingly obliged to return to his own apartment; where, at the very inſtant of his entrance, he heard Lady Bellaſton venting an exclamation, though not a very loud one; and, at the ſame time, ſaw her flinging herſelf into a chair in a vaſt agitation, which, in a lady of a tender conſtitution, would have been an hyſterick fit.

In reality, the lady, frightened with the ſtruggle between the two men, of which ſhe did not know what would be the iſſue, as ſhe heard Nightingale ſwear many oaths he would come to his own bed, attempted to retire to her known place of hiding, which, to her great confuſion, ſhe found already occupied by another.

'Is this uſage to be borne, Mr. Jones!' cries the lady. 'Baſeſt of men! What wretch is this to whom you have expoſed me?'—'Wretch!' cries Honour, burſting in a violent rage from her place of concealment—'Marry come up! wretch, forſooth! as poor a wretch as I am, I am honeſt; that is more than ſome folks who are richer can ſay.'

Jones, inſtead of applying himſelf directly to take off the edge of Mrs. Honour's reſentment, as a more experienced gallant would have done, fell to curſing his ſtars, and lamenting himſelf as the moſt unfortunate man in the world; and preſently after, addreſſing himſelf to Lady Bellaſton, he fell to ſome very abſurd proteſtations of innocence. By this time, the lady having recovered the uſe of her reaſon, which ſhe had as ready as any woman in the world, eſpecially on ſuch occaſions, calmly replied; 'Sir, you need make no apologies; I ſee now who the perſon is: I did not at firſt know Mrs. Honour; but now I do, I can ſuſpect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am ſure ſhe is a woman of too good ſenſe to put any wrong conſtructions upon my viſit to you; I have been always her friend, and it may be in my power to be much more ſo hereafter.'

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable as ſhe was paſſionate. Hearing therefore Lady Bellaſton aſſume the ſoft tone, ſhe likewiſe ſoftened her's. 'I am ſure, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'I have been always ready to acknowledge your ladyſhip's friendſhips to me; ſure I never had ſo good a friend as your ladyſhip; and, to be ſure, now I ſee it is your ladyſhip that I ſpoke to, I could almoſt bite my tongue off for very mad. I conſtructions upon your ladyſhip! to be ſure, it doth not become a ſervant, as I am, to think about ſuch a great, great lady—I mean, I was a ſervant: for, indeed, I am nobody's ſervant now, the more miſerable wretch is me! I have loſt the beſt miſtreſs——' Here Honour thought fit to produce a ſhower of tears. 'Don't cry, child,' ſays the good lady: 'ways perhaps may be found to make you amends. Come to me to-morrow morning.' She then took up her fan, which lay on the ground, and without even looking at Jones, walked very majeſtically out of the room; there being a kind of dignity in the impudence of women of quality, which their inferiors vainly aſpire to attain to in circumſtances of this nature.

Jones followed her down ſtairs, often offering her his hand, which ſhe abſolutely

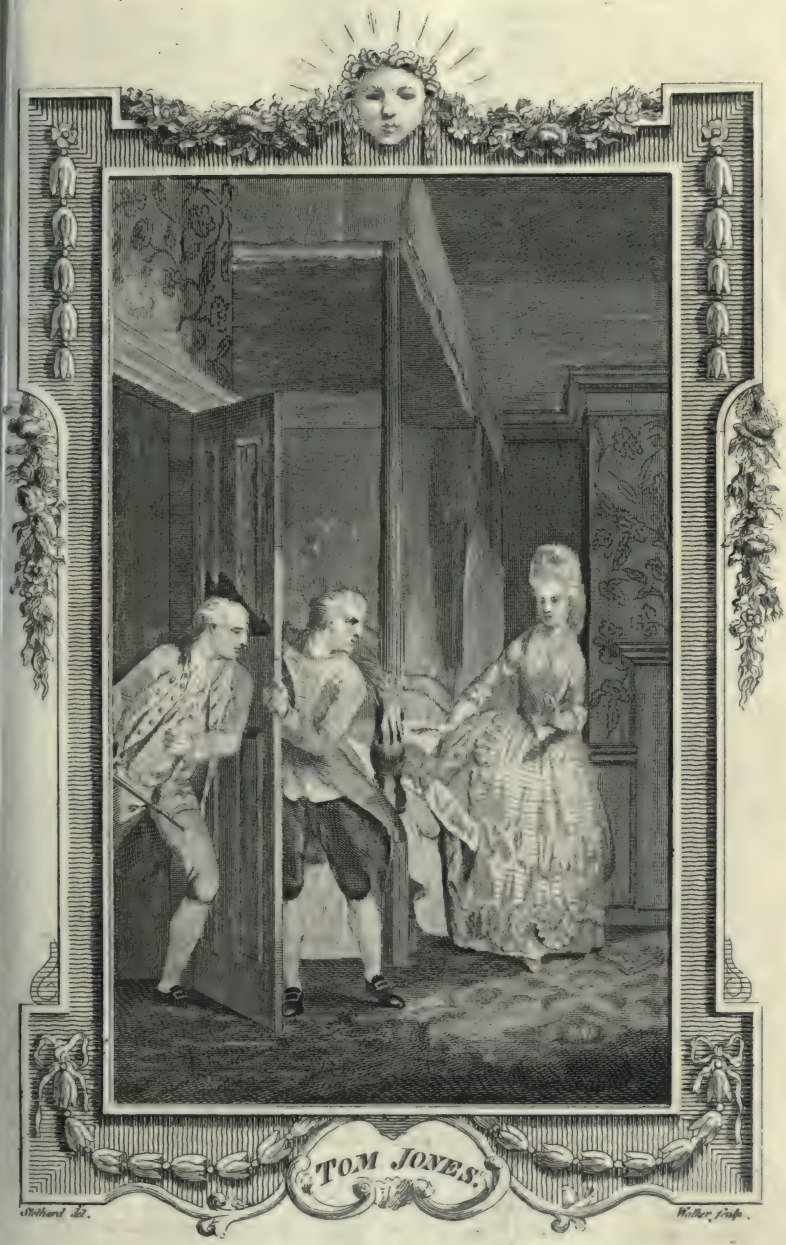

Plate VIII.

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abſolutely refuſed him, and got into her chair without taking any notice of him as he ſtood bowing before her.

At his return up ſtairs, a long dialogue paſſed between him and Mrs. Honour, while ſhe was adjuſting herſelf after the diſcompoſure ſhe had undergone. The ſubject of this was his infidelity to her young lady; on which ſhe enlarged with great bitterneſs: but Jones at laſt found means to reconcile her; and not only ſo, but to obtain a promiſe of moſt inviolable ſecrecy, and that ſhe would the next morning endeavour to find out Sophia, and bring him a farther account of the proceedings of the ſquire.

Thus ended this unfortunate adventure, to the ſatisfaction only of Mrs. Honour; for a ſecret (as ſome of my readers will, perhaps, acknowledge from experience) is often a very valuable poſſeſſion; and that not only to thoſe who faithfully keep it, but ſometimes to ſuch as whiſper it about, till it come to the ears of every one, except the ignorant perſon; who pays for the ſuppoſed concealing of what is publickly known.

CHAP. VIII.

SHORT AND SWEET.

NOtwithſtanding all the obligations ſhe had received from Jones, Mrs. Miller could not forbear in the morning ſome gentle remonſtrances for the hurricane which had happened the preceding night in his chamber. Theſe were however ſo gentle and ſo friendly; profeſſing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of Mr. Jones himſelf, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the admonition of the good woman, expreſſed much concern for what had paſſed, excuſed it as well as he could, and promiſed never more to bring the ſame diſturbances into the houſe.

But though Mrs. Miller did not refrain from a ſhort expoſtulation in private at their firſt meeting, yet the occaſion of his being ſummoned down ſtairs that morning, was of a much more agreeable kind; being, indeed, to perform the office of a father to Miſs Nancy, and to give her in wedlock to Mr. Nightingale; who was now ready dreſſed, and full as ſober as many of my readers will think a man ought to be, who receives a wife in ſo imprudent a manner.

And here, perhaps, it may be proper to account for the eſcape which this young gentleman had made from his uncle, and for his appearance in the condition in which we have ſeen him the night before.

Now, when the uncle had arrived at his lodgings with his nephew, partly to indulge his own inclinations, (for he dearly loved his bottle) and partly to diſqualify his nephew from the immediate execution of his purpoſe, he ordered wine to be ſet on the table; with which he ſo briſkly ply'd the young gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much uſed to drinking, did not deteſt it ſo as to be guilty of diſobedience, or of want of complaiſance by refuſing, was ſoon compleatly finiſhed.

Juſt as the uncle had obtained this victory, and was preparing a bed for his nephew, a meſſenger arrived with a piece of news which ſo entirely diſconcerted and ſhocked him, that he in a moment loſt all conſideration for his nephew, and his whole mind became entirely taken up with his own concerns.

This ſudden and afflicting news was no leſs, than that his daughter had taken the opportunity of almoſt the firſt moment of his abſence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young clergyman; againſt whom, though her father could have had but one objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet ſhe had never thought proper to communicate her amour even to that father; and ſo artfully had ſhe managed, that it had never been once ſuſpected by any, till now that it was conſummated.

Old Mr. Nightingale no ſooner received this account, than in the utmoſt confuſion he ordered a poſt chaiſe to be inſtantly got ready; and having recommended his nephew to the care of a ſervant, he directly left the houſe, ſcarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The uncle being thus departed, when the ſervant came to attend the nephew to bed, had waked him for that purpoſe, and had at laſt made him ſenſible that his uncle was gone; he, inſtead

stead of accepting the kind offices tendered him, insisted on a chair being called; with this, the servant, who had received no strict orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the house of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This bar of the uncle being now removed, (though young Nightingale knew not as yet in what manner) and all parties being quickly ready, the mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. Nightingale, and his love, stepped into a hackney-coach which conveyed him to Doctors Commons; where Miss Nancy was, in vulgar language, soon made an honest woman; and the poor mother became, in the purest sense of the word, one of the happiest of all human beings.

And now Mr. Jones, having seen his good offices to that poor woman and her family brought to a happy conclusion, began to apply himself to his own concerns; but here, lest many of my readers should censure his folly for thus troubling himself with the affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this matter, that he had indeed a very considerable interest in bringing it to that final consummation.

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum: nihil humani a me alienum puto.* He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in greater proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not, therefore, be the instrument of raising a whole family from the lowest state of wretchedness to the highest pitch of joy, without conveying great felicity to himself; more, perhaps, than worldly men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe labour, and often by wading through the deepest iniquity.

Those readers who are of the same complexion with him, will, perhaps, think this short chapter contains abundance of matter; while others may, probably, wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared, as impertinent to the main design; which, I suppose, they conclude, is to bring Mr. Jones to the gallows; or, if possible, to a more deplorable catastrophe.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING LOVE LETTERS OF SEVERAL SORTS.

MR. Jones, at his return home, found the following letters laying on his table, which he luckily opened in the order they were sent.

LETTER I.

'SURELY I am under some strange 'infatuation; I cannot keep my 'resolutions a moment, however strongly made or justly founded. Last night 'I resolved never to see you more; this 'morning I am willing to hear if you 'can, as you say, clear up this affair; 'and yet I know that to be impossible. 'I have said every thing to myself 'which you can invent.—Perhaps not. 'Perhaps your invention is stronger. 'Come to me therefore the moment you 'receive this. If you can forge an excuse, I almost promise you to believe 'it. Betrayed to——I will think no 'more. Come to me directly. This 'is the third letter I have writ; the 'two former are burnt—I am almost 'inclined to burn this too. I wish I 'may preserve my senses. Come to 'me presently.

LETTER II.

'IF you ever expect to be forgiven, 'or even suffered within my doors, 'come to me this instant.'

LETTER III.

'I Now find you was not at home 'when my notes came to your 'lodgings. The moment you receive 'this, let me see you: I shall not stir 'out; nor shall any body be let in 'but yourself. Sure nothing can detain you long!'

Jones had just read over these three billets,

billets, when Mr. Nightingale came into the room. 'Well, Tom,' said he, 'any news from Lady Bellaston, 'after last night's adventure?' (for it was now no secret to any one in that house who the lady was.) 'The Lady 'Bellaston!' answered Jones, very gravely. 'Nay, dear Tom,' cries Nightingale, 'don't be so reserved to 'your friends. Though I was too 'drunk to see her last night, I saw her 'at the masquerade. Do you think I 'am ignorant who the queen of the 'fairies is?'—'And did you really 'then know the lady at the masque-'rade?' said Jones. 'Yes, upon my 'soul, did I,' said Nightingale; 'and 'have given you twenty hints of it 'since; though you seemed always so 'tender on that point, that I would 'not speak plainly. I fancy, my friend, 'by your extreme nicety in this mat-'ter, you are not so well acquainted 'with the character of the lady, as 'with her person. Don't be angry, 'Tom; but, upon my honour, you 'are not the first young fellow she hath 'debauched. Her reputation is in no 'danger, believe me.'

Though Jones had no reason to imagine the lady to have been of the vestal kind, when his amour began; yet, as he was thoroughly ignorant of the town, and had very little acquaintance in it, he had yet no knowledge of that character which is vulgarly called a demi-rep; that is to say, a woman who intrigues with every man she likes, under the name and appearance of virtue; and who, though some over-nice ladies will not be seen with her, is visited (as they term it) by the whole town; in short, whom every one knows to be what nobody calls her.

When he found, therefore, that Nightingale was perfectly acquainted with his intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the occasion, he gave a latitude to his friend's tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other instances, was rather too effeminate in his disposition, had a pretty strong inclination to tittle-tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full liberty of speaking from Jones, than he entered upon a long narrative concerning the lady; which, as it contained many particulars highly to her dishonour, we have too great a tenderness for all women of condition, to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an opportunity to the future commentators on our works, of making any malicious application; and of forcing us to be, against our will, the author of scandal, which never entered into our head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that Nightingale had to say, fetched a deep sigh; which the other observing, cried, 'Hey-dey! why, thou 'art not in love, I hope! Had I ima-'gined my stories would have affected 'you, I promise you should never 'have heard them.'—'O my dear 'friend,' cries Jones, 'I am so en-'tangled with this woman, that I 'know not how to extricate myself! '—In love indeed!—No, my friend, 'but I am under obligations to her, 'and very great ones. Since you know 'so much, I will be very explicit with 'you. It is owing, perhaps, solely to 'her, that I have not, before this, 'wanted a bit of bread. How can I 'possibly desert such a woman? and yet 'I must desert her, or be guilty of the 'blackest treachery to one who deserves 'infinitely better of me than she can! 'a woman, my Nightingale, for whom 'I have a passion which few can have 'an idea of! I am half distracted 'with doubts how to act!'—'And is 'this other, pray, an honourable mis-'tress?' cries Nightingale. 'Ho-'nourable!' answered Jones; 'no 'breath yet ever durst sully her repu-'tation. The sweetest air is not purer; 'the limpid stream not clearer than 'her honour: she is all over, both in 'mind and body, consummate per-'fection! She is the most beautiful 'creature in the universe; and yet she 'is mistress of such noble, elevated 'qualities, that though she is never 'from my thoughts, I scarce ever 'think of her beauty, but when I see 'it.'—'And can you, my good friend,' cries Nightingale, 'with such an en-'gagement as this upon your hands, 'hesitate a moment about quitting such 'a ——?' 'Hold,' said Jones, 'no 'more abuse of her; I detest the 'thoughts of ingratitude.'—'Pooh!' answered the other, 'you are not the 'first upon whom she hath conferred

'obligations

'obligations of this kind. She is re-'markably liberal where she likes; 'though, let me tell you, her favours 'are so prudently bestowed, that they 'should rather raise a man's vanity 'than his gratitude.' In short, Nightingale proceeded so far on this head, and told his friend so many stories of the lady, which he swore to the truth of, that he entirely removed all esteem for her from the breast of Jones; and his gratitude was lessened in proportion. Indeed, he began to look on all the favours he had received, rather as wages than benefits; which not only depreciated her, but himself too, in his own conceit, and put him quite out of humour with both. From this disgust, his mind, by a natural transition, turned towards Sophia: her virtue, her purity, her love to him, her sufferings on his account, filled all his thoughts, and made his commerce with Lady Bellaston appear still more odious. The result of all was, that though his turning himself out of her *service*, in which light he now saw his affair with her, would be the loss of his bread, yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome pretence; which, having communicated to his friend, Nightingale considered a little, and then said, 'I have it, my boy! I 'have found out a sure method: pro-'pose marriage to her, and I would 'venture hanging upon the success!'—'Marriage!' cries Jones. 'Ay, pro-'pose marriage!' answered Nightingale, 'and she will declare off in a 'moment. I knew a young fellow 'whom she kept formerly, who made 'the offer to her in earnest, and was 'presently turned off for his pains.'

Jones declared he could not venture the experiment. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'she may be less shocked at this pro-'posal from one man than from ano-'ther; and if she should take me at 'my word, where am I then? Caught 'in my own trap, and undone for 'ever!'—'No,' answered Nightingale, 'not if I can give you an expedient, 'by which you may, at any time, get 'out of the trap.'—'What expedient 'can that be?' replied Jones. 'This,' answered Nightingale. 'The young 'fellow I mentioned, who is one of 'the most intimate acquaintances I 'have in the world, is so angry with 'her for some ill offices she hath since 'done him, that I am sure he would, 'without any difficulty, give you a 'sight of her letters; upon which you 'may decently break with her, and 'declare off before the knot is tied, if 'she should really be willing to tie it, 'which I am convinced she will not.'

After some hesitation, Jones, upon the strength of this assurance, consented; but as he swore he wanted the confidence to propose the matter to her face, he wrote the following letter, which Nightingale dictated.

'MADAM,

'I Am extremely concerned, that, by 'an unfortunate engagement a-'broad, I should have missed receiv-'ing the honour of your ladyship's 'commands, the moment they came; 'and the delay which I must now suf-'fer of vindicating myself to your la-'dyship greatly adds to this misfor-'tune. O Lady Bellaston, what a ter-'ror have I been in, for fear your re-'putation should be exposed by these 'perverse accidents! There is one 'only way to secure it. I need not 'name what that is. Only permit me 'to say, that as your honour is as 'dear to me as my own, so my sole 'ambition is to have the glory of lay-'ing my liberty at your feet; and be-'lieve me, when I assure you, I can 'never be made compleatly happy, 'without you generously bestow on 'me a legal right of calling you mine 'for ever. I am, Madam, with most 'profound respect, your ladyship's most 'obliged, obedient humble servant,

'THOMAS JONES.'

To this she presently returned the following answer.

'SIR,

'WHEN I read over your se-'rious epistle, I could, from 'it's coldness and formality, have 'sworn that you had already the legal 'right you mention; nay, that we had, 'for many years, composed that mon-'strous animal, a husband and wife. 'Do you really, then, imagine me a 'fool? or do you fancy yourself ca-'pable of so entirely persuading me

'out

'out of my ſenſes, that I ſhould deliver my whole fortune into your power, in order to enable you to ſupport your pleaſures at my expence? Are theſe the proofs of love which I expected? Is this the return for—but I ſcorn to upbraid you, and am in great admiration of your profound reſpect.

'*P. S.* I am prevented from reviſing:—perhaps I have ſaid more than I meant.—Come to me at eight this evening.'

Jones, by the advice of his privy-council, replied.

'MADAM,

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs how much I am ſhocked at the ſuſpicion you entertain of me. Can Lady Bellaſton have conferred favours on a man whom ſhe could believe capable of ſo baſe a deſign? or can ſhe treat the moſt ſolemn tie of love with contempt? Can you imagine, Madam, that if the violence of my paſſion, in an unguarded moment, overcame the tenderneſs which I have for your honour, that I would think of indulging myſelf in the continuance of an intercourſe which could not poſſibly eſcape long the notice of the world; and which, when diſcovered, muſt prove ſo fatal to your reputation? If ſuch be your opinion of me, I muſt pray for a ſudden opportunity of returning thoſe pecuniary obligations, which I have been ſo unfortunate to receive at your hands; and for thoſe of a more tender kind, I ſhall ever remain, &c.' And ſo concluded in the very words with which he had concluded the former letter.

The lady anſwered as follows.

'I See you are a villain; and I deſpiſe you from my ſoul. If you come here, I ſhall not be at home.'

Though Jones was well ſatisfied with his deliverance from a thraldom which thoſe who have ever experienced it, will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lighteſt, he was not, however, perfectly eaſy in his mind. There was, in this ſcheme, too much of fallacy, to ſatisfy one who utterly deteſted every ſpecies of falſhood or diſhoneſty: nor would he, indeed, have ſubmitted to put it in practice, had he not been involved in a diſtreſsful ſituation, where he was obliged to be guilty of ſome diſhonour, either to the one lady or the other; and ſurely the reader will allow, that every good principle, as well as love, pleaded ſtrongly in favour of Sophia.

Nightingale highly exulted in the ſucceſs of his ſtratagem; upon which he received many thanks, and much applauſe from his friend. He anſwered, 'Dear Tom, we have conferred very different obligations on each other. To me you owe the regaining your liberty; to you I owe the loſs of mine. But, if you are as happy in the one inſtance, as I am in the other, I promiſe you, we are the two happieſt fellows in England.'

The two gentlemen were now ſummoned down to dinner, where Mrs. Miller, who performed herſelf the office of cook, had exerted her beſt talents, to celebrate the wedding of her daughter. This joyful circumſtance ſhe aſcribed principally to the friendly behaviour of Jones: her whole ſoul was fired with gratitude towards him; and all her looks, words, and actions, were ſo buſied in expreſſing it, that her daughter, and even her new ſon-in-law, were very little the objects of her conſideration.

Dinner was juſt ended, when Mrs. Miller received a letter; but as we have had letters enough in this chapter, we ſhall communicate the contents in our next.

CHAP. X.

CONSISTING PARTLY OF FACTS, AND PARTLY OF OBSERVATIONS UPON THEM.

THE letter then which arrived at the end of the preceding chapter, was from Mr. Allworthy; and the purport of it was, his intention to come immediately to town, with his nephew Bliſil, and a deſire to be accommodated with his uſual lodgings; which were the firſt floor for himſelf, and the ſecond for his nephew.

The chearfulneſs which had before diſplayed

displayed itself in the countenance of the poor woman, was a little clouded on this occasion. This news did, indeed, a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a match with her daughter, by presently turning her new son-in-law out of doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one hand; and, on the other, she could scarce bear the thoughts of making any excuse to Mr. Allworthy, after all the obligations received from him, for depriving him of lodgings which were, indeed, strictly his due: for that gentleman, in conferring all his numberless benefits on others, acted by a rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous people. He contrived, on all occasions, to hide his beneficence, not only from the world, but even from the object of it. He constantly used the words, *lend* and *pay*, instead of *give*; and by every other method he could invent, always lessened with his tongue the favours he conferred, while he was heaping them with both his hands. When he settled the annuity of fifty pounds a year, therefore, on Mrs. Miller, he told her, it was in consideration of always having her first floor when he was in town, (which he scarce ever intended to be) but that she might let it at any other time, for that he would always send her a month's warning. He was now, however, hurried to town so suddenly, that he had no opportunity of giving such notice; and this hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his lodgings, adding, if they were then empty: for he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them on a less sufficient excuse, than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there is a sort of persons who, as Prior excellently well remarks, direct their conduct by something

> 'Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
> 'Of vice and virtue in the schools;
> 'Beyond the letter of the law.'

To these, it is so far from being sufficient, that their defence would acquit them at the old Bailey; that they are not even contented, though conscience, the severest of all judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the fair and honourable, will satisfy the delicacy of their minds; and if any of their actions fall short of this mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a murderer who is afraid of a ghost or of the hangman.

Mrs. Miller was one of these. She could not conceal her uneasiness at this letter; with the contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the company, and given some hints of her distress, than Jones, her good angel, presently relieved her anxiety. 'As 'for myself, Madam,' said he, 'my 'lodging is at your service at a mo-'ment's warning; and Mr. Nightin-'gale, I am sure, as he cannot yet 'prepare a house fit to receive his 'lady, will consent to return to his 'new lodging, whither Mrs. Night-'ingale will certainly consent to go.' With which proposal both husband and wife instantly agreed.

The reader will easily believe, that the cheeks of Mrs. Miller began again to glow with additional gratitude to Jones; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr. Jones, having in his last speech called her daughter Mrs. Nightingale, (it being the first time that agreeable sound had ever reached her ears) gave the fond mother more satisfaction, and warmed her heart more towards Jones, than his having dissipated her present anxiety.

The next day was then appointed for the removal of the new-married couple, and of Mr. Jones, who was likewise to be provided for in the same house with his friend. And now the serenity of the company was again restored, and they passed the day in the utmost chearfulness, all except Jones; who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their mirth, felt many bitter pangs on the account of his Sophia; which were not a little heightened by the news of Mr. Blifil's coming to town, (for he clearly saw the intention of his journey:) and what greatly aggravated his concern was, that Mrs. Honour, who had promised to enquire after Sophia, and to make her report to him early the next evening, had disappointed him.

In the situation that he and his mistress were in at this time, there were scarce any grounds for him to hope, that he should hear any good news; yet, he

was

was as impatient to see Mrs. Honour, as if he had expected she would bring him a letter with an assignation in it from Sophia, and bore the disappointment as ill. Whether this impatience arose from that natural weakness of the human mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders uncertainty the most intolerable of pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved, cannot but know: for, of all the powers exercised by this passion over our minds, one of the most wonderful is, that of supporting hope in the midst of despair. Difficulties, improbabilities, nay impossibilities, are quite overlooked by it; so that, to any man extremely in love, may be applied what Addison says of Cæsar.

The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him!

Yet it is equally true, that the same passion will sometimes make mountains of mole-hills, and produce despair in the midst of hope; but these cold fits last not long in good constitutions: which temper Jones was now in, we leave the reader to guess, having no exact information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two hours in expectation; when, being unable any longer to conceal his uneasiness, he retired to his room; where his anxiety had almost made him frantick, when the following letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the reader *verbatim et literatim.*

'SIR,

'I Shud sartenly haf kaled on you 'a cordin too mi prommiss haddunt itt bin that hur lashipp prevent 'mee; for too bee sur, Sir, you nose 'very well that evere persun must luk 'furst at ome, and sartenly such anuther offar mite not ave ever hapned, 'so as I shud ave bin justly to blam, 'had I not excepted of it when her 'lashipp was so veri kind as to offar 'to make mee hur one uman without 'mi ever askin any such thing, to bee 'sur shee is won of thee best ladis in 'thee wurld, and pepil, who sase to 'the kontrari must bee veri wiket pe'pil in thare harts. To be sur if ever 'I ave sad any thing of that kine it as 'bin thru ignorens and I am hartili 'sorri for it. I nose your onur to be 'a genteelman of more onur and o'nesty, if I ever said ani such thing, 'to repete it to hurt a pore servant that 'as alwais ad thee grateft respect in 'thee wurld for ure onur. To bee sur 'won shud kepe wons tung within 'wons teeth, for no boddi nose what 'may happen; and too bee sur if ani 'boddi ad told mee yesterday, that I 'shud haf bin in so gud a plase to day, 'I shud not haf beleeved it; for too 'be sur I never was a dremd of any 'such thing, nor shud I ever have soft 'after ani other bodi's plase; but as 'her lashipp wass so kine of her one a 'corde too give it mee withour askin, 'to bee sur Mrs. Etoff herself, nor no 'other boddi can blam mee for exceptin such a thing when it falls in mi 'waye. I beg ure onour not too menshion ani thing of what I haf sad, for 'I wish ure onur all the gud luk in 'thee wurld; and I don't cuestion 'butt thatt u wil haf Madame Sofia 'in the end; but ass to miself ure onur 'nose I kant bee of ani farder sarvis to 'u in that matar, nou bein under thee 'cumand of anuthar parson, and not 'me one mistres. I begg ure onur to 'say nothing of what past, and belive 'mi to be, Sir, ure onur's umble sarvant to cumand till deth,

'HONOUR BLACKMORE.'

Various were the conjectures which Jones entertained for this step of Lady Bellaston; who, in reality, had little farther design than to secure within her own house the repository of a secret, which she chose should make no farther progress than it had made already; but mostly, she desired to keep it from the ears of Sophia; for, though that young lady was almost the only one who would never have repeated it again, her ladyship could not persuade herself of this; since, as she now hated poor Sophia with most implacable hatred, she conceived a reciprocal hatred to herself to be lodged in the tender breast of our heroine, where no such passion had ever yet found an entrance.

While Jones was terrifying himself with the apprehension of a thousand dreadful machinations, and deep political designs, which he imagined to be at the bottom of the promotion of Honour, Fortune, who hitherto seems to

have been an utter enemy to his match with Sophia, tried a new method to put a final end to it, by throwing a temptation in the way of Jones, which, in his preſent deſperate ſituation, it ſeemed unlikely he ſhould be able to reſiſt.

CHAP. XI.

CONTAINING CURIOUS, BUT NOT UNPRECEDENTED MATTER.

THERE was a lady, one Mrs. Hunt, who had often ſeen Jones at the houſe where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the women there, and, indeed, a very great friend to Mrs. Miller. Her age was about thirty—for ſhe owned ſix and twenty; her face and perſon very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her relations, to an old Turkey merchant; who, having got a great fortune, had left off trade. With him ſhe lived without reproach, but not without pain, in a ſtate of great ſelf-denial, for about twelve years; and her virtue was rewarded, by his dying, and leaving her very rich. The firſt year of her widowhood was juſt at an end, and ſhe had paſſed it in a good deal of retirement, ſeeing only a few particular friends, and dividing her time between her devotions and novels, of which ſhe was always extremely fond. Very good health, a very warm conſtitution, and a great deal of religion, made it abſolutely neceſſary for her to marry again; and ſhe reſolved to pleaſe herſelf in her ſecond huſband, as ſhe had done her friends in the firſt. From her the following billet was brought to Jones.

'SIR,

'FROM the firſt day I ſaw you, 'I doubt my eyes have told 'you too plainly, that you were not 'indifferent to me; but neither my 'tongue nor my hand ſhould have ever 'avowed it, had not the ladies of the 'family where you are lodged, given 'me ſuch a character of you, and told 'me ſuch proofs of your virtue, and 'goodneſs, as convince me you are 'not only the moſt agreeable, but the 'moſt worthy of men. I have alſo 'the ſatisfaction to hear from them, 'that neither my perſon, underſtanding, or character, are diſagreeable to 'you. I have a fortune ſufficient to 'make us both happy, but which can'not make me ſo without you. In 'thus diſpoſing of myſelf, I know I 'ſhall incur the cenſure of the world; 'but if I did not love you more than 'I fear the world, I ſhould not be 'worthy of you. One only difficulty 'ſtops me: I am informed you are 'engaged in a commerce of gallantry 'with a woman of faſhion. If you 'think it worth while to ſacrifice that 'to the poſſeſſion of me, I am yours; 'if not, forget my weakneſs, and let 'this remain an eternal ſecret between 'you and

'ARABELLA HUNT.'

At the reading of this, Jones was put into a violent flutter. His fortune was then at a very low ebb, the ſource being ſtopped from which hitherto he had been ſupplied. Of all he had received from Lady Bellaſton, not above five guineas remained; and that very morning he had been dunned by a tradeſman for twice that ſum: his honourable miſtreſs was in the hands of her father, and he had ſcarce any hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be ſubſiſted at her expence, from that little fortune ſhe had independent of her father, went much againſt the delicacy both of his pride and his love. This lady's fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no objection to her in any reſpect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any woman, except Sophia: but to abandon Sophia, and marry another, that was impoſſible; he could not think of it upon any account: yet why ſhould he not, ſince it was plain ſhe could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeleſs paſſion for him? ought he not to do ſo in friendſhip to her? This notion prevailed ſome moments, and he had almoſt determined to be falſe to her from a high point of honour; but that refinement was not able to ſtand very long againſt the voice of Nature, which cried in his heart, that ſuch friendſhip was treaſon to love. At laſt he called for pen, ink, and paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. Hunt.

'MADAM,

'MADAM,

'IT would be but a poor return to 'the favour you have done me, 'to sacrifice any gallantry to the pos- 'session of you; and I would certain- 'ly do it, though I were not disenga- 'ged, as at present I am, from any 'affair of that kind. But I should not 'be the honest man you think me, if 'I did not tell you, that my affections 'are engaged to another, who is a 'woman of virtue, and one that I ne- 'ver can leave, though it is probable 'I shall never possess her. God for- 'bid, that in return of your kindness 'to me, I should do you such an inju- 'ry, as to give you my hand when I 'cannot give my heart! No; I had 'much rather starve than be guilty of 'that. Even though my mistress were 'married to another, I would not 'marry you, unless my heart had en- 'tirely effaced all impressions of her. 'Be assured that your secret was not 'more safe in your own breast than 'in that of your most obliged and 'grateful humble servant,

'T. JONES.'

When our hero had finished and sent this letter, he went to his scrutore, took out Miss Western's muff, kissed it several times, and then strutted some turns about the room, with more satisfaction of mind than ever any Irishman felt in carrying off a fortune of fifty thousand pounds.

CHAP. XII.

A DISCOVERY MADE BY PARTRIDGE.

WHILE Jones was exulting in the consciousness of his integrity, Partridge came capering into the room; as was his custom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good tidings. He had been dispatched that morning, by his master, with orders to endeavour, by the servants of Lady Bellaston, or by any other means, to discover whither Sophia had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful countenance told our hero, that he had found the lost bird. 'I have seen, Sir,' says he, 'Black 'George the game-keeper, who is one 'of the servants whom the squire hath 'brought with him to town. I knew 'him presently, though I have not 'seen him these several years; but, 'you know, Sir, he is a very remark- 'able man, or to use a purer phrase, 'he hath a most remarkable beard, the 'largest and blackest I ever saw. It 'was some time, however, before Black 'George could recollect me.'—'Well, 'but what is your good news?' cries Jones: 'what do you know of my 'Sophia?'—'You shall know presently, Sir,' answered Partridge; 'I am 'coming to it as fast as I can. You 'are so impatient, Sir, you would 'come at the infinitive mood, before 'you can get to the imperative. As 'I was saying, Sir, it was some time 'before he recollected my face.'—— 'Confound your face!' cries Jones, 'what of my Sophia?'—'Nay, Sir, answered Partridge, 'I know nothing 'more of Madam Sophia, than what 'I am going to tell you; and I should 'have told you all before this, if you 'had not interrupted me; but if you 'look so angry at me, you will fright- 'en all of it out of my head, or to 'use a purer phrase, out of my me- 'mory. I never saw you look so an- 'gry since the day we left Upton, 'which I shall remember if I was to 'live a thousand years.'—'Well, pray 'go on in your own way,' said Jones; 'you are resolved to make me mad, I 'find.'—'Not for the world,' answered Partridge; 'I have suffered 'enough for that already; which, as 'I said, I shall bear in my remem- 'brance the longest day I have to live.' —'Well, but Black George!' cries Jones. 'Well, Sir, as I was saying, 'it was a long time before he could 'recollect me; for indeed I am very 'much alterd since I saw him. *Non 'jum qualis eram.* I have had trou- 'bles in the world; and nothing al- 'ters a man so much as grief: I have 'heard it will change the colour of a 'man's hair in a night. However, 'at last, know me he did, that's sure 'enough; for we are both of an age, 'and were at the same charity-school. 'George was a great dunce; but no 'matter for that: all men do not thrive 'in the world according to their learn- 'ing. I am sure I have reason to say 'so; but it will be all one a thousand 'years hence. Well, Sir—where was

'I?—O—well! we no sooner knew 'each other, than after many hearty 'shakes by the hand, we agreed to go 'to an alehouse and take a pot; and 'by good luck, the beer was some of 'the best I have met with since I have 'been in town.—Now, Sir, I am coming to the point; for, no sooner did 'I name you, and told him that you 'and I came to town together, and 'had lived together ever since, than he 'called for another pot, and swore he 'would drink to your health; and, indeed, he drank your health so heartily, that I was overjoyed to see there 'was so much gratitude left in the 'world: and, after we had emptied 'that pot, I said I would be my pot 'too, and so we drank another to your 'health; and then I made haste home 'to tell you the news.'

'What news?' cries Jones; 'you 'have not mentioned a word of my 'Sophia!'—'Bless me! I had like to 'have forgot that. Indeed, we mentioned a great deal about young Madam Western; and George told me 'all: that Mr. Blifil is coming to 'town, in order to be married to her. "He had best make haste then," says 'I, "or somebody will have her be"fore he comes; and indeed," says I, "Mr. Seagrim, it is a thousand pi"ties somebody should not have her; "for he certainly loves her above all "the women in the world. I would "have both you and she know, that "it is not for her fortune he follows "her; for I can assure you, as to mat"ter of that, there is another lady, "one of much greater quality and "fortune than she can pretend to, who "is so fond of somebody, that she "comes after him day and night."

Here Jones fell into a passion with Partridge, for having, as he said, betrayed him; but the poor fellow answered, he had mentioned no name: 'Besides, Sir,' said he, 'I can assure 'you, George is sincerely your friend, 'and wished Mr. Blifil at the devil 'more than once; nay, he said he 'would do any thing in his power up'on earth to serve you; and so I am 'convinced he will. Betray you, indeed! why, I question whether you 'have a better friend than George up'on earth, except myself, or one that 'would go farther to serve you.'

'Well,' says Jones, a little pacified, 'you say this fellow, who I believe 'indeed is enough inclined to be my 'friend, lives in the same house with 'Sophia?'

'In the same house?' answered Partridge; 'why, Sir, he is one of the 'servants of the *family*, and very well 'dressed I promise you he is: if it was 'not for his black beard, you would 'hardly know him.'

'One service, then, at least, he may 'do me,' says Jones; 'sure he can certainly convey a letter to my Sophia?'

'You have hit the nail *ad unguem*,' cries Partridge; 'how came I not to 'think of it? I will engage he shall 'do it upon the very first mentioning.'

'Well then,' said Jones, 'do you 'leave me at present, and I will write 'a letter, which you shall deliver to 'him to-morrow morning; for I suppose you know where to find him.'

'O yes, Sir,' answered Partridge; 'I shall certainly find him again; there 'is no fear of that. The liquor is too 'good for him to stay away long. I 'make no doubt but he will be there 'every day he stays in town.'

'So you don't know the street then 'where my Sophia is lodged?' cries Jones.

'Indeed, Sir, I do,' says Partridge.

'What is the name of the street?' cries Jones.

'The name, Sir? why here, Sir, 'just by,' answered Partridge; 'not 'above a street or two off. I don't indeed know the very name; for as he 'never told me, if I had asked, you 'know it might have put some suspi'cion into his head. No, no, Sir; 'let me alone for that: I am too cun'ning for that, I promise you.'

'Thou art most wonderfully cun'ning indeed!' replied Jones; 'how'ever, I will write to my charmer, 'since I believe you will be cunning 'enough to find him to-morrow at the 'alehouse.'

And now, having dismissed the sagacious Partridge, Mr. Jones sat himself down to write; in which employment we shall leave him for a time. And here we put an end to the fifteenth book.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVI.

CONTAINING THE SPACE OF FIVE DAYS.

CHAP. I.

OF PROLOGUES.

I Have heard of a dramatick writer, who uſed to ſay, he would rather write a play than a prologue; in like manner, I think I can with leſs pains, write one of the books of this hiſtory, than the prefatory chapter to each of them.

To ſay the truth, I believe many a hearty curſe hath been devoted on the head of that author who firſt inſtituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue; and which, at firſt, was part of the piece itſelf, but of latter years hath had uſually ſo little connection with the drama before which it ſtands, that the prologue to one play might as well ſerve for any other. Thoſe, indeed, of more modern date, ſeem all to be written on the ſame three topicks, viz. an abuſe of the taſte of the town, a condemnation of all cotemporary authors, and an eulogium on the performance juſt about to be repreſented. The ſentiments in all theſe are very little varied; nor is it poſſible they ſhould; and, indeed, I have often wondered at the great invention of authors, who have been capable of finding ſuch various phraſes to expreſs the ſame thing.

In like manner, I apprehend, ſome future hiſtorian (if any one ſhall do me the honour of imitating my manner) will, after much ſcratching his pate, beſtow ſome good wiſhes on my memory, for having firſt eſtabliſhed theſe ſeveral initial chapters; moſt of which, like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this hiſtory as to that which they introduce; or, indeed, to any other hiſtory as to this.

But, however authors may ſuffer by either of theſe inventions, the reader will find ſufficient emolument in the one, as the ſpectator hath long found in the other.

Firſt, it is well known, that the prologue ſerves the critick for an opportunity to try his faculty of hiſſing, and to tune his cat-call to the beſt advantage; by which means, I have known thoſe muſical inſtruments ſo well

well prepared, that they have been able to play in full concert at the first rising of the curtain.

The same advantages may be drawn from these chapters, in which the critick will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a whetstone to his noble spirit; so that he may fall with a more hungry appetite for censure on the history itself. And here his sagacity must make it needless to observe, how artfully these chapters are calculated for that excellent purpose; for in these we have always taken care to intersperse somewhat of the sour or acid kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said spirit of criticism.

Again, the indolent reader, as well as spectator, finds great advantage from both these; for as they are not obliged either to see the one, or read the others, and both the play and the book are thus protracted; by the former they have a quarter of an hour longer allowed them to sit at dinner, and by the latter they have the advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth page instead of the first; a matter by no means of trivial consequence to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them; a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined, and from which not only law books, and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes, have been often turned over.

Many other are the emoluments which arise from both these; but they are for the most part so obvious, that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us, that the principal merit of both the prologue and the preface is, that they be short.

CHAP. II.

A WHIMSICAL ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL THE SQUIRE, WITH THE DISTRESSED SITUATION OF SOPHIA.

WE must now convey the reader to Mr. Western's lodgings, which were in Piccadilly, where he was placed by the recommendation of the landlord at the Hercules Pillars at Hyde-Park Corner; for at that inn, which was the first he saw on his arrival in town, he placed his horses; and in those lodgings, which were the first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here, when Sophia alighted from the hackney-coach, which brought her from the house of Lady Bellaston, she desired to retire to the apartment provided for her; to which her father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her consent to the marriage with Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father, that, after many bitter vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

While Sophia was left, with no other company than what attend the closest state-prisoner, namely, fire and candle, the squire sat down to regale himself over a bottle of wine, with his parson, and the landlord of the Hercules Pillars; who, as the squire said, would make an excellent third man, and could inform them of the news of the town, and how affairs went: 'for, to be sure,' says he, 'he knows a great deal; since 'the horses of many of the quality 'stand at his house.'

In this agreeable society, Mr. Western passed that evening and great part of the succeeding day; during which period, nothing happened of sufficient consequence to find a place in this history. All this time Sophia passed by herself; for her father swore she should never come out of her chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry Blifil; nor did he ever suffer the door to be unlocked, unless to convey her food, on which occasions he always attended himself.

The second morning after his arrival, while he and the parson were at breakfast together on a toast and a tankard, he was informed that a gentleman was below to wait on him.

'A gentleman!' quoth the squire; 'who the devil can he be?—Do, doc-

'tor,

'tor, go down and see who 'tis. Mr. 'Blifil can hardly be come to town 'yet! Go down, do; and know what 'his business is.'

The doctor returned, with an account that it was a very well dressed man; and by the ribband in his hat, he took him for an officer of the army; that he said he had some particular business, which he could deliver to none but Mr. Western himself.

'An officer!' cries the squire, 'what 'can any such fellow have to do with 'me? If he wants an order for bag-'gage-waggons, I am no justice of 'peace here, nor can I grant a war-'rant. Let un come up then, if he 'must speak to me.'

A very genteel man now entered the room; who having made his compliments to the squire, and desired the favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows.

'Sir, I come to wait upon you, by 'the command of my Lord Fellamar; 'but with a very different message from 'what I suppose you expect, after what 'passed the other night.'

'My lord who?' cries the squire, 'I never heard the name o'un.'

'His lordship,' said the gentleman, 'is willing to impute every thing to 'the effect of liquor; and the most 'trifling acknowledgment of that kind 'will set every thing right: for, as he 'hath the most violent attachment to 'your daughter, you, Sir, are the last 'person upon earth from whom he 'would resent an affront; and happy 'is it for you both, that he hath given 'such publick demonstrations of his 'courage, as to be able to put up an 'affair of this kind, without danger 'of any imputation on his honour. 'All he desires, therefore, is, that you 'will, before me, make some acknow-'ledgment, the slightest in the world 'will be sufficient; and he intends this 'afternoon to pay his respects to you, 'in order to obtain your leave of vi-'siting the young lady on the footing 'of a lover.'

'I don't understand much of what 'you say, Sir,' said the squire; 'but 'I suppose, by what you talk about 'my daughter, that this is the lord 'which my cousin, Lady Bellaston, 'mentioned to me, and said something 'about his courting my daughter. If 'so be, that how, that be the case—'you may give my service to his lord-'ship, and tell un, the girl is disposed 'of already.'

'Perhaps, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'you are not sufficiently apprized of 'the greatness of this offer. I believe, 'such a person, title, and fortune, 'would be no where refused!'

'Look'e, Sir,' answered the squire, 'to be very plain, my daughter is be-'spoke already: but if she was not, I 'would not marry her to a lord, upon 'any account! I hate all lords; they 'are a parcel of courtiers and Hano-'verians, and I will have nothing to 'do with them.'

'Well, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'if that is your resolution, the mes-'sage I am to deliver to you, is, 'that my lord desires the favour of 'your company this morning in Hyde 'Park.'

'You may tell my lord,' answered the squire, 'that I am busy, and can-'not come. I have enough to look af-'ter at home, and cannot stir abroad 'on any account.'

'I am sure, Sir,' quoth the other, 'you are too much a gentleman to send 'such a message; you will not, I am 'convinced, have it said of you, that 'after having affronted a noble peer, 'you refuse him satisfaction. His 'lordship would have been willing, 'from his great regard to the young 'lady, to have made up matters in an-'other way; but unless he is to look 'on you as a father, his honour will 'not suffer his putting up such an in-'dignity as you must be sensible you 'offered him.'

'I offered him!' cries the squire; 'it is a da—n'd lye, I never offered him 'any thing!'

Upon these words, the gentleman returned a very short verbal rebuke, and this he accompanied at the same time with some manual remonstrances, which no sooner reached the ears of Mr. Western, than the worthy squire began to caper very briskly about the room; bellowing at the same time with all his might, as if desirous to summon a greater number of spectators to behold his agility.

The parson, who had left great part of the tankard unfinished, was not retired far; he immediately attended, therefore, on the squire's vociferation, crying, 'Bless me, Sir! what's the 'matter?'

'matter?'—'Matter!' quoth the 'squire; 'here's a highwayman, I be-'lieve, who wants to rob and murder 'me; for he hath fallen upon me with 'that ſtick there in his hand, when I 'wiſh I may be d—n'd if I gid un the 'leaſt provocation.'

'How, Sir!' ſaid the captain, 'did 'you not tell me I ly'd?'

'No, as I hope to be ſaved!' anſwered the 'squire. 'I believe I might 'ſay, 'twas a lye, that I had offered 'any affront to my lord; but I never 'ſaid the words *you lye*; I underſtand 'myſelf better—and you might have 'underſtood yourſelf better than to fall 'upon a naked man. If I had a ſtick 'in my hand, you would not have 'dared to ſtrike me; I'd have knocked 'thy lantern jaws about thy ears. 'Come down into yard this minute, 'and I'll take a bout with thee at ſingle 'ſtick for a broken head, that I will: 'or I will go into a naked room, and 'box thee for a bellyful. At unt half 'a man; at unt, I am ſure!'

The captain, with ſome indignation, replied, 'I ſee, Sir, you are be-'low my notice; and I ſhall inform 'his lordſhip you are below his.—I 'am ſorry I have dirtied my fingers 'with you.' At which words he withdrew, the parſon interpoſing to prevent the 'squire from ſtopping him, in which he eaſily prevailed, as the other, though he made ſome efforts for the purpoſe, did not ſeem very violently bent on ſucceſs. However, when the captain was departed, the 'squire ſent many curſes, and ſome menaces, after him; but as theſe did not ſet out from his lips till the officer was at the bottom of the ſtairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his ears, or at leaſt did not retard his departure.

Poor Sophia, however, who in her priſon heard all her father's outcries from firſt to laſt, began now firſt to thunder with her foot, and afterwards to ſcream as loudly as the old gentleman himſelf had done before, though in a much ſweeter voice. Theſe ſcreams ſoon ſilenced the 'squire, and turned all his conſideration towards his daughter, whom he loved ſo tenderly, that the leaſt apprehenſion of any harm happening to her, threw him preſently into agonies: for, except in that ſingle inſtance in which the whole future happineſs of her life was concerned, ſhe was ſovereign miſtreſs of his inclinations.

Having ended his rage againſt the captain, with ſwearing he would take the law of him, the 'squire now mounted up ſtairs to Sophia; whom, as ſoon as he had unlocked and opened the door, he found all pale and breathleſs. The moment, however, that ſhe ſaw her father, ſhe collected all her ſpirits, and catching him hold by the hand, ſhe cry'd paſſionately, 'O my dear Sir! I am almoſt 'frightened to death; I hope to Hea-'ven no harm hath happened to you!' —'No, no,' cries the 'squire, 'no great 'harm. The raſcal hath not hurt me 'much; but rat me if I don't ha' the la 'o'un.'—'Pray, dear Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'tell me what's the matter? who is it 'that hath inſulted you?'—'I don't 'know the name o'un,' anſwered Weſtern; 'ſome officer fellow, I ſuppoſe, 'that we are to pay for beating us; 'but I'll make him pay this bout, if 'the raſcal hath got any thing, which 'I ſuppoſe he hath not. For thof he 'was dreſt out ſo vine, I queſtion whe-'ther he hath got a foot of land in the 'world.'—'But, dear Sir,' cries ſhe, 'what was the occaſion of your quar-'rel?'—'What ſhould it be, Sophy,' anſwered the 'squire; 'but about you, 'Sophy? All my misfortunes are 'about you; and you will be the death 'of your poor father at laſt. Here's a 'varlet of a lord, the Lord knows who, 'forſooth! who hath taan a liking to 'you, and becauſe I would not gi un 'my conſent, he ſent me a kallenge. 'Come, do be a good girl, Sophy, and 'put an end to all your father's trou-'bles! come, do conſent to ha' un! he 'will be in town within this day or 'two; do but promiſe me to marry un 'as ſoon as he comes, and you will 'make me the happieſt man in the 'world! and I will make you the hap-'pieſt woman—you ſhall have the fineſt 'cloaths in London, and the fineſt jew-'els, and a coach and ſix at your com-'mand! I promiſed Allworthy already to give up half my eſtate—Od-'rabbet it! I ſhould hardly ſtick at 'giving up the whole.'—'Will my pa-'pa be ſo kind,' ſays ſhe, 'as to hear 'me ſpeak?'—'Why wout aſk, So-'phia?' cries he, 'when doſt know 'that I had rather hear thy voice, than 'the muſick of the beſt pack of dogs

'in

'in England. Hear thee, my dear little girl! I hope I ſhall hear thee as 'long as I live: for if I was ever to 'loſe that pleaſure, I would not gee a braſs varden to live a moment longer. 'Indeed, Sophy, you do not know how 'I love you; indeed you don't! or you 'never could have run away and left 'your poor father, who hath no other 'joy, no other comfort, upon earth, 'but his little Sophy!' At theſe words the tears ſtood in his eyes; and Sophia, (with the tears ſtreaming from her's) anſwered, 'Indeed, my dear 'papa, I know you have loved me tenderly, and Heaven is my witneſs how 'ſincerely I have returned your affection; nor could any thing but an apprehenſion of being forced into the 'arms of this man, have driven me to 'run from a father whom I love ſo paſſionately, that I would, with pleaſure ſacrifice my life to his happineſs; 'nay, I have endeavoured to reaſon 'myſelf into doing more, and had almoſt worked up a reſolution, to endure the moſt miſerable of all lives, 'to comply with your inclination. It 'was that reſolution alone to which I 'could not force my mind; nor can I 'ever.' Here the ſquire began to look wild, and the foam appeared at his lips; which Sophia obſerving, begged to be heard out, and then proceeded: 'If 'my father's life, his health, or any 'real happineſs of his, were at ſtake, 'here ſtands your reſolved daughter; 'may Heaven blaſt me, if there is a 'miſery I would not ſuffer to preſerve 'you! No; that moſt deteſted, moſt 'loathſome of all lots, would I embrace; I would give my hand to Bliſil for your ſake.'—'I tell thee, it 'will preſerve me,' anſwers the father; 'it will gee me health, happineſs, life, 'every thing! Upon my ſoul, I ſhall 'die if doſt refuſe me! I ſhall break 'my heart; I ſhall, upon my ſoul!'—'Is it poſſible,' ſays ſhe, 'you can have 'ſuch a deſire to make me miſerable?' —'I tell you noa!' anſwered he loudly; 'my whole deſire is to make thee 'happy. Me! d—n me, if there is a 'thing upon earth I would not do to 'ſee thee happy.'—'And will not my 'dear papa allow me to have the leaſt 'knowledge of what will make me 'ſo? If it be true, that happineſs conſiſts in opinion, what muſt be my 'condition, when I ſhall think my'ſelf the moſt miſerable of all the 'wretches upon earth?'—'Better 'think yourſelf ſo,' ſaid he, 'than 'know it, by being married to a poor 'baſtardly vagabond!'—'If it will 'content you, Sir,' ſaid Sophia, 'I 'will give you the moſt ſolemn promiſe never to marry him nor any 'other while my papa lives, without 'his conſent. Let me dedicate my 'whole life to your ſervice; let me 'be again your poor Sophy, and my 'whole buſineſs and pleaſure be, as it 'hath been, to pleaſe and divert you.' —'Look'e, Sophy,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I am not to be chouzed in 'this manner. Your aunt Weſtern 'would then have reaſon to think me 'the fool ſhe doth. No, no, Sophy; 'I'd have you to know, I have got 'more wiſdom, and know more of the 'world, than to take the word of a 'woman in a matter where a man is 'concerned.'—'How, Sir, have I 'deſerved this want of confidence?' ſaid ſhe: 'have I ever broke a ſingle 'promiſe to you? or have I ever been 'found guilty of a falſhood from my 'cradle?—'Look'e, Sophy,' cries he, 'that's neither here nor there. I am 'determined upon this match, and 'have him you ſhall; d—n me if ſhat 'unt! d—n me if ſhat unt, though 'doſt hang thyſelf the next morning!' At repeating which words he clinched his fiſt, knit his brows, bit his lips, and thundered ſo loud, that the poor afflicted, terrified Sophia, ſunk trembling into her chair; and had not a flood of tears come immediately to her relief, perhaps worſe had followed.

Weſtern beheld the deplorable condition of his daughter with no more contrition or remorſe, than the turnkey of Newgate feels at viewing the agonies of a tender wife, when taking her laſt farewel of her condemned huſband; or rather, he looked down on her with the ſame emotions which ariſe in an honeſt fair tradeſman, who ſees his debtor dragged to priſon for ten pounds, which, though a juſt debt, the wretch is wickedly unable to pay. Or, to hit the caſe ſtill more nearly, he felt the ſame compunction with a bawd, when ſome poor innocent whom ſhe hath enſnared into her hands, falls into fits at the firſt propoſal of what is called, ſeeing company. Indeed, this reſemblance would be exact, was it not

that the bawd hath an interest in what she doth; and the father, though perhaps he may blindly think otherwise, can in reality have none in urging his daughter to almost an equal prostitution.

In this condition he left his poor Sophia; and departing with a very vulgar observation on the effect of tears, he locked the room, and returned to the parson; who said every thing he durst in behalf of the young lady; which, though perhaps it was not quite so much as his duty required, yet was it sufficient to throw the squire into a violent rage, and into many indecent reflections on the whole body of the clergy, which we have too great an honour for that sacred function to commit to paper.

CHAP. III.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SOPHIA DURING HER CONFINEMENT.

THE landlady of the house where the squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a strange opinion of her guests. However, as she was informed that the squire was a man of a vast fortune, and as she had taken care to exact a very extraordinary price for her rooms, she did not think proper to give any offence; for though she was not without some concern for the confinement of poor Sophia, of whose great sweetness of temper and affability the maid of the house had made so favourable a report, which was confirmed by all the squire's servants; yet she had much more concern for her own interest, than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she perceived to be a very *bastiss*-kind of a gentleman.

Though Sophia ate but little, yet she was regularly served with her meals; indeed, I believe if she had liked any one rarity, that the squire, however angry, would have spared neither pains nor cost to have procured it for her; since, however strange it may appear to some of my readers, he really doated on his daughter, and to give her any kind of pleasure was the highest satisfaction of his life.

The dinner hour being arrived, Black George carried her up a pullet, the squire himself (for he had sworn not to part with the key) attending the door. As George deposited the dish, some compliments passed between him and Sophia, (for he had not seen her since she left the country, and she treated every servant with more respect than some persons shew to those who are in a very slight degree their inferiors:) Sophia would have had him take the pullet back; saying, she could not eat; but George begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the eggs, of which he said it was full.

All this time the squire was waiting at the door; but George was a great favourite with his master, as his employment was in concerns of the highest nature, namely, about the game, and was accustomed to take many liberties. He had officiously carried up the dinner, being, as he said, very desirous to see his young lady; he made therefore no scruple of keeping his master standing above ten minutes, while civilities were passing between him and Sophia, for which he received only a good-humoured rebuke at the door when he returned.

The eggs of pullets, partridges, pheasants, &c. were, as George well knew, the most favourite dainties of Sophia. It was, therefore, no wonder, that he, who was a very good-natured fellow, should take care to supply her with this kind of delicacy, at a time when all the servants in the house were afraid she would be starved; for she had scarce swallowed a single morsel in the last forty hours.

Though vexation hath not the same effect on all persons as it usually hath on a widow, whose appetite is often rendered sharper than it can be rendered by the air on Banstead Downs, or Salisbury Plain; yet the sublimest grief, notwithstanding what some people may say to the contrary, will eat at last: and Sophia herself, after some little consideration, began to dissect the fowl, which she found to be as full of eggs as George had reported.

But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a fowl with three legs be so invaluable a curiosity, when perhaps time hath produced a thousand such, at what price shall we esteem a bird which so totally contradicts all the laws of animal œconomy, as to contain a letter in it's belly?

belly? Ovid tells us of a flower into which Hyacinthus was metamorphosed, that bears letters on it's leaves, which Virgil recommended as a miracle to the Royal Society of his day; but no age nor nation hath ever recorded a bird with a letter in it's maw.

But though a miracle of this kind might have engaged all the *academies des sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitless enquiry; yet the reader, by barely recollecting the last dialogue which passed between Messieurs Jones and Partridge, will be very easily satisfied from whence this letter came, and how it found it's passage into the fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long fast, and notwithstanding her favourite dish was there before her, no sooner saw the letter, than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows.

'MADAM,

'WAS I not sensible to whom I 'have the honour of writing, 'I should endeavour, however difficult, 'to paint the horrors of my mind, at 'the account brought me by Mrs. 'Honour; but as tenderness alone can 'have any true idea of the pangs which 'tenderness is capable of feeling, so 'can this most amiable quality, which 'my Sophia possesses in the most emi-'nent degree, sufficiently inform her 'what her Jones must have suffered on 'this melancholy occasion. Is there 'a circumstance in the world which 'can heighten my agonies, when I 'hear of any misfortune which hath 'befallen you? Surely there is one 'only, and with that I am accursed. 'It is, my Sophia, the dreadful consider-'ation, that I am myself the wretch-'ed cause. Perhaps, I here do myself 'too much honour; but none will 'envy me an honour which costs me so 'extremely dear. Pardon me this pre-'sumption, and pardon me a greater still, 'if I ask you, whether my advice, my 'assistance, my presence, my absence, 'my death, or my tortures, can bring 'you any relief? Can the most per-'fect admiration, the most watchful 'observance, the most ardent love, the 'most melting tenderness, the most 'resigned submission to your will, 'make you amends for what you are 'to sacrifice to my happiness? If they 'can, fly, my lovely angel, to those 'arms which are ever open to receive 'and protect you; and to which, whe-'ther you bring yourself alone, or the 'riches of the world with you, is, in 'my opinion, an alternative not worth 'regarding. If, on the contrary, wis-'dom shall predominate, and, on the 'most mature reflection, inform you, 'that the sacrifice is too great; and if 'there be no way left to reconcile you 'to your father, and restore the peace 'of your dear mind, but by aban-'doning me, I conjure you drive me 'for ever from your thoughts, exert 'your resolution, and let no compas-'sion for my sufferings bear the least 'weight in that tender bosom. Be-'lieve me, Madam, I so sincerely love 'you better than myself, that my great 'and principal end is your happiness. 'My first wish (why would not for-'tune indulge me in it?) was, and 'pardon me if I say, still is, to see 'you every moment the happiest of 'women: my second wish, is to hear 'you are so; but no misery on earth 'can equal mine, while I think you 'owe an uneasy moment to him who 'is, Madam, in every sense, and to 'every purpose, your devoted

'THOMAS JONES.'

What Sophia said, or did, or thought, upon this letter; how often she read it, or whether more than once; shall all be left to our reader's imagination. The answer to it he may, perhaps, see hereafter; but not at present; for this reason, among others, that she did not now write any, and that for several good causes, one of which is this, that she had no paper, pen, nor ink.

In the evening, while Sophia was meditating on the letter she had received, or on something else, a violent noise from below disturbed her meditations. This noise was no other than a round bout at altercation between two persons. One of the combatants, by his voice, she immediately distinguished to be her father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller pipes to belong to the organ of her aunt Western, who was just arrived in town, and having, by means of one of her servants, who stopped at the Hercules Pil-

lars, learnt where her brother lodged, she drove directly to his lodgings.

We shall therefore take our leave at present of Sophia, and, with our usual good-breeding, attend her ladyship.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH SOPHIA IS DELIVERED FROM HER CONFINEMENT.

THE squire and the parson (for the landlord was now otherwise engaged) were smoaking their pipes together, when the arrival of the lady was first signified. The squire no sooner heard her name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up stairs; for he was a great observer of such ceremonials, especially to his sister, of whom he stood more in awe than of any other human creature, though he never would own this, nor did he, perhaps, know it himself.

Mrs. Western, on her arrival in the dining-room, having flung herself into a chair, began thus to harangue. 'Well, 'surely no one ever had such an intolerable journey! I think the roads, 'since so many turnpike acts, are 'grown worse than ever. La, brother! how could you get into this 'odious place?' No person of condition, I dare swear, ever set foot 'here before.'—'I don't know,' cries the squire; 'I think they do well 'enough; it was landlord recommended them. I thought, as he knew most 'of the quality, he could best shew me 'where to get among um.'—'Well; 'and where's my niece?' says the lady: 'have you been to wait upon Lady 'Bellaston yet?'—'Ay, ay,' cries the squire, 'your niece is safe enough; she 'is up stairs in chamber.'—'How!' answered the lady, 'is my niece in 'this house, and doth she not know 'of my being here?'—'No, nobody 'can well get to her,' says the squire; 'for she is under lock and key. I 'have her safe; I fetched her from 'my lady cousin the first night I came 'to town, and I have taken care o'her 'ever since: she is as secure as a fox 'in a bag, I promise you!'—'Good 'Heaven!' returned Mrs. Western, 'what do I hear! I thought what a 'fine piece of work would be the consequence of my consent to your coming to town yourself; nay, it was 'indeed your own headstrong will; 'nor can I charge myself with ever 'having consented to it. Did not you 'promise me, brother, that you would 'take none of these headstrong measures? Was it not by these headstrong measures that you forced my 'niece to run away from you in the 'country? Have you a mind to oblige 'her to take such another step!'—'Z—ds and the devil!' cries the squire, dashing his pipe on the ground, 'did 'ever mortal hear the like? When I 'expected you would have commended me for all I have done, to be fallen upon in this manner!'—'How! 'brother,' said the lady, 'have I ever 'given you the last reason to imagine 'I should commend you for locking 'up your daughter? Have I not often told you, that women in a free 'country are not to be treated with 'such arbitrary power? We are as 'free as the men; and I heartily wish 'I could not say we deserve that freedom better. If you expect I should 'stay a moment longer in this wretched house, or that I should ever own 'you again as my relation, or that I 'should ever trouble myself again with 'the affairs of your family, I insist upon it that my niece be set at liberty 'this instant.' This she spoke with so commanding an air, standing with her back to the fire, with one hand behind her, and a pinch of snuff in the other, that I question whether Thalestris, at the head of her Amazons, ever made a more tremendous figure. It is no wonder, therefore, that the poor squire was not proof against the awe which she inspired. 'There,' he cried, throwing down the key, 'there it is! do 'what you please. I intended only 'to have kept her up till Blifil came 'to town, which can't be long; and 'now if any harm happens in the mean 'time, remember who is to be blamed 'for it.'

'I will answer it with my life,' cries Mrs. Western; 'but I shall not intermeddle at all, unless upon one condition; and that is, that you will commit the whole entirely to my care, without taking any one measure yourself, 'unless I shall eventually appoint you 'to act. If you ratify these preliminaries, brother, I yet will endeavour 'to preserve the honour of your fami-

'ly;

'ly; if not, I ſhall continue in a neu-
'tral ſtate.'

'I pray you, good Sir,' ſaid the parſon, 'permit yourſelf to be admo-
'niſhed this once by her ladyſhip;
'peradventure, by communing with
'young Madam Sophia, ſhe will effect
'more than you have been able to per-
'petrate by more rigorous meaſures.'

'What doſt thee open upon me?' cries the ſquire. 'If thee doſt begin
'to babble, I ſhall whip thee in pre-
'ſently.'

'Fie, brother,' anſwered the lady, 'is this language to a clergyman? Mr.
'Supple is a man of ſenſe, and gives
'you the beſt advice; and the whole
'world, I believe, will concur in his
'opinion: but I muſt tell you, I ex-
'pect an immediate anſwer to my ca-
'tegorical propoſals. Either cede your
'daughter to my diſpoſal, or take her
'wholly to your own ſurprizing diſ-
'cretion; and then I here, before Mr.
'Supple, evacuate the garriſon, and
'renounce you and your family for
'ever.'

'I pray you, let me be a mediator,' cries the parſon: 'let me ſupplicate
'you.'

'Why, there lies the key on the
'table,' cries the ſquire. 'She may
'take un up, if ſhe pleaſes; who hin-
'ders her?'

'No, brother!' anſwered the lady, 'I inſiſt on the formality of it's being
'delivered me, with a full ratification
'of all the conceſſions ſtipulated.'

'Why, then, I will deliver it to you,
'—there 'tis,' cries the ſquire. 'I am
'ſure, ſiſter, you can't accuſe me of
'ever denying to truſt my daughter to
'you. She hath a lived wi' you a
'whole year and muore too a time,
'without my ever zeeing her.'

'And it would have been happy for
'her,' anſwered the lady, 'if ſhe had
'always lived with me. Nothing of
'this kind would have happened under
'my eye.'

'Ay, certainly,' cries he; 'I only
'am to blame!'

'Why, you are to blame, brother,' anſwered ſhe: 'I have been often oblig-
'ed to tell you ſo, and ſhall always be
'obliged to tell you ſo. However, I
'hope you will now amend, and ga-
'ther ſo much experience from paſt
'errors, as not to defeat my wiſeſt
'machinations by your blunders. In-
'deed, brother, you are not qualified
'for theſe negotiations. All your
'whole ſcheme of politicks is wrong.
'I once more, therefore, inſiſt, that
'you do not intermeddle. Remember
'only what is paſt.'

'Z—ds and bl—d, ſiſter!' cries the ſquire, 'what would you have me ſay?
'You are enough to provoke the de-
'vil.'

'There now,' ſaid ſhe; 'juſt accord-
'ing to the old cuſtom. I ſee, bro-
'ther, there is no talking to you. I
'will appeal to Mr. Supple, who is a
'man of ſenſe, if I ſaid any thing
'which could put any human creature
'into a paſſion: but you are ſo wrong-
'headed every way!'

'Let me beg you, Madam,' ſaid the parſon, 'not to irritate his wor-
'ſhip.'

'Irritate him!' ſaid the lady; 'ſure
'you are as great a fool as himſelf!
'—Well, brother, ſince you have pro-
'miſed not to interfere, I will once
'more undertake the management of
'my niece. Lord have mercy upon
'all affairs which are under the direc-
'tions of men! The head of one wo-
'man is worth a thouſand of you!' And now having ſummoned a ſervant to ſhew her to Sophia, ſhe departed, bearing the key with her.

She was no ſooner gone, than the ſquire (having firſt ſhut the door) ejaculated twenty Bitches, and as many hearty curſes againſt her, not ſparing himſelf for having ever thought of her eſtate; but added, 'Now one hath been
'a ſlave ſo long, it would be a pity to
'loſe it at laſt, for want of holding out
'a little longer. The bitch can't live
'for ever, and I know I am down for
'it upon the will.'

The parſon greatly commended this reſolution; and now the ſquire having ordered in another bottle, which was his uſual method when any thing either pleaſed or vexed him, did, by drinking plentifully of this medicinal julap, ſo totally waſh away his choler, that his temper was become perfectly placid and ſerene, when Mrs. Weſtern returned with Sophia into the room. The young lady had on her hat and capuchin; and the aunt acquainted Mr. Weſtern, that ſhe intended to take her niece with her to her own lodg-

ings;

ings; 'For, indeed, brother,' says she, 'these rooms are not fit to receive a 'christian soul in.'

'Very well, Madam,' quoth Western, 'whatever you please. The girl 'can never be in better hands than 'yours; and the parson here can do 'me the justice to say, that I have said 'fifty times behind your back, that 'you was one of the most sensible wo-'men in the world.'

'To this,' cries the parson, 'I am 'ready to bear testimony.'

'Nay, brother,' says Mrs. Western, 'I have always, I'm sure, given 'you as favourable a character. You 'must own you have a little too much 'hastiness in your temper; but when 'you will allow yourself time to re-'flect, I never knew a man more rea-'sonable.'

'Why then, sister, if you think so,' said the squire, 'here's your good 'health with all my heart. I am a little 'passionate sometimes, but I scorn to 'bear any malice.—Sophy, do you be 'a good girl; and do every thing your 'aunt orders you.'

'I have not the least doubt of her,' answered Mrs. Western. 'She hath had 'already an example before her eyes, 'in the behaviour of that wretch her 'cousin Harriet, who ruined herself 'by neglecting my advice. O brother! 'what think you: you was hardly 'gone out of hearing, when you set 'out for London, when who should 'arrive but that impudent fellow, 'with the odious Irish name—that 'Fitzpatrick. He broke abruptly upon 'me without notice, or I would not 'have seen him. He ran on a long 'unintelligible story about his wife, to 'which he forced me to give him a 'hearing; but I made him very little 'answer, and delivered him the letter 'from his wife, which I bid him an-'swer himself. I suppose the wretch 'will endeavour to find us out; but I 'beg you will not see her, for I am 'determined I will not.'

'I zee her!' answered the squire; 'you need not fear me. I'll gee no 'encouragement to such undutiful 'wenches. It is well for the fellow 'her husband, I was not at huome. 'Od rabbit it, he should have taken 'a dance thru the horse-pond, I pro-'mise un.—You zee, Sophy, what 'undutifulness brings volks to. You 'have an example in your own fa-'mily.'

'Brother,' cries the aunt, 'you need 'not shock my niece by such odious 'repetitions. Why will you not leave 'every thing entirely to me?'—'Well, 'well, I will, I will,' said the squire.

And now Mrs. Western, luckily for Sophia, put an end to the conversation, by ordering chairs to be called: I say, luckily; for had it continued much longer, fresh matter of dissention would, most probably, have risen between the brother and sister; between whom education and sex made the only difference; for both were equally violent, and equally positive; they had both a vast affection for Sophia, and both a sovereign contempt for each other.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH JONES RECEIVES A LETTER FROM SOPHIA, AND GOES TO A PLAY WITH MRS. MILLER AND PARTRIDGE.

THE arrival of Black George in town, and the good offices which that grateful fellow had promised to do for his old benefactor, greatly comforted Jones in the midst of all the anxiety and uneasiness which he had suffered on the account of Sophia; from whom, by the means of the said George, he received the following answer to his letter; which Sophia, to whom the use of pen, ink, and paper, was restored with her liberty, wrote the very evening when she departed from her confinement.

'SIR,

'AS I do not doubt your sincerity 'in what you write, you will be 'pleased to hear that some of my af-'flictions are at an end, by the arri-'val of my aunt Western; with whom 'I am at present, and with whom I 'enjoy all the liberty I can desire. 'One promise my aunt hath insisted 'on my making, which is, that I will 'not see or converse with any person 'without her knowledge and consent. 'This promise I have most solemnly 'given, and shall most inviolably keep: 'and

'and though she hath not expressly 'forbidden me writing, yet that must 'be an omission from forgetfulness; 'or this, perhaps, is included in the 'word, Conversing. However, as I 'cannot but consider this as a breach 'of her generous confidence in my 'honour, you cannot expect that I 'shall, after this, continue to write 'myself, or to receive letters, with-'out her knowledge. A promise is 'with me a very sacred thing, and to 'be extended to every thing understood 'from it, as well as to what is ex-'pressed by it; and this consideration 'may, perhaps, on reflection, afford 'you some comfort. But why should 'I mention a comfort to you of this 'kind? For though there is one thing 'in which I can never comply with 'the best of fathers, yet am I firmly 'resolved never to act in defiance of 'him, or to take any step of conse-'quence without his consent. A firm 'persuasion of this must teach you to 'divert your thoughts from what For-'tune hath (perhaps) made impossible. 'This your own interest persuades you. 'This may reconcile you, I hope, to 'Mr. Allworthy; and if it will, you 'have my injunctions to pursue it. 'Accidents have laid some obliga-'tions on me, and your good inten-'tions probably more. Fortune may, 'perhaps, be some time kinder to us 'both than at present. Believe this, 'that I shall always think of you as I 'think you deserve; and am, Sir, your 'obliged humble servant,

'SOPHIA WESTERN.'

'I charge you write to me no more '—at present at least; and accept this, 'which is now of no service to me; 'which I know you must want; and 'think you owe the trifle only to that 'fortune by which you found it*.'

A child who hath just learnt his letters would have spelt this letter out in less time than Jones took in reading it. The sensations it occasioned were a mixture of joy and grief; somewhat like what divide the mind of a good man, when he peruses the will of his deceased friend, in which a large legacy, which his distresses make the more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the whole, however, he was more pleased than displeased; and indeed the reader may probably wonder that he was displeased at all; but the reader is not quite so much in love as was poor Jones: and love is a disease, which, though it may in some instances resemble a consumption, (which it sometimes causes) in others proceeds in direct opposition to it; and particularly in this, that it never flatters itself, or sees any one symptom in a favourable light.

One thing gave him compleat satisfaction; which was, that his mistress had regained her liberty, and was now with a lady where she might, at least, assure herself of a decent treatment. Another comfortable circumstance was, the reference which she made to her promise of never marrying any other man: for however disinterested he might imagine his passion, and notwithstanding all the generous overtures made in his letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting piece of news, than that Sophia was married to another, though the match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her compleatly happy. That refined degree of Platonick affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is, indeed, entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtless, with great truth) that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this affection is in nature; though I cannot pretend to say, I have ever seen an instance of it.

Mr. Jones having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being, at last, in a state of good spirits, from the last-mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment which he had before made into execution: this was, to attend Mrs. Miller, and her younger daughter, into the gallery at the playhouse, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really

* Meaning, perhaps, the bank-bill for 100l.

that

that taste for humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared, it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first musick was played, he said, it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out. While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, 'Look, look, Madam! 'the very picture of a man in the 'end of the common-prayer-book, be-'fore the gunpowder-treason service.' Nor could he help observing with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that here were candles enough burnt in one night, to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth.

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention; nor did he break silence, till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, What man that was in the strange dress: 'Something,' said he, 'like 'what I have seen in a picture. Sure 'it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered, 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile, 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. 'Though I cannot say I ever actually 'saw a ghost in my life, yet I am 'certain I should know one if I saw 'him, better than that comes to. No, 'no, Sir; ghosts don't appear in such 'dresses as that, neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet; when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. 'O la, 'Sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is 'what you told me. I am not afraid 'of any thing; for I know it is but a 'play: and, if it really was a ghost, 'it could do one no harm at such a 'distance, and in so much company; 'and yet if I was frightened, I am 'not the only person.'—'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou to take to be such 'a coward here besides thyself?'—'Nay, you may call me coward if you 'will; but if that little man there 'upon the stage is not frightened, I 'never saw any man frightened in my 'life. Ay, ay; go along with you! 'Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then! 'Will you? Lud have mercy upon 'such fool-hardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.—'Follow you! I'd follow the devil as 'soon: nay, perhaps, it is the devil; 'for they say he can put on what likeness he pleased.—Oh! here he is a-'gain. No farther! no, you have gone 'far enough already: farther than I'd 'have gone for all the king's domi-'nions!' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, 'Hush, hush, dear Sir! 'don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed, partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my ex-'pectations. You enjoy the play more 'than I conceived possible.'—'Nay, 'Sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are 'not afraid of the devil, I can't help 'it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be 'surprized at such things; though I 'know there is nothing in them: not 'that it was the ghost that surprized 'me, neither; for I should have known 'that to have been only a man in a 'strange dress: but when I saw the 'little man so frightened himself, it 'was that which took hold of me.'—'And dost thou imagine then, Par-'tridge,' cries Jones, 'that he was 'really frightened?'—'Nay, Sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself 'observe afterwards, when he found 'it was his own father's spirit, and 'how he was murdered in the garden, 'how his fear forsook him by degrees, 'and he was struck dumb with sor-'row, as it were, just as I should 'have been, had it been my own case. 'But hush! O la! what noise is that! 'There he is again!—Well, to be cer-'tain, though I know there is no-'thing at all in it, I am glad I am

'not

'not down yonder, where thoſe men 'are!' Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, 'Ay, you may draw 'your ſword: what ſignifies a ſword 'againſt the power of the devil?'

During the ſecond act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineneſs of the dreſſes: nor could he help obſerving upon the king's countenance, 'Well,' ſaid he, 'how people may be deceived by 'faces! *Nulla fides fronti*, is, I find, 'a true ſaying. Who would think, 'by looking in the king's face, that he 'had ever committed a murder?' He then enquired after the ghoſt; but Jones, who intended he ſhould be ſurprized, gave him no other ſatisfaction, than that he might poſſibly ſee him again ſoon, and in a flaſh of fire.

Partridge ſat in fearful expectation of this: and now, when the ghoſt made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, 'There, Sir, now! what 'ſay you now? is he frightened now, 'or no? As much frightened as you 'think me; and, to be ſure, nobody 'can help ſome fears; I would not be 'in ſo bad a condition as what's his 'name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for 'all the world. Bleſs me! what's 'become of the ſpirit? As I am a liv-'ing ſoul, I thought I ſaw him ſink 'into the earth!'—'Indeed you ſaw 'right,' anſwered Jones. 'Well, 'well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it 'is only a play; and beſides, if there 'was any thing in all this, Madam 'Miller would not laugh ſo: for as to 'you, Sir, you would not be afraid, I 'believe, if the devil was here in 'perſon.—There, there—ay, no won-'der you are in ſuch a paſſion; ſhake 'the vile, wicked wretch to pieces! 'If ſhe was my own mother, I ſhould 'ſerve her ſo. To be ſure, all duty 'to a mother is forfeited by ſuch 'wicked doings.—Ay, go about your 'buſineſs; I hate the ſight of you!'

Our critick was now pretty ſilent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at firſt underſtand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no ſooner entered into the ſpirit of it, than he began to bleſs himſelf that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he aſked her, if ſhe did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; 'Though he is,' ſaid he, 'a 'good actor, and doth all he can to 'hide it. Well, I would not have ſo 'much to anſwer for, as that wicked 'man there hath, to ſit upon a much 'higher chair than he ſits upon. No 'wonder he run away—for your ſake, 'I'll never truſt an innocent face 'again.'

The grave-digging ſcene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expreſſed much ſurprize at the number of ſkulls thrown upon the ſtage. To which Jones anſwered, that it was one of the moſt famous burial-places about town. 'No wonder then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. 'But I never ſaw in my life a worſe 'grave-digger. I had a ſexton when 'I was a clerk, that ſhould have deg 'three graves while he is digging one. 'The fellow handles a ſpade as if it 'was the firſt time he had ever had 'one in his hands.—Ay, ay, you may 'ſing. You had rather ſing than work, 'I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the ſkull, he cried out, 'Well, it 'is ſtrange to ſee how fearleſs ſome 'men are: I never could bring my-'ſelf to touch any thing belonging to 'a dead man, on any account. He 'ſeemed frightened enough too at the 'ghoſt, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis 'ſapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which, Jones aſked him, which of the players he liked beſt. To this he anſwered with ſome appearance of indignation at the queſtion, 'The king, 'without doubt.'—'Indeed, Mr. Par-'tridge,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'you are 'not of the ſame opinion with the 'town; for they are all agreed, that 'Hamlet is acted by the beſt player 'who was ever on the ſtage.'—'He 'the beſt player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous ſneer, 'why, I 'could act as well as he myſelf. I am 'ſure, if I had ſeen a ghoſt, I ſhould 'have looked in the very ſame manner, 'and done juſt as he did. And then, 'to be ſure, in that ſcene, as you 'called it, between him and his mo-'ther, where you told me he acted ſo 'fine, why, Lord help me! any man, 'that is, any good man, that had 'ſuch a mother, would have done ex-'actly the ſame. I know you are only 'joking with me; but, indeed, Ma-'dam, though I was never at a play

'in London, yet I have seen acting 'before in the country; and the king 'for my money; he speaks all his 'words distinctly, half as loud again 'as the other. Any body may see he 'is an actor.'

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning; which, upon recollection, she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure of the playhouse; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said, than to any thing that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night, for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after, sweated for two or three hours before he went to sleep, with the same apprehensions; and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, 'Lord have mercy upon us! there 'it is.'

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY IS OBLIGED TO GO BACK.

IT is almost impossible for the best parent to observe an exact impartiality to his children, even though no superior merit should bias his affection; but sure a parent can hardly be blamed when that superiority determines his preference.

As I regard all the personages of this history in the light of my children, so I must confess the same inclination of partiality to Sophia; and for that, I hope the reader will allow me the same excuse, from the superiority of her character.

This extraordinary tenderness, which I have for my heroine, never suffers me to quit her any long time without the utmost reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire, what hath happened to this lovely creature, since her departure from her father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short visit to Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Western, in the first confusion into which his mind was cast, upon the sudden news he received of his daughter, and in his first hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any account of the discovery to Blifil. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself; and accordingly stopped at the very first inn he came to, and dispatched away a messenger to acquaint Blifil with his having found Sophia, and with his firm resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to town.

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind, which nothing but the loss of her fortune, or some such accident, could lessen, his inclination to the match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this offer. Indeed, he now proposed the gratification of a very strong passion besides avarice, by marrying this young lady; and this was hatred: for he concluded, that matrimony afforded an equal opportunity of satisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is very probably verified by much experience. To say the truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary behaviour of married persons to each other, we shall, perhaps, be apt to conclude that the generality seek the indulgence of the former passion only in their union of every thing but of hearts.

There was one difficulty, however, in his way, and this arose from Mr. Allworthy. That good man, when he found by the departure of Sophia (for neither that, nor the cause of it, could be concealed from him) the great aversion which she had for his nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying matters so far. He by no means concurred with the opinions of those parents, who think it as immaterial to consult the inclinations of their children, in the affair of marriage, as to solicit the

good

good pleasure of their servants, when they intend to take a journey; and who are, by law, or decency at least, witheld often from using absolute force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the institution to be of the most sacred kind, he thought every preparatory caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest way to effect this, was by laying the foundation in previous affection.

Blifil, indeed, soon cured his uncle of all anger on the score of deceit, by many vows and protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many declarations of Western very well tallied; but how to persuade Allworthy to consent to the renewing his addresses, was a matter of such apparent difficulty, that the very appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprizing genius: but this young gentleman so well knew his own talents, that nothing within the province of cunning seemed to him hard to be atchieved.

Here then he represented the violence of his own affection, and the hopes of subduing aversion in the lady by perseverance. He begged, that in an affair on which depended all his future repose, he might at least be at liberty to try all fair means for success. Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle methods! 'Besides, Sir,' said he, 'if they fail, 'you may then (which will be surely 'time enough) deny your consent.' He urged the great and eager desire which Mr. Western had for the match, and lastly, he made great use of the name of Jones, to whom he imputed all that had happened; and for whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young lady, was even an act of charity.

All these arguments were well seconded by Thwackum, who dwelt a little stronger on the authority of parents, than Mr. Blifil himself had done. He ascribed the measures which Mr. Blifil was desirous to take, to christian motives; 'And though,' says he, 'the good young gentleman hath 'mentioned charity last, I am almost 'convinced it is his first and principal consideration.'

Square, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same tune, though in a different key, and would have discovered much moral fitness in the proceeding; but he was now gone to Bath, for the recovery of his health.

Allworthy, though not without reluctance, at last yielded to the desires of his nephew. He said, he would accompany him to London, where he might be at liberty to use every honest endeavour to gain the lady: 'But I 'declare,' said he, 'I will never give 'my consent to any absolute force be'ing put on her inclinations, nor shall 'you ever have her, unless she can be 'brought freely to compliance.'

Thus did the affection of Allworthy for his nephew, betray the superior understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the prudence of the best of heads often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhoped-for acquiescence in his uncle, rested not till he carried his purpose into execution: and as no immediate business required Mr. Allworthy's presence in the country, and little preparation is necessary to men for a journey, they set out the very next day; and arrived in town that evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with Partridge at the play.

The morning after his arrival, Mr. Blifil waited on Mr. Western, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as Sophia could make him; nor would the squire suffer the young gentleman to return to his uncle, till he had almost against his will, carried him to his sister.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH MR. WESTERN PAYS A VISIT TO HIS SISTER, IN COMPANY WITH MR. BLIFIL.

MRS. Western was reading a lecture on prudence and matrimonial politicks to her niece, when her brother and Blifil broke in, with less ceremony than the laws of visiting require. Sophia no sooner saw Blifil, than she turned pale, and almost lost the use of all her faculties; but her

aunt on the contrary waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the squire.

'Brother,' said she, 'I am astonished at your behaviour: will you never learn any regard to decorum? Will you still look upon every apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your country tenants? Do you think yourself at liberty to invade the privacies of women of condition, without the least decency or notice?'—'Why, what a pox is the matter now?' quoth the squire; one would think I had caught you at—' 'None of your brutality, Sir, I beseech you,' answered she. 'You have surprized my poor niece so, that she can hardly, I see, support herself.—Go, my dear, retire; and endeavour to recruit your spirits; for I see you have occasion.' At which words, Sophia, who never received a more welcome command, hastily withdrew.

'To be sure, sister,' cries the squire, 'you are mad, when I have brought Mr. Blifil here to court her, to force her away!'

'Sure, brother,' says she, 'you are worse than mad, when you know in what situation affairs are, to—I am sure, I ask Mr. Blifil pardon, but he knows very well to whom to impute so disagreeable a reception. For my own part, I am sure I shall always be very glad to see Mr. Blifil; but his own good sense would not have suffered him to proceed so abruptly, had not you compelled him to it.'

Blifil bowed, and stammered, and looked like a fool; but Western, without giving him time to form a speech for the purpose, answered, 'Well, well, I am to blame, if you will; I always am, certainly; but come, let the girl be fetched back again, or let Mr. Blifil go to her. He's come up on purpose, and there's no time to be lost.'

'Brother,' cries Mrs. Western, 'Mr. Blifil, I am confident, understands himself better, than to think of seeing my niece any more this morning, after what hath happened. Women are of a more nice contexture; and our spirits, when disordered, are not to be recomposed in a moment. Had you suffered Mr. Blifil to have sent his compliments to my niece, and to have desired the favour of waiting on her in the afternoon, I should possibly have prevailed on her to have seen him; but now I despair of bringing about any such matter.'

'I am very sorry, Madam,' cried Blifil, 'that Mr. Western's extraordinary kindness to me, which I can never enough acknowledge, should have occasioned——' 'Indeed, Sir,' said she, interrupting him, 'you need make no apologies, we all know my brother so well.'

'I don't care what any body knows of me!' answered the squire; 'but when must he come to see her? for consider, I tell you, he is come up on purpose, and so is Allworthy.'—'Brother,' said she, 'whatever message Mr. Blifil thinks proper to send to my niece, shall be delivered to her: and I suppose she will want no instructions to make a proper answer: I am convinced she will not refuse to see Mr. Blifil at a proper time.'—'The devil she won't!' answered the squire. 'Odsbud! don't we know—I say nothing; but some volk are wiser than all the world. If I might have had my will, she had not run away before: and now I expect to hear every moment she is guone again. For, as great a fool as some volk thinks me, I know very well she hates——' 'No matter, brother,' replied Mrs. Western; 'I will not hear my niece abused. It is a reflection on my family. She is an honour to it; and she will be an honour to it, I promise you. I will pawn my whole reputation in the world on her conduct. I shall be glad to see you, brother, in the afternoon; for I have somewhat of importance to mention to you. At present, Mr. Blifil, as well as you, must excuse me; for I am in haste to dress.'—'Well, but,' said the squire, 'do appoint a time!'—'Indeed,' said she, 'I can appoint no time. I tell you, I will see you in the afternoon.'—'What the devil would you have me do?' cries the squire, turning to Blifil; 'I can no more turn her, than a beagle can turn an old hare. Perhaps she will be in a better humour in the afternoon.'—'I am condemned, I see, Sir, to misfortune,' answered Blifil; 'but

'but I shall always own my obliga-
'tions to you.' He then took a ceremonious leave of Mrs. Western, who was altogether as ceremonious on her part; and then they departed, the squire muttering to himself with an oath, that Blifil should see his daughter in the afternoon.

If Mr. Western was little pleased with this interview, Blifil was less. As to the former, he imputed the whole behaviour of his sister to her humour only, and to her dissatisfaction at the omission of ceremony in the visit: but Blifil saw a little deeper into things. He suspected somewhat of more consequence, from two or three words which dropt from the lady; and, to say the truth, he suspected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the several matters which will be contained in the following chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

SCHEMES OF LADY BELLASTON FOR THE RUIN OF JONES.

LOVE had taken too deep a root in the mind of Lord Fellamar, to be plucked up by the rude hands of Mr. Western. In the heat of resentment he had indeed given a commission to Captain Egglane, which the captain had far exceeded in the execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his lordship been able to find the captain after he had seen Lady Bellaston, which was in the afternoon of the day after he had received the affront; but so industrious was the captain in the discharge of his duty, that having after long enquiry found out the squire's lodgings very late in the evening, he sat up all night at a tavern, that he might not miss the squire in the morning, and by that means missed the revocation which my lord had sent to his lodgings.

In the afternoon then, next after the intended rape of Sophia, his lordship, as we have said, made a visit to Lady Bellaston, who said open so much of the character of the squire, that his lordship plainly saw the absurdity he had been guilty of in taking any offence at his words, especially as he had those honourable designs on his daughter. He then unbosomed the violence of his passion to Lady Bellaston, who readily undertook the cause, and encouraged him with certain assurance of a most favourable reception from all the elders of the family, and from the father himself when he should be sober, and should be made acquainted with the nature of the offer made to his daughter. The only danger, she said, lay in the fellow she had formerly mentioned; who, though a beggar and a vagabond, had, by some means or other, she knew not what, procured himself tolerable cloaths, and passed for a gentleman. 'Now,' says she, 'as I have, for the sake of my cousin, 'made it my business to enquire after 'this fellow, I have luckily found out 'his lodgings:' with which she then acquainted his lordship. 'I am think-
'ing, my lord,' added she, ('for this 'fellow is too mean for your personal 'resentment) whether it would not 'be possible for your lordship to con-
'trive some method of having him 'pressed, and sent on board a ship. 'Neither law nor conscience forbid 'this project; for the fellow, I pro-
'mise you, however well dressed, is 'but a vagabond, and as proper as 'any fellow in the streets to be pressed 'into the service; and as for the con-
'scientious part, surely the preserva-
'tion of a young lady from such ruin 'is a most meritorious act; nay, with 'regard to the fellow himself, unless 'he could succeed (which Heaven for-
'bid!) with my cousin, it may proba-
'bly be the means of preserving him 'from the gallows, and perhaps may 'make his fortune in an honest way.'

Lord Fellamar very heartily thanked her ladyship for the part which she was pleased to take in the affair, upon the success of which his whole future happiness entirely depended. He said, he saw at present no objection to the pressing scheme, and would consider of putting it in execution. He then most earnestly recommended to her ladyship, to do him the honour of immediately mentioning his proposals to the family; to whom, he said, he offered a *carte blanche*, and would settle his fortune in almost any manner they should require: and after uttering many extasies and raptures concerning Sophia, he took his leave and departed; but not before he had received the strongest charge to beware of Jones, and to lose

lose no time in securing his person where he should no longer be in a capacity of making any attempts on the ruin of the young lady.

The moment Mrs. Western was arrived at her lodgings, a card was dispatched, with her compliments to Lady Bellaston; who no sooner received it, than, with the impatience of a lover, she flew to her cousin; rejoicing at this fair opportunity, which, beyond her hopes, offered itself: for she was much better pleased with the prospect of making the proposals to a woman of sense, and who knew the world, than to a gentleman whom she honoured with the appellation of Hottentot; though, indeed, from him she apprehended no danger of a refusal.

The two ladies being met, after very short previous ceremonials, fell to business, which was indeed almost as soon concluded as begun; for Mrs. Western no sooner heard the name of Lord Fellamar, than her cheeks glowed with pleasure; but when she was acquainted with the eagerness of his passion, the earnestness of his proposals, and the generosity of his offer, she declared her full satisfaction in the most explicit terms.

In the progress of their conversation, their discourse turned to Jones; and both cousins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate attachment which both agreed Sophia had to that young fellow; and Mrs. Western entirely attributed it to the folly of her brother's management. She concluded, however, at last, with declaring her confidence in the good understanding of her niece; 'Who, though she would 'not give up her affection in favour of 'Blifil, will, I doubt not,' says she, 'soon be prevailed upon to sacrifice a 'simple inclination to the addresses of 'a fine gentleman, who brings her both 'a title and a large estate: for, indeed,' added she, 'I must do Sophy the justice to confess, this Blifil is but a hideous kind of fellow; as you know, 'Bellaston, all country gentlemen are; 'and hath nothing but his fortune to 'recommend him.'

'Nay,' said Lady Bellaston, 'I 'don't then so much wonder at my 'cousin; for I promise you, this Jones 'is a very agreeable fellow, and hath 'one virtue, which the men say is a 'great recommendation to us. What 'do you think, Bell!—I shall certainly make you laugh; nay, I can hardly tell you myself for laughing—'Will you believe that the fellow hath 'had the assurance to make love to 'me? But if you should be inclined 'to disbelieve it, here is evidence 'enough, his own hand-writing, I assure you.' She then delivered her cousin the letter with the proposals of marriage; which if the reader hath a desire to see, he will find already on record, in the fifteenth book of this history.

'Upon my word, I am astonished,' said Mrs. Western: 'this is, indeed, 'a master-piece of assurance! With 'your leave, I may possibly make some 'use of this letter.'—'You have my 'full liberty,' cries Lady Bellaston, 'to 'apply it to what purpose you please. 'However, I would not have it shewn 'to any but Miss Western; nor to 'her, unless you find occasion.'—'Well, and how did you use the fellow?' returned Mrs. Western. 'Not 'as a husband,' said the lady; 'I am 'not married, I promise you, my dear. 'You know, Bell, I have tried the 'comforts once already; and once, I 'think, is enough for any reasonable 'woman.'

This letter Lady Bellaston thought would certainly turn the balance against Jones, in the mind of Sophia; and she was emboldened to give it up, partly by her hopes of having him instantly dispatched out of the way, and partly by having secured the evidence of Honour; who, upon sounding her, she saw sufficient reason to imagine, was prepared to testify whatever she pleased.

But perhaps the reader may wonder why Lady Bellaston, who in her heart hated Sophia, should be so desirous of promoting a match, which was so much to the interest of the young lady. Now, I should desire such readers to look carefully into human nature, page almost the last, and there he will find, in scarce legible characters, that women, notwithstanding the preposterous behaviour of mothers, aunts, &c. in matrimonial matters, do in reality think it so great a misfortune to have their inclinations in love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry enmity higher than upon these disappointments: again, he will find it written, much about the same place, that a woman

a woman who hath once been pleaſed with the poſſeſſion of a man, will go above half way to the devil, to prevent any other woman from enjoying the ſame.

If he will not be contented with theſe reaſons, I freely confeſs I ſee no other motive to the actions of that lady, unleſs we will conceive ſhe was bribed by Lord Fellamar, which for my own part I ſee no cauſe to ſuſpect.

Now, this was the affair which Mrs. Weſtern was preparing to introduce to Sophia, by ſome prefatory diſcourſe on the folly of love, and on the wiſdom of legal proſtitution for hire, when her brother and Blifil broke abruptly in upon her; and hence aroſe all that coldneſs in her behaviour to Blifil; which, though the ſquire, as was uſual with him, imputed to a wrong cauſe, infuſed into Blifil himſelf (he being a much more cunning man) a ſuſpicion of the real truth.

CHAP. IX.

IN WHICH JONES PAYS A VISIT TO MRS. FITZPATRICK.

THE reader may now, perhaps, be pleaſed to return with us to Mr. Jones, who, at the appointed hour, attended on Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but before we relate the converſation which now paſſed, it may be proper, according to our method, to return a little back, and to account for ſo great an alteration of behaviour in this lady; that from changing her lodgings principally to avoid Mr. Jones, ſhe had now induſtriouſly, as hath been ſeen, ſought this interview.

And here we ſhall need only to reſort to what happened the preceding day, when hearing from Lady Bellaſton, that Mr. Weſtern was arrived in town, ſhe went to pay her duty to him, at his lodgings at Piccadilly; where ſhe was received with many ſcurvy compellations, too coarſe to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of doors. From hence an old ſervant of her aunt Weſtern, with whom ſhe was well acquainted, conducted her to the lodgings of that lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to ſay the truth, with rudeneſs in another way. In ſhort, ſhe returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her ſcheme of reconciliation had proved abortive, but that ſhe muſt for ever give over all thoughts of bringing it about by any means whatever. From this moment, deſire of revenge only filled her mind; and in this temper meeting Jones at the play, an opportunity ſeemed to her to occur of effecting the purpoſe.

The reader muſt remember that he was acquainted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in the account ſhe gave of her own ſtory, with the fondneſs Mrs. Weſtern had formerly ſhewn for Mrs. Fitzpatrick at Bath; from the diſappointment of which, Mrs. Fitzpatrick derived the great bitterneſs her aunt had expreſſed towards her. She had, therefore, no doubt, but that the good lady would as eaſily liſten to the addreſſes of Mr. Jones, as ſhe had before done to the other; for the ſuperiority of charms was clearly on the ſide of Mr. Jones; and the advance which her aunt had ſince made in age, ſhe concluded (how juſtly I will not ſay) was an argument rather in favour of her project than againſt it.

Therefore, when Jones attended, after a previous declaration of her deſire of ſerving him, ariſing, as ſhe ſaid, from a firm aſſurance how much ſhe ſhould, by ſo doing, oblige Sophia; and after ſome excuſes for her former diſappointment, and after acquainting Mr. Jones in whoſe cuſtody his miſtreſs was, of which ſhe thought him ignorant; ſhe very explicitly mentioned her ſcheme to him, and adviſed him to make ſham addreſſes to the older lady, in order to procure an eaſy acceſs to the younger; informing him, at the ſame time, of the ſucceſs which Mr. Fitzpatrick had formerly owed to the very ſame ſtratagem.

Mr. Jones expreſſed great gratitude to the lady for the kind intentions towards him which ſhe had expreſſed, and indeed teſtified, by this propoſal; but, beſides intimating ſome diffidence of ſucceſs from the lady's knowledge of his love to her niece, which had not been her caſe in regard to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he ſaid, he was afraid Miſs Weſtern would never agree to an impoſition of this kind, as well from her utter deteſtation of all fallacy, as from her avowed duty to her aunt.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a little nettled at this; and, indeed, if it may not be called a lapſe of the tongue, it was a

ſmall

small deviation from politeness in Jones; and into which he scarce would have fallen, had not the delight he felt in praising Sophia hurried him out of all reflection; for this commendation of one cousin, was more than a tacit rebuke on the other.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered the lady, with some warmth, 'I cannot think 'there is any thing easier than to cheat 'an old woman with a profession of 'love, when her complexion is amo-'rous; and though she is my aunt, I 'must say, there never was a more 'liquorish one than her ladyship.— 'Can't you pretend that the despair 'of possessing her niece, from her be-'ing promised to Blifil, has made you 'turn your thoughts towards her? As 'to my cousin Sophia, I can't ima-'gine her to be such a simpleton, as to 'have the least scruple on such an ac-'count; or to conceive any harm in 'punishing one of these hags for the 'many mischiefs they bring upon 'families, by their tragick-comick 'passions; for which I think it is pity 'they are not punishable by law. I 'had no such scruple myself; and yet 'I hope my cousin Sophia will not 'think it an affront, when I say she 'cannot detest every real species of 'falsehood more than her cousin Fitz-'patrick. To my aunt, indeed, I 'pretend no duty; nor doth she de-'serve any. However, Sir, I have giv-'en you my advice, and if you de-'cline pursuing it, I shall have the less 'opinion of your understanding—— 'that's all.'

Jones now clearly saw the error he had committed, and exerted his utmost power to rectify it; but he only faultered and stuttered into nonsense and contradiction. To say the truth, it is often safer to abide by the consequences of the first blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for, by such endeavours, we generally plunge deeper, instead of extricating ourselves; and few persons will, on such occasions, have the good-nature which Mrs. Fitzpatrick displayed to Jones, by saying with a smile, 'You need attempt no 'more excuses; for I can easily for-'give a real lover whatever is the effect 'of fondness for his mistress.'

She then renewed her proposal, and very fervently recommended it; omitting no argument which her invention could suggest on the subject: for she was so violently incensed against her aunt, that scarce any thing was capable of affording her equal pleasure with exposing her; and, like a true woman, she would see no difficulties in the execution of a favourite scheme.

Jones, however, persisted in declining the undertaking; which had not, indeed, the least probability of success. He easily perceived the motives which induced Mrs. Fitzpatrick to be so eager in pressing her advice. He said, he would not deny the tender and passionate regard he had for Sophia; but was so conscious of the inequality of their situations, that he could never flatter himself so far, as to hope that so divine a young lady would condescend to think on so unworthy a man; nay, he protested, he could scace bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a profession of generous sentiments, which we have not at present leisure to insert.

There are some fine women (for I dare not here speak in too general terms) with whom self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any subject; and as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praise they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own use. In the company of these ladies it is impossible to say any thing handsome of another woman, which they will not apply to themselves; nay, they often improve the praise they seize; as, for instance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good humour, deserve so much commendation, what do I deserve, who possess those qualities in so much more eminent a degree?

To these ladies, a man often recommends himself, while he is commending another woman; and while he is expressing ardour and generous sentiments for his mistress, they are considering what a charming lover this man would make to them, who can feel all this tenderness for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many instances besides Mrs. Fitzpatrick, to whom all this really happened; and who now began to feel a somewhat for Mr. Jones, the symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor Sophia had formerly done.

To

To ſay the truth, perfect beauty, in both ſexes, is a more irreſiſtible object than it is generally thought; for, notwithſtanding ſome of us are contented with more homely lots, and learn by rote (as children are to repeat what gives them no idea) to deſpiſe outſide, and to value more ſolid charms; yet, I have always obſerved, at the approach of conſummate beauty, that theſe more ſolid charms only ſhine with that kind of luſtre which the ſtars have after the riſing of the ſun.

When Jones had finiſhed his exclamations, many of which would have become the mouth of Oroondates himſelf, Mrs. Fitzpatrick heaved a deep ſigh; and taking her eyes off from Jones, on whom they had been ſome time fixed, and dropping them on the ground, ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Mr. 'Jones, I pity you! but it is the 'curſe of ſuch tenderneſs, to be thrown 'away on thoſe who are inſenſible of 'it. I know my couſin better than 'you, Mr. Jones; and I muſt ſay, 'any woman who makes no return to 'ſuch a paſſion, and ſuch a perſon, 'is unworthy of both.'

'Sure, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you 'can't mean—' 'Mean!' cries Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'I know not what I 'mean; there is ſomething, I think, 'in pure tenderneſs, bewitching; few 'women ever meet with it in men, and 'fewer ſtill know how to value it 'when they do. I never heard ſuch 'truly noble ſentiments; and I can't 'tell how it is, but you force one to 'believe you. Sure ſhe muſt be the 'moſt contemptible of women, who 'can overlook ſuch merit.'

The manner and look with which all this was ſpoke, infuſed a ſuſpicion into Jones, which we don't care to convey in direct words to the reader. Inſtead of making any anſwer, he ſaid, 'I am afraid, Madam, I have made 'too tireſome a viſit;' and offered to take his leave.

'Not at all, Sir,' anſwered Mrs. Fitzpatrick. 'Indeed, I pity you, Mr. 'Jones; indeed, I do: but if you 'are going, conſider of the ſcheme 'I have mentioned. I am convinced 'you will approve it, and let me ſee 'you again as ſoon as you can. To'morrow morning, if you will, or at 'leaſt ſome time to-morrow. I ſhall 'be at home all day.'

Jones then, after many expreſſions of thanks, very reſpectfully retired; nor could Mrs. Fitzpatrick forbear making him a preſent of a look at parting, by which, if he had underſtood nothing, he muſt have had no underſtanding in the language of the eyes. In reality, it confirmed his reſolution of returning to her no more; for, faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this hiſtory, his whole thoughts were now ſo confined to his Sophia, that, I believe, no woman upon earth could have now drawn him into an act of inconſtancy.

Fortune, however, who was not his friend, reſolved, as he intended to give her no ſecond opportunity, to make the beſt of this; and accordingly produced the tragical incident, which we are now in ſorrowful notes to record.

CHAP X.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE PRECEDING VISIT.

MR. Fitzpatrick having received the letter before mentioned, from Mrs. Weſtern, and being by that means acquainted with the place to which his wife was retired, returned directly to Bath, and thence, the day after, ſet forward to London.

The reader hath been already often informed of the jealous temper of this gentleman. He may likewiſe be pleaſed to remember the ſuſpicion which he had conceived of Jones at Upton, upon his finding him in the room with Mrs. Waters; and though ſufficient reaſon had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that ſuſpicion, yet, now the reading ſo handſome a character of Mr. Jones, from his wife, cauſed him to reflect, that ſhe likewiſe was in the inn at the ſame time; and jumbled together ſuch a confuſion of circumſtances, in a head which was naturally none of the cleareſt, that the whole produced that green-eyed monſter, mentioned by Shakeſpeare in his tragedy of Othello.

And now, as he was enquiring in the ſtreet after his wife, and had juſt received directions to the door, unfortunately Mr. Jones was iſſuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the

face of Jones; however, seeing a young well-dressed fellow coming from his wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house: 'For I am sure,' said he, 'you must have been in it, as I saw 'you come out of it.'

Jones answered very modestly, that he had been visiting a lady there. To which Fitzpatrick replied, 'What 'business have you with the lady?' Upon which Jones, who now perfectly remembered the voice, features, and, indeed, coat of the gentleman, cried out, 'Ha! my good friend; give me your 'hand; I hope there is no ill blood 'remaining between us, upon a small 'mistake which happened so long 'ago.'

'Upon my soul, Sir,' said Fitzpatrick, 'I don't know your name, 'nor your face.'—'Indeed, Sir,' said Jones, 'neither have I the pleasure of 'knowing your name; but your face 'I very well remember to have seen 'before, at Upton, where a foolish 'quarrel happened between us, which, 'if it is not made up yet, we will now 'make up over a bottle.'

'At Upton!' cried the other. 'Ha! 'upon my soul, I believe your name 'is Jones.'—'Indeed,' answered he, 'it is.'—'O, upon my soul,' cries Fitzpatrick, 'you are the very man I 'wanted to meet. Upon my soul, I 'will drink a bottle with you presently; but first I will give you a great 'knock over the pate. There is for 'you, you rascal. Upon my soul, if 'you do not give me satisfaction for 'that blow, I will give you another.' And then drawing his sword, puts himself in a posture of defence, which was the only science he understood.

Jones was a little staggered by the blow, which came somewhat unexpectedly; but presently recovering himself, he also drew, and though he understood nothing of fencing, pressed on so boldly upon Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in the body of the said gentleman, who had no sooner received it, than he stept backwards, dropt the point of his sword, and leaning upon it, cried, 'I have satisfac-'tion enough: I am a dead man.'

'I hope not,' cries Jones; 'but 'whatever be the consequence, you 'must be sensible you have drawn it 'upon yourself.' At this instant, a number of fellows rushed in and seized Jones; who told them, he should make no resistance, and begged some of them at least would take care of the wounded gentleman.

'Ay,' cries one of the fellows, 'the wounded gentleman will be taken 'care enough of; for, I suppose, he 'hath not many hours to live. As 'for you, Sir, you have a month at 'least good yet.'—'D—n me, Jack,' said another, 'he hath prevented his 'voyage; he's bound to another port 'now;' and many other such jests was our poor Jones made the subject of, by these fellows, who were, indeed, the gang employed by Lord Fellamar, and had dogged him into the house of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, waiting for him at the corner of the street, when this unfortunate accident happened.

The officer who commanded this gang, very wisely concluded, that his business was now to deliver his prisoner into the hands of the civil magistrate. He ordered him, therefore, to be carried to a publick-house, where, having sent for a constable, he delivered him to his custody.

The constable seeing Mr. Jones very well dressed, and hearing that the accident had happened in a duel, treated his prisoner with great civility; and, at his request, dispatched a messenger to enquire after the wounded gentleman, who was now at a tavern, under the surgeon's hands. The report brought back was, that the wound was certainly mortal, and there were no hopes of life. Upon which the constable informed Jones, that he must go before a justice. He answered, 'Wherever 'you please: I am indifferent as to 'what happens to me; for, though I 'am convinced I am not guilty of 'murder in the eye of the law, yet 'the weight of blood I find intolerable 'upon my mind.'

Jones was now conducted before the justice, where the surgeon who dressed Mr. Fitzpatrick appeared, and deposed, that he believed the wound to be mortal; upon which the prisoner was committed to the Gate-house. It was very late at night, so that Jones would not send for Partridge till the next morning; and as he never shut his eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor fellow, who was greatly

ly frightened at not hearing from his master so long, received a message which almost deprived him of his being, when he heard it.

He went to the Gate-house, with trembling knees and a beating heart; and was no sooner arrived in the presence of Jones, than he lamented the misfortune that had befallen him, with many tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great terror; for as the news now arrived that Mr. Fitzpatrick was dead, the poor fellow apprehended every minute, that his ghost would enter the room. At last he delivered him a letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from Sophia by the hands of Black George.

Jones presently dispatched every one out of the room, and having eagerly broke open the letter, read as follows:

'YOU owe the hearing from me 'again to an accident, which 'I own surprizes me. My aunt hath 'just now shewn me a letter from you 'to Lady Bellaston, which contains a 'proposal of marriage. I am con-'vinced it is your own hand; and 'what more surprizes me, is, that it 'is dated at the very time when you 'would have me imagine you was 'under such concern on my account. 'I leave you to comment on this fact. 'All I desire, is, that your name may 'never more be mentioned to

'S. W.'

Of the present situation of Mr. Jones's mind, and of the pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the reader a better idea, than by saying, his misery was such, that even Thwackum would almost have pitied him: but, bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an end to the sixteenth book of our history.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVII.

CONTAINING THREE DAYS.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING A PORTION OF INTRODUCTORY WRITING.

WHEN a comick writer hath made his principal characters as happy as he can; or, when a tragick writer hath brought them to the higheſt pitch of human miſery; they both conclude their buſineſs to be done, and that their work is come to a period.

Had we been of the tragick complexion, the reader muſt allow we were now very nearly arrived at this period; ſince it would be difficult for the devil, or any of his repreſentatives on earth, to have contrived much greater torments for poor Jones, than thoſe in which we left him in the laſt chapter: and, as for Sophia, a good-natured woman would hardly wiſh more uneaſineſs to a rival, than what ſhe muſt at preſent be ſuppoſed to feel. What then remains to compleat the tragedy, but a murder or two, and a few moral ſentences?

But to bring our favourites out of their preſent anguiſh and diſtreſs, and to land them at laſt on the ſhore of happineſs, ſeems a much harder taſk; a taſk, indeed, ſo hard, that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to Sophia, it is more than probable, that we ſhall, ſomewhere or other, provide a good huſband for her in the end; either Blifil, or my lord, or ſomebody elſe: but as to poor Jones, ſuch are the calamities in which he is at preſent involved, owing to his imprudence, by which if a man doth not become a felon to the world, he is at leaſt a *felo de ſe*; ſo deſtitute is he now of friends, and ſo perſecuted by enemies, that we almoſt deſpair of bringing him to any good; and if our reader delights in ſeeing executions, I think he ought not to loſe any time in taking a firſt row at Tyburn.

This I faithfully promiſe, that notwithſtanding any affection which we may be ſuppoſed to have for this rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our hero, we will lend him none of that ſupernatural aſſiſtance with which we are entruſted, upon condition that we uſe it only on very important occaſions,

sions. If he doth not, therefore, find some natural means of fairly extricating himself from all his distresses, we will do no violence to the truth and dignity of history for his sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at Tyburn (which may very probably be the case) than forfeit our integrity, or shock the faith of our reader.

In this, the ancients had a great advantage over the moderns. Their mythology which was at that time more firmly believed by the vulgar than any religion is at present, gave them always an opportunity of delivering a favourite hero. Their deities were always ready at the writer's elbow, to execute any of his purposes; and the more extraordinary the invention was, the greater was the surprize and delight of the credulous reader. Those writers could, with greater ease, have conveyed a friend from one country to another, nay, from one world to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from a gaol.

The Arabians and Persians had an equal advantage in writing their tales from the Genii and Fairies, which they believe in as an article of their faith, upon the authority of the Koran itself. But we have none of these helps. To natural means alone are we confined; let us try, therefore, what by these means may be done for poor Jones: though, to confess the truth, something whispers me in the ear, that he doth not yet know the worst of his fortune; and that a more shocking piece of news than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened leaves of fate.

CHAP. II.

THE GENEROUS AND GRATEFUL BEHAVIOUR OF MRS. MILLER.

MR. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were just sat down to breakfast, when Blifil, who had gone out very early that morning, returned to make one of the company.

He had not been long seated, before he began as follows. 'Good Lord! 'my dear uncle, what do you think 'hath happened? I vow I am afraid 'of telling it you, for fear of shocking you with the remembrance of 'ever having shewn any kindness to 'such a villain.'—'What is the matter, child?' said the uncle; 'I fear 'I have shewn kindness in my life to 'the unworthy more than once. But 'Charity doth not adopt the vices of 'it's objects.'—'O! Sir,' returned Blifil, 'it is not without the secret direction of Providence that you mention 'the word adoption. Your adopted son, 'Sir, that Jones, that wretch whom 'you nourished in your bosom, hath 'proved one of the greatest villains 'upon earth.'—'By all that's sacred, 'tis false!' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Mr. 'Jones is no villain. He is one of the 'worthiest creatures breathing; and if 'any other person had called him villain, I would have thrown all this 'boiling water in his face!' Mr. Allworthy looked very much amazed at this behaviour. But she did not give him leave to speak, before turning to him she cried, 'I hope you will not 'be angry with me; I would not offend you, Sir, for the world! but, indeed, I could not bear to hear him 'called so.'—'I must own, Madam,' said Allworthy, very gravely, 'I am 'a little surprized to hear you so warmly defend a fellow you do not know.'—'O, I do know him, Mr. Allworthy,' said she; 'indeed I do; I should 'be the most ungrateful of all wretches 'if I denied it. O, he hath preserved 'me and my little family; we have 'all reason to bless him while we live. 'And I pray Heaven to bless him, 'and turn the hearts of his malicious 'enemies. I know, I find, I see he 'hath such!'—'You surprize me, Madam, still more,' said Allworthy; 'sure 'you must mean some other.' It is impossible you should have any such 'obligations to the man my nephew 'mentions.'—'Too surely,' answered she, 'I have obligations to him of the 'greatest and tenderest kind. He hath 'been the preserver of me and mine. 'Believe me, Sir, he hath been abused, grossly abused to you, I know 'he hath; or you, whom I know to 'be all goodness and honour, would 'not, after the many kind and tender 'things I have heard you say of this 'poor helpless child, have so disdainfully called him fellow! Indeed, my 'best of friends, he deserves a kinder 'appellation from you, had you heard 'the

'the good, the kind, the grateful things 'which I have heard him utter of you. 'He never mentions your name but 'with a sort of adoration. In this very 'room I have seen him on his knees 'imploring all the blessings of Heaven 'upon your head. I do not love that 'child there better than he loves you.'

'I see, Sir, now,' said Blifil, with one of those grinning sneers, with which the devil marks his best beloved, 'Mrs. Miller really doth know 'him. I suppose you will find she is 'not the only one of your acquaintance to whom he hath exposed you. 'As for my character, I perceive, by 'some hints she hath thrown out, he 'hath been very free with it, but I 'forgive him.'—'And the Lord forgive you, Sir!' says Mrs. Miller; 'we have all sins enough to stand in 'need of his forgiveness.'

'Upon my word, Mrs. Miller,' said Allworthy, 'I do not take this 'behaviour of yours, to my nephew, 'kindly; and I do assure you, as any 'reflections which you cast upon him, 'must come only from that wickedest 'of men, they would only serve, if 'that were possible, to heighten my 'resentment against him: for I must 'tell you, Mrs. Miller, the young 'man who now stands before you, 'hath ever been the warmest advocate 'for the ungrateful wretch, whose 'cause you espouse. This, I think, 'when you hear it from my mouth, 'will make you wonder at so much 'baseness and ingratitude.'

'You are deceived, Sir,' answered Mrs. Miller; 'if they were the last 'words which were to issue from my 'lips, I would say you were deceived; 'and I once more repeat it, the Lord 'forgive those who have deceived you! 'I do not pretend to say the young 'man is without faults; but they are 'the faults of wildness and of youth; 'faults which he may, nay, which I 'am certain he will relinquish, and if 'he should not, they are vastly overbalanced by one of the most humane, 'tender, honest hearts, that ever man 'was blessed with.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Miller,' said Allworthy, 'had this been related of you, 'I should not have believed it.'—'Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'you will 'believe every thing I have said, I 'am sure you will; and when you 'have heard the story which I shall 'tell you (for I will tell you all) you 'will be so far from being offended, 'that you will own (I know your 'justice so well) that I must have been 'the most despicable and most ungrateful of wretches, if I had acted any 'other part than I have.'

'Well, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I shall be very glad to hear any good 'excuse for a behaviour which, I must 'confess, I think wants an excuse. 'And now, Madam, will you be 'pleased to let my nephew proceed in 'his story without interruption? He 'would not have introduced a matter 'of slight consequence, with such a 'preface. Perhaps, even this story 'will cure you of your mistake.'

Mrs. Miller gave tokens of submission, and then Mr. Blifil began thus: 'I am sure, Sir, if you don't think 'proper to resent the ill usage of Mrs. 'Miller, I shall easily forgive what 'affects me only. I think your goodness hath not deserved this indignity 'at her hands.'—'Well, child,' said Allworthy, 'but what is this new in'stance? What hath he done of late?' —'What,' cries Blifil, 'notwithstanding all Mrs. Miller hath said, 'I am very sorry to relate, and what 'you should never have heard from 'me, had it not been a matter impossible to conceal from the whole world. 'In short, he hath killed a man; I 'will not say murdered—for, perhaps, 'it may not be so construed in law, 'and I hope the best for his sake.'

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs. Miller, he cried, 'Well, Madam, 'what say you now?'

'Why, I say, Sir,' answered she, 'that I never was more concerned at 'any thing in my life; but, if the 'fact be true, I am convinced the 'man, whoever he is, was in fault. 'Heaven knows there are many villains in this town, who make it their 'business to provoke young gentlemen. 'Nothing but the greatest provocation 'could have tempted him; for of all the 'gentlemen I ever had in my house, I 'never saw one so gentle, or so sweet'tempered. He was beloved by every 'one in the house, and every one who 'came near it.'

While she was thus running on, a violent knocking at the door interrupted

rupted the converſation, and prevented her from proceeding farther, or from receiving any anſwer; for, as ſhe concluded this was a viſitor to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe haſtily retired, taking with her her little girl, whoſe eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy news ſhe heard of Jones, who uſed to call her his little wife; and not only gave her many playthings, but ſpent whole hours in playing with her himſelf.

Some readers may, perhaps, be pleaſed with theſe minute circumſtances, in relating of which, we follow the example of Plutarch, one of the beſt of our brother hiſtorians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at leaſt pardon them, as we are never prolix on ſuch occaſions.

CHAP. III.

THE ARRIVAL OF MR. WESTERN, WITH SOME MATTERS CONCERNING THE PATERNAL AUTHORITY.

MRS. Miller had not long left the room, when Mr. Weſtern entered; but not before a ſmall wrangling bout had paſſed between him and his chairman; for the fellows who had taken up their burden at the Hercules Pillars, had conceived no hopes of having any future good cuſtomer in the ſquire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his generoſity, (for he had given them of his own accord ſixpence more than their fare;) they, therefore, very boldly demanded another ſhilling, which ſo provoked the ſquire, that he not only beſtowed many hearty curſes on them at the door, but retained his anger after he came into the room; ſwearing that all the Londoners were like the court, and thought of nothing but plundering country gentlemen. 'D—n me,' ſays he, 'if I 'won't walk in the rain, rather than 'get into one of their hand-barrows 'again! They have jolted me more 'in a mile, than Brown Beſs would 'in a long fox-chace.'

When his wrath on this occaſion was a little appeaſed; he reſumed the ſame paſſionate tone on another. 'There,' ſays he, 'there is fine bu-'ſineſs forwards now! The hounds 'have changed at laſt; and when we 'imagined we had a fox to deal with, 'od-rat-it, it turns out to be a badger 'at laſt.'

'Pray, my good neighbour,' ſaid Allworthy, 'drop your metaphors, 'and ſpeak a little plainer.'—'Why, 'then,' ſays the ſquire, 'to tell you 'plainly, we have been all this time 'afraid of a ſon of a whore of a baſ-'tard of ſomebody's, I don't know 'who's, not I—And now here is a 'confounded ſon of a whore of a lord, 'who may be a baſtard too for what 'I know or care, for he ſhall never 'have a daughter of mine by my con-'ſent! They have beggared the na-'tion; but they ſhall never beggar 'me. My land ſhall never be ſent 'over to Hanover.'

'You ſurprize me much, my good 'friend,' ſaid Allworthy. 'Why, 'zounds! I am ſurprized myſelf,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I went to zee Siſ-'ter Weſtern laſt night, according to 'her own appointment, and there I 'was a had into a whole roomful of 'women. There was my Lady Cou-'ſin Bellaſton, and my Lady Betty, 'and my Lady Catharine, and my 'lady I don't know who; d—n me 'if ever you catch me among ſuch a 'kennel of hoop-petticoat b—s! D—n 'me, I'd rather be run by my own 'dogs, as one *Acton* was; that the 'ſtory-book ſays, was turned into a 'hare, and his own dogs killed un, 'and eat un! Od-rabbit-it, no mortal 'was ever run in ſuch a manner; if I 'dodged one way, one had me; if I 'offered to clap back, another ſnapp'd 'me. "O certainly, one of the great-"eſt matches in England!" ſays one 'couſin;' [here he attempted to mimick them.] "A very advantageous "offer indeed!" cries another cou-'ſin; (for you muſt know they be all 'my couſins, thof I never zeed half 'oum before.) "Surely," ſays that 'fat a—ſe b—, my Lady Bellaſton, "couſin, you muſt be out of your "wits, to think of refuſing ſuch an "offer!"

'Now I begin to underſtand,' ſays Allworthy, 'ſome perſon hath made 'propoſals to Miſs Weſtern, which 'the ladies of the family approve, but 'it is not to your liking.'

'My liking!' ſaid Weſtern; 'how 'the devil ſhould it? I tell you, it is a 'lord;

'lord; and those are always volks 'whom you know I always resolved 'to have nothing to do with. Did 'unt I refuse a matter of vorty years 'purchase now for a bit of land, which 'one oum had a mind to put into a 'park, only because I would have no 'dealings with lords; and dost think 'I would marry my daughter zu? Besides, ben't I engaged to you, and 'did I ever go off any bargain when I 'had promised?'

'As to that point, neighbour,' said Allworthy, 'I entirely release you 'from any engagement. No contract 'can be binding between parties who 'have not a full power to make it at 'the time, nor ever afterwards acquire the power of fulfilling it.'

'Slud! then,' answered Western, 'I tell you I have power, and I will 'fulfil it. Come along with me directly to Doctors Commons; I will 'get a licence, and will go to sister, 'and take away the wench by force; 'and she shall ha' un, or I will lock 'her up, and keep her upon bread and 'water as long as she lives.'

'Mr. Western,' said Allworthy, 'shall I beg you will hear my full 'sentiments on this matter?'—'Hear 'thee! ay, to be sure, I will,' answered he. 'Why then, Sir,' cries Allworthy, 'I can truly say, without a 'compliment either to you or the 'young lady, that when this match 'was proposed, I embraced it very 'readily and heartily, from my regard 'to you both. An alliance between 'two families so nearly neighbours, 'and between whom there had always 'existed so mutual an intercourse and 'good harmony, I thought a most desirable event; and with regard to the 'young lady, not only the concurrent 'opinion of all who knew her, but 'my own observation, assured me, that 'she would be an inestimable treasure 'to a good husband. I shall say nothing of her personal qualifications, 'which certainly are admirable; her 'good-nature, her charitable disposition, her modesty, are too well known 'to need any panegyrick: but she hath 'one quality which existed in a high 'degree in that best of women, who is 'now one of the first of angels, which, 'as it is not of a glaring kind, more 'commonly escapes observation; so little, indeed, it is remarked, that I 'want a word to express it. I must 'use negatives on this occasion. I never heard any thing of pertness, or 'what is called repartee, out of her 'mouth; no pretence to wit, much 'less to that kind of wisdom, which 'is the result only of great learning 'and experience; the affectation of 'which, in a young woman, is as 'absurd as any of the affectations of 'an ape. 'No dictatorial sentiments, 'no judicial opinions, no profound 'criticisms. Whenever I have seen 'her in the company of men, she hath 'been all attention, with the modesty 'of a learner, not the forwardness of 'a teacher. You'll pardon me for it, 'but I once, to try her only, desired 'her opinion on a point which was 'controverted between Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square. To which she 'answered with much sweetness, "You "will pardon me, good Mr. Allworthy; I am sure you cannot in earnest "think me capable of deciding any "point in which two such gentlemen "disagree." Thwackum and Square, 'who both alike thought themselves 'sure of a favourable decision, seconded my request. She answered with 'the same good humour, "I must ab"solutely be excused; for I will af"front neither so much, as to give "my judgment on his side." Indeed, 'she always shewed the highest deference to the understandings of men; 'a quality absolutely essential to the 'making a good wife. I shall only 'add, that as she is most apparently 'void of all affectation, this diffidence 'must be certainly real.'

Here Blifil sighed bitterly; upon which Western, whose eyes were full of tears at the praise of Sophy, blubbered out, 'Don't be chicken-hearted, 'for shat ha' hur; d—n me, shat ha' 'hur, if she was twenty times as 'good.'

'Remember your promise, Sir,' cried Allworthy, 'I was not to be interrupted.'—'Well, shat unt,' answered the squire; 'I won't speak another 'word.'

'Now, my good friend,' continued Allworthy, 'I have dwelt so long on 'the merit of this young lady, partly 'as I am really in love with her character, and partly that fortune (for 'the match in that light is really advantageous on my nephew's side) 'might

'might not be imagined to be my 'principal view in having ſo eagerly 'embraced the propoſal. Indeed, I 'heartily wiſhed to receive ſo great a 'jewel into my family; but though I 'may wiſh for many good things, I 'would not, therefore, ſteal them; or 'be guilty of any violence or injuſtice 'to poſſeſs myſelf of them. Now, to 'force a woman into a marriage con-'trary to her conſent or approbation, 'is an act of ſuch injuſtice and oppreſ-'ſion, that I wiſh the laws of our 'country could reſtrain it: but a good 'conſcience is never lawleſs in the 'worſt-regulated ſtate, and will pro-'vide thoſe laws for itſelf, which the 'neglect of legiſlators hath forgotten 'to ſupply. This is ſurely a caſe of 'that kind; for is it not cruel, nay 'impious, to force a woman into that 'ſtate againſt her will; for her beha-'viour in which ſhe is to be account-'able to the higheſt and moſt dread-'ful court of judicature, and to an-'ſwer at the peril of her ſoul! To 'diſcharge the matrimonial duties in 'an adequate manner, is no eaſy taſk; 'and ſhall we lay this burden upon 'a woman, while we at the ſame time 'deprive her of all that aſſiſtance which 'may enable her to undergo it? Shall 'we tear her very heart from her, 'while we enjoin her duties to which 'a whole heart is ſcarcely equal? I 'muſt ſpeak very plainly here; I think 'parents who act in this manner are 'acceſſaries to all the guilt which their 'children afterwards incur; and of 'courſe muſt, before a Juſt Judge, ex-'pect to partake of their puniſhment: 'but if they could avoid this, good 'Heaven! is there a ſoul who can 'bear the thought of having contri-'buted to the damnation of his child?

'For theſe reaſons, my beſt neigh-'bour, as I ſee the inclinations of 'this young lady are moſt unhappily 'averſe to my nephew, I muſt decline 'any farther thoughts of the honour 'you intended him, though, I aſſure 'you, I ſhall always retain the moſt 'grateful ſenſe of it.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid Weſtern, (the froth burſting forth from his lips the moment they were uncorked) 'you 'cannot ſay but I have heard you out, 'and now I expect you'll hear me; 'and if I don't anſwer every word 'on't, why then I'll conſent to gee 'the matter up. Firſt, then, I deſire 'you to anſwer me one queſtion, Did 'not I beget her? Did not I beget 'her? anſwer me that. They ſay, in-'deed, it is a wiſe father that knows 'his own child; but I am ſure I have 'the beſt title to her, for I bred her 'up. But I believe you will allow 'me to be her father; and if I be, am 'I not to govern my own child? I aſk 'you that; am I not to govern my 'own child? And if I am to govern 'her in other matters, ſurely I am to 'govern her in this which concerns her 'moſt. And what am I deſiring all 'this while? Am I deſiring her to do 'any thing for me? To give me any 'thing? Zu much on t'other ſide, that 'I am only deſiring her to take away 'half my eſtate now, and t'other half 'when I die. Well; and what is it 'all vor? Why is unt it to make her 'happy? It's enough to make one 'mad to hear volks talk; if I was go-'ing to marry myſelf, then ſhe would ha' 'reaſon to cry and to blubber; but, on 'the contrary, han't I offered to bind 'down my land in ſuch a manner, that 'I could not marry if I would, ſeeing 'as narro' woman upon earth would 'ha' me. What the devil in hell can 'I do more? I contribute to her dam-'nation!—Zounds! I'd zee all the 'world d—d before her little finger 'ſhould be hurt. Indeed, Mr. Alſ-'worthy, you muſt excuſe me, but 'I am ſurprized to hear you talk in 'ſuch a manner; and I muſt ſay, take 'it how you will, that I thought you 'had more ſenſe.'

Allworthy reſented this reflexion only with a ſmile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have con-veyed into that ſmile any mixture of malice or contempt. His ſmiles at folly were, indeed, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the angels beſtow on the abſurdities of mankind.

Blifil now deſired to be permitted to ſpeak a few words. 'As to uſing any 'violence on the young lady, I am 'ſure I ſhall never conſent to it. My 'conſcience will not permit me to uſe 'violence on any one, much leſs on a 'lady, for whom, however cruel ſhe 'is to me, I ſhall always preſerve the 'pureſt and ſincereſt affection; but yet 'I have read, that women are ſeldom 'proof againſt perſeverance. Why 'may I not hope then, by ſuch perſe-

'verance, at last to gain those inclinations, in which, for the future, I 'shall, perhaps, have no rival? for, as 'for this lord, Mr. Western is so 'kind to prefer me to him; and sure, 'Sir, you will not deny but that a 'parent has at least a negative voice 'in these matters; nay, I have heard 'this very young lady herself say so, 'more than once; and declare, that she 'thought children inexcusable, who 'married in direct opposition to the 'will of their parents. Besides, though 'the other ladies of the family seem 'to favour the pretensions of my lord, 'I do not find the lady herself is in-'clined to give him any countenance; 'alas! I am too well assured she is 'not; I am too sensible that wickedest 'of men remains uppermost in her 'heart.'

'Ay, ay, so he does,' cries Western.

'But surely,' says Blifil, 'when 'she hears of this murder which he 'hath committed, if the law should 'spare his life———'

'What's that?' cries Western, 'mur-'der! hath he committed a murder, 'and is there any hopes of seeing him 'hanged?—Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.' Here he fell a singing and capering about the room.

'Child,' says Allworthy, 'this un-'happy passion of yours distresses me 'beyond measure. I heartily pity you, 'and would do every fair thing to 'promote your success.'

'I desire no more,' cries Blifil; 'I am 'convinced my dear uncle hath a bet-'ter opinion of me than to think that 'I myself would accept of more.'

'Look'e,' says Allworthy, 'you 'have my leave to write, to visit, if she 'will permit it—but I insist on no 'thoughts of violence. I will have 'no confinement, nothing of that kind 'attempted.'

'Well, well,' cries the 'squire, 'nothing of that kind shall be at-'tempted; we will try a little longer 'what fair means will effect; and if 'this fellow be but hanged out of the 'way, tol lol de rol!—I never heard 'better news in my life; I warrant 'every thing goes to my mind.—Do, 'pr'ythee, dear Allworthy, come and 'dine with me at the Hercules Pillars: 'I have bespoke a shoulder of mutton 'roasted, and a spare-rib of pork, and 'a fowl and egg-sauce. There will 'be nobody but ourselves, unless we 'have a mind to have the landlord; 'for I have sent Parson Supple down 'to Basingstoke after my tobacco-box, 'which I left at an inn there, and I 'would not lose it for the world; for 'it is an old acquaintance of above 'twenty years standing. I can tell 'you landlord is a vast comical bitch; 'you will like 'un hugely.'

Mr. Allworthy, at last agreed to this invitation; and soon after, the squire went off, singing and capering at the hopes of seeing the speedy, tragical end of poor Jones.

When he was gone, Mr. Allworthy resumed the aforesaid subject with much gravity. He told his nephew, he wished with all his heart he would endeavour to conquer a passion, 'In 'which I cannot,' says he, 'flatter 'you with any hopes of succeeding. 'It is certainly a vulgar error, that 'aversion in a woman may be con-'quered by perseverance. Indifference 'may, perhaps, sometimes yield to 'it; but the usual triumphs gained 'by perseverance in a lover, are over 'caprice, prudence, affectation, and 'often an exorbitant degree of levity, 'which excites women, not over-warm 'in their constitutions, to indulge their 'vanity by prolonging the time of 'courtship, even when they are well 'enough pleased with the object, and 'resolve (if they ever resolve at all) 'to make him a very pitiful amends 'in the end. But a fixed dislike, as I 'am afraid this is, will rather gather 'strength, than be conquered by time. 'Besides, my dear, I have another ap-'prehension, which you must excuse. 'I am afraid this passion, which you 'have for this fine young creature, 'hath her beautiful person too much 'for it's object, and is unworthy of 'the name of that love, which is the 'only foundation of matrimonial fe-'licity. To admire, to like, and to 'long, for the possession of a beautiful 'woman, without any regard to her 'sentiments towards us, is, I am 'afraid, too natural: but love, I be-'lieve, is the child of love only; at 'least, I am pretty confident, that to 'love the creature who we are assured 'hates us, is not in human nature. 'Examine your heart therefore, tho-'roughly, my good boy; and if, upon 'examination, you have but the least

'suspicion

'ſuſpicion of this kind, I am ſure 'your own virtue and religion will im-'pel you to drive ſo vicious a paſſion 'from your heart; and your good 'ſenſe will ſoon enable you to do it 'without pain.'

The reader may pretty well gueſs Blifil's anſwer; but if he ſhould be at a loſs, we are not, at preſent, at leiſure to ſatisfy him; as our hiſtory now haſtens on to matters of higher importance, and we can no longer bear to be abſent from Sophia.

CHAP. IV.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE BETWEEN SOPHIA AND HER AUNT.

THE lowing heifer, and the bleating ewe, in herds and flocks, may ramble ſafe and unregarded through the paſtures. Theſe are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the prey of man; yet many years are they ſuffered to enjoy their liberty undiſturbed: but if a plump doe be diſcovered to have eſcaped from the foreſt, and to repoſe herſelf in ſome field or grove, the whole pariſh is preſently alarmed, every man is ready to ſet his dogs after her; and if ſhe is preſerved from the reſt by the good ſquire, it is only that he may ſecure her for his own eating.

I have often conſidered a very fine young woman of fortune and faſhion, when firſt found ſtrayed from the pale of her nurſery, to be in pretty much the ſame ſituation with this doe. The town is immediately in an uproar, ſhe is hunted from park to play, from court to aſſembly, from aſſembly to her own chamber, and rarely eſcapes a ſingle ſeaſon from the jaws of ſome devourer or other: for, if her friends protect her from ſome, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chuſing, often more diſagreeable to her than any of the reſt; while whole herds or flocks of other women ſecurely, and ſcarce regarded, traverſe the park, the play, the opera, and the aſſembly; and though, for the moſt part at leaſt, they are at laſt devoured, yet for a long time do they wanton in liberty, without diſturbance or controul.

Of all theſe paragons, none ever taſted more of this perſecution than poor Sophia. Her ill ſtars were not contented will all that ſhe had ſuffered on account of Blifil; they now raiſed her another purſuer, who ſeemed likely to torment her no leſs than the other had done: for though her aunt was leſs violent, ſhe was no leſs aſſiduous in teazing her, than her father had been before.

The ſervants were no ſooner departed after dinner, than Mrs. Weſtern, who had opened the matter to Sophia, informed her, that ſhe expected his lordſhip that very afternoon, and intended to take the firſt opportunity of leaving her alone with him. 'If you 'do, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, with ſome ſpirit, 'I ſhall take the firſt op-'portunity of leaving him by himſelf.' —'How, Madam!' cries the aunt; 'is 'this the return you make me for 'my kindneſs, in relieving you from 'your confinement at your father's?' —'You know, Madam,' ſays Sophia, 'the cauſe of that confinement 'was a refuſal to comply with my 'father, in accepting a man I deteſted; 'and will my dear aunt, who hath re-'lieved me from that diſtreſs, involve 'me in another equally bad?'—'And 'do you think then, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, 'that there is 'no difference between my Lord Fel-'lamar and Mr. Blifil?'—'Very lit-'tle in my opinion,' cries Sophia; 'and if I muſt be condemned to one, 'I would certainly have the merit of 'ſacrificing myſelf to my father's 'pleaſure.'—'Then my pleaſure, I 'find,' ſaid the aunt, 'hath very lit-'tle weight with you! but that conſi-'deration ſhall not move me. I act 'from nobler motives. The view of 'aggrandizing my family, of enno-'bling yourſelf, is what I proceed up-'on. Have you no ſenſe of ambition? 'Are there no charms in the thoughts 'of having a coronet on your coach?' —'None, upon my honour,' ſaid Sophia. 'A pincuſhion upon my coach 'would pleaſe me juſt as well.'—'Ne-'ver mention honour,' cries the aunt. 'It becomes not the mouth of ſuch a 'wretch. I am ſorry, niece, you 'force me to uſe theſe words; but I 'cannot bear your grovelling temper; 'you have none of the blood of the 'Weſterns in you! But, however 'mean and baſe your own ideas are,

'you shall bring no imputation on 'mine. I will never suffer the world 'to say of me, that I encouraged you 'in refusing one of the best matches in 'England; a match, which, besides 'it's advantage in fortune, would do 'honour to almost any family, and 'hath indeed, in title, the advantage 'of ours.'—'Surely,' says Sophia, 'I am born deficient, and have not 'the senses with which other people 'are blessed: there must be certainly 'some sense which can relish the de-'lights of sound and show, which I 'have not: for surely mankind would 'not labour so much, nor sacrifice so 'much for the obtaining, nor would 'they be so elate and proud with pos-'sessing, what appeared to them, as 'it doth to me, the most insignificant 'of all trifles.'

'No, no, Miss,' cries the aunt; 'you are born with as many senses as 'other people; but, I assure you, you 'are not born with a sufficient under-'standing to make a fool of me, or to 'expose my conduct to the world. So 'I declare this to you, upon my word, 'and you know, I believe, how fixed 'my resolutions are, unless you agree 'to see his lordship this afternoon, I 'will with my own hands deliver 'you to-morrow morning to my bro-'ther, and will never henceforth in-'terfere with you, or see your face 'again.' Sophia stood a few moments silent after this speech, which was uttered in a most angry and peremptory tone; and then bursting into tears, she cried, 'Do with me, Madam, what-'ever you please; I am the most mi-'serable, undone wretch upon earth: 'if my dear aunt forsakes me, where 'shall I look for a protector?'—'My 'dear niece,' cries she, 'you will have 'a very good protector in his lordship; 'a protector, whom nothing but a 'hankering after that vile fellow Jones 'can make you decline.'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' said Sophia, 'you wrong 'me. How can you imagine, after 'what you have shewn me, if I had 'ever any such thoughts, that I should 'not banish them for ever? If it will 'satisfy you, I will receive the sacra-'ment upon it, never to see his face 'again.'—'But, child, dear child,' said the aunt, 'be reasonable: can 'you invent a single objection?'—'I 'have already, I think, told you a 'sufficient objection,' answered Sophia. 'What!' cries the aunt, 'I 'remember none.'—'Sure, Madam,' said Sophia, 'I told you he had used 'me in the rudest and vilest manner!' —'Indeed, child,' answered she, 'I 'never heard you, or did not under-'stand you: but what do you mean 'by this rude and vile manner?'—'Indeed, Madam,' said Sophia; 'I 'am almost ashamed to tell you. He 'caught me in his arms, pulled me 'down upon the settee, and thrust his 'hand into my bosom, and kissed it 'with such violence, that I have the 'mark upon my left breast at this mo-'ment.'—'Indeed!' said Mrs. Wes-tern. 'Yes, indeed, Madam,' an-swered Sophia; 'my father luckily 'came in at that instant, or Heaven 'knows what rudeness he intended to 'have proceeded to.'—'I am astonish-ed and confounded,' cries the aunt, 'No woman of the name of Western 'hath ever been treated so, since we 'were a family. I would have torn 'the eyes of a prince out, if he had 'attempted such freedoms with me. 'It is impossible! sure, Sophia, you 'must invent this to raise my indigna-tion against him.'—'I hope, Ma-dam,' said Sophia, 'you have too 'good an opinion of me, to imagine 'me capable of telling an untruth. 'Upon my soul, it is true.'—'I should 'have stabbed him to the heart, had I 'been present,' returned the aunt, 'Yet, surely, he could have no dis-'honourable design: it is impossible! 'he durst not; besides, his proposals 'shew he had not; for they are not 'only honourable, but generous. I 'don't know; the age allows too great 'freedoms. A distant salute is all I 'would have allowed before the cere-'mony. I have had lovers formerly, 'not so long ago neither; several 'lovers, though I never would consent 'to marriage, and I never encourag-'ed the least freedom. It is a foolish 'custom, and what I never would a-gree to. No man kissed more of me 'than my cheek. It is as much as 'one can bring one's self to give lips 'up to a husband: and, indeed, could 'I ever have been persuaded to marry, 'I believe I should not have soon been 'brought to endure so much.'—'You 'will pardon me, dear Madam,' said Sophia, 'if I make one observation:

'you

'you own you have had many lovers; 'and the world knows it, even if you 'should deny it. You refused them 'all, and I am convinced one coronet 'at least among them.'—'You say 'true, dear Sophy,' answered she; 'I 'had once the offer of a title.'—'Why then,' said Sophia, 'will you 'not suffer me to refuse this once?'—'It is true, child,' said she, 'I have 'refused the offer of a title; but it was 'not so good an offer; that is, not so 'very, very good an offer.'—'Yes, 'Madam,' said Sophia; 'but you 'have had very great proposals from 'men of vast fortunes. It was not 'the first, nor the second, nor the third 'advantageous match that offered it-'self.'—'I own it was not,' said she. 'Well, Madam,' continued Sophia, 'and why may not I expect to have a 'second, perhaps, better than this? 'You are now but a young woman, 'and I am convinced would not pro-'mise to yield to the first lover of for-'tune, nay, or of title too. I am a 'very young woman, and sure I need 'not despair.'—'Well, my dear, dear 'Sophy,' cries the aunt, 'what would 'you have me say?'—'Why, I only 'beg, that I may not be left alone, at 'least this evening: grant me that, 'and I will submit, if you think, after 'what hath passed, I ought to see him 'in your company.'—'Well, I will 'grant it,' cries the aunt. 'Sophy, 'you know I love you, and can deny 'you nothing. You know the easi-'ness of my nature; I have not al-'ways been so easy. I have been for-'merly thought cruel; by the men I 'mean. I was called the cruel Par-'thenissa. I have broke many a win-'dow that has had verses to the cruel 'Parthenissa in it. Sophy, I was ne-'ver so handsome as you, and yet I 'had something of you formerly. I 'am a little altered. Kingdoms and 'states, as Tully Cicero says in his 'epistles, undergo alteration, and so 'must the human form.' Thus run she on for near half an hour upon her-self, and her conquests, and her cruel-ty, till the arrival of my lord; who, after a most tedious visit, during which Mrs. Western never once offered to leave the room, retired, not much more satisfied with the aunt than with the niece; for Sophia had brought her aunt into so excellent a temper, than she consented to almost every thing her niece said; and agreed, that a little distant behaviour might not be impro-per to so forward a lover.

Thus Sophia, by a little well-direct-ed flattery, for which, surely, none will blame her, obtained a little ease for herself, and at least put off the evil day: and, now we have seen our he-roine in a better situation than she hath been for a long time before, we will look a little after Mr. Jones, whom we left in the most deplorable situation that can well be imagined.

CHAP. V.

MRS. MILLER AND MR. NIGHTIN-GALE VISIT JONES IN THE PRI-SON.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy and his nephew went to meet Mr. Western, Mrs. Miller set forward to her son-in-law's lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the accident which had befallen his friend Jones; but he had known it long before from Par-tridge, (for Jones, when he left Mrs. Miller, had been furnished with a room in the same house with Mr. Nightin-gale.) The good woman found her daughter under great affliction, on ac-count of Mr. Jones, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forward to the Gate-house, where she heard he was, and where Mr. Nightin-gale was arrived before her.

The firmness and constancy of a true friend, is a circumstance so extremely delightful to persons in any kind of distress, that the distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compensated by bringing this comfort with it: nor are instances of this kind so rare, as some superficial and inaccurate observers have reported. To say the truth, want of compassion is not to be numbered among our ge-neral faults. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition, is envy. Hence our eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to those who are mani-festly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miserable, with sufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that most of the

the defects which have discovered themselves in the friendships within my observation, have arisen from envy only; a hellish vice; and yet, one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was, that Fortune was apprehensive lest Jones should sink under the weight of his adversity, and that she might thus lose any future opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her persecution, by sending him the company of two such faithful friends, and what is, perhaps, more rare, a faithful servant. For Partridge, though he had many imperfections, wanted not fidelity; and though fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his master, yet the world, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his cause.

While Jones was expressing great satisfaction in the presence of his friends, Partridge brought an account, that Mr. Fitzpatrick was still alive, though the surgeon declared that he had very little hopes. Upon which Jones fetching a deep sigh, Nightingale said to him, 'My dear Tom, why should 'you afflict yourself so upon an 'accident, which, whatever be the 'consequence, can be attended with 'no danger to you; and in which your 'conscience cannot accuse you of having been in the least to blame? If 'the fellow should die, what have you 'done more than taken away the life 'of a ruffian in your own defence? So 'will the coroner's inquest certainly 'find it; and then you will be easily 'admitted to bail: and though you 'must undergo the form of a trial, 'yet it is a trial which many men 'would stand for you for a shilling.' —'Come, come, Mr. Jones,' said Mrs. Miller, 'chear yourself up. I 'knew you could not be the aggressor, 'and so I told Mr. Allworthy, and 'so he shall acknowledge too, before 'I have done with him.'

Jones gravely answered, that whatever might be his fate, he should always lament the having shed the blood of one of his fellow-creatures, as one of the highest misfortunes which could have befallen him. 'But I have a-'nother misfortune, of the tenderest 'kind.—O! Mrs. Miller, I have lost 'what I held most dear upon earth.' —'That must be a mistress,' said Mrs. Miller: 'but come, come; I know 'more than you imagine;' (for, indeed, Partridge had blabbed all;) 'and I have heard more than you 'know. Matters go better, I promise 'you, than you think; and I would 'not give Blifil sixpence for all the 'chance which he hath of the lady.'

'Indeed, my dear friend, indeed,' answered Jones, 'you are an entire 'stranger to the cause of my grief. 'If you was acquainted with the story, 'you would allow my case admitted 'of no comfort. I apprehend no dan-'ger from Blifil. I have undone my-'self!'—'Don't despair,' replied Mrs. Miller; 'you know not what a wo-'man can do; and if any thing be in 'my power, I promise you I will do it 'to serve you. It is my duty. My son, 'my dear Mr. Nightingale, who is so 'kind to tell me he hath obligations 'to you on the same account, knows 'it is my duty. Shall I go to the 'lady myself? I will say any thing 'to her you would have me say.'

'Thou best of women,' cries Jones, taking her by the hand, 'talk not of 'obligations to me; but, as you have 'been so kind to mention it, there is 'a favour which, perhaps, may be in 'your power. I see you are acquaint-'ed with the lady, (how you came by 'your information, I know not) who 'sits, indeed, very near my heart. If 'you could contrive to deliver this, '(giving her a paper from his pocket) 'I shall for ever acknowledge your 'goodness.'

'Give it me,' said Mrs. Miller. 'If I see it not in her own possession 'before I sleep, may my next sleep be 'my last! Comfort yourself, my good 'young man, be wise enough to take 'warning from past follies, and I war-'rant all shall be well, and I shall yet 'see you happy with the most charm-'ing young lady in the world; for so 'I hear from every one she is.'

'Believe me, Madam,' said he, 'I 'do not speak the common cant of one 'in my unhappy situation. Before 'this dreadful accident happened, I 'had resolved to quit a life, of which 'I was become sensible of the wick-'edness, as well as folly. I do assure 'you, notwithstanding the disturbances

'I have

'I have unfortunately occaſioned in 'your houſe, for which I heartily aſk 'your pardon, I am not an abandoned 'profligate. Though I have been 'hurried into vices, I do not approve 'a vicious character; nor will I ever, 'from this moment, deſerve it.'

Mrs. Miller expreſſed great ſatisfaction in theſe declarations, in the ſincerity of which ſhe averred ſhe had an entire faith; and now the remainder of the converſation paſſed in the joint attempts of that good woman and Mr. Nightingale, to chear the dejected ſpirits of Mr. Jones, in which they ſo far ſucceeded, as to leave him much better comforted and ſatisfied than they found him; to which happy alteration nothing ſo much contributed as the kind undertaking of Mrs. Miller, to deliver his letter to Sophia, which he deſpaired of finding any means to accompliſh: for when Black George produced the laſt from Sophia, he informed Partridge, that ſhe had ſtrictly charged him, on pain of having it communicated to her father, not to bring her any anſwer. He was moreover not a little pleaſed, to find he had ſo warm an advocate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, in this good woman, who was, in reality, one of the worthieſt creatures in the world.

After about an hour's viſit from the lady, (for Nightingale had been with him much longer) they both took their leave, promiſing to return to him ſoon; during which, Mrs. Miller ſaid, ſhe hoped to bring him ſome good news from his miſtreſs; and Mr. Nightingale promiſed to enquire into the ſtate of Mr. Fitzpatrick's wound, and likewiſe to find out ſome of the perſons who were preſent at the rencounter.

The former of theſe went directly in queſt of Sophia, whither we likewiſe ſhall now attend her.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH MRS. MILLER PAYS A VISIT TO SOPHIA.

ACCESS to the young lady was by no means difficult; for as ſhe lived now on a perfect friendly footing with her aunt, ſhe was at full liberty to receive what viſitants ſhe pleaſed.

Sophia was dreſſing, when ſhe was acquainted that there was a gentlewoman below to wait on her: as ſhe was neither afraid nor aſhamed to ſee any of her own ſex, Mrs. Miller was immediately admitted.

Curtſies, and the uſual ceremonials between women who are ſtrangers to each other, being paſt, Sophia ſaid, 'I have not the pleaſure to know you, 'Madam.'—'No, Madam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller; 'and I muſt beg par'don for intruding upon you. But 'when you know what has induced 'me to give you this trouble, I hope—' 'Pray, what is your buſineſs, Ma'dam?' ſaid Sophia, with a little emotion. 'Madam, we are not alone,' replied Mrs. Miller in a low voice. 'Go out, Betty,' ſaid Sophia.

When Betty was departed, Mrs. Miller ſaid, 'I was deſired, Madam, 'by a very unhappy young gentleman, 'to deliver you this letter.' Sophia changed colour when ſhe ſaw the direction, well knowing the hand; and, after ſome heſitation, ſaid, 'I could 'not conceive, Madam, from your ap'pearance, that your buſineſs had been 'of ſuch a nature.—Whomever you 'brought this letter from, I ſhall not 'open it. I ſhould be ſorry to enter'tain an unjuſt ſuſpicion of any one; 'but you are an utter ſtranger to me.'

'If you will have patience, Ma'dam,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'I will 'acquaint you who I am, and how I 'came by that letter.'—'I have no 'curioſity, Madam, to know any thing,' cries Sophia; 'but I muſt inſiſt on your 'delivering that letter back to the per'ſon who gave it you.'

Mrs. Miller then fell upon her knees, and, in the moſt paſſionate terms, implored her compaſſion: to which Sophia anſwered; 'Sure, Madam, it is ſur'prizing you ſhould be ſo very ſtrong'ly intereſted in the behalf of this per'ſon. I would not think, Madam—' 'No, Madam,' ſays Mrs. Miller,' you 'ſhall not think any thing but the 'truth. I will tell you all, and you 'will not wonder that I am intereſted. 'He is the beſt natured creature that 'ever was born.' She then began and related the ſtory of Mr. Henderſon—After this ſhe cried, 'This, Madam, 'this is his goodneſs; but I have 'much more tender obligations to him. 'He hath preſerved my child.' Here, after ſhedding ſome tears, ſhe related

every

every thing concerning that fact, suppressing only those circumstances which would have most reflected on her daughter, and concluded with saying, 'Now, 'Madam, you shall judge whether I 'can ever do enough for so kind, so 'good, so generous a young man; 'and sure he is the best and worthiest 'of all human beings!'

The alterations in the countenance of Sophia had hitherto been chiefly to her disadvantage, and had inclined her complexion to too great a paleness; but she now waxed redder, if possible, than vermilion, and cried, 'I know not what 'to say; certainly what arises from 'gratitude cannot be blamed. But 'what service can my reading this let-'ter do your friend, since I am re-'solved never—'Mrs. Miller fell again to her entreaties, and begged to be forgiven; but she could not, she said, carry it back. 'Well, Madam,' says Sophia, 'I cannot help it, if you will 'force it upon me.—Certainly you 'may leave it, whether I will or no.' What Sophia meant, or whether she meant any thing, I will not presume to determine; but Mrs. Miller actually understood this as a hint; and presently laying the letter down on the table, took her leave; having first begged permission to wait again on Sophia, which request had neither assent nor denial.

The letter lay upon the table no longer than till Mrs. Miller was out of sight; for then Sophia opened and read it.

This letter did very little service to his cause; for it consisted of little more than confessions of his own unworthiness, and bitter lamentations of despair, together with the most solemn protestations of his unalterable fidelity to Sophia, of which, he said, he hoped to convince her, if he had ever more the honour of being admitted to her presence; and that he could account for the letter to Lady Bellaston in such a manner, that though it would not entitle him to her forgiveness, he hoped at least to obtain it from her mercy. And concluded with vowing, that nothing was ever less in his thoughts than to marry Lady Bellaston.

Though Sophia read the letter twice over with great attention, his meaning still remained a riddle to her; nor could her invention suggest to her any means to excuse Jones. She certainly remained very angry with him; though, indeed, Lady Bellaston took up so much of her resentment, that her gentle mind had but little left to bestow on any other person.

That lady was, most unluckily, to dine this very day with her aunt Western; and in the afternoon, they were all three, by appointment, to go together to the opera, and thence to Lady Thomas Hatchet's drum. Sophia would have gladly been excused from all, but she would not disoblige her aunt: and as to the arts of counterfeiting illness, she was so entirely a stranger to them, that it never once entered into her head. When she was dressed, therefore, down she went, resolved to encounter all the horrors of the day; and a most disagreeable one it proved; for Lady Bellaston took every opportunity very civilly and slily to insult her; to all which, her dejection of spirits disabled her from making any return; and, indeed, to confess the truth, she was at the very best but an indifferent mistress of repartee.

Another misfortune which befel poor Sophia, was the company of Lord Fellamar, whom she met at the opera, and who attended her to the drum. And though both places were too publick to admit of any particularities, and she was farther relieved by the musick at the one place, and by the cards at the other, she could not, however, enjoy herself in his company: for there is something of delicacy in women, which will not suffer them to be even easy in the presence of a man whom they know to have pretensions to them, which they are disinclined to favour.

Having in this chapter twice mentioned a drum; a word which our posterity, it is hoped, will not understand in the sense it is here applied, we shall, notwithstanding our present haste, stop a moment to describe the entertainment here meant; and the rather, as we can in a moment describe it.

A drum, then, is an assembly of well-dressed persons, of both sexes, most of whom play at cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the mistress of the house performs the part of the landlady at an inn; and, like the landlady of an inn, prides herself in the number

ber of her guests, though she doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No wonder, then, as so much spirits must be required to support any vivacity in these scenes of dulness, that we hear persons of fashion eternally complaining of the want of them; a complaint confined entirely to upper life! How insupportable must we imagine this round of impertinence to have been to Sophia at this time! how difficult must she have found it, to force the appearance of gaiety into her looks, when her mind dictated nothing but the tenderest sorrow, and when every thought was charged with tormenting ideas!

Night, however, at last, restored her to her pillow, where we will leave her to soothe her melancholy at least, though incapable, we fear, of rest; and shall pursue our history, which, something whispers us, is now arrived at the eve of some great event.

CHAP. VII.

A PATHETICK SCENE BETWEEN MR. ALLWORTHY AND MRS. MILLER.

MRS. Miller had a long discourse with Mr. Allworthy, at his return from dinner, in which she acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their separation; and with the distresses to which that loss had subjected him: of all which she had received a full account from the faithful retailer, Partridge. She then explained the obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicit with regard to her daughter; for though she had the utmost confidence in Mr. Allworthy; and though there could be no hopes of keeping an affair secret which was unhappily known to more than half a dozen, yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those circumstances which reflected most on the chastity of poor Nancy; but smothered that part of her evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a judge, and the girl was now on her trial for the murder of a bastard.

Allworthy said, there were few characters so absolutely vicious as not to have the least mixture of good in them. 'However,' says he, 'I cannot deny 'but that you had some obligations to 'the fellow, bad as he is; and I shall 'therefore excuse what hath passed already, but must insist you never mention his name to me more; for I promise you, it was upon the fullest and 'plainest evidence that I resolved to 'take the measures I have taken.'— 'Well, Sir,' says she, 'I make not 'the least doubt but time will shew all 'matters in their true and natural colours, and that you will be convinced 'this poor young man deserves better 'of you than some other folks that shall 'be nameless.'

'Madam,' cries Allworthy, a little ruffled, 'I will not hear any reflections on my nephew; and if you ever 'say a word more of that kind, I will 'depart from your house that instant. 'He is the worthiest and best of men; 'and I once more repeat it to you, he 'hath carried his friendship to this man 'to a blameable length, by too long 'concealing facts of the blackest dye. 'The ingratitude of the wretch to this 'good young man, is what I most resent: for, Madam, I have the greatest 'reason to imagine he had laid a plot 'to supplant my nephew in my favour, 'and to have disinherited him.'

'I am sure, Sir,' answered Mrs. Miller, a little frightened, (for though Mr. Allworthy had the utmost sweetness and benevolence in his smiles, he had great terror in his frowns) 'I shall 'never speak against any gentleman 'you are pleased to think well of. I 'am sure, Sir, such behaviour would 'very ill become me, especially when 'the gentleman is your nearest relation; but, Sir, you must not be angry with me, you must not indeed, 'for my good wishes to this poor 'wretch. Sure I may call him so now; 'though once you would have been 'angry with me, if I had spoke of 'him with the least disrespect. How 'often have I heard you call him your 'son? How often have you prattled 'to me of him, with all the fondness 'of a parent? Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many tender expressions, the 'many good things, you have told me 'of his beauty, and his parts, and his 'virtues; of his good-nature and generosity. I am sure, Sir, I cannot 'forget them; for I find them all true; 'I have experienced them in my own 'cause. They have preserved my fa-

'mily. You muſt pardon my tears, Sir; 'indeed you muſt, when I conſider the 'cruel reverſe of fortune, which this 'poor youth, to whom I am ſo much 'obliged, hath ſuffered: when I con-'ſider the loſs of your favour, which 'I know he valued more than his life, 'I muſt, I muſt lament him! If you 'had a dagger in your hand, ready to 'plunge into my heart, I muſt lament 'the miſery of one whom you have 'loved, and I ſhall ever love!'

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this ſpeech; but it ſeemed not to be with anger: for, after a ſhort ſilence, taking Mrs. Miller by the hand, he ſaid very affectionately to her—'Come, 'Madam, let us conſider a little about 'your daughter. I cannot blame you, 'for rejoicing in a match which pro-'miſes to be advantageous to her; but 'you know this advantage, in a great 'meaſure, depends on the father's re-'conciliation. I know Mr. Nightin-'gale very well, and have formerly had 'concerns with him; I will make him 'a viſit, and endeavour to ſerve you in 'this matter. I believe he is a worldly 'man: but as this is an only ſon, and 'the thing is now irretrievable, per-'haps he may, in time, be brought to 'reaſon. I promiſe you, I will do all 'I can for you.'

Many were the acknowledgments which the poor woman made to Allworthy, for this kind and generous offer; nor could ſhe refrain from taking this occaſion again to expreſs her gratitude towards Jones: 'To whom,' ſaid ſhe, 'I owe the opportunity of 'giving you, Sir, this preſent trouble.' Allworthy gently ſtopped her; but he was too good a man to be really offended with the effects of ſo noble a principle as now actuated Mrs. Miller; and, indeed, had not this new affair inflamed his former anger againſt Jones, it is poſſible he might have been a little ſoftened towards him, by the report of an action which malice itſelf could not have derived from an evil motive.

Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when their converſation was put an end to, by the arrival of Blifil, and another perſon; which other perſon was no leſs than Mr. Dowling, the attorney, who was now become a great favourite with Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at the deſire of his nephew, had made his ſteward; and had likewiſe recommended him to Mr. Weſtern, from whom the attorney received a promiſe of being promoted to the ſame office upon the firſt vacancy; and in the mean time was employed in tranſacting ſome affairs which the ſquire then had in London, in relation to a mortgage.

This was the principal affair which then brought Mr. Dowling to town; therefore he took the ſame opportunity to charge himſelf with ſome money for Mr. Allworthy, and to make a report to him of the other buſineſs; in all which, as it was of much too dull a nature to find any place in this hiſtory, we will leave the uncle, nephew, and their lawyer, concerned; and reſort to other matters.

CHAP. VIII.

CONCERNING VARIOUS MATTERS.

BEFORE we return to Mr. Jones, we will take one more view of Sophia.

Though that young lady had brought her aunt into great good-humour by thoſe ſoothing methods which we have before related, ſhe had not brought her in the leaſt to abate of her zeal for the match with Lord Fellamar. This zeal was now inflamed by Lady Bellaſton, who had told her the preceding evening, that ſhe was well ſatisfied from the conduct of Sophia, and from her carriage to his lordſhip, that all delays would be dangerous; and that the only way to ſucceed was, to preſs the match forward with ſuch rapidity, that the young lady ſhould have no time to reflect; and be obliged to conſent, while ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did. In which manner, ſhe ſaid, one half of the marriages among people of condition were brought about. A fact very probably true, and to which I ſuppoſe is owing the mutual tenderneſs which afterwards exiſts among ſo many happy couples.

A hint of the ſame kind was given by the ſame lady to Lord Fellamar; and both theſe ſo readily embraced the advice, that the very next day was, at his lordſhip's requeſt, appointed by Mrs. Weſtern for a private interview between the young parties. This was

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communicated to Sophia by her aunt, and insisted upon in such high terms, that, after having urged every thing she possibly could invent against it, without the least effect, she at last agreed to give the highest instance of complaisance which any young lady can give, and consented to see his lordship.

As conversations of this kind afford no great entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that passed at this interview; in which, after his lordship had made many declarations of the most pure and ardent passion, to the silent, blushing Sophia; she at last collected all the spirits she could raise, and with a trembling, low voice, said, 'My lord, you must be 'yourself conscious whether your former behaviour to me hath been consistent with the professions you now 'make.'—'Is there,' answered he, 'no 'way by which I can atone for madness? What I did, I am afraid, 'must have too plainly convinced you, 'that the violence of love had deprived 'me of my senses.'—'Indeed, my 'lord,' says she, 'it is in your power 'to give me a proof of an affection 'which I much rather wish to encourage, and to which I should think 'myself more beholden.'—'Name it, 'Madam,' said my lord, very warmly. —'My lord,' says she, looking down upon her fan, 'I know you must be 'sensible how uneasy this pretended 'passion of yours hath made me.'— 'Can you be so cruel to call it pretended?' says he. 'Yes, my lord, answered Sophia; 'all professions of 'love to those whom we persecute, are 'most insulting pretences. This pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel 'persecution; nay, it is taking a most 'ungenerous advantage of my unhappy situation.'—'Most lovely, most 'adorable charmer, do not accuse me.' cries he, 'of taking an ungenerous advantage, while I have no thoughts 'but what are directed to your honour 'and interest; and while I have no 'view, no hope, no ambition, but 'to throw myself, honour, fortune, 'every thing, at your feet!'—'My 'lord,' says she, 'it is that fortune, 'and those honours, which give you 'the advantage of which I complain. 'These are the charms which have seduced my relations; but to me they 'are things indifferent. If your lord-'ship will merit my gratitude, there 'is but one way.'—'Pardon me, divine creature,' said he; 'there can 'be none. All I can do for you is 'so much your due, and will give me 'so much pleasure, that there is no 'room for your gratitude.'—'Indeed, 'my lord,' answered she, 'you may 'obtain my gratitude, my good opinion, every kind thought and wish 'which it is in my power to bestow; 'nay, you may obtain them with ease; 'for, sure, to a generous mind, it must 'be easy to grant my request. Let 'me beseech you then, to cease a pursuit, in which you can never have 'any success. For your own sake, as 'well as mine, I entreat this favour: 'for, sure, you are too noble to have 'any pleasure in tormenting an unhappy creature. What can your 'lordship propose but uneasiness to 'yourself, by a perseverance, which, 'upon my honour, upon my soul, cannot, shall not, prevail with me, whatever distresses you may drive me to!' Here my lord fetched a deep sigh; and then said, 'Is it then, Madam, that 'I am so unhappy to be the object of 'your dislike and scorn? or will you 'pardon me if I suspect there is some 'other!' Here he hesitated; and Sophia answered with some spirit, 'My 'lord, I shall not be accountable to 'you for the reasons of my conduct. 'I am obliged to your lordship for the 'generous offer you have made: I own 'it is beyond either my deserts or expectations; yet I hope, my lord, you 'will not insist on my reasons, when I 'declare I cannot accept it.' Lord Fellamar returned much to this, which we do not perfectly understand, and perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled either to sense or grammar; but he concluded his ranting speech with saying, that if she had pre-engaged herself to any gentleman, however unhappy it would make him, he should think himself bound in honour to desist. Perhaps my lord laid too much emphasis on the word *gentleman*; for we cannot else well account for the indignation with which he inspired Sophia, who, in her answer, seemed greatly to resent some affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more raised than usual, Mrs.

Weſtern came into the room, the fire glaring in her cheeks, and the flames burſting from her eyes. I am aſham-'ed,' ſays ſhe, 'my lord, of the recep-'tion which you have met with. I 'aſſure your lordſhip we are all ſen-'ſible of the honour done us—and I 'muſt tell you, Miſs Weſtern, the 'family expect a different behaviour 'from you.' Here my lord interfered on behalf of the young lady, but to no purpoſe; the aunt proceeded, till Sophia pulled out her handkerchief, threw herſelf into a chair, and burſt into a violent fit of tears.

The remainder of the converſation between Mrs. Weſtern and his lordſhip, till the latter withdrew, conſiſted of bitter lamentations on his ſide; and on her's, of the ſtrongeſt aſſurances that her niece ſhould and would conſent to all he wiſhed. 'Indeed, my lord,' ſays ſhe, 'the girl hath had a fooliſh educa-'tion, neither adapted to her fortune 'nor her family. Her father, I am 'ſorry to ſay it, is to blame for every 'thing. The girl hath ſilly country 'notions of baſhfulneſs; nothing elſe, 'my lord, upon my honour; I am 'convinced ſhe hath a good under-'ſtanding at the bottom, and will be 'brought to reaſon.'

This laſt ſpeech was made in the abſence of Sophia; for ſhe had ſome time before left the room, with more appearance of paſſion than ſhe had ever ſhewn on any occaſion; and now his lordſhip, after many expreſſions of thanks to Mrs. Weſtern, many ardent profeſſions of paſſion which nothing could conquer, and many aſſurances of perſeverance, which Mrs. Weſtern highly encouraged, took his leave for this time.

Before we relate what now paſſed between Mrs. Weſtern and Sophia, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate accident which had happened; and which had occaſioned the return of Mrs. Weſtern with ſo much fury, as we have ſeen.

The reader then muſt know, that the maid who at preſent attended on Sophia, was recommended by Lady Bellaſton, with whom ſhe had lived for ſome time in the capacity of a combbruſh; ſhe was a very ſenſible girl, and had received the ſtricteſt inſtructions to watch her young lady very carefully. Theſe inſtructions, we are ſorry to ſay, were communicated to her by Mrs. Honour, into whoſe favour Lady Bellaſton had now ſo ingratiated herſelf, that the violent affection which the good waiting-woman had formerly borne to Sophia, was entirely obliterated by that great attachment which ſhe had to her new miſtreſs.

Now, when Mrs. Miller was departed, Betty, (for that was the name of the girl) returning to her young lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long letter, and the viſible emotions which ſhe betrayed on that occaſion might have well accounted for ſome ſuſpicions which the girl entertained: but, indeed, they had yet a ſtronger foundation; for ſhe had overheard the whole ſcene which paſſed between Sophia and Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Weſtern was acquainted with all this matter by Betty; who, after receiving many commendations, and ſome rewards for her fidelity, was ordered, that if the woman who brought the letter, came again, ſhe ſhould introduce her to Mrs. Weſtern herſelf.

Unluckily Mrs. Miller returned at the very time when Sophia was engaged with his lordſhip. Betty, according to order, ſent her directly to the aunt; who, being miſtreſs of ſo many circumſtances relating to what had paſſed the day before, eaſily impoſed upon the poor woman to believe that Sophia had communicated the whole affair; and ſo pumped every thing out of her which ſhe knew, relating to the letter, and relating to Jones.

This poor creature might, indeed, be called ſimplicity itſelf. She was one of that order of mortals, who are apt to believe every thing which is ſaid to them: to whom nature hath neither indulged the offenſive nor defenſive weapons of deceit, and who are conſtantly liable to be impoſed upon by any one, who will only be at the expence of a little falſhood for that purpoſe. Mrs. Weſtern having drained Mrs. Miller of all ſhe knew, which, indeed, was but little, but which was ſufficient to make the aunt ſuſpect a great deal, diſmiſſed her with aſſurances that Sophia would not ſee her, that ſhe would ſend no anſwer to the letter, nor ever receive another; nor did ſhe ſuffer her to depart, without a handſome lecture on the merits of an office, to which ſhe could afford no better

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name than that of procureſs. This diſcovery had greatly diſcompoſed her temper, when coming into the apartment next to that in which the lovers were, ſhe overheard Sophia very warmly proteſting againſt his lordſhip's addreſſes: at which the rage already kindled, burſt forth, and ſhe ruſhed in upon her niece in a moſt furious manner, as we have already deſcribed, together with what paſſed at that time, till his lordſhip's departure.

No ſooner was Lord Fellamar gone, than Mrs. Weſtern returned to Sophia, whom ſhe upbraided in the moſt bitter terms, for the ill uſe ſhe had made of the confidence repoſed in her; and for her treachery in converſing with a man, with whom ſhe had offered but the day before to bind herſelf in the moſt ſolemn oath, never more to have any converſation. Sophia proteſted ſhe had maintained no ſuch converſation. 'How! 'how! Miſs Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a letter 'from him yeſterday?'—'A letter, 'Madam!' anſwered Sophia, ſomewhat ſurprized. 'It is not very well bred, 'Miſs,' replies the aunt, 'to repeat 'my words. I ſay, a letter, and inſiſt 'upon your ſhewing it me immediately.'—'I ſcorn a lye, Madam,' ſaid Sophia; 'I did receive a letter, but it 'was without my deſire; and, indeed, 'I may ſay, againſt my conſent.'—'Indeed, indeed, Miſs,' cries the aunt, 'you ought to be aſhamed of owning 'you had received it at all: but where 'is the letter? for I will ſee it.'

To this peremptory demand Sophia pauſed ſome time before ſhe returned an anſwer; and at laſt only excuſed herſelf by declaring ſhe had not the letter in her pocket, which was indeed true! upon which her aunt loſing all manner of patience, aſked her niece this ſhort queſtion, whether ſhe would reſolve to marry Lord Fellamar, or no? to which ſhe received the ſtrongeſt negative. Mrs. Weſtern then replied with an oath, or ſomething very like one, that ſhe would early the next morning deliver her back into her father's hand.

Sophia then began to reaſon with her aunt in the following manner: 'Why, 'Madam, muſt I of neceſſity be forced 'to marry at all? Conſider how cruel 'you would have thought it in your 'own caſe, and how much kinder your 'parents were in leaving you to your 'liberty. What have I done to forfeit this liberty? I will never marry 'contrary to my father's conſent, nor 'without aſking yours: and when I 'aſk the conſent of either improperly, 'it will be then time enough to force 'ſome other marriage upon me.'—'Can I bear to hear this,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'from a girl who hath now 'a letter from a murderer in her pocket!'—'I have no ſuch letter, I promiſe you,' anſwered Sophia; 'and 'if he be a murderer, he will ſoon be 'in no condition to give you any farther diſturbance.'—'How! Miſs 'Weſtern,' ſaid the aunt, 'have you 'the aſſurance to ſpeak of him in this 'manner! to own your affection for 'ſuch a villain to my face!'—'Sure 'Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'you put a 'very ſtrange conſtruction on my 'words.'—'Indeed, Miſs Weſtern,' cries the lady, 'I ſhall not bear this 'uſage; you have learnt of your father this manner of treating me; he 'hath taught you to give me the lye. 'He hath totally ruined you by his 'falſe ſyſtem of education; and, pleaſe 'Heaven, he ſhall have the comfort of 'it's fruits! for once more I declare to 'you, that to-morrow morning I will 'carry you back. I will withdraw all 'my forces from the field, and remain 'henceforth, like the wiſe King of 'Pruſſia, in a ſtate of perfect neutrality. You are both too wiſe to be regulated by my meaſures: ſo prepare 'yourſelf; for to-morrow morning you 'ſhall evacuate this houſe.'

Sophia remonſtranced all ſhe could; but her aunt was deaf to all ſhe ſaid. In this reſolution, therefore, we muſt at preſent leave her, as there ſeems to be no hopes of bringing her to change it.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. JONES IN THE PRISON.

MR. Jones paſſed above twenty-four melancholy hours by himſelf, unleſs when relieved by the company of Partridge, before Mr. Nightingale returned: not that this worthy young man had deſerted or forgot his friend; for, indeed, he had been much the greateſt part of the time employed in his ſervice.

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He had heard upon enquiry that the only perſons who had ſeen the beginning of the unfortunate rencounter, were a crew belonging to a man of war, which then lay at Deptford. To Deptford therefore he went, in ſearch of this crew, where he was informed that the men he ſought after were all gone aſhore. He then traced them from place to place, till at laſt he found two of them drinking together, with a third perſon, at a hedge tavern, near Alderſgate.

Nightingale deſired to ſpeak with Jones by himſelf, (for Partridge was in the room when he came in.) As ſoon as they were alone, Nightingale taking Jones by the hand, cried, 'Come, my 'brave friend, be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell you—'I am ſorry I am the meſſenger of bad 'news; but I think it my duty to tell 'you.'—'I gueſs already what that 'bad news is,' cries Jones. 'The 'poor gentleman then is dead.'—— 'I hope not,' anſwered Nightingale; 'he was alive this morning: though 'I will not flatter you; I fear from 'the account I could get, that his 'wound is mortal. But if the affair 'be exactly as you told it, your own 'remorſe would be all you would have 'reaſon to apprehend, let what would 'happen; but forgive me, my dear 'Tom, if I entreat you to make the 'worſt of your ſtory to your friends. 'If you diſguiſe any thing to us, you 'will only be an enemy to yourſelf.'

'What reaſon, my dear Jack, have 'I ever given you,' ſaid Jones, 'to 'ſtab me with ſo cruel a ſuſpicion?' —'Have patience,' cries Nightingale, 'and I will tell you all. After the 'moſt diligent enquiry I could make, 'I at laſt met with two of the fellows 'who were preſent at this unhappy accident; and, I am ſorry to ſay, they 'do not relate the ſtory ſo much in 'your favour as you yourſelf have 'told it.'—'Why, what do they ſay?' cries Jones. 'Indeed, what I am ſorry 'to repeat; as I am afraid of the conſequence of it to you. They ſay, 'that they were at too great a diſtance 'to overhear any words that paſſed 'between you; but they both agree 'that the firſt blow was given by you.' —'Then, upon my ſoul,' anſwered Jones, 'they injure me. He not only 'ſtruck me firſt, but ſtruck me without the leaſt provocation. What 'ſhould induce thoſe villains to accuſe 'me falſely?'—'Nay, that I cannot 'gueſs,' ſaid Nightingale; 'and if 'you yourſelf, and I who am ſo heartily your friend, cannot conceive a 'reaſon why they ſhould belye you, 'what reaſon will an indifferent court 'of juſtice be able to aſſign, why they 'ſhould not believe them? I repeated 'the queſtion to them ſeveral times, 'and ſo did another gentleman who 'was preſent, who, I believe, is a 'ſea-faring man, and who really acted a very friendly part by you; for 'he begged them often to conſider, 'that there was the life of a man in 'the caſe; and aſked them, over and 'over, if they were certain; to which 'they both anſwered, that they were, 'and would abide by their evidence 'upon oath. For Heaven's ſake, my 'dear friend, recollect yourſelf! for if 'this ſhould apear to be the fact, it 'will be your buſineſs to think in 'time of making the beſt of your intereſt. I would not ſhock you; but you 'know, I believe, the ſeverity of the 'law, whatever verbal provocations 'may have been given you.'—'Alas! 'my friend,' cried Jones, 'what intereſt hath ſuch a wretch as I? Beſides, 'do you think I would even wiſh to 'live with the reputation of a murderer? If I had any friends, (as, alas! 'I have none) could I have the confidence to ſolicit them to ſpeak in the 'behalf of a man condemned for the 'blackeſt crime in human nature? Believe me I have no ſuch hope; but I 'have ſome reliance on a Throne ſtill 'greatly ſuperior; which will, I am 'certain, afford me all the protection 'I merit.'

He then concluded with many ſolemn and vehement proteſtations of the truth of what he had at firſt aſſerted.

The faith of Nightingale was now again ſtaggered, and began to incline to credit his friend; when Mrs. Miller appeared, and made a ſorrowful report of the ſucceſs of her embaſſy; which when Jones had heard, he cried out moſt heroically, 'Well, my friend, I 'am now indifferent as to what ſhall 'happen, at leaſt with regard to my 'life, and if it be the will of Heaven 'that I ſhall make an atonement with 'that for the blood I have ſpilt, I hope 'the Divine Goodneſs will one day

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'suffer my honour to be cleared, and 'that the words of a dying man at 'least will be believed, so far as to 'justify his character.'

A very mournful scene now passed between the prisoner and his friends; at which, as few readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the entrance of the turnkey, who acquainted Jones, that there was a lady without who desired to speak with him, when he was at leisure.

Jones declared his surprize at this message. He said, he knew no lady in the world whom he could possibly expect to see there. However, as he saw no reason to decline seeing any person, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale presently took their leave, and he gave orders to have the lady admitted.

If Jones was surprized at the news of a visit from a lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this lady to be no other than Mrs. Waters! In this astonishment, then, we shall leave him a while, in order to cure the surprize of the reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the arrival of this lady.

Who this Mrs. Waters was, the reader pretty well knows: what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this lady departed from Upton in the same coach with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other Irish gentleman, and in their company travelled to the Bath.

Now there was a certain office in the gift of Mr. Fitzpatrick at that time vacant, namely, that of a wife; for the lady who had lately filled that office had resigned, or at least deserted her duty. Mr. Fitzpatrick, therefore, having thoroughly examined Mrs. Waters on the road, found her extremely fit for the place, which, on her arrival at Bath, he presently conferred upon her, and she without any scruple accepted. As husband and wife this gentleman and lady continued together all the time they stayed at Bath; and as husband and wife they arrived together in town.

Whether Mr. Fitzpatrick was so wise a man as not to part with one good thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs Waters had so well discharged her office, that he intended still to retain her as principal, and to make his wife (as is often the case) only her deputy, I will not say; but certain it is, he never mentioned his wife to her, never communicated to her the letter given him by Mrs. Western, nor ever once hinted his purpose of repossessing his wife; much less did he ever mention the name of Jones. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent persons who think a wife, a mother, a sister, or sometimes a whole family, the safest seconds on these occasions. The first account, therefore, which she had of all this, was delivered to her from his lips, after he was brought home from the tavern where his wound had been dressed.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, had not the clearest way of telling a story at any time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confused than usual, it was some time before she discovered, that the gentleman who had given him this wound was the very same person from whom her heart had received a wound, which though not of a mortal kind, was yet so deep, that it had left a considerable scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr. Jones himself was the man who had been committed to the Gate-house for this supposed murder, than she took the first opportunity of committing Mr. Fitzpatrick to the care of his nurse, and hastened away to visit the conqueror.

She now entered the room with an air of gaiety, which received an immediate check from the melancholy aspect of poor Jones, who started and blessed himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, 'Nay, I do not 'wonder at your surprize; I believe 'you did not expect to see me; for 'few gentlemen are troubled here 'with visits from any lady, unless a 'wife. You see the power you have 'over me, Mr. Jones. Indeed, I little thought, when we parted at Upton, that our next meeting would 'have been in such a place.'—'Indeed, Madam,' says Jones, 'I must 'look upon this visit as kind; few 'will follow the miserable, especially 'to such dismal habitations.'—'I protest, Mr. Jones,' says she, 'I can 'hardly

'hardly perſuade myſelf you are the 'ſame agreeable fellow I ſaw at Up-'ton. Why, your face is more miſe-'rable than any dungeon in the uni-'verſe! What can be the matter with 'you?'—'I thought, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'as you knew of my being 'here, you knew the unhappy reaſon.' —'Pugh,' ſays ſhe, 'you have pinked 'a man in a duel, that's all?' Jones expreſſed ſome indignation at this levity, and ſpoke with the utmoſt contrition for what had happened. To which ſhe anſwered—'Well, then, Sir, 'if you take it ſo much to heart, I 'will relieve you: the gentleman is 'not dead; and, I am pretty confi-'dent, is in no danger of dying. The 'ſurgeon, indeed, who firſt dreſſed 'him, was a young fellow, and ſeem-'ed deſirous of repreſenting his caſe to 'be as bad as poſſible, that he might 'have the more honour from curing 'him; but the king's ſurgeon hath 'ſeen him ſince, and ſays, unleſs from 'a fever, of which there are at pre-'ſent no ſymptoms, he apprehends not 'the leaſt danger of life.' Jones ſhewed great ſatisfaction in his countenance at this report; upon which ſhe affirmed the truth of it, adding—'By the moſt 'extraordinary accident in the world I 'lodge at the ſame houſe, and have 'ſeen the gentleman; and I promiſe you 'he doth you juſtice, and ſays, what-'ever be the conſequence, that he was 'entirely the aggreſſor, and that you 'was not in the leaſt to blame.'

Jones expreſſed the utmoſt ſatisfaction at the account which Mrs. Waters brought him. He then informed her of many things which ſhe well knew before; as who Mr. Fitzpatrick was, the occaſion of his reſentment, &c. he likewiſe told her ſeveral facts of which ſhe was ignorant, as the adventure of the muff, and other particulars, concealing only the name of Sophia. He then lamented the follies and vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he ſaid, had been attended with ſuch ill conſequences, that he ſhould be unpardonable if he did not take warning, and quit thoſe vicious courſes for the future. He laſtly concluded, with aſſuring her of his reſolution to ſin no more, leſt a worſe thing ſhould happen to him.

Mrs. Waters, with great pleaſantry, ridiculed all this, as the effects of low ſpirits and confinement. She repeated ſome witticiſms about *the devil when he was ſick*, and told him, ſhe doubted not but ſhortly to ſee him at liberty, and as lively a fellow as ever: 'And 'then,' ſays ſhe, 'I don't queſtion 'but your conſcience will be ſafely de-'livered of all thoſe qualms that it is 'now ſo ſick in breeding.'

Many more things of this kind ſhe uttered, ſome of which it would do her no great honour, in the opinion of ſome readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the anſwers made by Jones would be treated with ridicule by others. We ſhall, therefore, ſuppreſs the reſt of this converſation; and only obſerve, that it ended at laſt with perfect innocence, and much more to the ſatisfaction of Jones than of the lady: for the former was greatly tranſported with the news ſhe had brought him; but the latter was not altogether ſo pleaſed with the penitential behaviour of a man, whom ſhe had at her firſt interview conceived a very different opinion of from what ſhe now entertained of him.

Thus the melancholy occaſioned by the report of Mr. Nightingale was pretty well effaced; but the dejection into which Mrs. Miller had thrown him, ſtill continued: the account ſhe gave ſo well tallied with the words of Sophia herſelf in her letter, that he made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe had diſcloſed his letter to her aunt, and had taken a fixed reſolution to abandon him. The torments this thought gave him were to be equalled only by a piece of news which fortune had yet in ſtore for him; and which we ſhall communicate in the ſecond chapter of the enſuing book.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF A

FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVIII.

CONTAINING ABOUT SIX DAYS.

CHAP. I.

A FAREWEL TO THE READER.

WE are now, reader, arrived at the laſt ſtage of our long journey. As we have, therefore, travelled together through ſo many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travellers in a ſtage-coach, who have paſſed ſeveral days in company of each other; and who, notwithſtanding any bickerings or little animoſities which may have occured on the road, generally make all up at laſt, and mount, for the laſt time, into their vehicle with chearfulneſs and good-humour; ſince after this one ſtage, it may poſſibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this ſimile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend, then, in this laſt book, to imitate the good company I have mentioned, in their laſt journey. Now, it is well known, that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aſide: whatever characters any of the paſſengers have, for the jeſt-ſake, perſonated on the road, are now thrown off, and the converſation is uſually plain and ſerious.

In the ſame manner, if I have now and then, in the courſe of this work, indulged any pleaſantry for thy entertainment, I ſhall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I ſhall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of thoſe ludicrous obſervations which I have elſewhere made, and which may ſometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to ſteal upon thee. In this laſt book, thou wilt find nothing (or at moſt very little) of that nature; all will be plain narrative only: and indeed when thou haſt peruſed the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it ſcarce ſufficient to tell the ſtory.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I ſhall have no other) of heartily wiſhing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promiſe thee, it is what I have deſired. If in any thing I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things, perhaps, here ſaid, may have hit thee, or thy friends; but I do moſt ſolemnly declare, they

were not pointed at thee or them. I queſtion not, but thou haſt been told, among other ſtories of me, that thou waſt to travel with a very ſcurrilous fellow: but whoever told thee ſo, did me an injury. No man deteſts and deſpiſes ſcurrility more than myſelf; nor hath any man more reaſon; for none hath ever been treated with more: and, what is a very ſevere fate, I have had ſome of the abuſive writings of thoſe very men fathered upon me; who, in other of their works, have abuſed me themſelves, with the utmoſt virulence.

All theſe works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead before this page ſhall offer itſelf to thy peruſal: for, however ſhort the period may be of my own performances, they will moſt probably outlive their own infirm author, and the weekly productions of his abuſive contemporaries.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING A VERY TRAGICAL INCIDENT.

WHILE Jones was employed in thoſe unpleaſant meditations, with which we left him tormenting himſelf, Partridge came ſtumbling into the room, with his face paler than aſhes, his eyes fixed in his head, his hair ſtanding an end, and every limb trembling. In ſhort, he looked as he would have done had he ſeen a ſpectre, or had he, indeed, been a ſpectre himſelf.

Jones, who was little ſubject to fear, could not avoid being ſomewhat ſhocked at this ſudden appearance. He did, indeed, himſelf change colour, and his voice a little faltered, while he aſked him what was the matter.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'you 'will not be angry with me. Indeed, 'I did not liſten, but I was obliged to 'ſtay in the outward room. I am 'ſure I wiſh I had been a hundred 'miles off, rather than have heard 'what I have heard.'—'Why, what 'is the matter?' ſaid Jones. 'The 'matter, Sir? O good Heaven!' anſwered Partridge, 'was that woman, 'who is juſt gone out, the wo'man who was with you at Upton?' —'She was, Partridge,' cries Jones. 'And did you really, Sir, go to bed 'with that woman?' ſaid he, trembling. 'I am afraid, what paſſed be'tween us is no ſecret,' ſaid Jones. 'Nay, but pray, Sir, for Heaven's 'ſake, Sir, anſwer me!' cries Partridge. 'You know I did,' cries Jones. 'Why, then, the Lord have 'mercy upon your ſoul, and forgive 'you!' cries Partridge; 'but as ſure 'as I ſtand here alive, you have been 'a-bed with your own mother!'

Upon theſe words, Jones became in a moment a greater picture of horror than Partridge himſelf. He was, indeed, for ſome time, ſtruck dumb with amazement, and both ſtood ſtaring wildly at each other. At laſt, his words found way; and, in an interrupted voice, he ſaid—'How! how! 'what's this you tell me!'—'Nay, 'Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have not 'breath enough left to tell you now— 'but what I have ſaid is moſt certainly 'true: that woman who now went 'out is your own mother. How un'lucky was it for you, Sir, that I did 'not happen to ſee her at that time, to 'have prevented it! Sure the devil him'ſelf muſt have contrived to bring about 'this wickedneſs.'

'Sure,' cries Jones, 'Fortune will 'never have done with me, till ſhe 'hath driven me to diſtraction. But 'why do I blame Fortune? I am my'ſelf the cauſe of all my miſery. All 'the dreadful miſchiefs which have 'befallen me, are the conſequences 'only of my own folly and vice. 'What thou haſt told me, Partridge, 'hath almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes. 'And was Mrs. Waters, then—But 'why do I aſk! for thou muſt cer'tainly know her. If thou haſt any 'affection for me; nay, if thou haſt 'any pity, let me beſeech thee to fetch 'this miſerable woman back again to 'me. O good Heaven! Inceſt—with 'a mother! To what am I reſerved?' He then fell into the moſt violent and frantick agonies of grief and deſpair, in which Partridge declared he would not leave him; but at laſt, having vented the firſt torrent of paſſion, he came a little to himſelf; and then, having acquainted Partridge that he would find this wretched woman in the ſame houſe where the wounded gentleman was lodged, he diſpatched him in queſt of her.

If

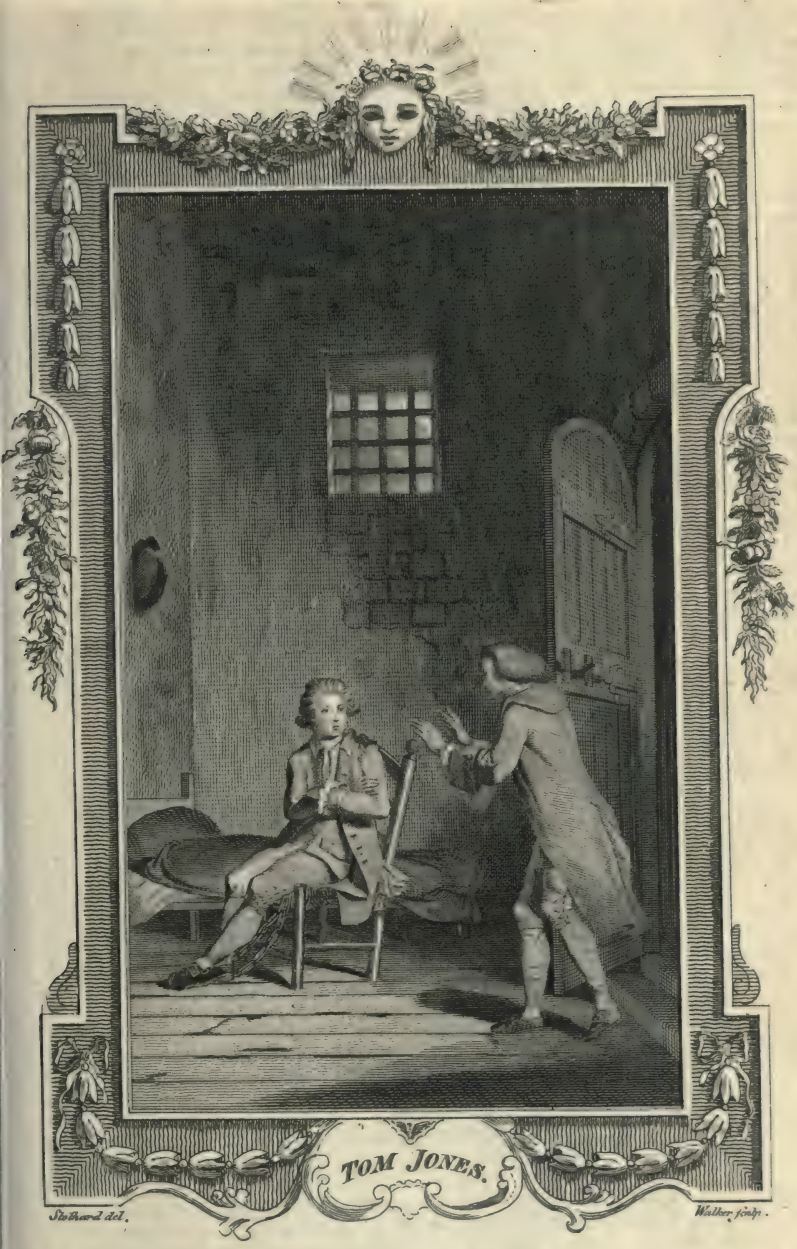

Plate III.

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If the reader will pleaſe to refreſh his memory, by turning to the ſcene at Upton, in the ninth book, he will be apt to admire the many ſtrange accidents which unfortunately prevented any interview between Partridge and Mrs. Waters, when ſhe ſpent a whole day there with Mr. Jones. Inſtances of this kind we may frequently obſerve in life; where the greateſt events are produced by a nice train of little circumſtances: and more than one example of this may be diſcovered by the accurate eye, in this our hiſtory.

After a fruitleſs ſearch of two or three hours, Partridge returned back to his maſter, without having ſeen Mrs. Waters. Jones, who was in a ſtate of deſperation at his delay, was almoſt raving mad, when he brought him this account. He was not long, however, in this condition, before he received the following letter.

'SIR,

'SINCE I left you, I have ſeen a 'gentleman, from whom I have 'learnt ſomething concerning you, 'which greatly ſurprizes and affects 'me: but as I have not, at preſent, 'leiſure to communicate a matter of 'ſuch high importance, you muſt ſu-'pend your curioſity till our next 'meeting, which ſhall be the firſt mo-'ment I am able to ſee you. O Mr. 'Jones, little did I think, when I 'paſſed that happy day at Upton, the 'reflection upon which is like to em-'bitter all my future life, who it was 'to whom I owed ſuch perfect happi-'neſs. Believe me to be ever ſincere-'ly, your unfortunate

'J. WATERS.

'*P. S.* I would have you comfort 'yourſelf as much as poſſible; for 'Mr. Fitzpatrick is in no manner of 'danger; ſo that whatever other grie-'vous crimes you may have to repent 'of, the guilt of blood is not among 'the number.'

Jones having received the letter, let it drop, (for he was unable to hold it, and, indeed, had ſcarce the uſe of any one of his faculties.) Partridge took it up, and having received conſent, by ſilence, read it likewiſe; nor had it upon him a leſs ſenſible effect. The pencil, and not the pen, ſhould deſcribe the horrors which appeared in both their countenances. While they both remained ſpeechleſs, the turnkey entered the room, and without taking any notice of what ſufficiently diſcovered itſelf in the faces of them both, acquainted Jones, that a man without deſired to ſpeak with him. This perſon was preſently introduced, and was no other than Black George.

As ſights of horror were not ſo uſual to George, as they were to the turnkey, he inſtantly ſaw the great diſorder which appeared in the face of Jones. This he imputed to the accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worſt light in Mr. Weſtern's family; he concluded, therefore, that the gentleman was dead, and that Mr. Jones was in a fair way of coming to a ſhameful end. A thought which gave him much uneaſineſs: for George was of a compaſſionate diſpoſition; and, notwithſtanding a ſmall breach of friendſhip which he had been over-tempted to commit, was, in the main, not inſenſible of the obligations he had formerly received from Mr. Jones.

The poor fellow, therefore, ſcarce refrained from a tear at the preſent ſight. He told Jones he was heartily ſorry for his misfortunes, and begged him to conſider, if he could be of any manner of ſervice. 'Perhaps, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you may want a little mat-'ter of money upon this occaſion; if 'you do, Sir, what little I have is 'heartily at your ſervice.'

Jones ſhook him very heartily by the hand, and gave him many thanks for the kind offer he had made; but anſwered, he had not the leaſt want of that kind. Upon which, George began to preſs his ſervices more eagerly than before. Jones again thanked him, with aſſurances that he wanted nothing which was in the power of any man living to give. 'Come, 'come, my good maſter,' anſwered George, 'do not take the matter ſo 'much to heart. Things may end 'better than you imagine; to be ſure, 'you an't the firſt gentleman who hath 'killed a man, and yet come off.'—'You are wide of the matter, George,' ſaid Partridge, 'the gentleman is not 'dead, nor like to die. Don't diſturb

'my master, at present, for he is 'troubled about a matter, in which it 'is not in your power to do him any 'good.'—'You don't know what I 'may be able to do, Mr. Partridge,' answered George; 'if his concern is 'about my young lady, I have some 'news to tell my master.'—'What 'do you say, Mr. George?' cries Jones: 'hath any thing lately hap-'pened in which my Sophia is con-'cerned?—My Sophia! How dare 'such a wretch as I mention her so 'prophanely!'—'I hope she will be 'yours yet,' answered George. 'Why, 'yes, Sir, I have something to tell 'you about her. Madam Western 'hath just brought Madam Sophia 'home, and there hath been a terrible 'to do. I could not possibly learn 'the very right of it; but my master, 'he hath been in a vast big passion, 'and so was Madam Western; and I 'heard her say, as she went out of 'doors into her chair, that she would 'never set her foot in master's house 'again. I don't know what's the 'matter, not I; but every thing was 'very quiet when I came out; but 'Robin, who waited at supper, said 'he had never seen the squire, for a 'long while, in such good humour 'with young Madam; that he kissed 'her several times, and swore she 'should be her own mistress, and he 'never would think of confining her 'any more. I thought this news would 'please you, and so I slipped out, 'though it was so late, to inform you 'of it.' Mr. Jones assured George that it did greatly please him; for though he should never more presume to lift his eyes towards that incomparable creature, nothing could so much relieve his misery as the satisfaction he should always have in hearing of her welfare.

The rest of the conversation which passed at the visit, is not important enough to be here related. The reader will, therefore, forgive us this abrupt breaking off, and be pleased to hear how this great good will of the squire towards his daughter was brought about.

Mrs. Western, on her first arrival at her brother's lodging, began to set forth the great honours and advantages which would accrue to the family by the match with Lord Fellamar, which her niece had absolutely refused; in which refusal, when the squire took the part of his daughter, she fell immediately into the most violent passion; and so irritated and provoked the squire, that neither his patience nor his prudence could bear it any longer; upon which there ensued between them both so warm a bout at altercation, that perhaps the regions of Billingsgate never equalled it. In the heat of this scolding, Mrs. Western departed, and had, consequently, no leisure to acquaint her brother with the letter which Sophia received, which might have possibly produced ill effects; but, to say truth, I believe it never once occurred to her memory at this time.

When Mrs. Western was gone, Sophia, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from necessity as inclination, began to return the compliment which her father had made her, in taking her part against her aunt, by taking his likewise against the lady. This was the first time of her so doing, and it was in the highest degree acceptable to the squire. Again, he remembered that Mr. Allworthy had insisted on an entire relinquishment of all violent means; and, indeed, as he made no doubt but that Jones would be hanged, he did not in the least question succeeding with his daughter by fair means; he now, therefore, once more gave a loose to his natural fondness for her; which had such an effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate heart of Sophia, that, had her honour given to Jones, and something else, perhaps, in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a man she did not like, to have obliged her father. She promised him, she would make it the whole business of her life to oblige him, and would never marry any man against his consent; which brought the old man so near to his highest happiness, that he was resolved to take the other step, and went to bed compleatly drunk.

CHAP. III.

ALLWORTHY VISITS OLD NIGHTINGALE; WITH A STRANGE DISCOVERY THAT HE MADE ON THAT OCCASION.

THE

THE morning after these things had happened, Mr. Allworthy went, according to his promise, to visit old Nightingale, with whom his authority was so great, that after having sat with him three hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his son.

Here an accident happened of a very extraordinary kind; one, indeed, of those strange chances, whence very good and grave men have concluded, that Providence often interposes in the discovery of the most secret villainy, in order to caution men from quitting the paths of honesty, however warily they tread in those of vice.

Mr. Allworthy, at his entrance into Mr. Nightingale's, saw Black George; he took no notice of him, nor did Black George imagine he had perceived him. However, when their conversation on the principal point was over, Allworthy asked Nightingale, whether he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house. 'Yes,' answered Nightingale, 'I know him very well; and a most 'extraordinary fellow he is, who, in 'these days, hath been able to hoard 'up 500 l. from renting a very small 'estate of 30 l. a year.'—'And is this 'the story which he hath told you?' cries Allworthy. 'Nay, it is true, I 'promise you,' said Nightingale; 'for 'I have the money now in my own 'hands, in five bank-bills, which I 'am to lay out either in a mortgage, 'or in some purchase in the north of 'England.' The bank-bills were no sooner produced, at Allworthy's desire, than he blessed himself at the strangeness of the discovery. He presently told Nightingale, that these bank-bills were formerly his; and then acquainted him with the whole affair. As there are no men who complain more of the frauds of business, than highwaymen, gamesters, and other thieves of that kind; so there are none who so bitterly exclaim against the frauds of gamesters, &c. as usurers, brokers, and other thieves of this kind; whether it be, that the one way of cheating is a discountenance or reflection upon the other, or that money, which is the common mistress of all cheats, makes them regard each other in the light of rivals; but Nightingale no sooner heard the story, than he exclaimed against the fellow in terms much severer than the justice and honesty of Allworthy had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired Nightingale to retain both the money and the secret, till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean time see the fellow, that he would not take the least notice to him of the discovery which he had made. He then returned to his lodgings, where he found Mrs. Miller in a very dejected condition, on account of the information she had received from her son-in-law. Mr. Allworthy, with great chearfulness, told her, that he had much good news to communicate; and, with little farther preface, acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. Nightingale to consent to see his son; and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect reconciliation between them; though he found the father more soured by another accident of the same kind, which had happened in his family. He then mentioned the running away of the uncle's daughter, which he had been told by the old gentleman, and which Mrs. Miller, and her son-in-law, did not yet know.

The reader may suppose Mrs. Miller received this account with great thankfulness, and no less pleasure; but so uncommon was her friendship to Jones, that I am not certain whether the uneasiness she suffered for his sake, did not overbalance her satisfaction, at hearing a piece of news tending so much to the happiness of her own family; nor whether even this very news, as it reminded her of the obligations she had to Jones, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful heart said to her, 'While my own 'family is happy, how miserable is the 'poor creature, to whose generosity we 'owe the beginning of all this hap-'piness!'

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the cud (if I may use that expression) on these first tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which he believed would give her pleasure. 'I think,' said he, 'I have discovered a pretty considera-'ble treasure belonging to the young 'gentleman, your friend; but, per-'haps,' indeed, his present situation 'may be such, that it will be of no 'service to him.' The latter part of the

the ſpeech gave Mrs. Miller to underſtand who was meant; and ſhe anſwered with a ſigh, 'I hope not, Sir,' —'I hope not too,' cries Allworthy, 'with all my heart; but my nephew 'told me this morning, he had heard 'a very bad account of the affair.'— 'Good Heaven, Sir!' ſaid ſhe. 'Well, 'I muſt not ſpeak; and yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged to hold 'one's tongue, when one hears——' 'Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you may 'ſay whatever you pleaſe; you know 'me too well, to think I have a prejudice againſt any one; and, as for 'that young man, I aſſure you I ſhould 'be heartily pleaſed to find he could 'acquit himſelf of every thing, and 'particularly of this ſad affair. You 'can teſtify the affection I have formerly borne him. The world, I know, 'cenſured me for loving him ſo much. 'I did not wish to ſee that affection from 'him without thinking I had the juſteſt 'cauſe. Believe me, Mrs. Miller, I 'ſhould be glad to find I have been 'mistaken.' Mrs. Miller was going eagerly to reply, when a ſervant acquainted her, that a gentleman without deſired to ſpeak with her immediately. Allworthy then enquired for his nephew, and was told that he had been for ſome time in his room, with the gentleman who uſed to come to him; and whom Mr. Allworthy gueſſing rightly to be Mr. Dowling, he deſired preſently to ſpeak with him.

When Dowling attended, Allworthy put the caſe of the bank-notes to him, without mentioning any name; and aſked in what manner ſuch a perſon might be puniſhed. To which Dowling anſwered, he thought he might be indicted on the Black Act; but ſaid, as it was a matter of ſome nicety, it would be proper to go to counſel. He ſaid, he was to attend counſel preſently, upon an affair of Mr. Weſtern's, and if Mr. Allworthy pleaſed, he would lay the caſe before them. This was agreed to; and then Mrs. Miller opening the door, cried, 'I aſk par'don, I did not know you had com'pany;' but Allworthy deſired her to come in, ſaying, he had finiſhed his buſineſs. Upon which Mr. Dowling withdrew, and Mrs. Miller introduced Mr. Nightingale the younger, to return thanks for the great kindneſs done him by Allworthy; but ſhe had ſcarce patience to let the young gentleman finiſh his ſpeech, before ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, 'O Sir! Mr. Nightingale 'brings great news about poor Mr. 'Jones! he hath been to ſee the wounded gentleman, who is out of all dan'ger of death! and, what is more, de'clares he fell upon poor Mr. Jones 'himſelf, and beat him. I am ſure, 'Sir, you would not have Mr. Jones 'be a coward. If I was a man my'ſelf, I am ſure if any man was to 'ſtrike me, I ſhould draw my ſword. '—Do pray, my dear, tell Mr. All'worthy, tell him all yourſelf!' Nightingale then confirmed what Mrs. Miller had ſaid; and concluded with many handſome things of Jones, who was, he ſaid, one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world, and not in the leaſt inclined to be quarrelſome. Here Nightingale was going to ceaſe, when Mrs. Miller again begged him to relate all the many dutiful expreſſions he had heard him make uſe of towards Mr. Allworthy. 'To ſay the utmoſt good 'of Mr. Allworthy,' cries Nightingale, 'is doing no more than ſtrict 'juſtice, and can have no merit in it; 'but, indeed, I muſt ſay, no man can 'be more ſenſible of the obligations 'he hath to ſo good a man, than is 'poor Jones. Indeed, Sir, I am convinced the weight of your diſpleaſure is the heavieſt burden he lies 'under. He hath often lamented it 'to me, and hath as often proteſted in 'the moſt ſolemn manner, he hath 'never been intentionally guilty of 'any offence towards you; nay, he 'hath ſworn, he would rather die a 'thouſand deaths, than he would have 'his conſcience upbraid him with one 'diſreſpectful, ungrateful, or undutiful thought towards you. But I 'aſk pardon, Sir; I am afraid I preſume to intermeddle too far in ſo 'tender a point.'—'You have ſpoke 'no more than what a chriſtian ought,' cries Mrs. Miller. 'Indeed, Mr. Night'ingale,' anſwered Allworthy, 'I ap'plaud your generous friendſhip, and 'I wiſh he may merit it of you. I 'confeſs, I am glad to hear the re'port you bring from this unfortu'nate gentleman; and if that matter 'ſhould turn out to be as you repre'ſent it, (and, indeed, I doubt no'thing of what you ſay) I may, per'haps, in time, be brought to think 'better

'better than lately I have of this young 'man: for, this good gentlewoman 'here, nay, all who know me, can 'witneſs that I loved him as dearly as 'if he had been my own ſon. Indeed, 'I have conſidered him as a child ſent 'by Fortune to my care. I ſtill re-'member the innocent, the helpleſs 'ſituation in which I found him. I 'feel the tender preſſure of his little 'hands at this moment. He was my 'darling; indeed, he was!' At which words he ceaſed, and the tears ſtood in his eyes.

As the anſwer which Mrs. Miller made may lead us into freſh matters, we will here ſtop, to account for the viſible alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind, and the abatement of his anger to Jones. Revolutions of this kind, it is true, do frequently occur in hiſtories and dramatick writers, for no other reaſon, than becauſe the hiſtory or play draws to a concluſion, and are juſtified by authority of authors; yet, though we inſiſt upon as much authority as any author whatever, we ſhall uſe this power very ſparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by neceſſity; which we do not at preſent foreſee will happen in this work.

This alteration, then, in the mind of Mr. Allworthy, was occaſioned by a letter he had juſt received from Mr. Square, and which we ſhall give the reader in the beginning of the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING TWO LETTERS IN VERY DIFFERENT STILES.

'MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I Informed you in my laſt, that I 'was forbidden the uſe of the 'waters, as they were found by ex-'perience rather to encreaſe than leſſen 'the ſymptoms of my diſtemper. I 'muſt now acquaint you with a piece 'of news, which, I believe, will af-'flict my friends more than it hath 'afflicted me. Dr. Harrington and 'Dr. Breweſter have informed me, that 'there is no hopes of my recovery.

'I have ſomewhere read, that the 'great uſe of philoſophy is to learn to 'die. I will not, therefore, ſo far 'diſgrace mine, as to ſhew any ſur-'prize at receiving a leſſon which I 'muſt be thought to have ſo long 'ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the truth, one 'page of the goſpel teaches this leſ-'ſon better than all the volumes of 'ancient or modern philoſophers — 'The aſſurance it gives us of another 'life is a much ſtronger ſupport to a 'good mind, than all the conſolations 'that are drawn from the neceſſity of 'nature, the emptineſs or ſatiety of 'our enjoyments here, or any other 'topick of thoſe declamations which 'are ſometimes capable of arming our 'minds with a ſtubborn patience in 'bearing the thoughts of death; but 'never of raiſing them to a real con-'tempt of it, and much leſs of mak-'ing us think it as a real good. I 'would not here be underſtood to 'throw the horrid cenſure of atheiſm, 'or even the abſolute denial of im-'mortality, on all who are called phi-'loſophers. Many of that ſect, as 'well ancient as modern, have, from 'the light of reaſon, diſcovered ſome 'hopes of a future ſtate; but, in rea-'lity, that light was ſo faint and glim-'mering, and the hopes were ſo un-'certain and precarious, that it may 'be juſtly doubted on which ſide their 'belief turned. Plato himſelf con-'cludes his Phœdon with declaring, 'that his beſt arguments amount only 'to raiſe a probability; and Cicero 'himſelf ſeems rather to profeſs an in-'clination to believe, than any actual 'belief in the doctrines of immortali-'ty. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere 'with you, I never was much in earn-'eſt in this faith, till I was in earneſt 'a chriſtian.

'You will, perhaps, wonder at the 'latter expreſſion; but I aſſure you, it 'hath not been till very lately that I 'could, with truth, call myſelf ſo. 'The pride of philoſophy had intoxi-'cated my reaſon, and the ſublimeſt of 'all wiſdom appeared to me, as it did 'to the Greeks of old, to be fooliſh-'neſs. God hath, however, been ſo 'gracious to ſhew me my error in time, 'and to bring me into the way of truth, 'before I ſunk into utter darkneſs for 'ever.

'I find myſelf beginning to grow 'weak. I ſhall, therefore, haſten to 'the main purpoſe of this letter.

'When I reflect on the actions of 'my paſt life, I know of nothing which

'fits

'sits heavier upon my conscience, than 'the injustice I have been guilty of to 'that poor wretch, your adopted son. 'I have, indeed, not only connived 'at the villainy of others, but been 'myself active in injustice towards 'him. Believe me, my dear friend, 'when I tell you, on the word of a 'dying man, he hath been basely in-'jured. As to the principal fact, up-'on the misrepresentation of which 'you discarded him, I solemnly assure 'you he is innocent. When you lay 'upon your supposed death-bed, he 'was the only person in the house who 'testified any real concern; and what 'happened afterwards, arose from the 'wildness of his joy on your recovery; 'and, I am sorry to say it, from the 'baseness of another person; (but it 'is my desire to justify the innocent, 'and to accuse none.) Believe me, 'my friend, this young man hath the 'noblest generosity of heart, the most 'perfect capacity for friendship, the 'highest integrity, and, indeed, every 'virtue which can ennoble a man. 'He hath some faults, but among 'them is not to be numbered the least 'want of duty or gratitude towards 'you. On the contrary, I am satis-'fied, when you dismissed him from 'your house, his heart bled for you 'more than for himself.

'Worldly motives were the wicked 'and base reasons of my concealing 'this from you so long: to reveal it 'now, I can have no inducement, but 'the desire of serving the cause of 'truth, of doing right to the innocent, 'and of making all the amends in my 'power for a past offence. I hope 'this declaration, therefore, will have 'the effect desired, and will restore this 'deserving young man to your favour; 'the hearing of which, while I am yet 'alive, will afford the utmost consola-'tion to, Sir, your most obliged, obe-'dient humble servant,

'THOMAS SQUARE.'

The reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the revolution so visibly appearing in Mr. Allworthy; notwithstanding he received from Thwackum, by the same post, another letter of a very different kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last time we shall have occasion to mention the name of that gentleman.

'SIR,

'I Am not at all surprized at hear-'ing from your worthy nephew 'a fresh instance of the villainy of 'Mr. Square the atheist's young pu-'pil. I shall not wonder at any mur-'ders he may commit; and I hear-'tily pray that your own blood may 'not seal up this final commitment to 'the place of wailing and gnashing of 'teeth.

'Though you cannot want sufficient 'calls to repentance, for the many un-'warrantable weaknesses exemplified 'in your behaviour to this wretch, so 'much to the prejudice of your own 'lawful family, and of your character, 'I say, though these may sufficiently 'be supposed to prick and goad your 'conscience at this season; I should 'yet be wanting to my duty, if I spar-'ed to give you some admonition, in 'order to bring you to a due sense of 'your errors. I therefore pray you 'seriously to consider the judgment 'which is likely to overtake this wick-'ed villain; and let it serve, at least, 'as a warning to you, that you may 'not for the future despise the advice 'of one who is so indefatigable in his 'prayers for your welfare.

'Had not my hand been witheld 'from due correction, I had scourged 'much of this diabolical spirit out of 'a boy, of whom, from his infancy, 'I discovered the devil had taken such 'entire possession; but reflections of 'this kind now come too late.

'I am sorry you have given away 'the living of Western so hastily. I 'should have applied on that occasion 'earlier, had I thought you would not 'have acquainted me previous to the 'disposition. Your objection to plu-'ralities is being righteous over-much. 'If there were any crime in the prac-'tice, so many godly men would not 'agree to it. If the vicar of Alder-'grove should die, (as we hear he is 'in a declining way) I hope you will 'think of me, since I am certain you 'must be convinced of my most sincere 'attachment to your highest welfare; 'a welfare to which all worldly consi-

'derations

'derations are as trifling as the small 'tithes mentioned in Scripture are, 'when compared to the weighty mat-'ters of the law. I am, Sir, your 'faithful humble servant,

'ROGER THWACKUM.'

This was the first time Thwackum ever wrote in this authoritative stile to Allworthy; and of this he had afterwards sufficient reason to repent, as is the case of those who mistake the highest degree of goodness for the lowest degree of weakness. Allworthy had, indeed, never liked this man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured; he also knew that his divinity itself was tinctured with his temper, and such as in many respects he himself did by no means approve: but he was, at the same time, an excellent scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two lads. Add to this, the strict severity of his life and manners, an unimpeached honesty, and a most devout attachment to religion. So that, upon the whole, though Allworthy did not esteem nor love the man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a tutor to the boys, who was, both by learning and industry, extremely well qualified for his office; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own house, and under his own eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in Thwackum's instructions.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY IS CONTINUED.

MR. Allworthy, in his last speech, had recollected some tender ideas concerning Jones, which had brought tears into the good man's eyes. This Mrs. Miller observing, said, 'Yes, 'yes, Sir, your goodness to this poor 'young man is known, notwithstanding all your care to conceal it; but 'there is not a single syllable of truth 'in what those villains said. Mr. 'Nightingale hath now discovered the 'whole matter. It seems these fellows 'were employed by a lord, who is a 'rival of poor Mr. Jones, to have 'pressed him on board a ship—I assure 'them, I don't know who they will press 'next! Mr. Nightingale here hath 'seen the officer himself, who is a 'very pretty gentleman, and hath told 'him all, and is very sorry for what 'he undertook; which he would never 'have done, had he known Mr. Jones 'to have been a gentleman; but he 'was told that he was a common strol-'ling vagabond.'

Allworthy stared at all this, and declared he was a stranger to every word she said. 'Yes, Sir,' answered she, 'I believe you are. It is a very 'different story, I believe, from what 'those fellows told the lawyer.'

'What lawyer, Madam? What 'is it you mean?' said Allworthy. 'Nay, nay,' said she, 'this is so like 'you, to deny your own goodness! 'but Mr. Nightingale here saw him.' —'Saw whom, Madam?' answered he. 'Why, your lawyer, Sir,' said she, 'that you so kindly sent to enquire 'into the affair.'—'I am still in the 'dark, upon my honour,' said Allworthy. 'Why then, do you tell him, 'my dear Sir,' cries she. 'Indeed, 'Sir,' said Nightingale, 'I did see 'that very lawyer who went from you, 'when I came into the room, at an 'alehouse at Aldersgate, in company 'with two of the fellows who were 'employed by Lord Fellamar to press 'Mr. Jones, and who were, by that 'means, present at the unhappy ren-'counter between him and Mr. Fitz-'patrick.'—'I own, Sir,' said Mrs. Miller, 'when I saw this gentleman 'come into the room to you, I told 'Mr. Nightingale that I apprehended 'you had sent him thither to enquire 'into the affair.' Allworthy shewed marks of astonishment in his countenance at this news; and was, indeed, for two or three minutes, struck dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to Mr. Nightingale, he said, 'I must 'confess myself, Sir, more surprized 'at what you tell me, than I have ever 'been before at any thing in my whole 'life. Are you certain this was the 'gentleman?'—'I am most certain,' answered Nightingale. 'At Alders-'gate?' cries Allworthy. 'And was 'you in company with this lawyer and 'the two fellows?'—'I was, Sir,' said the other, 'very near half an hour.'— 'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy; 'and 'in what manner did the lawyer be-'have? Did you hear all that passed

'between him and the fellows?'—'No, 'Sir,' answered Nightingale; 'they 'had been together before I came. In 'my presence the lawyer said little; 'but after I had several times examin- 'ed the fellows, who persisted in a 'story directly contrary to what I have 'heard from Mr. Jones, and which I 'find by Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rank 'falsehood; the lawyer then desired the 'fellows to say nothing but what was 'the truth; and seemed to speak so 'much in favour of Mr. Jones, that 'when I saw the same person with 'you, I concluded your goodness had 'prompted you to send him thither.' —'And did you not send him thither?' says Mrs. Miller. 'Indeed, I did not,' answered Allworthy; 'nor did I know 'he had gone on such an errand till 'this moment.'—'I see it all!' said Mrs. Miller: 'upon my soul, I see it 'all! No wonder they have been clo- 'seted so close lately.—Son Night- 'ingale, let me beg you run for these 'fellows immediately—find them out, 'if they are above ground. I will go 'myself!'—'Dear Madam,' said All- worthy, 'be patient, and do me the 'favour to send a servant up stairs to 'call Mr. Dowling hither, if he be in 'the house; or if not, Mr. Blifil.' Mrs. Miller went out muttering some- thing to herself, and presently returned with an answer, that Mr. Dowling was gone; but that the t'other, as she call- ed him, was coming.

Allworthy was of a cooler disposi- tion than the good woman, whose spi- rits were all up in arms in the cause of her friend. He was not, however, without some suspicions which were near a kin to her's. When Blifil came into the room, he asked him with a very serious countenance, and with a less friendly look than he had ever before given him, whether he knew any thing of Mr. Dowling's having seen any of the persons who were present at the duel between Jones and another gen- tleman.

There is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprize on a man whose business it is to conceal truth or to defend falsehood. For which reason, those worthy personages, whose noble office it is to save the lives of their fellow-creatures at the Old- Bailey, take the utmost care, by fre- quent previous examinations, to di- vine every question, which may be ask- ed their clients on the day of trial, that they may be supplied with proper and ready answers, which the most fertile invention cannot supply in an instant. Besides, the sudden and violent impulse on the blood, occasioned by these sur- prizes, causes frequently such an alte- ration in the countenance, that a man is obliged to give evidence against him- self. And such, indeed, were the al- terations which the countenance of Blifil underwent from this sudden ques- tion, that we can scarce blame the ea- gerness of Mrs. Miller, who immedi- ately cried out—'Guilty, upon my 'honour! guilty, upon my soul!'

Mr. Allworthy sharply rebuked her for this impetuosity; and then turning to Blifil, who seemed sinking into the earth, he said, 'Why do you hesitate, 'Sir, at giving me an answer? You 'certainly must have employed him; 'for he would not, of his own ac- 'cord, I believe, have undertaken such 'an errand, and especially without ac- 'quainting me.'

Blifil then answered, 'I own, Sir, I 'have been guilty of an offence; yet 'may I hope your pardon?'—'My 'pardon?' said Allworthy, very an- grily. 'Nay, Sir,' answered Blifil, 'I knew you would be offended; yet 'surely my dear uncle will forgive the 'effects of the most amiable of human 'weaknesses. Compassion for those 'who do not deserve it, I own, is a 'crime; and yet it is a crime from 'which you yourself are not entirely 'free. I know I have been guilty of 'it in more than one instance to this 'very man; and I will own I did send 'Mr. Dowling, not on a vain and 'fruitless enquiry, but to discover the 'witnesses, and to endeavour to soften 'their evidence. This, Sir, is the 'truth; which, though I intended to 'conceal from you, I will not deny.'

'I confess,' said Nightingale, 'this 'is the light in which it appeared to 'me from the gentleman's behaviour.'

'Now, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I believe you will once in your life 'own you have entertained a wrong 'suspicion, and are not so angry with 'my nephew as you was.'

Mrs Miller was silent; for though she could not so hastily be pleased with Blifil, whom she looked upon to have been th ruin of Jones, yet, in this

particular

particular inſtance, he had impoſed upon her as well as the reſt; ſo entirely had the devil ſtood his friend. And, indeed, I look upon the vulgar obſervation, 'That the devil often deſerts 'his friends, and leaves them in the 'lurch,' to be a great abuſe on that gentleman's character. Perhaps he may ſometimes deſert thoſe who are only his cup acquaintance; or who, at moſt, are but half his; but he generally ſtands by thoſe who are thoroughly his ſervants, and helps them off in all extremities, till their bargain expires.

As a conquered rebellion ſtrengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly eſtabliſhed by recovery from ſome diſeaſes; ſo anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. This was the caſe of Mr. Allworthy; for Blifil having wiped off the greater ſuſpicion, the leſſer, which had been raiſed by Square's letter, ſunk of courſe, and was forgotten; and Thwackum, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the reflections which Square had caſt on the enemies of Jones.

As for that young man, the reſentment of Mr. Allworthy began more and more to abate towards him. He told Blifil, he did not only forgive the extraordinary efforts of his good-nature, but would give him the pleaſure of following his example. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, with a ſmile, which would have become an angel, he cried, 'What ſay you, Madam; 'ſhall we take a hackney-coach, and 'all of us together pay a viſit to your 'friend? I promiſe you, it is not the 'firſt viſit I have made in a priſon.'

Every reader, I believe, will be able to anſwer for the worthy woman; but they muſt have a great deal of good-nature, and be well acquainted with friendſhip, who can feel what ſhe felt on this occaſion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now paſſed in the mind of Blifil; but thoſe who are, will acknowledge, that it was impoſſible for him to raiſe any objection to this viſit. Fortune, however, or the gentleman lately mentioned above, ſtood his friend, and prevented his undergoing ſo great a ſhock: for at the very inſtant when the coach was ſent for, Partridge arrived, and having called Mrs. Miller from the company, acquainted her with the dreadful accident lately come to light; and hearing Mr. Allworthy's intention, begged her to find ſome means of ſtopping him; 'For,' ſays he, 'the matter muſt at all hazards be kept 'a ſecret from him; and if he ſhould 'now go, he will find Mr. Jones and 'his mother, who arrived juſt as I 'left him, lamenting over one another 'the horrid crime they had ignorantly 'committed.'

The poor woman, who was almoſt deprived of her ſenſes at this dreadful news, was never leſs capable of invention than at preſent. However, as women are much readier at this than men, ſhe bethought herſelf of an excuſe; and, returning to Allworthy, ſaid, 'I am 'ſure, Sir, you will be ſurprized at 'hearing any objection from me to the 'kind propoſal you juſt now made; 'and yet I am afraid of the conſe-'quence of it, if carried immediately 'into execution. You muſt imagine, 'Sir, that all the calamities which 'have lately befallen this poor young 'fellow, muſt have thrown him into 'the loweſt dejection of ſpirits: and 'now, Sir, ſhould we all on a ſudden 'fling him into ſuch a violent fit of 'joy, as I know your preſence will 'occaſion, it may, I am afraid, pro-'duce ſome fatal miſchief; eſpecially 'as his ſervant, who is without, tells 'me he is very far from being well.'

'Is his ſervant without?' cries Allworthy; 'pray call him hither. I will 'aſk him ſome queſtions concerning 'his maſter.'

Partridge was at firſt afraid to appear before Mr. Allworthy; but was at length perſuaded, after Mrs. Miller, who had often heard his whole ſtory from his own mouth, had promiſed to introduce him.

Allworthy recollected Partridge the moment he came into the room, though many years had paſſed ſince he had ſeen him. Mrs. Miller, therefore, might have ſpared here a formal oration, in which, indeed, ſhe was ſomething prolix: for the reader, I believe, may have obſerved already that the good woman, among other things, had a tongue always ready for the ſervice of her friends.

'And are you,' ſaid Allworthy to Partridge, 'the ſervant of Mr. Jones?' —'I can't ſay, Sir,' anſwered he, 'that 'I am regularly a ſervant; but I live 'with him, an't pleaſe your honour,

'at present. *Non sum qualis eram*, as 'your honour very well knows.'

Mr. Allworthy then asked him many questions concerning Jones, as to his health, and other matters; to all which Partridge answered, without having the least regard to what was, but considered only what he would have things appear; for a strict adherence to truth was not among the articles of this honest fellow's morality, or his religion.

During this dialogue, Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and presently after Mrs. Miller left the room, when Allworthy likewise dispatched Blifil; for he imagined that Partridge, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before company. They were no sooner left in private together, than Allworthy began, as in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY IS FARTHER CONTINUED.

'SURE, friend,' said the good man, 'you are the strangest of all human beings: not only to have suffered as you have formerly, for obstinately persisting in a falsehood; but 'to persist in it thus to the last, and to 'pass thus upon the world for the servant of your own son! What interest 'can you have in all this! what can 'be your motive?'

'I see, Sir,' said Partridge, falling down upon his knees, 'that your honour is prepossessed against me, and 'resolved not to believe any thing I 'say; and therefore what signifies my 'protestations? But yet there is One 'above, who knows that I am not the 'father of this young man.'

'How!' said Allworthy, 'will you 'yet deny what you was formerly convicted of upon such unanswerable, 'such manifest evidence? Nay, what 'a confirmation is your being now 'found with this very man, of all 'which twenty years ago appeared 'against you? I thought you had left 'the country; nay, I thought you had 'been long since dead. In what manner did you know any thing of this 'young man? Where did you meet 'with him, unless you had kept some 'correspondence together? Do not 'deny this; for I promise you it will 'greatly raise your son in my opinion, 'to find that he hath such a sense of 'filial duty, as privately to support 'his father for so many years.'

'If your honour will have patience 'to hear me,' said Partridge, 'I will 'tell you all.' Being bid go on, he proceeded thus. 'When your honour 'conceived that displeasure against me, 'it ended in my ruin soon after; for 'I lost my little school; and the minister, thinking, I suppose, it would 'be agreeable to your honour, turned 'me out from the office of clerk; so 'that I had nothing to trust to but the 'barber's shop, which, in a country 'place like that, is a poor livelihood; 'and when my wife died, (for till that 'time I received a pension of twelve 'pounds a year from an unknown 'hand; which, indeed, I believe was 'your honour's own, for nobody that 'ever I heard of doth these things besides:) but, as I was saying, when she 'died, this pension forsook me; so 'that now, as I owed two or three 'small debts, which began to be troublesome to me, particularly one* 'which an attorney brought up by 'law-charges from fifteen shillings to 'near thirty pounds; and as I found 'all my usual means of living had 'forsook me, I packed up my little all 'as well as I could, and went off.

'The first place I came to, was Salisbury, where I got into the service 'of a gentleman belonging to the law, 'and one of the best gentlemen that 'ever I knew; for he was not only good 'to me, but I know a thousand good 'and charitable acts which he did 'while I staid with him; and I have 'known him often refuse business, because it was paltry and oppressive.' — 'You need not be so particular,' said Allworthy; 'I know this gen-

* This is a fact which I knew happen to a poor clergyman in Dorsetshire, by the villainy of an attorney; who, not contented with the exorbitant costs to which the poor man was put by a single action, brought afterwards another action on the judgment, as it was called. A method frequently used to oppress the poor, and bring money into the pockets of attornies, to the great scandal of the law, of the nation, of christianity, and even of human nature itself.

'tleman,

'tleman, and a very worthy man he 'is, and an honour to his profeſſion.' —'Well, Sir,' continued Partridge, 'from hence I removed to Lyming-'ton, where I was above three years 'in the ſervice of another lawyer, who 'was likewiſe a very good ſort of a 'man, and, to be ſure, one of the mer-'rieſt gentlemen in England. Well, 'Sir, at the end of the three years, I 'ſet up a little ſchool, and was likely 'to do well again, had it not been for 'a moſt unlucky accident. Here I kept 'a pig; and one day, as ill-fortune 'would have it, this pig broke out, 'and did a treſpaſs, I think they call 'it, in a garden belonging to one of 'my neighbours, who was a proud, 'revengeful man, and employed a law-'yer, one—one—I can't think of his 'name; but he ſent for a writ againſt 'me, and had me to *jize*. When 'I came there, Lord have mercy upon 'me! to hear what the counſellor ſaid. 'There was one that told my lord a 'parcel of the confoundedſt lyes about 'me; he ſaid, that I uſed to drive my 'hogs into other folks gardens, and 'a great deal more; and at laſt he 'ſaid, he hoped I had at laſt brought 'my hogs to a fair market. To be 'ſure, one would have thought, that 'inſtead of being owner only of one 'poor little pig, I had been the 'greateſt hog-merchant in England. 'Well—' 'Pray,' ſaid Allworthy, 'do not be ſo particular; I have heard 'nothing of your ſon yet.'—'O it was 'a great many years,' anſwered Par-tridge, 'before I ſaw my ſon, as you 'are pleaſed to call him. I went over 'to Ireland after this, and taught 'ſchool at Cork, (for that one ſuit 'ruined me again, and I lay ſeven 'years in Wincheſter gaol.)'—'Well,' ſaid Allworthy, 'paſs that over till 'your return to England.'—'Then, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'it was about half a 'year ago that I landed at Briſtol, 'where I ſtayed ſome time; and not 'finding it do there, and hearing of a 'place between that and Glouceſter, 'where the barber was juſt dead, I 'went thither, and there I had been 'about two months when Mr. Jones 'came thither.' He then gave All-worthy a very particular account of their firſt meeting, and of every thing, as well as he could remember, which had happened from that day to this; frequently interlarding his ſtory with panegyricks on Jones; and not forget-ting to inſinuate the great love and re-ſpect which he had for Allworthy. He concluded with ſaying, 'Now, Sir, 'I have told your honour the whole 'truth:' and then repeated a moſt ſolemn proteſtation, that he was no more the father of Jones than of the Pope of Rome; and imprecated the moſt bitter curſes on his head, if he did not ſpeak truth.

'What am I to think of this mat-'ter?' cries Allworthy. 'For what 'purpoſe ſhould you ſo ſtrongly deny 'a fact, which I think it would be 'rather your intereſt to own?'—'Nay, 'Sir,' anſwered Partridge, (for he could hold no longer) 'if your honour 'will not believe me, you are like 'ſoon to have ſatisfaction enough. I 'wiſh you had miſtaken the mother of 'this young man, as well as you have 'his father.' And now being aſked what he meant; with all the ſymptoms of horror, both in his voice and coun-tenance, he told Allworthy the whole ſtory; which he had a little before ex-preſſed ſuch a deſire to Mrs. Miller to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almoſt as much ſhocked at this diſcovery, as Partridge himſelf had been while he related it. 'Good Heavens!' ſays he, 'in what 'miſerable diſtreſſes do vice and im-'prudence involve men! How much 'beyond our deſigns are the effects of 'wickedneſs ſometimes carried!' He had ſcarce uttered theſe words, when Mrs. Waters came haſtily and abrupt-ly into the room. Partridge no ſooner ſaw her, than he cried, 'Here, Sir, 'here is the very woman herſelf. 'This is the unfortunate mother of 'Mr. Jones; I am ſure ſhe will ac-'quit me before your honour. Pray, 'Madam——'

Mrs. Waters, without paying any regard to what Partridge ſaid, and al-moſt without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. Allworthy. 'I be-'lieve, Sir, it is ſo long ſince I had 'the honour of ſeeing you, that you do 'not recollect me.'—'Indeed,' anſwer-ed Allworthy, 'you are ſo very much 'altered, on many accounts, that had 'not this man already acquainted me 'who you are, I ſhould not have im-'mediately called you to my remem-'brance. Have you, Madam, any

'particular

'particular buſineſs which brings you 'to me?' Allworthy ſpoke this with great reſerve; for the reader may eaſily believe he was not well pleaſed with the conduct of this lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what Partridge had now delivered.

Mrs. Waters anſwered, 'Indeed, 'Sir, I have very particular buſineſs 'with you; and it is ſuch as I can 'impart only to yourſelf. I muſt de'ſire, therefore, the favour of a word 'with you alone; for I aſſure you, 'what I have to tell you is of the ut'moſt importance.'

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw; but before he went, he begged the lady to ſatisfy Mr. Allworthy that he was perfectly innocent. To which ſhe anſwered, 'You need be under 'no apprehenſion, Sir; I ſhall ſatisfy 'Mr. Allworthy very perfectly of that 'matter.'

Then Partridge withdrew; and that paſſed between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Waters which is written in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY.

MRS. Waters remaining a few moments ſilent, Mr. Allworthy could not refrain from ſaying, 'I am 'ſorry, Madam, to perceive, by what 'I have ſince heard, that you have 'made ſo very ill a uſe—' 'Mr. 'Allworthy,' ſays ſhe, interrupting him, 'I know I have faults, but in'gratitude to you is not one of them. 'I never can nor ſhall forget your 'goodneſs, which I own I have very 'little deſerved; but be pleaſed to 'wave all upbraiding me at preſent, 'as I have ſo important an affair to 'communicate to you concerning this 'young man, to whom you have gi'ven my maiden name of Jones.'

'Have I then,' ſaid Allworthy, 'ignorantly puniſhed an innocent man, 'in the perſon of him who hath juſt 'left us? Was he not the father of 'the child?'—'Indeed he was not,' ſaid Mrs. Waters. 'You may be 'pleaſed to remember, Sir, I formerly told you, you ſhould one day 'know; and I acknowledge myſelf 'to have been guilty of a cruel neg'lect, in not having diſcovered it to 'you before. Indeed, I little knew 'how neceſſary it was.'—'Well, 'Madam,' ſaid Allworthy, 'be pleaſ'ed to proceed.'—'You muſt remem'ber, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'a young fellow 'whoſe name was Summer.'—'Very 'well,' cries Allworthy; 'he was the 'ſon of a clergyman of great learning 'and virtue, for whom I had the high'eſt friendſhip.'—'So it appeared, 'Sir,' anſwered ſhe; 'for I believe 'you bred the young man up, and 'maintained him at the univerſity; 'where, I think, he had finiſhed his 'ſtudies, when he came to reſide at 'your houſe; a finer man, I muſt ſay, 'the ſun never ſhone upon; for, be'ſides the handſomeſt perſon I ever 'ſaw, he was ſo genteel, and had ſo 'much wit and good breeding.'—'Poor gentleman,' ſaid Allworthy, 'he was, indeed, untimely ſnatched 'away; and little did I think he had 'any ſins of this kind to anſwer for; 'for I plainly perceive, you are go'ing to tell me, he was the father of 'your child.'

'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he 'was not.'—'How?' ſaid Allworthy, 'to what then tends all this preface?' '—'To a ſtory, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'which 'I am concerned falls to my lot to 'unfold to you. O, Sir, prepare to 'hear ſomething which will ſurprize 'you, will grieve you!'—'Speak,' ſaid Allworthy; 'I am conſcious of 'no crime, and cannot be afraid to 'hear.'—'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that Mr. 'Summer, the ſon of your friend, 'educated at your expence, who, after 'living a year in the houſe, as if he 'had been your own ſon, died there 'of the ſmall-pox, was tenderly la'mented by you, and buried, as if he 'had been your own; that Summer, 'Sir, was the father of this child.'—'How!' ſaid Allworthy, 'you con'tradict yourſelf.'—'That I do not,' anſwered ſhe; 'he was, indeed, the 'father of this child, but not by me.' '—'Take care, Madam,' ſaid Allworthy; 'do not, to ſhun the impu'tation of any crime, be guilty of 'falſhood. Remember, there is One 'from whom you can conceal nothing, 'and before whoſe tribunal, falſhood 'will only aggravate your guilt.'—'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I am not 'his mother; nor would I now think

'myſelf

'myſelf ſo for the world!'—'I know 'your reaſon,' ſaid Allworthy; 'and 'ſhall rejoice, as much as you, to find 'it otherwiſe; yet, you muſt remember, you yourſelf confeſſed it before 'me.'—'So far what I confeſſed,' ſaid ſhe, 'was true, that theſe hands conveyed the infant to your bed; conveyed it thither, at the command of 'it's mother; at her commands, I afterwards owned it, and thought myſelf, by her generoſity, nobly rewarded, both for my ſecreſy and my ſhame.'—'Who could this woman be?' ſaid Allworthy. 'Indeed, I 'tremble to name her,' anſwered Mrs. Waters. 'By all this preparation, I 'am to gueſs that ſhe was a relation 'of mine,' cried he. 'Indeed, ſhe 'was a near one.' At which words Allworthy ſtarted, and ſhe continued, 'You had a ſiſter, Sir.'—'A ſiſter!' repeated he, looking aghaſt. 'As there 'is truth in heaven,' cries ſhe, 'your 'ſiſter was the mother of that child 'you found between your ſheets.'—'Can it be poſſible?' cries he, 'good 'Heavens!'—'Have patience, Sir,' ſaid Mrs. Waters, 'and I will unfold 'to you the whole ſtory. Juſt after 'your departure for London, Miſs 'Bridget came one day to the houſe 'of my mother. She was pleaſed to 'ſay, ſhe had heard an extraordinary 'character of me, for my learning 'and ſuperior underſtanding to all the 'young women there, ſo ſhe was pleaſ'ed to ſay. She then bid me come to 'her to the great houſe; where, when 'I attended, ſhe employed me to 'read to her. She expreſſed great 'ſatisfaction in my reading, ſhewed 'great kindneſs to me, and made me 'many preſents. At laſt, ſhe began 'to catechize me on the ſubject of 'ſecreſy, to which I gave her ſuch 'ſatisfactory anſwers, that, at laſt, 'having locked the door of her room, 'ſhe took me into her cloſet, and then 'locking that door likewiſe, ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe ſhould convince me of the vaſt 'reliance ſhe had on my integrity, 'by communicating a ſecret, in which 'her honour, and conſequently her 'life, was concerned. She then ſtopt, 'and after a ſilence of a few minutes, 'during which ſhe often wiped her 'eyes, ſhe enquired of me, if I thought 'my mother might ſafely be confided 'in. I anſwered, I would ſtake my 'life on her fidelity. She then im'parted to me the great ſecret which 'laboured in her breaſt, and which, 'I believe, was delivered with more 'pains than ſhe afterwards ſuffered in 'child-birth. It was then contrived, 'that my mother and myſelf only 'ſhould attend at the time, and that 'Mrs. Wilkins ſhould be ſent out of 'the way, as ſhe accordingly was, to 'the very fartheſt part of Dorſetſhire, 'to enquire the character of a ſervant, 'for the lady had turned away her 'own maid near three months before; 'during all which time I officiated 'about her perſon upon trial, as ſhe 'ſaid; though, as ſhe afterwards de'clared, I was not ſufficiently handy 'for the place. This, and many other 'ſuch things, which ſhe uſed to ſay of 'me, were all thrown out to prevent 'any ſuſpicion which Wilkins might 'hereafter have, when I was to own 'the child; for ſhe thought it could 'never be believed ſhe would venture 'to hurt a young woman, with whom 'ſhe had entruſted ſuch a ſecret. You 'may be aſſured, Sir, I was well paid 'for all theſe affronts, which, together 'with being informed with the occa'ſion of them, very well contented me. 'Indeed, the lady had a greater ſuſpi'cion of Mrs. Wilkins, than of any 'other perſon: not that ſhe had the 'leaſt averſion to the gentlewoman, 'but ſhe thought her incapable of 'keeping a ſecret, eſpecially from you, 'Sir; for I have often heard Miſs 'Bridget ſay, that if Mrs. Wilkins 'had committed a murder, ſhe believ'ed ſhe would acquaint you with it. 'At laſt, the expected day came; and 'Mrs. Wilkins, who had been kept 'a week in readineſs, and put off from 'time to time, upon ſome pretence or 'other, that ſhe might not return too 'ſoon, was diſpatched. Then the 'child was born, in the preſence only 'of myſelf and my mother, and was 'by my mother conveyed to her own 'houſe, where it was privately kept 'by her, till the evening of your 'return; when I, by the command of 'Miſs Bridget, conveyed it into the 'bed where you found it, and all 'ſuſpicions were afterwards laid aſleep 'by the artful conduct of your ſiſter, 'in pretending ill-will to the boy, and 'that any regard ſhe ſhewed him, was 'out of mere complaiſance to you.'

Mrs.

Mrs. Waters then made many protestations of the truth of this story, and concluded by saying, 'Thus, Sir, 'you have at last discovered your nephew; for so, I am sure, you will hereafter think him; and I question not, but he will be both an honour 'and a comfort to you, under that 'appellation.'

'I need not, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'express my astonishment at 'what you have told me; and yet, 'surely you would not, and could 'not, have put together so many circumstances to evidence an untruth. 'I confess, I recollect some passages 'relating to that Summer, which formerly gave me a conceit, that my sister had some liking to him. I mentioned it to her: for I had such a 'regard to the young man, as well 'on his own account, as on his father's, that I should willingly have 'consented to a match between them; 'but she expressed the highest disdain 'of my unkind suspicion, as she called 'it; so that I never spoke more on the 'subject. Good Heavens! Well! the 'Lord disposeth all things. Yet, sure 'it was a most unjustifiable conduct 'in my sister, to carry this secret with 'her out of the world!'—'I promise 'you, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'she 'always professed a contrary intention; 'and frequently told me, she intended 'one day to communicate it to you. 'She said, indeed, she was highly rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so 'well; and that you had, of your own 'accord, taken such a fancy to the 'child, that it was yet unnecessary to 'make any express declaration. Oh! 'Sir, had that lady lived to have seen 'this poor young man, turned like a 'vagabond from your house; nay, 'Sir, could she have lived to hear, 'that you had yourself employed a 'lawyer to prosecute him for a murder of which he was not guilty!—'Forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, I must 'say it was unkind! Indeed, you 'have been abused, he never deserved 'it of you!'—'Indeed, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'I have been abused by 'the person, whoever he was, that told 'you so.'—'Nay, Sir,' said me, 'I 'would not be mistaken, I did not 'presume to say you were guilty of 'any wrong. The gentleman, who 'came to me, proposed no such matter: he only said, taking me for 'Mr. Fitzpatrick's wife, that if Mr. 'Jones had murdered my husband, I 'should be assisted with any money I 'wanted to carry on the prosecution, 'by a very worthy gentleman, who, 'he said, was well apprized what a 'villain I had to deal with. It was 'by this man I found out who Mr. 'Jones was; and this man, whose 'name is Dowling, Mr. Jones tells 'me, is your steward. I discovered 'his name by a very odd accident; 'for he himself refused to tell it me; 'but Partridge, who met him at my 'lodgings, the second time he came, 'knew him formerly at Salisbury.'

'And did this Mr. Dowling,' says Allworthy, with great astonishment in his countenance, 'tell you that I 'would assist in the prosecution!'—'No, Sir,' answered she, 'I will not 'charge him wrongfully. He said I 'should be assisted; but he mentioned 'no name. Yet, you must pardon 'me, Sir, if, from circumstances, I 'thought it could be no other.'—'Indeed, Madam,' says Allworthy, 'from circumstances, I am too well 'convinced it was another. Good 'Heaven! by what wonderful means 'is the blackest and deepest villainy 'sometimes discovered!—Shall I beg 'you, Madam, to stay till the person 'you have mentioned comes? for I 'expect him every minute; nay, he 'may be, perhaps, already in the 'house.'

Allworthy then stept to the door, in order to call a servant, when in came, not Mr. Dowling, but the gentleman who will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

FARTHER CONTINUATION.

THE gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. Western. He no sooner saw Allworthy, than, without considering in the least the presence of Mrs. Waters, he began to vociferate in the following manner: 'Fine doings at my house! A rare 'kettle of fish I have discovered at 'last! Who the devil would be plagued 'with a daughter?'—'What's the 'matter, neighbour?' said Allworthy. 'Matter enough,' answered Western; 'when

'when I thought she was a just coming to; nay, when she had in a manner promised me to do as I would ha' her, and when I was a hoped to have had nothing more to do than to have sent for the lawyer, and finished all; what do you think I have found out? the little b— hath been playing tricks with me all the while, and carrying on a correspondence with that bastard of yours. Sister Western, whom I have quarrelled with, upon her account, sent me word o't, and I ordered her pockets to be searched when she was asleep, and here I have got un signed with the son of a whore's own name. I have not had patience to read half o't, for 'tis longer than one of Parson Supple's sermons; but I find plainly, it is all about love; and, indeed, what should it be else? I have packed her up in chamber again, and to-morrow morning, down she goes into the country, unless she consents to be married directly, and there she shall live in a garret upon bread and water all her days; and the sooner such a b— breaks her heart, the better; though, d—n her, that I believe is too tough. She will live long enough to plague me.'—'Mr. Western,' answered Allworthy, 'you know I have always protested against force, and you yourself consented that none should be used.'—'Ay,' cries he, that was only upon condition that she would consent without. What the devil and Doctor Faustus! shan't I do what I will with my own daughter, especially when I desire nothing but her own good?'—'Well, neighbour,' answered Allworthy, 'if you will give me leave, I will undertake once to argue with the young lady.'—'Will you?' said Western, 'why, that is kind now, and neighbourly; and mayhap, you will do more than I have been able to do with her; for I promise you, she hath a very good opinion of you.'—'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'if you will go home, and release the young lady from her captivity, I will wait upon her within this half hour.'—'But, suppose,' said Western, she should run away with un in the mean time? for Lawyer Dowling tells me, there is no hopes of hanging the fellow at last; for that the man is alive, and like to do well, and that he thinks Jones will be out of prison again presently.'—'How!' said Allworthy, what did you employ him then to enquire, or to do any thing in that matter?'—'Not, I,' answered Western, 'he mentioned it to me just now of his own accord.'—'Just now!' cries Allworthy, 'why, where did you see him then? I want much to see Mr. Dowling.'—'Why, you may see un an' you will presently at my lodgings; for there is to be a meeting of lawyers there this morning, about a mortgage. Icod! I shall lose two or three thousand pounds, I believe, by that honest gentleman Mr. Nightingale.'—'Well, Sir,' said Allworthy, 'I will be with you within the half hour.'—'And do for once,' cries the squire, 'take a fool's advice; never think of dealing with her by gentle methods; take my word for it, those will never do, I have tried um long enough. She must be frightened into it, there is no other way. Tell her, I'm her father; and of the horrid sin of disobedience, and of the dreadful punishment of it in t'other world, and then tell her about being locked up all her life in a garret in this, and being kept only on bread and water.'—'I will do all I can,' said Allworthy; for I promise you, there is nothing I wish for more than an alliance with this amiable creature.'—'Nay, the girl is well enough for matter o'that,' cries the squire; 'a man may go farther, and meet with worse meat; that I may declare o'her, thof she be my own daughter. And if she will but be obedient to me, there is n'arrow a father within a hundred miles o' the place, that loves a daughter better than I do: but I see you are busy with the lady here, so I will go huome and expect you, and so your humble servant.'

As soon as Mr. Western was gone, Mrs. Waters said, 'I see, Sir, the squire hath not the least remembrance of my face. I believe, Mr. Allworthy, you would not have known me neither. I am very considerably altered since that day when you so kindly gave me that advice, which I had been happy had I followed.'—'Indeed, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it gave me great concern, when I first

'heard the contrary.'—'Indeed, Sir,' says she, 'I was ruined by a very deep 'scheme of villainy; which, if you 'knew, though I pretend not to think 'it would justify me in your opinion, 'it would at least mitigate my offence, 'and induce you to pity me: you are 'not now at leisure to hear my whole 'story; but this I assure you, I was 'betrayed by the most solemn pro-'mises of marriage; nay, in the eye 'of Heaven, I was married to him: 'for, after much reading on the sub-'ject, I am convinced that particular 'ceremonies are only requisite to give 'a legal sanction to marriage, and 'have only a worldly use, in giving a 'woman the privileges of a wife; but 'that she who lives constant to one 'man, after a solemn private affiance, 'whatever the world may call her, 'hath little to charge on her own con-'science.'—'I am sorry, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'you made so ill an 'use of your learning. Indeed, it 'would have been well that you had 'been possessed of much more, or had 'remained in a state of ignorance. 'And yet, Madam, I am afraid you 'have more than this sin to answer 'for.'—'During his life,' answered she, 'which was above a dozen years, 'I most solemnly assure you, I had 'not. And consider, Sir, on my be-'half, what is in the power of a wo-'man, stript of her reputation, and 'left destitute; whether the good-na-'tured world will suffer such a stray 'sheep to return to the road of virtue, 'even if she was never so desirous. I 'protest then, I would have chose it, 'had it been in my power; but neces-'sity drove me into the arms of Cap-'tain Waters, with whom, though 'still unmarried, I lived as a wife for 'many years, and went by his name. 'I parted with this gentleman at Wor-'cester, on his march against the re-'bels, and it was then I accidentally 'met with Mr. Jones, who rescued 'me from the hands of a villain. In-'deed, he is the worthiest of men. 'No young gentleman of his age is, 'I believe, freer from vice, and few 'have the twentieth part of his vir-'tues; nay, whatever vices he hath 'had, I am firmly persuaded, he hath 'now taken a resolution to abandon 'them.'—'I hope he hath,' cries Allworthy, 'and I hope he will preserve 'that resolution. I must say, I have 'still the same hopes with regard to 'yourself. The world, I do agree, 'are apt to be too unmerciful on these 'occasions; yet, time and perseverance 'will get the better of this their disin-'clination, as I may call it, to pity; 'for though they are not, like Heaven, 'ready to receive a penitent sinner, 'yet a continued repentance will at 'length obtain mercy even with the 'world. This you may be assured 'of, Mrs. Waters, that whenever I 'find you are sincere in such good in-'tentions, you shall want no assistance 'in my power to make them effectual.'

Mrs. Waters fell now upon her knees before him; and, in a flood of tears, made him many most passionate acknowledgments of his goodness; which, as she truly said, savoured more of the divine than human nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender manner, making use of every expression which his invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Dowling; who, upon his first entrance, seeing Mrs. Waters, started, and appeared in some confusion; from which he soon recovered himself, as well as he could, and then said, he was in the utmost haste to attend counsel at Mr. Western's lodgings; but, however, thought it his duty to call and acquaint him with the opinion of counsel, upon the case which he had before told him; which was, that the conversion of the monies in that case could not be questioned in a criminal cause; but that an action of trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the jury to be the monies of plaintiff, that plaintiff would recover a verdict for the value.

Allworthy, without making any answer to this, bolted the door; and then advancing with a stern look to Dowling, he said, 'Whatever be your haste, 'Sir, I must first receive an answer to 'some questions. Do you know this 'lady?'—'That lady, Sir?' answered Dowling, with great hesitation. Allworthy then, with the most solemn voice, said, 'Look you, Mr. Dowl-'ing, as you value my favour, or your 'continuance a moment longer in my 'service, do not hesitate nor prevari-'cate; but answer faithfully and truly 'to every question I ask.—Do you

'know

'know this lady?—'Yes, Sir,' said Dowling, 'I have seen the lady.'—'Where, Sir?'—'At her own lodgings.'—'Upon what business did you go thither, Sir? and who sent you?'—'I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, about Mr. Jones.'—'And who sent you to enquire about him?'—'Who, Sir? why, Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me.'—'And what did you say to the lady concerning that matter?'—'Nay, Sir, it is impossible to recollect every word.'—'Will you please, Madam, to assist the gentleman's memory?'—'He told me, Sir,' said Mrs. Waters, 'that if Mr. Jones had murdered my husband, I should be assisted with any money I wanted, to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who was well apprized what a villain I had to deal with. These, I can safely swear, were the very words he spoke.'—'Were these the words, Sir?' said Allworthy. 'I cannot charge my memory exactly,' cries Dowling, 'but I believe I did speak to that purpose.'—'And did Mr. Blifil order you to say so?'—'I am sure, Sir, I should not have gone on my own accord, nor have willingly exceeded my authority, in matters of this kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr. Blifil's instructions.'—'Look you, Mr. Dowling,' said Allworthy, 'I promise you, before this lady, that whatever you have done in this affair, by Mr. Blifil's order, I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the truth: for I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own accord, and without authority, in this matter. Mr. Blifil, then, likewise sent you to examine the two fellows at Alderſgate?'—'He did, Sir.'—'Well; and what instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can; and tell me, as near as possible, the very words he used.'—'Why, Sir, Mr. Blifil sent me to find out the persons who were eye-witnesses of this fight. He said, he feared they might be tampered with by Mr. Jones, or some of his friends. He said, blood required blood; and that not only all who concealed a murderer, but those who omitted any thing in their power to bring him to justice, were sharers in his guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper you should appear in it.'—'He did so?' said Allworthy. 'Yes, Sir,' cries Dowling: 'I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such lengths, for the sake of any other person living, but your worship.'—'What lengths, Sir?' said Allworthy. 'Nay, Sir,' cries Dowling, 'I would not have your worship think I would, on any account, be guilty of subornation of perjury; but there are two ways of delivering evidence. I told them, therefore, that if any offers should be made them on the other side, they should refuse them; and that they might be assured, they should lose nothing by being honest men, and telling the truth. I said, we were told, that Mr. Jones had assaulted the gentleman first, and that, if that was the truth, they should declare it; and I did give them some hints, that they should be no losers.'—'I think you went lengths, indeed!' cries Allworthy. 'Nay, Sir,' answered Dowling, 'I am sure I did not desire them to tell an untruth; nor should I have said what I did, unless it had been to oblige you.'—'You would not have thought, I believe,' says Allworthy, 'to have obliged me, had you known that this Mr. Jones was my own nephew.'—'I am sure, Sir,' answered he, 'it did not become me to take any notice of what I thought you desired to conceal.'—'How!' cries Allworthy, 'and did you know it then?'—'Nay, Sir,' answered Dowling, 'if your worship bids me speak the truth, I am sure I shall do it. Indeed, Sir, I did know it; for they were almost the last words which Madam Blifil ever spoke, which she mentioned to me, as I stood alone by her bedside, when she delivered me the letter I brought your worship from her.'—'What letter?' cries Allworthy. 'The letter, Sir,' answered Dowling, 'which I brought from Salisbury, and which I delivered into the hands of Mr. Blifil.'—'O Heavens!' cries Allworthy. 'Well; and what were the words? What did my sister say to you?'—'She took me by the hand,' answered he; 'and as she delivered me the letter, said, "I

" ſcarce know what I have written. " Tell my brother, Mr. Jones is his " nephew—He is my ſon—bleſs him!" ' ſays ſhe, and then fell backward, as ' if dying away. I preſently called in ' the people, and ſhe never ſpoke more ' to me, and died within a few mi- ' nutes afterwards.' Allworthy ſtood a minute ſilent, lifting up his eyes; and then turning to Dowling, ſaid—' How came you, Sir, not to deliver ' me this meſſage?'—' Your worſhip,' anſwered he, ' muſt remember, that you ' was at that time ill in bed; and be- ' ing in a violent hurry, as indeed I ' always am, I delivered the letter and ' meſſage to Mr. Blifil, who told me ' he would carry them both to you: ' which he hath ſince told me he did; ' and that your worſhip, partly out of ' friendſhip to Mr. Jones, and partly ' out of regard to your ſiſter, would ' never have it mentioned; and did in- ' tend to conceal it from the world; ' and therefore, Sir, if you had not ' mentioned it to me firſt, I am cer- ' tain I ſhould never have thought it ' belonged to me to ſay any thing of ' the matter, either to your worſhip, ' or any other perſon.'

We have remarked ſomewhere al- ready, that it is poſſible for a man to convey a lye in the words of truth; this was the caſe at preſent: for Blifil had, in fact, told Dowling what he now re- lated; but had not impoſed upon him, nor, indeed, had imagined that he was able ſo to do. In reality, the promiſes which Blifil had made to Dowling were the motives which had induced him to ſecreſy; and as he very plainly ſaw Bli- fil would not be able to keep them, he thought proper now to make this con- feſſion; which the promiſes of forgive- neſs, joined to the threats, the voice, the looks of Allworthy, and the diſ- coveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was, beſides, taken un- awares, and had no time to conſider of evaſions.

Allworthy appeared well ſatisfied with this relation; and having enjoin- ed on Dowling ſtrict ſilence as to what had paſſed, conducted that gentleman himſelf to the door, leſt he ſhould ſee Blifil, who was returned to his cham- ber, where he exulted in the thoughts of his laſt deceit on his uncle, and little ſuſpected what had ſince paſſed below ſtairs.

As Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the en- try; who, with a face all pale and full of terror, ſaid to him, ' O Sir! I find ' this wicked woman hath been with ' you, and you know all; yet do not, ' on this account, abandon the poor ' young man. Conſider, Sir, he was ' ignorant it was his own mother; and ' the diſcovery itſelf will, moſt pro- ' bably, break his heart, without your ' unkindneſs.'

' Madam,' ſays Allworthy, ' I am ' under ſuch an aſtoniſhment at what ' I have heard, that I am really un- ' able to ſatisfy you; but come with ' me into my room. Indeed, Mrs. ' Miller, I have made ſurprizing diſ- ' coveries, and you ſhall ſoon know ' them.'

The poor woman followed him trem- bling; and now Allworthy going up to Mrs. Waters, took her by the hand, and then turning to Mrs. Miller, ſaid, ' What reward ſhall I beſtow upon ' this gentlewoman, for the ſervices ſhe ' hath done me?—O! Mrs. Miller, ' you have a thouſand times heard me ' call the young man to whom you are ' ſo faithful a friend, my ſon. Little did ' I then think he was indeed related to ' me at all.—Your friend, Madam, ' is my nephew; he is the brother of ' that wicked viper whom I have ſo ' long nouriſhed in my boſom!—She ' will herſelf tell you the whole ſtory, ' and how the youth came to paſs for ' her ſon. Indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am ' convinced that he hath been wrong- ' ed, and that I have been abuſed; ' abuſed by one whom you too juſtly ' ſuſpected of being a villain. He is, ' in truth, the worſt of villains!'

The joy which Mrs. Miller now felt, bereft her of the power of ſpeech, and might, perhaps, have deprived her of her ſenſes, if not of life, had not a friendly ſhower of tears come ſeaſon- ably to her relief. At length, recover- ing ſo far from her tranſport as to be able to ſpeak, ſhe cried, ' And is my ' dear Mr. Jones, then, your nephew, ' Sir! and not the ſon of this lady! ' And are your eyes opened to him at ' laſt! And ſhall I live to ſee him as ' happy as he deſerves!'—' He cer- ' tainly is my nephew,' ſays Allwor- thy, ' and I hope all the reſt.'—' And ' is this dear good woman, the perſon,' cries ſhe, ' to whom all this diſcovery

' is

'is owing?'—'She is, indeed,' says Allworthy. 'Why then,' cried Mrs. Miller, upon her knees, 'may Heaven 'shower down it's choiceſt bleſſings 'upon her head; and, for this one good 'action, forgive her all her ſins, be 'they never ſo many!'

Mrs. Waters then informed them, that ſhe believed Jones would very ſhortly be releaſed; for that the ſurgeon was gone, in company with a nobleman, to the juſtice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. Fitzpatrick was out of all manner of danger, and to procure the priſoner his liberty.

Allworthy ſaid, he ſhould be glad to find his nephew there at his return home; but that he was then obliged to go on ſome buſineſs of conſequence. He then called to a ſervant to fetch him a chair, and preſently left the two ladies together.

Mr. Blifil, hearing the chair ordered, came down ſtairs to attend upon his uncle; for he never was deficient in ſuch acts of duty. He aſked his uncle if he was going out; which is a civil way of aſking a man where he is going: to which the other making no anſwer, he again deſired to know, when he would be pleaſed to return. Allworthy made no anſwer to this neither, till he was juſt getting into his chair, and then turning about, he ſaid, 'Hark'e, Sir, do you find out, before 'my return, the letter which your mo'ther ſent me on her death-bed.' Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a ſituation to be envied only by a man who is juſt going to be hanged.

CHAP. IX.

A FARTHER CONTINUATION.

ALLWORTHY took an opportunity, whilſt he was in the chair, of reading the letter from Jones to Sophia, which Weſtern delivered him; and there were ſome expreſſions in it, concerning himſelf, which drew tears from his eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. Weſtern's, and was introduced to Sophia.

When the firſt ceremonies were paſt, and the gentleman and lady had taken their chairs, a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued; during which, the latter, who had been prepared for the viſit by her father, ſat playing with her fan, and had every mark of confuſion both in her countenance and behaviour. At length, Allworthy, who was himſelf a little diſconcerted, began thus: 'I 'am afraid, Miſs Weſtern, my fami'ly hath been the occaſion of giving 'you ſome uneaſineſs; to which, I 'fear, I have innocently become more 'inſtrumental than I intended. Be 'aſſured, Madam, had I at firſt known 'how diſagreeable the propoſals had 'been, I ſhould not have ſuffered you 'to have been ſo long perſecuted. I 'hope, therefore, you will not think 'the deſign of this viſit is to trouble 'you with any farther ſolicitations of 'that kind, but entirely to relieve you 'from them.'

'Sir,' ſaid Sophia, with a little modeſt heſitation, 'this behaviour is moſt 'kind and generous, and ſuch as I 'could expect only from Mr. Allwor'thy: but as you have been ſo kind 'to mention this matter, you will 'pardon me for ſaying it hath, in'deed, given me great uneaſineſs; 'and hath been the occaſion of my 'ſuffering much cruel treatment from 'a father, who was, till that unhappy 'affair, the tendereſt and fondeſt of 'all parents. I am convinced, Sir, 'you are too good and generous to 'reſent my refuſal of your nephew. 'Our inclinations are not in our own 'power; and whatever may be his 'merit, I cannot force them in his 'favour.'—'I aſſure you, moſt ami'able young lady,' ſaid Allworthy, 'I am capable of no ſuch reſentment, 'had the perſon been my own ſon, 'and had I entertained the higheſt 'eſteem for him. For you ſay truly, 'Madam, we cannot force our incli'nations, much leſs can they be di'rected by another.'—'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'every word you ſpeak 'proves you to deſerve that good, that 'great, that benevolent character, the 'whole world allows you. I aſſure 'you, Sir, nothing leſs than the certain 'proſpect of future miſery could have 'made me reſiſt the commands of 'my father.'—'I ſincerely believe you, 'Madam,' replied Allworthy; 'and 'I heartily congratulate you on your 'prudent foreſight, ſince, by ſo juſtifi'able a reſiſtance, you have avoided 'miſery indeed.'—'You ſpeak, now,

'Mr.

'Mr. Allworthy,' cries she, 'with a 'delicacy which few men are capable 'of feeling; but surely, in my opi- 'nion, to lead our lives with one to 'whom we are indifferent, muſt be a 'ſtate of wretchedneſs. Perhaps, that 'wretchedneſs would be even increaſed 'by a ſenſe of the merits of the object 'to whom we cannnot give our affec- 'tions. If I had married Mr. Bli- 'fil—' 'Pardon my interrupting you, 'Madam,' anſwered Allworthy, 'but 'I cannot bear the ſuppoſition. Be- 'lieve me, Miſs Weſtern, I rejoice 'from my heart—I rejoice in your 'eſcape. I have diſcovered the wretch, 'for whom you have ſuffered all this 'cruel violence from your father, to 'be a villain!'—'How, Sir!' cries Sophia, 'you muſt believe this ſur- 'prizes me!'—'It hath ſurprized me, 'Madam,' anſwered Allworthy; 'and 'ſo it will the world: but I have ac- 'quainted you with the real truth.' —'Nothing but truth,' ſays Sophia, 'can, I am convinced, come from the 'lips of Mr. Allworthy. Yet, Sir, 'ſuch ſudden, ſuch unexpected news— 'Diſcovered, you ſay—may villainy 'be ever ſo!'—'You will ſoon enough 'hear the ſtory,' cries Allworthy; 'at 'preſent let us not mention ſo deteſt- 'ed a name—I have another matter 'of a very ſerious nature to propoſe. 'O! Miſs Weſtern, I know your vaſt 'worth, nor can I ſo eaſily part with 'the ambition of being allied to it. I 'have a near relation, Madam, a 'young man whoſe character is, I am 'convinced, the very oppoſite to that 'of this wretch, and whoſe fortune 'I will make equal to what his was 'to have been. Could I, Madam, 'hope you would admit a viſit from 'him?' Sophia, after a minute's ſi- lence, anſwered, 'I will deal with the 'utmoſt ſincerity with Mr. Allworthy. 'His character, and the obligation I 'have juſt received from him, demand 'it. I have determined at preſent to 'liſten to no ſuch propoſals from any 'perſon. My only deſire is to be re- 'ſtored to the affection of my father, 'and to be again the miſtreſs of his 'family. This, Sir, I hope to owe 'to your good offices. Let me be- 'ſeech you, let me conjure you, by 'all the goodneſs which I, and all who 'know you, have experienced; do not, 'the very moment when you have re- 'leaſed me from one perſecution, do 'not engage me in another, as miſe- 'rable and as fruitleſs!'—'Indeed, 'Miſs Weſtern,' replied Allworthy, 'I am capable of no ſuch conduct; 'and if this be your reſolution, he 'muſt ſubmit to the diſappointment, 'whatever torments he may ſuffer un- 'der it.'—'I muſt ſmile now, Mr. 'Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia, 'when 'you mention the torments of a man 'whom I do not know, and who can 'conſequently have ſo little acquain- 'tance with me.'—'Pardon, me, dear 'young lady,' cries Allworthy, 'I be- 'gin now to be afraid he hath had too 'much acquaintance for the repoſe 'of his future days; ſince, if ever 'man was capable of a ſincere, vio- 'lent, and noble paſſion, ſuch, I am 'convinced, is my unhappy nephew's 'for Miſs Weſtern.'—'A nephew of 'yours! Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Sophia. 'It is ſurely ſtrange, I ne- 'ver heard of him before!'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'it is 'only the circumſtance of his being 'my nephew to which you are a ſtran- 'ger, and which, till this day, was a 'ſecret to me. Mr. Jones, who has 'long loved you, he! he is my ne- 'phew!'—'Mr. Jones your nephew, 'Sir?' cries Sophia; 'can it be poſ- 'ſible?'—'He is indeed, Madam,' anſwered Allworthy: 'he is my own 'ſiſter's ſon—as ſuch I ſhall always 'own him; nor am I aſhamed of own- 'ing him. I am much more aſhamed 'of my paſt behaviour to him; but I 'was as ignorant of his merit as of his 'birth. Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, I have 'uſed him cruelly—indeed I have!' Here the good man wiped his eyes, and after a ſhort pauſe proceeded. 'I ne- 'ver ſhall be able to reward him for 'his ſufferings, without your aſſiſtance. 'Believe me, moſt amiable young la- 'dy, I muſt have a great eſteem of 'that offering which I make to your 'worth. I know he hath been guilty 'of faults; but there is great good- 'neſs of heart at the bottom. Believe 'me, Madam, there is.' Here he ſtop- ped, ſeeming to expect an anſwer, which he preſently received from So- phia, after ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the hurry of ſpirits into which ſo ſtrange and ſudden informa- tion had thrown her: 'I ſincerely wiſh 'you joy, Sir, of a diſcovery in which

'you

'you seem to have such satisfaction. 'I doubt not but you will have all the 'comfort you can promise yourself 'from it. The young gentleman hath 'certainly a thousand good qualities, 'which makes it impossible he should 'not behave well to such an uncle.'— 'I hope, Madam,' said Allworthy, 'he hath those good qualities which 'must make him a good husband. He 'must, I am sure, be of all men the 'most abandoned, if a lady of your 'merit should condescend—' 'You 'must pardon me, Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia. 'I cannot listen to 'a proposal of this kind. Mr. Jones, 'I am convinced, hath much merit; 'but I shall never receive Mr. Jones 'as one who is to be my husband— 'upon my honour, I never will!'— 'Pardon me, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'if I am a little surprized, after 'what I have heard from Mr. Western—I hope the unhappy young man 'hath done nothing to forfeit your 'good opinion, if he had ever the honour to enjoy it. Perhaps he may 'have been misrepresented to you, as 'he was to me. The same villainy 'may have injured him every where. 'He is no murderer, I assure you, as 'he hath been called.'—'Mr. Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'I have 'told you my resolution. I wonder 'not at what my father hath told you; 'but whatever his apprehensions or 'fears have been, if I know my heart, 'I have given no occasion for them; 'since it hath always been a fixed principle with me, never to have married 'without his consent. This is, I 'think, the duty of a child to a parent; and this, I hope, nothing 'could ever have prevailed with me 'to swerve from. I do not, indeed, 'conceive, that the authority of any 'parent can oblige us to marry, in 'direct opposition to our inclinations. 'To avoid a force of this kind, which 'I had reason to suspect, I left my father's house, and sought protection 'elsewhere. This is the truth of my 'story; and if the world, or my father, carry my intentions any farther, my own conscience will acquit 'me.'—'I hear you, Miss Western,' cries Allworthy, 'with admiration. I 'admire the justness of your sentiments; but surely there is more in 'this. I am cautious of offending 'you, young lady; but am I to look 'on all which I have hitherto heard or 'seen, as a dream only? And have 'you suffered so much cruelty from 'your father on the account of a man 'to whom you have been always absolutely indifferent?'—'I beg, Mr. 'Allworthy,' answered Sophia, 'you 'will not insist on my reasons: yes, I 'have suffered indeed! I will not, Mr. 'Allworthy, conceal—I will be very 'sincere with you—I own I had a 'great opinion of Mr. Jones—I believe—I know I have suffered for my 'opinion—I have been treated cruelly 'by my aunt, as well as by my father; 'but that is now past—I beg I may 'not be farther pressed; for whatever 'hath been, my resolution is now fixed. 'Your nephew, Sir, hath many virtues—he hath great virtues, Mr. 'Allworthy. I question not but he 'will do you honour in the world, and 'make you happy.'—'I wish I could 'make him so, Madam,' replied Allworthy; 'but that, I am convinced, is 'only in your power. It is that conviction which hath made me so earnest 'a solicitor in his favour.'—'You are 'deceived; indeed, Sir, you are deceived,' said Sophia; 'I hope not by 'him—it is sufficient to have deceived me. Mr. Allworthy, I must insist on being pressed no farther on this 'subject. I should be sorry—nay, I 'will not injure him in your favour. I 'wish Mr. Jones very well. I sincerely 'wish him well; and I repeat it again 'to you, whatever demerit he may 'have to me, I am certain he hath 'many good qualities. I do not disown my former thoughts; but nothing can ever recal them. At present, there is not a man upon earth 'whom I would more resolutely reject than Mr. Jones; nor would the 'addresses of Mr. Blifil himself be 'less agreeable to me.'

Western had been long impatient for the event of this conference, and was just now arrived at the door to listen; when having heard the last sentiments of his daughter's heart, he lost all temper, and bursting open the door in a rage, cried out, 'It is a lye: it is a 'd—n'd lye! It is all owing to that 'd—n'd rascal Jones; and if she 'could get at un, she'd ha' un any 'hour of the day.' Here Allworthy interposed, and addressing himself to the

the ſquire with ſome anger in his look, he ſaid, 'Mr. Weſtern, you have 'not kept your word with me. You 'promiſed to abſtain from all violence.' —'Why ſo I did,' cries Weſtern, 'as 'long as it was poſſible; but to hear 'a wench telling ſuch confounded lyes. 'Zounds! doth ſhe think if ſhe can 'make vools of other volk, ſhe can 'make one of me? No, no, I know 'her better than thee doſt.'—'I am 'ſorry to tell you, Sir,' anſwered Allworthy, 'it doth not appear by your 'behaviour to this young lady, that 'you know her at all. I aſk pardon 'for what I ſay; but I think our in-'timacy, your own deſires, and the 'occaſion, juſtify me. She is your 'daughter, Mr. Weſtern, and I think 'ſhe doth honour to your name. If 'I was capable of envy, I ſhould ſooner 'envy you on this account, than any 'other man whatever.'—'Od-rabbit 'it,' cries the ſquire, 'I wiſh ſhe was 'thine with all my heart—wouldſt ſoon 'be glad to be rid of the trouble o' 'her.'—'Indeed, my good friend,' anſwered Allworthy, 'you yourſelf 'are the cauſe of all the trouble you 'complain of. Place that confidence 'in the young lady which ſhe ſo well 'deſerves, and I am certain you will 'be the happieſt father on earth.'— 'I confidence in her!' cries the ſquire. 'Sblood! what confidence can I place 'in her, when ſhe won't do as I wou'd 'ha' her? Let her gee but her conſent 'to marry as I would ha' her, and 'I'll place as much confidence in her 'as would'ſt ha' me.'—'You have no 'right, neighbour,' anſwered Allworthy, 'to inſiſt on any ſuch conſent. 'A negative voice your daughter al-'lows you; and God and nature have 'thought proper to allow you no more.' —'A negative voice!' cries the ſquire: 'Ay! ay! I'll ſhew you what a ne-'gative voice I ha'—.Go along, go 'into your chamber; go, you ſtub-'born—' 'Indeed, Mr. Weſtern,' ſaid Allworthy, 'indeed, you uſe her 'cruelly—I cannot bear to ſee this— 'You ſhall, you muſt, behave to her 'in a kinder manner. She deſerves 'the beſt of treatment.'—'Yes, yes,' ſaid the ſquire; 'I know what ſhe de-'ſerves: now ſhe's gone, I'll ſhew 'you what ſhe deſerves—See here, Sir, 'here is a letter from my couſin my 'Lady Bellaſton, in which ſhe is ſo 'kind to gee me to underſtand, that 'the fellow is got out of priſon again; 'and here ſhe adviſes me to take all 'the care I can o' the wench. Od-'zookers! neighbour Allworthy, you 'don't know what it is to govern a 'daughter!'

The ſquire ended his ſpeech with ſome compliments to his own ſagacity; and then Allworthy, after a formal preface, acquainted him with the whole diſcovery which he had made concerning Jones, with his anger to Blifil, and with every particular which hath been diſcloſed to the reader in the preceding chapters.

Men over violent in their diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt part, as changeable in them. No ſooner, then, was Weſtern informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for her marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Here Mr. Allworthy was again forced to interpoſe, and to relate what had paſſed between him and Sophia; at which he teſtified great ſurprize.

The ſquire was ſilent a moment, and looked wild with aſtoniſhment at this account. At laſt he cried out, 'Why, 'what can be the meaning of this, 'neighbour Allworthy? Vond o' un 'ſhe was, that I'll be ſworn to.— 'Odzookers! I have hit o't. As ſure 'as a gun, I have hit o' the very right 'o't. It's all along o' ziſter. The girl 'hath got a hankering after this ſon 'of a whore of a lord. I vound 'em 'together at my couſin, my Lady Bel-'laſton's. He hath turned the head 'o'her, that's certain—but, d—n me, 'if he ſhall ha' her. I'll ha' no lords 'nor courtiers in my vamily.'

Allworthy now made a long ſpeech, in which he repeated his reſolution to avoid all violent meaſures; and very earneſtly recommended gentle methods to Mr. Weſtern, as thoſe by which he might be aſſured of ſucceeding beſt with his daughter. He then took his leave, and returned back to Mrs. Miller, but was forced to comply with the earneſt entreaties of the ſquire, in promiſing to bring Mr. Jones to viſit him that afternoon, that he might, as he ſaid, make all matters up with the young gentleman. At Mr. Allworthy's

thy's departure, Western promised to follow his advice, in his behaviour to Sophia; saying, 'I don't know how 'tis; but, d—n me, Allworthy, if 'you don't make me always do just 'as you please; and yet I have as 'good an estate as you, and am in 'the commission of the peace as well 'as yourself.'

CHAP. X.

WHEREIN THE HISTORY BEGINS TO DRAW TOWARDS A CONCLUSION.

WHEN Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he heard Mr. Jones was just arrived before him. He hurried, therefore, instantly into an empty chamber, whither he ordered Mr. Jones to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender, moving scene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew, (for Mrs. Waters, as the reader may well suppose, had, at their last visit, discovered to him the secret of his birth.) The first agonies of joy which were felt on both sides, are indeed beyond my power to describe: I shall not, therefore, attempt it. After Allworthy had raised Jones from his feet, where he had prostrated himself, and received him into his arms, 'O my child,' he cried, 'how 'have I been to blame! how have I 'injured you! What amends can I 'ever make you, for those unkind, 'those unjust suspicions, which I have 'entertained; and for all the sufferings they have occasioned to you?' —'Am I not now made amends?' cried Jones: 'Would not my sufferings, if they had been ten times 'greater, have been now richly repaid? O, my dear uncle! this goodness, this tenderness, overpowers, unmans, destroys me! I cannot bear 'the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to your 'presence, to your favour; to be once 'more thus kindly received, by my 'great, my noble, my generous benefactor—' 'Indeed, child,' cries Allworthy, 'I have used you cruelly.' He then explained to him all the treachery of Blifil; and again repeated expressions of the utmost concern, for having been induced by that treachery to use him so ill. 'O, talk not so!' answered Jones: 'Indeed, Sir, you 'have used me nobly. The wisest man 'might be deceived as you were; and, 'under such a deception, the best must 'have acted just as you did. Your 'goodness displayed itself in the midst 'of your anger, just as it then seemed. 'I owe every thing to that goodness 'of which I have been most unworthy. Do not put me on self-accusation, by carrying your generous sentiments too far. Alas! Sir, I have 'not been punished more than I have 'deserved; and it shall be the whole 'business of my future life, to deserve 'that happiness you now bestow on me; 'for, believe me, my dear uncle, my 'punishment hath not been thrown 'away upon me: though I have been 'a great, I am not a hardened sinner; 'I thank Heaven, I have had time to 'reflect on my past life; where, though 'I cannot charge myself with any gross 'villainy, yet I can discern follies and 'vices more than enough to repent and 'to be ashamed of; follies which have 'been attended with dreadful consequences to myself, and have brought 'me to the brink of destruction.'— 'I am rejoiced, my dear child,' answered Allworthy, 'to hear you talk 'thus sensibly; for as I am convinced 'hypocrisy (good Heaven, how have 'I been imposed on by it in others!) 'was never among your faults; so I 'can readily believe all you say. You 'now see, Tom, to what dangers imprudence alone may subject virtue, '(for virtue, I am now convinced, you 'love in a great degree.) Prudence is, 'indeed, the duty which we owe to ourselves; and if we will be so much 'our own enemies as to neglect it, we 'are not to wonder if the world is deficient in discharging their duty to us; 'for, when a man lays the foundation 'of his own ruin, others will, I am 'afraid, be too apt to build upon it. 'You say, however, you have seen your 'errors, and will reform them. I firmly believe you, my dear child; and 'therefore, from this moment, you 'shall never more be reminded of them 'by me. Remember them only yourself, so far, as for the future to teach 'you the better to avoid them; but 'still remember, for your comfort, that 'there is this great difference between 'those faults which candour may construe into imprudence, and those 'which can be deduced from villainy

'only. The former, perhaps, are even 'more apt to ſubject a man to ruin; 'but if he reform, his character will, 'at length, be totally retrieved; the 'world, though not immediately, will, 'in time, be reconciled to him; and 'he may reflect, not without ſome mix-'ture of pleaſure, on the dangers he 'hath eſcaped: but villainy, my boy, 'when once diſcovered, is irretriev-'able; the ſtains which this leaves be-'hind, no time will waſh away. The 'cenſures of mankind will purſue the 'wretch; their ſcorn will abaſh him 'in publick; and if ſhame drives him 'into retirement, he will go to it with 'all thoſe terrors with which a weary 'child, who is afraid of hobgoblins, 'retreats from company to go to bed 'alone. Here his murdered conſcience 'will haunt him; repoſe, like a falſe 'friend, will fly from him; where-'ever he turns his eyes, horror pre-'ſents itſelf. If he looks backward, 'unavailable repentance treads on 'his heel; if forward, incurable de-'ſpair ſtares him in the face; till, like 'a condemned priſoner, confined in a 'dungeon, he deteſts his preſent con-'dition, and yet dreads the conſe-'quence of that hour which is to re-'lieve him from it. Comfort your-'ſelf, I ſay, my child, that this is not 'your caſe; and rejoice, with thank-'fulneſs, to Him who hath ſuffered 'you to ſee your errors, before they 'have brought on you that deſtruc-'tion, to which a perſiſtance in even 'thoſe errors muſt have led you. You 'have deſerted them; and the proſpect 'now before you is ſuch, that happi-'neſs ſeems in your own power.'—At theſe words, Jones fetched a deep ſigh; upon which, when Allworthy remonſtrated, he ſaid, 'Sir, I will con-'ceal nothing from you: I fear, there 'is one conſequence of my vices I 'ſhall never be able to retrieve. O 'my dear uncle, I have loſt a trea-'ſure!'—'You need ſay no more,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I will be ex-'plicit with you; I know what you 'lament; I have ſeen the young lady, 'and have diſcourſed with her con-'cerning you. This I muſt inſiſt on, 'as an earneſt of your ſincerity in all 'you have ſaid, and of the ſtedfaſtneſs 'of your reſolution, that you obey me 'in one inſtance—to abide entirely by 'the determination of the young lady, 'whether it ſhall be in your favour or 'no. She hath already ſuffered enough 'from ſolicitations which I hate to 'think of; ſhe ſhall owe no farther 'conſtraint to my family: I know her 'father will be as ready to torment her 'now on your account, as he hath for-'merly been on another's; but I am 'determined ſhe ſhall ſuffer no more 'confinement, no more violence, no 'more uneaſy hours.'—'O my dear 'uncle!' anſwered Jones, 'lay, I be-'ſeech you, ſome command on me, 'in which I ſhall have ſome merit in 'obedience. Believe me, Sir, the only 'inſtance in which I could diſobey 'you, would be to give an uneaſy mo-'ment to my Sophia. No, Sir, if I 'am ſo miſerable to have incurred her 'diſpleaſure beyond all hope of for-'giveneſs, that alone, with the dread-'ful reflection of cauſing her miſery, 'will be ſufficient to overpower me. 'To call Sophia mine, is the greateſt, 'and now the only additional bleſſing 'which Heaven can beſtow; but it is 'a bleſſing which I muſt owe to her 'alone.'—'I will not flatter you, 'child,' cries Allworthy; 'I fear your 'caſe is deſperate: I never ſaw ſtrong-'er marks of an unalterable reſolution 'in any perſon, than appeared in her 'vehement declarations againſt receiv-'ing your addreſſes; for which, per-'haps, you can account better than 'myſelf.'—'Oh, Sir! I can account 'too well,' anſwered Jones; 'I have 'ſinned againſt her beyond all hope of 'pardon; and, guilty as I am, my 'guilt unfortunately appears to her 'in ten times blacker than the real 'colours. O my dear uncle! I find 'my follies are irretrievable; and all 'your goodneſs cannot ſave me from 'perdition!'

A ſervant now acquainted them, that Mr. Weſtern was below ſtairs; for his eagerneſs to ſee Jones could not wait till the afternoon. Upon which Jones, whoſe eyes were full of tears, begged his uncle to entertain Weſtern a few minutes, till he a little recovered himſelf: to which the good man conſented; and having ordered Mr. Weſtern to be ſhewn into a parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. Miller no ſooner heard that Jones was alone, (for ſhe had not yet ſeen him ſince his releaſe from priſon) than ſhe came eagerly into the room; and advancing towards Jones, wiſhed him heartily joy of his new-found uncle,

uncle, and his happy reconciliation; adding, 'I wish I could give you joy on 'another account, my dear child; but 'any thing so inexorable I never saw!'

Jones, with some appearence of surprize, asked her what she meant. 'Why 'then,' says she, 'I have been with 'your young lady, and have explained 'all matters to her, as they were told 'me by my son Nightingale. She can 'have no longer any doubt about the 'letter, that I am certain; for I told 'her, my son Nightingale was ready 'to take his oath, if she pleased, that 'it was all his own invention, and the 'letter of his inditing. I told her, the 'very reason of sending the letter ought 'to recommend you to her the more; 'as it was all upon her account, and 'a plain proof, that you was resolved 'to quit your profligacy for the future; that you had never been guilty 'of a single instance of infidelity to 'her since your seeing her in town. 'I am afraid I went too far there; but 'Heaven forgive me! I hope your future behaviour will be my justification. I am sure, I have said all I can; 'but all to no purpose. She remains 'inflexible. She says, she had forgiven many faults on account of 'youth; but expressed such detestation 'of the character of a libertine, that 'she absolutely silenced me. I often 'attempted to excuse you; but the 'justness of her accusation flew in my 'face. Upon my honour, she is a lovely woman, and one of the sweetest 'and most sensible creatures I ever 'saw! I could have almost kissed her, 'for one expression she made use of. 'It was a sentiment worthy of Seneca, or of a bishop. "I once fan"cied, Madam," said she, "I had "discovered great goodness of heart in "Mr. Jones; and for that, I own, I "had a sincere esteem; but an entire "profligacy of manners will corrupt "the best heart in the world; and all "which a good-natured libertine can "expect, is, that we should mix some "grains of pity with our contempt "and abhorrence." She is an angelick creature, that is the truth on't!'—'O Mrs. Miller,' answered Jones, 'can I bear to think I have lost such 'an angel!'—'Lost! no,' cries Mrs. Miller; 'I hope you have not lost her 'yet. Resolve to leave such vicious 'courses, and you may yet have hopes: 'nay, if she should remain inexorable, there is another young lady, a 'sweet pretty young lady, and a swinging fortune, who is absolutely dying for love of you. I heard of it 'this very morning, and I told it to 'Miss Western: nay, I went a little 'beyond the truth again; for I told 'her, you had refused her; but, indeed, 'I knew you would refuse her. And 'here I must give you a little comfort: 'when I mentioned the young lady's 'name, who is no other than the pretty widow Hunt, I thought she turned pale; but when I said you had 'refused her, I will be sworn, her face 'was all over scarlet in an instant; 'and these were her very words: "I "will not deny but that I believe he "has some affection for me."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Western, who could no longer be kept out of the room, even by the authority of Allworthy himself; though this, as we have often seen, had a wonderful power over him.

Western immediately went up to Jones, crying out, 'My old friend 'Tom, I am glad to see thee with all 'my heart. All past must be forgotten. I could not intend any affront 'to thee, because, as Allworthy here 'knows, nay, dost know it thyself, 'I took thee for another person; and 'where a body means no harm, what 'signifies a hasty word or two? one 'christian must forget and forgive another.'—'I hope, Sir,' said Jones, 'I shall never forget the many obligations I have had to you; but as for 'any offence towards me, I declare I 'am an utter stranger.'—'A't?' says Western; 'then give me thy fist; a't 'as hearty an honest cock as any in 'the kingdom. Come along with 'me; I'll carry thee to thy mistress 'this moment.' Here Allworthy interposed; and the squire being unable to prevail either with the uncle or nephew, was, after some litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon; at which time Allworthy, as well in compassion to Jones, as in compliance with the eager desires of Western, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the tea-table.

The conversation which now ensued was pleasant enough; and with which,

had it happened earlier in our hiſtory, we would have entertained our reader; but as we have now leiſure only to attend to what is very material, it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that matters being entirely adjuſted as to the afternoon viſit, Mr. Weſtern again returned home.

CHAP. XI.

THE HISTORY DRAWS NEARER TO A CONCLUSION.

WHEN Mr. Weſtern was departed, Jones began to inform Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller, that his liberty had been procured by two noble lords; who, together with two ſurgeons, and a friend of Mr. Nightingale's, had attended the magiſtrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the ſurgeon's oath that the wounded perſon was out of all manner of danger from his wound, he was diſcharged.

One only of theſe lords, he ſaid, he had ever ſeen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly ſurprized him, by aſking his pardon for an offence he had been guilty of towards him, occaſioned, he ſaid, entirely by his ignorance who he was.

Now the reality of the caſe, with which Jones was not acquainted till afterwards, was this: the lieutenant whom Lord Fellamar had employed, according to the advice of Lady Bellaſton, to preſs Jones, as a vagabond, into the ſea-ſervice, when he came to report to his lordſhip the event which we have before ſeen, ſpoke very favourably of the behaviour of Mr. Jones on all accounts; and ſtrongly aſſured that lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the perſon; for that Jones was certainly a gentleman: inſomuch that his lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a man of honour, and would by no means have been guilty of an action which the world in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the advice which he had taken.

Within a day or two after this, Lord Fellamar happened to dine with the Iriſh peer, who, in a converſation upon the duel, acquainted his company with the character of Fitzpatrick; to which, indeed, he did not do ſtrict juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, and moſt injured woman alive, and that from compaſſion alone he had undertaken her cauſe. He then declared an intention of going the next morning to Fitzpatrick's lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſible, to conſent to a ſeparation from his wife; who, the peer ſaid, was in apprehenſions for her life, if ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the power of her huſband. Lord Fellamar agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning Jones, and the circumſtances of the duel; for he was by no means eaſy concerning the part he had acted. The moment his lordſhip gave a hint of his readineſs to aſſiſt in the delivery of the lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other nobleman, who depended much on the authority of Lord Fellamar; as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe Fitzpatrick into a compliance; and, perhaps, he was in the right: for the poor Iriſhman no ſooner ſaw theſe noble peers had undertaken the cauſe of his wife, than he ſubmitted; and articles of ſeparation were ſoon drawn up and ſigned between the parties.

Fitzpatrick had been ſo well ſatisfied by Mrs. Waters, concerning the innocence of his wife with Jones at Upton, or, perhaps, from ſome other reaſons, was now become ſo indifferent to that matter, that he ſpoke highly in favour of Jones to Lord Fellamar, took all the blame upon himſelf, and ſaid the other had behaved very much like a gentleman, and a man of honour; and upon that lord's farther enquiry concerning Mr. Jones, Fitzpatrick told him he was nephew to a gentleman of very great faſhion and fortune, which was the account he had juſt received from Mrs. Waters, after her interview with Dowling.

Lord Fellamar now thought it behoved him to do every thing in his power to make ſatisfaction to a gentleman whom he had ſo groſsly injured; and without any conſideration of rivalſhip (for he had now given over all thoughts of Sophia) determined to procure Mr. Jones's liberty; being ſatisfied, as well from Fitzpatrick as his ſurgeon, that the wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the Iriſh peer to accompany him

to

to the place where Jones was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When Allworthy returned to his lodgings, he immediately carried Jones into his room, and then acquainted him with the whole matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. Waters, as what he had discovered from Mr. Dowling.

Jones expressed great astonishment, and no less concern at this account, but without making any comment or observation upon it. And now a message was brought from Mr. Blifil, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure, that he might wait upon him. Allworthy started, and turned pale; and then, in a more passionate tone than I believe he had ever used before, bid the servant tell Blifil, he knew him not. 'Consider, dear Sir,' cries Jones, in a trembling voice. 'I have consi-'dered,' answered Allworthy; 'and 'you yourself shall carry my message 'to the villain. No one can carry 'him the sentence of his own ruin so 'properly as the man whose ruin he 'hath so villainously contrived.'— 'Pardon me, dear Sir,' said Jones; 'a moment's reflection will, I am 'sure, convince you of the contrary. 'What might, perhaps, be but justice 'from another tongue, would from 'mine be insult! And to whom?— 'my own brother, and your nephew. 'Nor did he use me so barbarously. 'Indeed, that would have been more 'inexcusable than any thing he hath 'done. Fortune may tempt men of 'no very bad dispositions to injustice; 'but insults proceed only from black 'and rancorous minds, and have no 'temptations to excuse them. Let 'me beseech you, Sir, to do nothing 'by him in the present height of your 'anger. Consider, my dear uncle, I 'was not myself condemned unheard.' Allworthy stood silent a moment, and then embracing Jones, he said, with tears gushing from his eyes, 'O my 'child! to what goodness have I been 'so long blind!'

Mrs. Miller entering the room at that moment, after a gentle rap, which was not perceived, and seeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, the poor woman, in an agony of joy, fell upon her knees, and burst forth into the most extatick thanksgiving to Heaven for what had happened. Then running to Jones, she embraced him eagerly, crying, 'My 'dearest friend, I wish you joy a thou-'sand and a thousand times of this 'blessed day!' and next Mr. Allworthy himself received the same congratulations. To which he answered—'In-'deed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am be-'yond expression happy.' Some few more raptures having passed on all sides, Mrs. Miller desired them both to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where she said there were a very happy set of people assembled; being, indeed, no other than Mr. Nightingale and his bride, and his cousin Harris with her bridegroom.

Allworthy excused himself from dining with the company, saying, he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; for that they had much private business to discourse of, but could not resist promising the good woman, that both he and Jones would make part of her society at supper.

Mrs. Miller then asked what was to be done with Blifil: 'For, indeed,' says she, 'I cannot be easy while such 'a villain is in my house.' Allworthy answered, he was as uneasy as herself on the same account. 'O!' cries she, 'if that be the case, leave the matter 'to me; I'll soon shew him the outside 'of my doors, I warrant you. Here 'are two or three lusty fellows below 'stairs.'— There will be no need of 'any violence,' cries Allworthy; 'if 'you will carry him a message from me, 'he will, I am convinced, depart of his 'own accord.'—'Will I?' said Mrs. Miller, 'I never did any thing in my 'life with a better will.' Here Jones interfered, and said, he had considered the matter better, and would, if Mr. Allworthy pleased, be himself the messenger. 'I know,' says he, 'already 'enough of your pleasure, Sir, and I 'beg leave to acquaint him with it by 'my own words. Let me beseech you, 'Sir,' added he, 'to reflect on the 'dreadful consequences of driving him 'to violent and sudden despair. How 'unfit, alas! is this poor man to die 'in his present situation!' This suggestion had not the least effect on Mrs. Miller. She left the room, crying, 'You are too good, Mr. Jones, infi-'nitely too good to live in this world.' But it made a deeper impression on Allworthy.

Allworthy. 'My good child,' said he, 'I am equally astonished at the goodness of your heart, and the quickness of your understanding. Heaven, indeed, forbid, that this wretch should be deprived of any means or time for repentance: that would be a shocking consideration indeed! Go to him, therefore, and use your own discretion; yet do not flatter him with any hopes of my forgiveness; for I shall never forgive villainy farther than my religion obliges me, and that extends not either to our bounty or our conversation.'

Jones went up to Blifil's room, whom he found in a situation which moved his pity, though it would have raised a less amiable passion in many beholders. He cast himself on his bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears: not in such tears as flow from contrition, and wash away guilt from minds which have been seduced or surprized into it unawares, against the bent of their natural dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human frailty, even to the good; no, these tears were such as the frighted thief sheds in his cart, and are, indeed, the effects of that concern which the most savage natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this scene in full length. Let it suffice to say, that the behaviour of Jones was kind to excess. He omitted nothing which his invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping spirits of Blifil, before he communicated to him the resolution of his uncle, that he must quit the house that evening. He offered to furnish him with any money he wanted; assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him; that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a brother; and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all: but finding at last the evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to confession. He then asked pardon of his brother in the most vehement manner, prostrated himself on the ground, and kissed his feet: in short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones could not so far check his disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his countenance at this extreme servility. He raised his brother the moment he could from the ground, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man; repeating, at the same time, his promises, that he would do all in his power to lessen them: for which Blifil, making many professions of his unworthiness, poured forth a profusion of thanks; and then, he having declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, Jones returned to his uncle.

Among other matters, Allworthy now acquainted Jones with the discovery which he made concerning the 500l. bank-notes. 'I have,' said he, 'already consulted a lawyer, who tells 'me, to my great astonishment, that 'there is no punishment for a fraud 'of this kind. Indeed, when I consider the black ingratitude of this 'fellow towards you, I think a highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent person.'

'Good Heaven!' says Jones, 'is it 'possible! I am shocked beyond measure at this news. I thought there 'was not an honester fellow in the 'world. The temptation of such a 'sum was too great for him to withstand; for smaller matters have come 'safe to me through his hand. Indeed, my dear uncle, you must suffer me to call it weakness rather than ingratitude; for I am convinced the 'poor fellow loves me, and hath done 'me some kindnesses, which I can 'never forget; nay, I believe he hath 'repented of this very act: for it is 'not above a day or two ago, when 'my affairs seemed in a most desperate situation, that he visited me in 'my confinement, and offered me any 'money I wanted. Consider, Sir, what 'a temptation to a man who hath tasted 'such bitter distress, it must be, to have 'a sum in his possession, which must 'put him and his family beyond any 'future possibility of suffering the 'like.'

'Child,' cries Allworthy, 'you 'carry this forgiving temper too far. 'Such mistaken mercy is not only 'weakness, but borders on injustice, 'and is very pernicious to society, as 'it

'it encourages vice. The diſhoneſty 'of this fellow, I might, perhaps, 'have pardoned, but never his ingra- 'titude: and give me leave to ſay, 'when we ſuffer any temptation to 'atone for diſhoneſty itſelf, we are as 'candid and merciful as we ought to 'be: and ſo far I confeſs I have gone; 'for I have often pitied the fate of a 'highwayman, when I have been on 'the grand jury; and have more than 'once applied to the judge, on the be- 'half of ſuch as have had any miti- 'gating circumſtances in their caſe; 'but when diſhoneſty is attended with 'any blacker crime, ſuch as cruelty, 'murder, ingratitude, or the like, 'compaſſion and forgiveneſs then be- 'come faults. I am convinced the 'fellow is a villain, and he ſhall be 'puniſhed; at leaſt, as far as I can 'puniſh him.'

This was ſpoke with ſo ſtern a voice, that Jones did not think proper to make any reply: beſides, the hour appointed by Mr. Weſtern now drew ſo near, that he had barely time left to dreſs himſelf. Here, therefore, ended the preſent dialogue, and Jones retired to another room, where Partridge attended, according to order, with his cloaths.

Partridge had ſcarce ſeen his maſter ſince the happy diſcovery. The poor fellow was unable either to contain or expreſs his tranſports. He behaved like one frantick, and made almoſt as many miſtakes, while he was dreſſing Jones, as I have ſeen made by harlequin; in dreſſing himſelf on the ſtage.

His memory, however, was not in the leaſt deficient. He recollected now many omens and preſages of this happy event, ſome of which he had remarked at the time, but many more he now remembered; nor did he omit the dreams he had dreamed the evening before his meeting with Jones; and concluded with ſaying, 'I always told 'your honour, ſomething boded in my 'mind, that you would one time or 'another have it in your power to 'make my fortune.' Jones aſſured him, that this boding ſhould as certainly be verified, with regard to him, as all the other omens had been to himſelf; which did not a little add to all the raptures which the poor fellow had already conceived on account of his maſter.

CHAP. XII.

APPROACHING STILL NEARER TO THE END.

JONES being now completely dreſſed, attended his uncle to Mr. Weſtern's. He was, indeed, one of the fineſt figures ever beheld, and his perſon alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this hiſtory, that Nature, when ſhe formed him, did not totally rely, as ſhe ſometimes doth, on this merit only to recommend her work.

Sophia, who, angry as ſhe was, was likewiſe ſet forth to the beſt advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared ſo extremely beautiful, that even Allworthy, when he ſaw her, could not forbear whiſpering Weſtern, that he believed ſhe was the fineſt creature in the world. To which Weſtern anſwered, in a whiſper, overheard by all preſent, 'So much the 'better for Tom; for, d—n me, if he 'ſhan't ha' the touzling her!' Sophia was all over ſcarlet at theſe words, while Tom's countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almoſt ready to ſink from his chair.

The tea-table was ſcarce removed, before Weſtern lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him, he had buſineſs of conſequence to impart, and muſt ſpeak to him that inſtant in private, before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I queſtion not, appear ſtrange to many readers that thoſe who had ſo much to ſay to one another, when danger and difficulty attended their converſation; and who ſeemed ſo eager to ruſh into each other's arms, when ſo many bars lay in their way, now that with ſafety they were at liberty to ſay or do whatever they pleaſed, ſhould both remain for ſome time ſilent and motionleſs; inſomuch, that a ſtranger of moderate ſagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indifferent: but ſo it was, however ſtrange it may ſeem, both ſat with their eyes caſt downwards on the ground, and for ſome minutes continued in perfect ſilence.

Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted

tempted once or twice to ſpeak, but was abſolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather ſighing out, ſome broken words; when Sophia, at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the diſcourſe from the ſubject which ſhe knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, ſaid—

'Sure, Sir, you are the moſt fortunate man in the world, in this diſcovery.'—'And can you really, Madam, think me ſo fortunate,' ſaid Jones, ſighing, 'while I have incurred 'your diſpleaſure?'—'Nay, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'as to that, you beſt know whether 'you have deſerved it.'—'Indeed, 'Madam,' anſwered he, 'you yourſelf are as well apprized of all my 'demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with the whole truth. O 'my Sophia! am I never to hope for 'forgiveneſs?'—'I think, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I may almoſt depend on 'your own juſtice, and leave it to 'yourſelf to paſs ſentence on your 'own conduct.'—'Alas, Madam!' anſwered he, 'it is mercy, and not 'juſtice, which I implore at your 'hands. Juſtice, I know, muſt condemn me—yet, not for the letter I 'ſent to Lady Bellaſton: of that, I 'moſt ſolemnly declare, you have had 'a true account.' He then inſiſted much on the ſecurity given him by Nightingale, of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyſhip ſhould have accepted his offer; but confeſſed, that he had been guilty of a great indiſcretion, to put ſuch a letter as that into her power; 'Which,' ſaid he, 'I have 'dearly paid for, in the effect it has 'upon you!'—'I do not, I cannot,' ſays ſhe, 'believe otherwiſe of that 'letter, than you would have me. My 'conduct, I think, ſhews you clearly 'I do not believe there is much in that: 'and yet, Mr. Jones, have I not 'enough to reſent? After what paſſed at Upton, ſo ſoon to engage in a 'new amour with another woman, 'while I fancied, and you pretended, 'your heart was bleeding for me! Indeed, you have acted ſtrangely. Can 'I believe the paſſion you have profeſſed to me, to be ſincere? or, if I 'can, what happineſs can I aſſure myſelf of, with a man capable of ſo 'much inconſtancy?'—'O my Sophia!' cries he, 'do not doubt the 'ſincerity of the pureſt paſſion that ever 'inflamed a human breaſt. Think, 'moſt adorable creature, of my unhappy ſituation, of my deſpair!—'Could I, my Sophia, have flattered 'myſelf with the moſt diſtant hopes 'of being ever permitted to throw myſelf at your feet, in the manner I do 'now, it would not have been in the 'power of any other woman to have 'inſpired a thought which the ſevereſt chaſtity could have condemned. 'Inconſtancy to you! O Sophia, if 'you can have goodneſs enough to 'pardon what is paſt, do not let any 'future cruel apprehenſions ſhut your 'mercy againſt me! No repentance 'was ever more ſincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven, in this 'dear boſom.'—'Sincere repentance, 'Mr. Jones,' anſwered ſhe, 'will obtain the pardon of a ſinner; but it is 'from One who is a perfect judge of 'that ſincerity. A human mind may 'be impoſed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You 'muſt expect, however, that if I can 'be prevailed on, by your repentance, 'to pardon you, I will, at leaſt, inſiſt 'on the ſtrongeſt proof of it's ſincerity.'—'O! name any proof in my 'power,' anſwered Jones, eagerly. 'Time,' replied ſhe, 'time alone, 'Mr. Jones, can convince me that 'you are a true penitent, and have 'reſolved to abandon theſe vicious 'courſes, which I ſhould deteſt you 'for, if I imagined you capable of 'perſevering in them.'—'Do not imagine it,' cries Jones. 'On my knees 'I entreat, I implore your confidence; 'a confidence, which it ſhall be the 'buſineſs of my life to deſerve.'—'Let it then,' ſaid ſhe, 'be the buſineſs of ſome part of your life to 'ſhew me you deſerve it. I think I 'have been explicit enough in aſſuring 'you, that when I ſee you merit my 'confidence, you will obtain it. After what is paſt, Sir, can you expect 'I ſhould take you upon your word?'

He replied, 'Don't believe me upon 'my word; I have a better ſecurity, 'a pledge for my conſtancy, which it 'is impoſſible to ſee, and to doubt.'—'What is that?' ſaid Sophia, a little ſurprized. 'I will ſhew you, my 'charming angel,' cried Jones, ſeizing her hand, and carrying her to the glaſs. 'There; behold it there, in

'that

'that lovely figure, in that face, that 'ſhape, thoſe eyes, that mind which 'ſhines through thoſe eyes! can the 'man who ſhall be in poſſeſſion of 'theſe, be inconſtant? Impoſſible! 'my Sophia: they would fix a Dori-'mant, a Lord Rocheſter. You could 'not doubt it, if you could ſee your-'ſelf with any eyes but your own!' Sophia bluſhed, and half ſmiled; but forcing again her brow into a frown, 'If I am to judge,' ſaid ſhe, 'of the 'future by the paſt, my image will 'no more remain in your heart when 'I am out of your ſight, than it will 'in this glaſs, when I am out of the 'room.'—'By Heaven! by all that 'is ſacred!' ſaid Jones, 'it never was 'out of my heart! The delicacy of 'your ſex cannot conceive the groſſ-'neſs of ours, nor how little one ſort 'of amour has to do with the heart.' —'I will never marry a man,' replied Sophia, very gravely, 'who ſhall not 'learn refinement enough, to be as 'incapable as I am myſelf, of making 'ſuch a diſtinction.'—'I will learn 'it,' ſaid Jones; 'I have learnt it 'already. The firſt moment of hope, 'that my Sophia might be my wife, 'taught it me at once; and all the 'reſt of her ſex, from that moment, 'became as little the objects of deſire 'to my ſenſe, as of paſſion to my 'heart.'—'Well,' ſaid Sophia, 'the 'proof of this muſt be from time. 'Your ſituation, Mr. Jones, is now 'altered; and I aſſure you, I have 'great ſatisfaction in the alteration. 'You will now want no opportunity 'of being near me, and convincing 'me that your mind is altered too.'— 'O my angel!' cries Jones, 'how 'ſhall I thank thy goodneſs? And 'are you ſo good to own, that you 'have a ſatisfaction in my proſperity? 'Believe me, believe me, Madam, 'it is you alone have given a reliſh to 'that proſperity, ſince I owe it to the 'dear hope—O my Sophia! let it not 'be a diſtant one! I will be all obe-'dience to your commands. I will 'not dare to preſs any thing farther 'than you permit me. Yet, let me 'entreat you to appoint a ſhort trial. 'O! tell me, when I may expect you 'will be convinced of what is moſt 'ſolemnly true!'—'When I have gone 'voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'I expect not to be preſſed. Nay, 'I will not.'—'O do not look ſo un-'kindly, thus, my Sophia!' cries he. 'I do not, I dare not preſs you: yet 'permit me, at leaſt, once more, to 'beg you would fix the period. O! 'conſider the impatience of love!'— 'A twelvemonth, perhaps,' ſaid ſhe. 'O my Sophia!' cries he, 'you have 'named an eternity!'—'Perhaps it 'may be ſomething ſooner,' ſays ſhe: 'I will not be teazed. If your paſſion 'for me be what I would have it, I 'think you may now be eaſy.'—'Eaſy, 'Sophia! call not ſuch exulting hap-'pineſs as mine by ſo cold a name! 'O! tranſporting thought! am I not 'aſſured that the bleſſed day will 'come, when I ſhall call you mine; 'when fears ſhall be no more; when 'I ſhall have that dear, that vaſt, that 'exquiſite, extatick delight, of making 'my Sophia happy!'—'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that day is in your own 'power.'—'O! my dear, my divine 'angel,' cried he, 'theſe words have 'made me mad with joy! But I muſt, 'I will thank thoſe dear lips, which 'have ſo ſweetly pronounced my bliſs.' He then caught her in his arms, and kiſſed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this inſtant, Weſtern, who had ſtood ſome time liſtening, burſt into the room, and with his hunting voice and phraſe, cried out, 'To her, boy! 'to her! go to her! That's it, little 'honies, O! that's it! Well, what, 'is it all over? hath ſhe appointed the 'day, boy? What, ſhall it be to-'morrow, or next day? It ſhan't be 'put off a minute longer than next 'day, I am reſolved.'—'Let me be-'ſeech you, Sir,' ſays Jones, 'don't 'let me be the occaſion—' 'Beſeech 'mine a—,' cries Weſtern; 'I thought 'thou hadſt been a lad of higher met-'tle, than to give way to a parcel of 'maideniſh tricks. I tell thee, it is 'all a flim-flam. Zoodikers! ſhe'd 'have the wedding to-night, with all 'her heart.—Would'ſt not, Sophy?— 'Come, confeſs, and be an honeſt girl 'for once. What, art dumb? Why 'doſt not ſpeak?'—'Why ſhould I 'confeſs, Sir?' ſays Sophia, 'ſince it 'ſeems you are ſo well acquainted 'with my thoughts.'—'That's a good 'girl,' cries he; 'and doſt conſent 'then?'—'No, indeed, Sir,' ſays So-phia; 'I have given no ſuch conſent.'

—'And wunt nut ha' un, then, to-'morrow, nor next day?' says Weſtern. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'have no ſuch intention.'—'But I 'can tell thee,' replied he, 'why haſt 'not; only becauſe thou doſt love to 'be diſobedient, and to plague and 'vex thy father.'—'Pray, Sir—' ſaid Jones, interfering. 'I tell thee thou 'art a puppy,' cries he. 'When I 'forbid her, then it was all nothing but 'ſighing and whining, and languiſhing 'and writing: now I am vor thee, ſhe 'is againſt thee!—All the ſpirit of 'contrary, that's all. She is above 'being guided and governed by her 'father, that is the whole truth on't. 'It is only to diſoblige and contradict 'me.'—'What would my papa have 'me do?' cries Sophia. 'What would 'I ha' thee do?' ſays he, 'why, gee un 'thy hand this moment.'—'Well, 'Sir,' ſaid Sophia, 'I will obey you. '—There is my hand, Mr. Jones.'—'Well; and will you conſent to ha' un 'to-morrow morning?' ſays Weſtern. 'I will be obedient to you, Sir,' cries ſhe. 'Why then, to-morrow morning 'be the day,' cries he. 'Why then, 'to-morrow morning ſhall be the day, 'papa, ſince you will have it ſo,' ſays Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees, and kiſſed her hand, in an agony of joy, while Weſtern began to caper and dance about the room, preſently crying out, 'Where the devil is All-'worthy? He is without now, a talk-'ing with that d—d Lawyer Dowling, 'when he ſhould be minding other 'matters.' He then ſallied out in queſt of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he ſoon returned with Allworthy, ſaying, 'If you won't believe me, 'you may aſk her yourſelf.—Haſt not 'gin thy conſent, Sophy, to be mar-'ried to-morrow?'—'Such are your 'commands, Sir,' cries Sophia; 'and 'I dare not be guilty of diſobedience.' —'I hope, Madam,' cries Allworthy, 'my nephew will merit ſo much good-'neſs; and will be always as ſenſible 'as myſelf, of the great honour you 'have done my family: an alliance 'with ſo charming and ſo excellent a 'young lady would indeed be an ho-'nour to the greateſt in England.'—'Yes,' cries Weſtern; 'but if I had 'ſuffered her to ſtand ſhilly ſhally, 'dilly dally, you might not have had 'that honour yet awhile: I was for-'ced to uſe a little fatherly authority 'to bring her too.'—'I hope not, Sir,' cries Allworthy; 'I hope there is not 'the leaſt conſtraint.'—'Why, there!' cries Weſtern, 'you may bid her un-'ſay all again, if you will.—Doſt re-'pent heartily of thy promiſe, doſt not, 'Sophy?'—'Indeed, papa,' cries ſhe, 'I do not repent; nor do I believe I 'ever ſhall, of any promiſe in favour 'of Mr. Jones.'—'Then, nephew, cries Allworthy, 'I felicitate you moſt 'heartily; for I think you are the 'happieſt of men.—And, Madam, 'you will give me leave to congratu-'late you on this joyful occaſion: in-'deed, I am convinced you have be-'ſtowed yourſelf on one who will be 'ſenſible of your great merit, and who 'will at leaſt uſe his beſt endeavours 'to deſerve it.'—'His beſt endea-'vours!' cries Weſtern; 'that he will, 'I warrant un. Hark'e, Allworthy, 'I'll bet thee five pound to a crown, 'we have a boy to-morrow nine 'months: but, pr'ythee, tell me what 'wut ha'? wut ha' burgundy, cham-'paigne, or what? for, pleaſe Jupiter, 'we'll make a night on't.'—'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſaid Allworthy, 'you muſt ex-'cuſe me; both my nephew and I 'were engaged, before I ſuſpected this 'near approach of his happineſs.'— 'Engaged!' quoth the ſquire; 'never 'tell me. I won't part with thee to-'night upon any occaſion. Shalt ſup 'here, pleaſe the Lord Harry.'—'You 'muſt pardon me, my dear neighbour,' anſwered Allworthy; 'I have given 'a ſolemn promiſe, and that you know 'I never break.'—'Why, pr'ythee, 'who art engaged to?' cries the ſquire. Allworthy then informed him, as likewiſe of the company. 'Odzookers!' anſwered the ſquire, 'I will go with 'thee, and ſo ſhall Sophy; for I won't 'part with thee to-night; and it would 'be barbarous to part Tom and the 'girl.' This offer was preſently embraced by Allworthy: and Sophia conſented; having firſt obtained a private promiſe from her father, that he would not mention a ſyllable concerning her marriage.

CHAP.

CHAP. THE LAST.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY IS CONCLUDED.

YOUNG Nightingale had been that afternoon, by appointment, to wait on his father, who received him much more kindly than he expected: there likewiſe he met his uncle, who was returned to town in queſt of his new-married daughter.

This marriage was the luckieſt incident which could have happened to the young gentleman: for theſe brothers lived in a conſtant ſtate of contention about the government of their children, both heartily deſpiſing the method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the offence which his own child had committed, and to aggravate the match of the other. This deſire of triumphing over his brother, added to the many arguments which Allworthy had uſed, ſo ſtrongly operated on the old gentleman, that he met his ſon with a ſmiling countenance, and actually agreed to ſup with him that evening at Mrs. Miller's.

As for the other, who really loved his daughter with the moſt immoderate affection, there was little difficulty in inclining him to a reconciliation. He was no ſooner informed by his nephew where his daughter and her huſband were, than he declared he would inſtantly go to her: and when he arrived there, he ſcarce ſuffered her to fall upon her knees, before he took her up, and embraced her with a tenderneſs which affected all who ſaw him; and in leſs than a quarter of an hour was as well reconciled to both her and her huſband, as if he had himſelf joined their hands.

In this ſituation were affairs, when Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived to compleat the happineſs of Mrs. Miller, who no ſooner ſaw Sophia, than ſhe gueſſed every thing that had happened; and ſo great was her friendſhip to Jones, that it added not a few tranſports to thoſe ſhe felt on the happineſs of her own daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many inſtances of a number of people met together, where every one was ſo perfectly happy, as in this company. Amongſt whom, the father of young Nightingale enjoyed the leaſt perfect content; for, notwithſtanding his affection for his ſon; notwithſtanding the authority and the arguments of Allworthy, together with the other motive mentioned before, he could not ſo entirely be ſatisfied with his ſon's choice; and perhaps the preſence of Sophia herſelf tended a little to aggravate and heighten his concern, as a thought now and then ſuggeſted itſelf, that his ſon might have had that lady, or ſome ſuch other: not that any of the charms which adorned either the perſon or mind of Sophia, created the uneaſineſs; it was the contents of her father's coffers which ſet his heart a longing. Theſe were the charms which he could not bear to think his ſon had ſacrificed to the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The brides were both very pretty women; but ſo totally were they eclipſed by the beauty of Sophia, that had they not been two of the beſt tempered girls in the world, it would have raiſed ſome envy in their breaſts; for neither of their huſbands could long keep his eyes from Sophia; who ſat at the table like a queen receiving homage, or rather, like a ſuperior being receiving adoration from all around her: but it was an adoration which they gave, not which ſhe exacted; for ſhe was as much diſtinguiſhed by her modeſty and affability, as by all her other perfections.

The evening was ſpent in much true mirth. All were happy; but thoſe the moſt, who had been moſt unhappy before. Their former ſufferings and fears gave ſuch a reliſh to their felicity, as even love and fortune, in their fulleſt flow, could not have given without the advantage of ſuch a compariſon. Yet, as great joy, eſpecially after a ſudden change and revolution of circumſtances, is apt to be ſilent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue, Jones and Sophia appeared the leaſt merry of the whole company; which Weſtern obſerved with great impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'ſt not 'talk, boy! why do'ſt look ſo grave! '—Haſt loſt thy tongue, girl! Drink 'another glaſs of wine; ſha't drink 'another glaſs.' And the more to enliven her, he would ſometimes ſing a

merry song, which bore some relation to matrimony, and the loss of a maidenhead: nay, he would have proceeded so far on that topick, as to have driven her out of the room, if Mr. Allworthy had not checked him, sometimes by looks, and once or twice by a 'Fie! Mr. Western!' He began, indeed, once to debate the matter, and assert his right to talk to his own daughter as he thought fit; but as nobody seconded him, he was soon reduced to order.

Notwithstanding this little restraint, he was so pleased with the chearfulness and good-humour of the company, that he insisted on their meeting the next day at his lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely Sophia, who was now in private become a bride too, officiated as the mistress of the ceremonies; or, in the polite phrase, did the honours of the table. She had that morning given her hand to Jones, in the chapel at Doctors Commons; where Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller, were the only persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her father, that no others of the company, who were that day to dine with him, should be acquainted with their marriage. The same secresy was enjoined to Mrs. Miller, and Jones undertook for Allworthy. This somewhat reconciled the delicacy of Sophia to the publick entertainment, which, in compliance with her father's will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own inclinations. In confidence of this secresy, she went through the day pretty well; till the squire, who was now advanced into the second bottle, could contain his joy no longer; but, filling out a bumper, drank a health to the bride. The health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great confusion of our poor blushing Sophia, and the great concern of Jones upon her account. To say truth, there was not a person present made wiser by this discovery; for Mrs. Miller had whispered it to her daughter, her daughter to her husband, her husband to his sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies, and the squire sat in to his cups; in which he was, by degrees, deserted by all the company, except the uncle of young Nightingale, who loved his bottle as well as Western himself. These two therefore sat stoutly to it, during the whole evening, and long after that happy hour which had surrendered the charming Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion; in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary, perhaps, to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happiest of all human kind: for what happiness this world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other persons who have made any considerable figure in this history, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few words as possible, to satisfy their curiosity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to see Blifil; but he hath yielded to the importunity of Jones, backed by Sophia, to settle 200l. a year upon him; to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income he lives, in one of the northern counties, about 200 miles distant from London, and lays up 200l. a year out of it, in order to purchase a seat in the next parliament from a neighbouring borough, which he has bargained for with an attorney there. He is also lately turned methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of that sect, whose estate lies in that part of the kingdom.

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned letter; and as to Thwackum, he continues at his vicarage. He hath made many fruitless attempts to regain the confidence of Allworthy, or to ingratiate himself with Jones, both of whom he flatters to their faces, and abuses behind their backs. But in his stead, Mr. Allworthy hath lately taken Mr. Abraham Adams into his house; of whom Sophia is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the tuition of her children.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick is separated from her husband, and retains the little remains of her fortune. She lives in reputation at the polite end of the town, and is so good an œconomist, that she spends three times the income of her fortune, without running in debt. She maintains

maintains a perfect intimacy with the lady of the Irish peer; and, in acts of friendship to her, repays all the obligations she owes to her husband.

Mrs. Western was soon reconciled to her niece Sophia, and had spent two months together with her in the country. Lady Bellaston made the latter a formal visit at her return to town, where she behaved to Jones as to a perfect stranger, and with great civility wished him joy on his marriage.

Mr. Nightingale hath purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her little daughter, reside, and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families.

As to those of lower account, Mrs. Waters returned into the country, had a pension of 60l. a year settled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is married to Parson Supple; on whom, at the instance of Sophia, Western hath bestowed a considerable living.

Black George, hearing the discovery that had been made, ran away, and was never since heard of; and Jones bestowed the money on his family; but not in equal proportions, for Molly had much the greatest share.

As for Partridge, Jones hath settled 50l. a year on him; and he hath again set up a school, in which he meets with much better encouragement than formerly; and there is now a treaty of marriage on foot between him and Miss Molly Seagrim, which, through the mediation of Sophia, is likely to take effect.

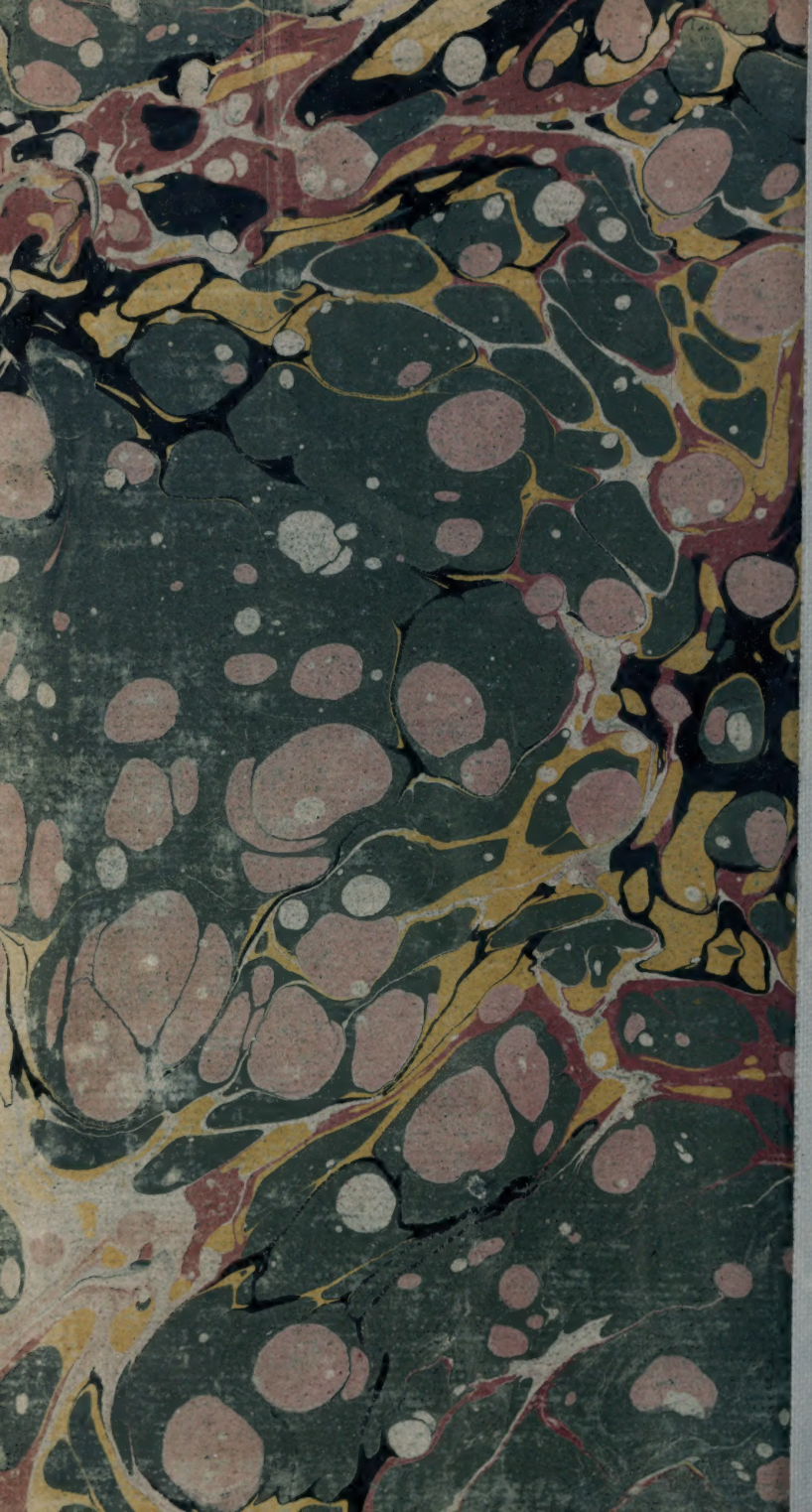
We now return to take leave of Mr. Jones and Sophia; who, within two days after their marriage, attended Mr. Western and Mr. Allworthy into the country. Western hath resigned his family seat, and the greater part of his estate to his son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser house of his, in another part of the country, which is better for hunting. Indeed, he is often as a visitant with Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter, hath an infinite delight in doing every thing in their power to please him: and this desire of theirs is attended with such success, that the old gentleman declares he was never happy in his life till now. He hath here a parlour and anti-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases; and his daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it; for Jones hath assured her, that as next to pleasing her, one of his highest satisfactions is to contribute to the happiness of the old man, so the great duty which she expresses and performs to her father, renders her almost equally dear to him, with the love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine children, a boy and a girl, of whom the old gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his time in the nursery; where he declares the tattling of his little grand-daughter, who is above a year and a half old, is sweeter musick than the finest cry of dogs in England.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to Jones on the marriage, and hath omitted no instance of shewing his affection to him and his lady, who loves him as a father. Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice, has been corrected by continual conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. He hath also, by reflection on his past follies, acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts.

To conclude; as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tendereſt affection for each other; an affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual endearments, and mutual esteem: nor is their conduct towards their relations and friends less amiable, than towards one another; and such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

FINIS.



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